

Shakespeare

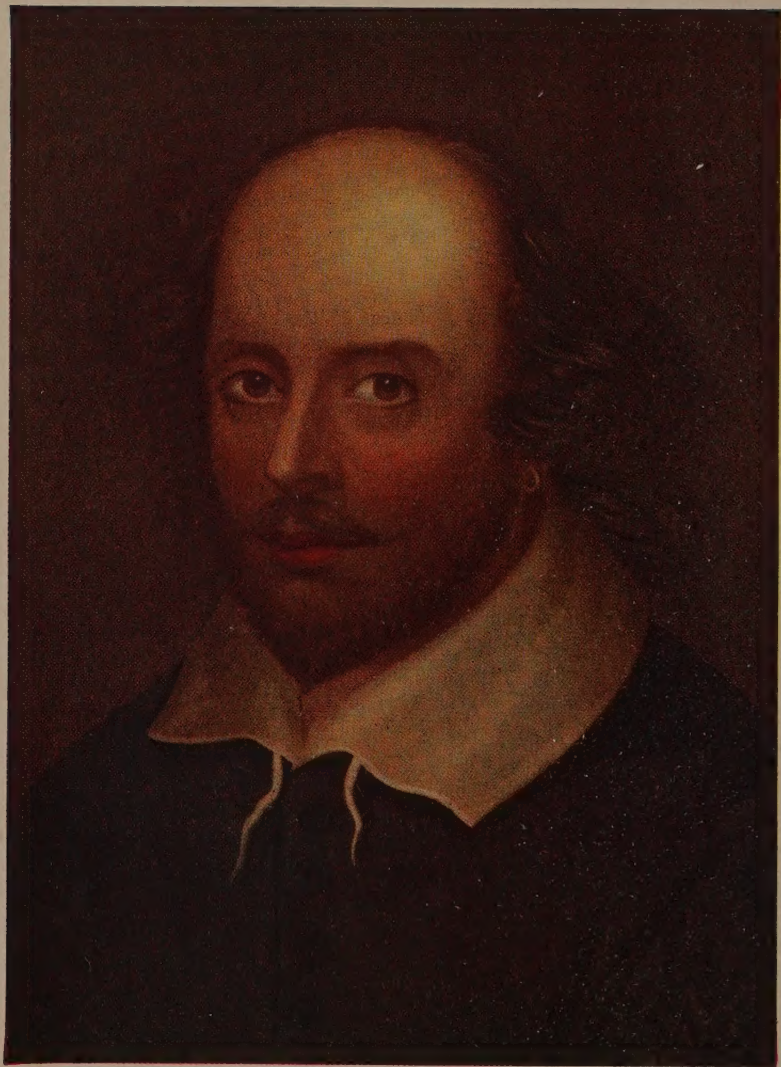












*William Shakespeare*

THE "CHANDOS" PORTRAIT

*Original, possibly by Burbage, Shakespeare's fellow-actor, now in the  
National Portrait Gallery, London*

# SHAKESPEARE

THE COMPLETE DRAMATIC AND POETIC  
WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

GENERAL INTRODUCTION, BIOGRAPHY,  
AND AN INTRODUCTION TO EACH PLAY

—BY—

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WITH GLOSSARY AND SELF-PRONOUNCING  
INDEX TO CHARACTERS

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## PREFACE

Our present edition of Shakespeare's Works has been prepared in the belief that world events of the past ten years have rendered almost imperative a re-examination of his plays. Ideas which have long lain buried under established institutions and old beliefs have suddenly been shocked into the open, with the result that we are seeing the face of life with a frankness unknown to Christendom since the days of Job. Indeed, it would not be surprising to find that with the violent changes of thought following the World War, a large part of the Shakespearean criticism of our time has become obsolete.

In this belief that I have, in writing the introductory comment on three plays, I consciously avoided re-creating the criticism upon which in earlier days I had so relied in forming my judgments. Rather, I have turned directly to a re-reading of the plays themselves. I have been astonished as I think every common student will be who tries the experiment to find in how many instances what has been thrown on these plays, questions as to their character, their value, and, by the new emphasis which new conditions have thrown on old problems.

It is a fact that the problems we are facing to-day are essentially the same as that Shakespeare saw and incorporated in the structure of his plays. Problems of war, of national sovereignty and union, of education, of authority, of the old faith, were not unknown to him; however new they may appear to us. Although no solution, he does reveal a deeper insight into the nature of the problems.

### TO MY WIFE

It is comprehensible that I should, then, be puzzled, and so make me, therefore, in trying to solve them for ourselves. In other words, present conditions themselves speak, while Shakespeare's time illustrated became more than ever vital in this age. The fact that I have prepared this edition properly for the use of the common man when I mean the man whose common sense has not been sacrificed even to an idle reading—has further endeavored me to give frank attention to my own mind, however much this may differ from the recorded opinions of so-called authorities. I have assumed that no final word in Shakespearean interpretation is possible in a world where the thought of men undergoes constant change. It is boldness I have a foolhardy, the wise will discover it and laugh at me; but I shall accept no criticism involving an interpretation of Shakespeare at variance with common sense. The rightful heritage of the common people, not the peculiar possession of the learned, this edition in some degree seeks to bring that heritage to its rightful possessor. I am satisfied.

In my introductory comment I have spoken frankly. I have in parentheses the text almost directly conservative. As the basic text, I have used that of De Witt which, words of the Spenser Lee, is "formed on sound critical principles and to be trusted fully." Wherever I have departed from his reading I have been careful to follow I quote other widely recognized authorities, particularly from introductions in the first edition of the complete works of the poet.

One, of course, an inevitable debt to other writers on Shakespeare—and which especially for me is acknowledged in detail. I can only hope that wherever I have changed from my own I have as indicated, although I should not be surprised to find here or there unconsciously carried in my hand the exact words of others as acknowledgment was due. For errors, whether of fact or opinion, I am alone able.

And in, however, one may in whom were due in my other, living or dead. I have a debt to the whole world I know about Shakespeare—one that I can never pay. It is my merit in this volume that the reader may realize in this, I would gladly



## PREFACE

THE present edition of Shakespeare's Works has been prepared in the belief that world events of the past ten years have rendered almost imperative a revaluation of his plays. Ideas which have long lain buried under established institutions and accepted beliefs have suddenly been shocked into the open, with the result that we are now facing the facts of life with a frankness unknown to Christendom since the days of the Elizabethans. Indeed, it would not be surprising to find that with the violent changes in men's thoughts following the World War, a large part of the Shakespearean criticism of the past has become obsolete.

It is in this belief that I have, in writing the introductory comment on these plays, almost studiously avoided re-reading the criticism upon which in earlier days I had largely relied in forming my judgments. Rather, I have turned directly to a careful re-reading of the plays themselves. I have been astonished (as I think every Shakespearean student will be who tries the experiment) to find in how many instances new light has been thrown on these plays, sometimes to the point of changing their entire significance, by the new emphasis which new conditions have thrown on old problems. For it is a fact that the problems we are facing to-day are essentially the same as those that Shakespeare saw and incorporated in the structure of his plays. Problems of peace or war, of national sovereignty and ethics, of education, of authority, of the revolt of youth, were not unknown to him however new they may appear to us. Although he offers no solution, he does present them with such clarity that his wisdom is available to aid us in comprehending their nature, their complexity, and to guide us, therefore, in our attempt to solve them for ourselves. In other words, present conditions illumine Shakespeare, while Shakespeare thus illumined becomes more than ever vital in this age.

The fact that I have prepared this edition primarily for the use of the common man—by whom I mean the man whose common sense has not been sacrificed even to an academic training—has further emboldened me to give frank expression to my own opinions, however much they may differ from the recorded opinions of so-called authorities. I have assumed that no final word in Shakespearean interpretation is possible in a world where the thought of men undergoes constant change. If in boldness I have written foolishly, the wise will discover it and correct me; but I shall accept no correction which involves an interpretation of Shakespeare at variance with common sense. He is the rightful heritage of the common people, not the peculiar possession of the learned. If this edition in some degree helps to carry this heritage to its rightful possessors, I shall be satisfied.

If in my introductory comment I have spoken liberally, I have in preparing the text been almost timidly conservative. As the basic text, I have used that of Delius which, in the words of Sir Sidney Lee, is "formed on sound critical principles and to be trusted thoroughly." Wherever I have departed from his reading I have been careful to follow that of some other widely recognized authority, refraining from introducing in the text a single emendation or conjecture of my own.

I owe, of course, an incalculable debt to other writers on Shakespeare—one which it is impossible for me to acknowledge in detail. I can only hope that wherever I have used phrases not my own I have so indicated, although I should not be surprised to find that I have at times unconsciously carried in my memory the exact words of others to whom acknowledgment was due. For errors, whether of fact or opinion, I am alone responsible.

There is, however, one man to whom more than to any other, living or dead, I consciously owe a debt for what little I know about Shakespeare—one that I can never pay. If there is any merit in this volume that the reader may ascribe to me, I would gladly

## PREFACE

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attribute it to my old teacher, whose name even now after twenty-five years I sometimes confuse with that of Shakespeare—George Lyman Kittredge, of Harvard University. It is only fair to state, however, that neither to him nor to any other Shakespearean scholar have I submitted for approval or censure prior to publication what I have written in this volume.

F. D. L.

Avalon Hall,  
New York, N. Y., April 10, 1926.

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## INTRODUCTION

THREE hundred years have now passed since the collected writings of Shakespeare were first given to the world. In the dedicatory epistle of that edition (known as the First Folio) the editors, John Heminge and Henry Condell, writing seven years after Shakespeare's death, refer to the plays as "these trifles" and state that they have collected them "only to keep the memory of so worthy a Friend and Fellow alive as was our Shakespeare." Would that to-day so human a touch could, without affectation, be given to the Introduction of a new edition of Shakespeare. But the whirligig of time has brought in its revenges, and our "worthy Friend and Fellow" has given place to the Immortal Bard, while "these trifles," his plays, rest in stately dignity among the great classics of the world. How much the world loses when worthy friends and fellows become Immortals, and when their pleasant trifles are embalmed in scholars' lore.

Would that in the foreword to these plays we might bring back our Friend and Fellow and make him known to those daring spirits who by nature have best right to claim fellowship with him—the toilers of the earth, the adventurers, those that go down to the sea in ships, the millions of mute poets, those who dare live without creeds, and lovers of men everywhere. Shakespeare was of them and wrote for them. He knew them to the core. And knowing them, he knew kings and princes and nobles. "I think the king is but a man, as I am; the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shows to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions; his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man." Surely the greatest service that could be done for Shakespeare now would be to restore him to his rightful fellowship with the common man.

In spite of our ever-increasing knowledge about Shakespeare, it is to be feared that he enters less and less into the lives of the people. It is quite possible for scholarship to proclaim the universality of Shakespeare's genius, and yet, in its efforts to account for or explain it, to destroy, in effect, the very thing it seeks to reveal. If Shakespeare is a universal poet, if as his fellow Ben Jonson says, he "was not of an age, but for all time," it would seem that each age might, even at some risk, claim the right to interpret him in the light of its own time and of its own problems. In no other way can Shakespeare hope to maintain fellowship with the common people. If Shakespearean scholarship would keep abreast of Shakespeare, it must use its energies not merely in searching the archives of the past, but it must also see to it that the universal poet shall continue to make a universal appeal.

It should never be forgotten that the common man was the "only begetter" of "these trifles." He constituted Shakespeare's public, and it was under his approval that Shakespeare developed his full powers. Shakespeare wrote for his audience. If at the same time he satisfied his own literary conscience, so much the more glory to Shakespeare and to the audience that increasingly approved him. It is inconceivable, however, that the audience, or that any person in it, however learned and profound, could have grasped the full significance of any one of a dozen of the greatest plays at a single hearing. It was not expected. What was expected was that they would get the story. And it is the story that will intrigue the common man to-day. Let these stories remain "trifles"; dissipate the atmosphere of awe and mystery that has gathered around them, and we shall have gone far toward restoring Shakespeare to his rightful place in the hearts and lives of the people. For story-tellers are usually good fellows; and Shakespeare is the prince of story-tellers. He has "heard the chimes at midnight," wandered through "antres vast and deserts idle," and with the sea-boy been rocked to sleep "upon the high and giddy mast." The common man, if once he hears his voice and feels his fellowship, will come again and with a greedy ear devour up his discourse.

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These stories make their universal appeal because they are of the very stuff of common life. If they seem to deal with royalty and nobility, that is only seeming. Always the king is but a man; but for his ceremonies the veriest wretch had the forehand and vantage of him. It passes belief how any one who reads Shakespeare closely can profess to see in him a distrust of the common people. What he does distrust is rank, distinction, wealth, power, learning, will, intellect, except when they are directed and fortified by a heart that beats in rhythm with that of plain and simple men. It is against those who "will not see because they do not feel" that he invokes the power of heaven. Not one of his greatest heroes would have made a good modern politician or diplomat. They are all characterized by free and open natures and follow largely the promptings of the heart. All his great villains, however, are characterized by what Shakespeare finds obviously lacking in the common people—sagacity, and are eloquent advocates of the supremacy of will and intellect. Iago, the greatest of all his villains, finds "power and corrigible authority" in the will, and works easily upon "the free and open nature of the Moor." King Claudius, to the witchcraft of whose wit even the ghost of his victim testifies, is pitted against the Prince, who knows not "seems." The catastrophe in *Hamlet* is based upon the fact, observed by Claudius, that Hamlet is "Most generous and free from all contriving" and "will not peruse the foils." Edmund, the villain in *King Lear*, is, like Iago, a believer in the doctrine of full accountability. To him ill-fortune is the "surfeit of our own behavior"; and it is within our power to make our own fortune, only we must not have too much regard for the "curiosity of nations." His practices ride easy on a credulous father and on the foolish honesty of a noble brother. Throughout all of Shakespeare's greatest plays, those that show him at the height of his powers, we find him distrustful, not of the common man, nor of those qualities which mark the common man, but of those who, with high endowments which spring from birth and place and rank, have lost their sense of oneness with their common kind.

It is doubtful, however, if Shakespeare could have attained to his supremacy as a universal poet had he lived at a time when the common people felt strongly what we have now come to know as class-consciousness. And it is highly important that the common man shall approach him in his own right, and not as a member of any class if he is to share fellowship with him. Shakespeare is not a propagandist. So much the more reason why he should be read to-day. Had class-consciousness existed in his day in anything approaching its present intensity, it is hardly probable that he could have risen to be more than a second-rate dramatist. For class-consciousness breeds a sensitiveness, particularly strong in a society in which a feeling of superiority and inferiority has long been fostered, which resents as an offense against the entire class any liberties taken with an individual member. The danger of a lifelike portrayal of an individual under such circumstances, unless obviously favorable, is illustrated by the bitter resentment which many Jews feel to the portrayal of Shylock. Had Shakespeare anticipated such opposition in his own day, the character would have shriveled under his hand. As it was, he accomplished the seemingly impossible feat of satisfying an audience prejudiced against Shylock, and yet gave him a grandeur that lifts him eternally above every other person in the play. For he moulded him out of common humanity, a man in whom race, customs, and religion are but accidents beyond his control; one who if pricked, bleeds; one who is warmed by the same summer and cooled by the same winter that a Christian is. Now had that plastic stuff of common humanity, out of which Shakespeare moulded all his characters, prince and beggar alike, been hardened into a class-consciousness, we should have had kings indeed, and princes and beggars indeed, but sorry and brittle substitutes for the living, human beings he created. Humor could not have flourished under such circumstances. We should have had no Dogberry if every constable in England had resented the character as an affront to his office; we should have had no Gravedigger if every man who holds up Adam's profession had arisen and left the Globe theatre to show Shakespeare he was not to be trifled with. Whoever would enter into fellowship with

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Shakespeare must approach him not as an advocate for any class, a defender of any creed, or a champion of any social or political order, but rather as one whose faith is unshakable in the essential soundness of humanity wherever found and under whatever conditions.

This is the great, obvious fact about Shakespeare; the fact that needs no critics or commentators to reveal. It permeates "these trifles." And it was doubtless because of their instinctive recognition of this fact that the common people during his lifetime and for two centuries after his death were his ablest champions and soundest critics. For not many years had passed before the more "refined" element in society, along with scholars and critics, began to feel that Shakespeare "wanted art." Then followed a period of rewriting and refining him, of rendering him less uncouth. Even the great Garrick, yielding to this tendency, presented at Drury Lane theatre a version of *Hamlet* in which the scene with the gravediggers, together with nearly all the last act of the play, was omitted. Writing shortly after Garrick's death, the treasurer of Drury Lane said of this version that the corrections were "far from being universally approved; nay in general greatly disliked by the million"; and added: "The million will like, nay, understand Shakespeare with all his glorious absurdities, nor suffer a bold intruder to cut them up." That we have "these trifles" to-day with all their "glorious absurdities" is mute but eloquent testimony to the fact that in these matters the judgment of the million proves sometimes more trustworthy than that of self-appointed arbiters of literary taste.

But if the million depend for their knowledge of the story upon such information as they get from the stage itself, they will have no basis for a comparative judgment. It is notorious that the modern stage tends constantly to distort the story. Shakespeare's audience heard the story as Shakespeare wrote it, with Shakespeare himself on the stage or directing the actors. These stories, in their broader outlines at least, lived in the memory and, if not read, were told from one generation to another. That tradition will no longer serve. If the common man is to do his part in preserving these stories as they were written, he must read the plays.

But in reading them he should bear in mind that Shakespeare was a dramatist, and not a novelist, an essayist, or a philosopher. The dramatist, presumably at least, never speaks in his own person. The drama of all literary forms requires a whole-hearted submergence of the personality of the writer (his personal opinions, his prejudices, his reactions to individual men and women, to particular races, classes, and nationalities) into the sea of common humanity. Few men have the power to take even the first step toward such self-effacement. Most dramatists are incapable of using their art to higher ends than the propagation of their own opinions through the creation of puppets that do their bidding. Only rarely has the world seen a great dramatist. That Shakespeare was the greatest, that it is practically impossible to find him speaking at any time except true to the character to whom he supplies the words, accounts largely for the atmosphere of awe and mystery that has gathered around his name. And yet, when we understand the nature of the task he set for himself, that atmosphere tends to dissipate. There is a sense in which concealment is revelation. There is a sense in which the man reveals himself everywhere through his very fidelity to his task. He left no explanation of himself or his work. His nature was subdued to that it worked in, "like the dyer's hand"; but the hand is there, gentle, strong, and sure. For however much of mystery may hover about the personality of Shakespeare, there is no mystery in his plays. True, the hand grew gentler, stronger, and surer; but at no time in his career does he reveal a tendency to mystify his audience. All his work seems based upon the theory that the audience, so far as he can make it so, must be omniscient. No essential detail is ever omitted. Like the player in *Hamlet*, "he'll tell all."

The chief difficulty in the way of understanding him may be readily overcome by an occasional reference to the glossary. The reader who approaches him for the first time will usually find commentaries more mystifying than illuminating. They tend always

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to go too far afield. While the curious may derive much satisfaction from comparing his plays with the sources from which he drew them, yet the plays themselves must never be interpreted through the sources. We shall never get any light on the character of Hamlet from Saxo Grammaticus, on Brutus from Sir Thomas North, on Macbeth from Hollinshed's Chronicles. We shall simply risk being led astray. Not that the scholar ought not to search these sources for whatever light they may throw, even remotely, on Shakespeare's method of treatment. But it may be doubted whether the introduction of such study in the schools and in texts prepared for the general reader has not contributed more to a dislike for Shakespeare than all other causes combined. The average reader may approach these plays without the aid of such intermediaries with the hope of sharing all of Shakespeare's secrets as revealed in his plays. The greater his understanding of human nature the more readily will he grasp Shakespeare's revelation. And conversely, the more he reads Shakespeare the greater will be his understanding of human nature.

How far Shakespeare is to be regarded as a moral teacher each reader must determine for himself. He forces no lesson upon us. The lessons we learn from him are very like those we learn from life—with this exception: The lessons that most of us learn from life are usually vitiated by one fundamental fallacy, which is, that human nature itself is essentially unsound; that there is little hope to bring about great changes in the world until we can change the very nature of man. Now in Shakespeare we have a mimic world; one that more nearly approximates the one in which we live than any other ever built by human fancy. His world can be examined and re-examined, and has been for three centuries. If there is any one fact that has been established about Shakespeare's world it is that it is in harmony with a moral order and that not one human being inhabiting it is wholly base. Even the vilest and most abhorrent reveal a capacity for good uses. That world must be interpreted, then, in the light of a general principle, namely, that human nature is essentially sound; that it bears within itself its own saving principle of goodness. Evil is at enmity with it. However much evil may struggle it can never destroy the good; it tends rather to destroy itself. No moral lessons can safely be drawn from Shakespeare which are not in harmony with this principle. If in reading *Othello*, for instance, one is tempted to think Iago a monster, a devil, an "inhuman dog" as he is called after his villainy is discovered, one should remember that his creator makes him give utterance to this thought in speaking of Cassio:

"He hath a daily beauty in his life  
That makes me ugly."

No man utterly devoid of goodness could pass that judgment on himself. Or if Edmund seems utterly vile, observe that Shakespeare makes him say with his last breath:

"Some good I mean to do  
Despite of mine own nature."

Or if Oswald seems outside the pale, observe the fidelity with which he serves his mistress. With Shakespeare nothing human is beyond the possibility of value to its kind. If life has taught us differently, we shall have to abandon the belief before we can enter fully into Shakespeare's fellowship.

## BIOGRAPHY

THE only documentary evidence we possess which directly touches Shakespeare prior to his marriage, is found in the register of the Church of the Holy Trinity, Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire, which records the baptism of William, son of John Shakespeare, April 26, 1564. This evidence, taken in connection with the known date of his death (April 23, 1616) and the tradition that he died on his birthday, has led to the acceptance of April 23 as the day of his birth. All else that is known of Shakespeare's childhood and education is based purely upon inference and tradition.

Of his father's life the records of Stratford supply us with considerable reliable information. John Shakespeare was born of good yeoman stock in Snitterfield, a village about four miles from Stratford. The first mention of his name in Stratford records is in April, 1552, when he paid a fine of twelvepence for permitting a heap of refuse to collect in front of his house. In 1557 he married Mary Arden who at the death of her father a few months before had come into possession of valuable farm property in Wilmcote, near Stratford. During the years immediately following his marriage John Shakespeare became of increasing importance in the affairs of Stratford, holding successively the offices of ale-taster, town councillor, affeerer (one who assessed fines), chamberlain, alderman, and finally, in 1568, high bailiff, the highest office within the gift of his townsmen. To John and Mary Shakespeare were born eight children, William being the third child and the eldest son. Two daughters born before him died in infancy. Of the other children, all younger than William, Gilbert, Richard, Edmund, and Joan reached maturity. A daughter, Ann, died in 1579 at the age of eight, when William was fifteen years old. The house now known as the poet's birthplace was probably one of two houses bought by John Shakespeare in 1575. After this purchase there follows a record of reverses, of borrowing money from his wife's relatives, of mortgaging in 1578 some of her Wilmcote property, and of the sale in 1579 of her property in Snitterfield. Late in the following year, however, John Shakespeare offered to pay off the mortgage. The offer was refused, and for some years thereafter he was involved in litigation. In September, 1586, he was deprived of his alderman's gown for failure to attend meetings, and at about the same time he was reported to the local court as being without goods to satisfy a writ of distrain. By this time, however, William was twenty-two years old, married, and the father of three children.

In the Stratford documents John Shakespeare is variously referred to as yeoman, glover, and whittawer (a tanner of white leather). The tradition that he was a butcher dates from nearly a century after his death and is of very doubtful validity. It appears certain from the records that in spite of his reverses he received much consideration from his townsmen and was generally liked for his genial disposition. The only description we have of him—one recorded more than a half-century after his death—refers to him as a "merry cheekt old man that said Will was a good, honest fellow, but he durst have crackt a jest with him at any time." That he was not without ambition for his eldest son is evidenced by the fact that while bailiff of Stratford he made application for a coat of arms, which request was, however, unsuccessful.

From the records thus far summarized it appears that until William was twelve years old his parents were in exceptionally good circumstances; and the likelihood is that they were in no extremity until some time during the litigation which followed the offer to pay off the mortgage in 1580, when William was sixteen years old. Since there was an excellent grammar school in Stratford in which John Shakespeare's children were entitled to free tuition, it is fair to assume that William was sent thither at the customary age of six or seven and kept there until he had completed the studies there taught, or

until he was thirteen or fourteen years old. He would there have acquired a substantial knowledge of Latin and of several Latin authors, particularly of Ovid and Plautus. On leaving school he would, like other boys, have entered at once upon his seven years' apprenticeship to a trade, in this instance, most likely, with his father. Being the eldest child among six he would doubtless have shared with his mother the responsibility for their care. How the death of his little sister Ann would have affected him, only those can surmise who in youth have suffered a similar loss. If we consider these things, however, together with the low state of his father's fortunes and the unusual quality of his mind, we can readily understand why he might seek companionship with people beyond his years. It is not particularly strange, therefore, that in the next authentic record we have of him we find him on the point of marrying a woman seven and one-half years his senior.

This record exists in the form of a bond, given by two farmers of Shottery, a hamlet near Stratford, November 28, 1582, protecting the Bishop's court in case any lawful impediment should later appear to invalidate the contemplated marriage of William Shakespeare to Anne Hathaway. This bond, it has been assumed, was given to hasten a marriage already too long delayed. By this means the ceremony could be performed after calling the banns but once instead of thrice as required by law. It appears, then, that the bond would serve to hasten the marriage by only two weeks. It is pointed out, however, by Professor J. Q. Adams, Shakespeare's latest biographer, that the bond did actually operate to expedite the marriage by more than two months. Be that as it may, the fact remains that in the following May a daughter, Susanna, was born to William Shakespeare and his wife Anne. In this connection we cannot too strongly emphasize the fact that the latest researches have confirmed the conclusions reached by Halliwell-Phillipps, perhaps the greatest of all of Shakespeare's biographers, who more than forty years ago in his *Outlines of Shakespeare* presented evidence, which should even then have been accepted as conclusive, that "the lovers followed the almost universal rule of consolidating their engagement by means of a precontract," and that this precontract, "which was usually celebrated two or three months before marriage, was not only legally recognized, but that it invalidated a subsequent union of either of the parties with any one else."

It seems probable that the young husband took his wife to his parents' home in Henley Street, where they lived until after the birth of their children Hamnet and Judith, twins, who were baptized February 2, 1585. From this time we have no authentic record of the poet until 1593, when we find him in London. The attempt to account for these extremely important years in Shakespeare's life and to get him to London in time to have him serve a stage apprenticeship before the appearance of his earliest plays (which practically all critics now assign to 1590-91) has led to the wide acceptance of certain traditions which reflect little credit on the private life of the poet. The assumption seems to have been that the man's personal character need not be too scrupulously guarded in the attempt to establish a theory to account for his work. One of these traditions, first recorded by Rowe in 1709 (nearly a century after Shakespeare's death), has it that Shakespeare fled precipitately from Stratford for fear of prosecution by Sir Thomas Lucy for stealing deer from his park at Charlecote. The fact that it has been proved that there existed no Charlecote deer park in Shakespeare's day has not been sufficient to discredit the tradition. Another theory even more discreditable to the poet, and one without even the basis of tradition, is that Shakespeare, chafing under the disparity of years, abandoned his wife and children to the care of his father, about to be declared a bankrupt, and fled to London to seek his fortune. In support of this theory certain passages from Shakespeare's plays are cited. The answer to such a theory is that Shakespeare never abandoned Stratford, that he returned there repeatedly, that most of his investments were made there, that he was known among his London friends as "William Shakespeare, of Stratford, gentleman," that the passages cited from his plays are purely

conventional and without the slightest personal significance, and that there exists no evidence whatever to warrant the assumption that he was unhappy in his domestic relations. Indeed it is not wholly improbable that his wife may have accompanied him to London. A third theory, and that based on credible testimony and the only one that prepares us for his sudden success in London, is that for four or five years, probably from 1584-85 to 1589, he was teaching a country school not far from Stratford. The evidence upon which this theory is based is as follows:

In the same company with Shakespeare in London was an actor named Christopher Beeston, who survived Shakespeare certainly more than twenty years. His son, William Beeston, was also an actor and a man of great intelligence and wide information. Dryden refers to him as "the chronicle of the stage." William Beeston died in 1682. Aubrey, Shakespeare's first biographer, who wrote between 1669 and 1696, quotes William Beeston as affirming, in contravention of Ben Jonson's statement that "Shakespeare had little Latin and less Greek," that "Shakespeare understood Latin pretty well" and that he had been "in his younger years" a country schoolmaster. Now here is a significant statement from a source worthy of credence. The probability that Shakespeare was near Stratford during these years is strengthened by the fact that we have a record of a negotiation in 1587 in which the assent of William Shakespeare was necessary to secure a conveyance. It seems but natural to suppose that a young man with his known quality of mind would have been attracted to a calling in which he would have an opportunity for reading and study while providing at the same time for his wife and children. As a teacher he would certainly have taught Latin and the Latin authors. When we bear in mind the fact that his first play, *Love's Labour's Lost*, strongly reflects the schoolmaster, and that *The Comedy of Errors* draws its plot from the *Menaechmi* of Plautus, of which no English translation existed, it is fair to assume that while teaching he had already begun to feel the impulse to write, and that when he went to London he went with a definite purpose and not empty handed.

There was one man in London whom Shakespeare would certainly have known and early sought out, and that was Richard Field, the printer. In 1579 Field had left Stratford, where his family and the Shakespeares were friends, for London, where he served his apprenticeship with one of the leading printers of the city. Later he rose to be esteemed the best printer in all England. It would not be surprising to learn some day that he had been influential in deciding Shakespeare to try his fortune in the city. At all events, it was Field who in 1593 published Shakespeare's first literary venture, *Venus and Adonis*. This poem was dedicated to the Earl of Southampton and bore the name of William Shakespeare signed to the dedication. *Lucrece* was published the following year by the same publisher and bore Shakespeare's name again signed to a dedication to the same patron. These poems received instant and enthusiastic approval from men of letters and established Shakespeare's literary reputation. For it should be borne in mind that mere "play-writing" was not regarded as a literary pursuit, and that although Shakespeare had already written several plays, they brought him no literary recognition. The publication of the poems, therefore, possibly at a hint from Field, revealed what would be called to-day a "splendid instinct for good publicity." For it is certain that he was already creating some stir in the theatrical world, as is evidenced by what follows.

On September 3, 1592, Robert Greene, a well-known playwright, died, leaving to some of his fellow-dramatists an ill-natured injunction in which appears an obvious reference to Shakespeare: "There is an upstart Crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tyger's heart wrapt in a player's hide* supposes he is as well able to bum-bast out a blanke verse as the best of you; and being an absolute *Johannes factotum* is, in his own conceit, the only Shake-scene in a country. . . ." The reference to Shakespeare is obvious from the pun on his name. It is further confirmed, however, by the line "Tyger's heart," etc., which parodies a line found in the third part of *Henry VI*;

"Oh Tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide!"

Now this play is published in the First Folio as one of Shakespeare's. It is, however, evidently a revamping of an old play, *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of York*, in which the same line appears, and which was probably worked over by Shakespeare in collaboration with others. It appears, then, from this reference that Shakespeare had already won some distinction before 1592 both as an actor—the pun "Shake-scene" suggests that—and as a writer of plays. That he had made friends in his profession who resented the publication of Greene's attack is evident from an apology from Henry Chettle, a friend of Greene's who had prepared the statement for the press. In this Chettle says: "I am sorry, as if the original fault had been my fault, because myself have seen his demeanor no less civil, than he excellent in the qualitie (profession as actor) he professes."

Shakespeare's work as a dramatist covers approximately a period of twenty years, during which time he wrote thirty-seven plays besides the Sonnets and the poems already mentioned. It is now almost universally conceded that his first plays—that is, the first written entirely by himself—are *Love's Labour's Lost* and *The Comedy of Errors*. If, as we have assumed, Shakespeare reached London at about twenty-five years of age with written material in his pocket, it is not difficult to imagine that with his "civil demeanor" and his incomparable mind he would have found ready admittance to any professional company of players. He doubtless associated himself at once with a group of actors then known as the Earl of Pembroke's Men, where he came under the influence of the greatest dramatist of the time, Christopher Marlowe. As a result of reverses suffered during the closing of the theatres on account of the plague in 1592-93, the Pembroke's Men were thrown into bankruptcy. With the re-opening of the theatres in 1594, Shakespeare became associated with the newly re-organized Lord Chamberlain's Company, with which, under changing names, he remained until his retirement from the stage. We know by the records that Shakespeare was soon in high repute as an actor, for his name appears along with that of Richard Burbage and William Kemp, respectively the greatest tragedian and comedian of their time, as playing before the Queen on December 26 and 28, 1594, at Greenwich Palace. In 1599, at the building of the Globe theatre in Bankside, he became a shareholder of the company, and his income, already large, was greatly increased. On the accession of James, the name of the company was changed to that of the King's Players, which added still further to its prestige and likewise to its revenue. As a dramatist Shakespeare was at the height of his powers from 1601 to 1608, within which period he wrote his four great tragedies, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *King Lear*, and *Macbeth*. In his last period (often referred to as one of experimentation) he put forth some of his rarest thoughts in the romantic comedies of *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *The Tempest*. Until recently it has been thought that he retired permanently to his home in Stratford in 1611, but discoveries by Professor C. W. Wallace compel the belief that he still kept in touch with his business interests in London.

There is no doubt that during his entire professional life in the city his heart was in Stratford. He was a lover of the country, and like Falstaff, "a babbled o' green fields" in all his plays. He was apparently at his home at the time of the death of his little boy Hamnet, who was buried in Stratford church August 11, 1596. In October of that year his father renewed his application for the grant of a coat of arms, it is thought at Shakespeare's instigation. One finds it difficult to believe, however, that the future author of *Hamlet* would, with his only son "but two months dead," particularly care on his own account to be declared by any official act "a gentleman born." The application was granted in 1599, and from that year Shakespeare was entitled to shed "gentleman-like tears." In 1597 he purchased "New Place," the largest house in Stratford, and in the years immediately following made many improvements to both house and garden. On the death of his father in 1601, he inherited the two houses in Henley Street, one of which he gave rent free to his mother, who lived there until the time of her death in 1608. On June 5, 1607, his eldest daughter Susanna married Dr. John Hall, who later

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became distinguished in his profession. His youngest daughter, Judith, married a Thomas Quiney only a few weeks before her father's death. In January, 1616, Shakespeare had drawn for him a will, which, after many changes, he signed in March. The greater part of his estate, including "New Place" where the Halls afterwards lived, was left to his daughter Susanna, into whose care he committed his wife. On April 25, 1616, the poet was buried within the chancel of Trinity Church, Stratford, which has since become a shrine for the world.

There is no evidence that Shakespeare made any provision for the publication of his plays, nor does there exist to-day a single manuscript that can be confidently assigned to him. Seven years after his death, however, two of his partners in the stage business, John Heminge and Henry Condell, collected his writings and set them forth in the First Folio in the order in which they appear in the present volume. Shakespeare's work is perhaps best characterized by his greatest contemporary among dramatists, Ben Jonson, who in a commendatory verse supplied for the First Folio says of him,

"He was not of an age but for all time!"

## EARLY EDITIONS OF SHAKESPEARE

**QUARTOS.** Of the thirty-seven plays appearing in this volume, sixteen were first printed separately between 1594 and 1616 (the year of Shakespeare's death), but clearly without his consent or approval or that of his company. Indeed, there seems to have been objection on the part of all theatrical companies to the printing of plays lest their availability for reading might lessen the door-receipts at the theatre. Shakespeare's popularity was so great, however, that certain not over-scrupulous publishers did not hesitate to procure copies of his plays by unfair methods, sometimes by bribing the actors for their parts, sometimes by means of a crude form of shorthand called brachygraphy, employed during a performance. If the resulting copy proved so bad as to do great injury to the reputation of the play, it is conceivable that the company itself might willingly supply material for an improved later edition. While some of these early editions of single plays (known as Quartos) are therefore clearly pirated and wretched copies of the original play, others supply a text often regarded as authoritative.

**FOLIOS.** The earliest edition of Shakespeare's collected plays is that of the First Folio, published in 1623, seven years after Shakespeare's death. The editors, John Heminge and Henry Condell, had been partners with Shakespeare in the stage business and professed to print all his plays from "true original copies." It is doubtful, however, if the editors were in possession of any of Shakespeare's original manuscript. In spite of the fact that they class all the Quartos as "stolen and surreptitious copies," there is little doubt that they made free use of them as well as of the acting versions of the playhouse. The First Folio, though carelessly printed and, in the case of some plays, extremely corrupt in text, is for twenty of the plays the ultimate authority. For the remaining seventeen (*Othello* was first printed in quarto in 1622) the texts of the Quartos exist for helpful comparison with the First Folio.

The Second Folio, reprinted from the First with doubtful emendations, was published in 1632. The Third Folio (1664) added "seven plays never before printed in folio, viz: *Pericles, Prince of Tyre; The London Prodigal; The History of the Life and Death of Thomas Lord Cromwell; The History of Sir John Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham; The Puritan Widow; A Yorkshire Tragedy; and The Tragedy of Loocrine.*" With the exception of *Pericles* these plays are generally held to be spurious and are not included in modern editions of the collected plays. *Pericles*, which for some reason was not included in the First Folio, is now usually added at the end when the order of the plays follows, as in the present volume, the order followed in that edition. The Fourth Folio, printed in 1685, is practically a copy of the Third except for the fact that it has modernized the spelling.

**NICHOLAS ROWE.** The first critical edition of Shakespeare's plays was that of Nicholas Rowe, 1709. Besides adding a biography of Shakespeare, he supplied for the first time a list of *dramatis personæ* for each play, divided and numbered acts and scenes, and indicated entrances and exits.

**THEOBALD.** Of all early critical editors the modern reader owes, perhaps, the greatest debt to Lewis Theobald, whose attack on Alexander Pope's edition (1725) in his *Shakespeare Restored* (1726) led that great poet to damn him to lasting fame in his *Dunciad*. Theobald's edition of Shakespeare in seven volumes first appeared in 1733 and ran through several editions. Basing his text on that of the First Folio, he made, according to Sir Sidney Lee, more than 300 "original corrections or emendations which ... have become part and parcel of the authorized canon."

## THE TEMPEST

FROM the point of view of mere story-telling *The Tempest* is a somewhat unfortunate approach to Shakespeare. The dramatist seems here to have abandoned his usual method and deliberately to have imposed upon himself the task of holding the attention of his audience without the aid of the elements of conflict and suspense. Grant Prospero his magic power and prescience and there can be no doubt in the mind of reader or hearer that every situation will eventuate in accordance with Prospero's wish. It is a foregone conclusion that Ferdinand and Miranda will be united; that the plot of Caliban and his drunken companions will be foiled; and that Prospero's enemies will be delivered helpless into his hands. The interest in the story, then, centers not in concern for the outcome, but in the unusual means employed to bring it about,—Prospero's magic, the tricky feats of Ariel, the strange noises, the songs, and not least, the monster Caliban. To these elements of interest are added superb characterization, some of the most glorious poetry that Shakespeare ever wrote, and evidence of a philosophical insight into life that provokes the reader to endless speculation. When we consider further the fact that this was probably the last play written by Shakespeare, that it had been received with unusual evidences of approval by the audiences that had witnessed its performance, that it had never before appeared in print as had many of the plays, and that the opening scene of the shipwreck would arrest at once the attention of a prospective reader—and purchaser, it is not difficult to understand why the editors of the First Folio chose it as the opening play of their collection.

The temptation is particularly strong to find in this play some hidden meaning, and to ascribe to Shakespeare prophetic powers foreseeing some of the marvellous scientific developments of our own time. Caliban's speech, for instance, "The isle is full of noises," suggests the modern miracles of the radio and the wireless, as do also the invisible flights of Ariel. Such speculations are all the more fostered by the prevalent tendency on the part of many scholars and critics to identify the character of Prospero with that of Shakespeare himself. Particularly in two of Prospero's speeches, the one in which he declares "our revels now are ended," and the other in which he abjures his art, has it been felt that Shakespeare was openly taking leave of the stage. But however much Prospero may suggest Shakespeare in these particular speeches, nothing could be more dangerous than to ascribe to Shakespeare the view of life as it is revealed throughout by Prospero. Shakespeare is the creator of Ariel and of Caliban as well—the slaves through whose agency Prospero works his purposes. These agencies Prospero controls, not through an appeal to their understanding—for he himself has no understanding of them—but solely through his power to punish and torture them. But Shakespeare, their creator, did understand them. Ariel is pure spirit, without human characteristics or aspirations. His liberty, which above all things he desires, has long been promised him, but in his fear of torment he dares take no step to secure it. Caliban, on the other hand, is human. He, too, wants freedom and he, too, fears punishment. But being human, he dares risk torment in a struggle against infinite odds for liberty. Prospero sees in him only a devil, yet one whom he cannot do without, because he "does make our fire, fetch in our wood, and serves in offices that profit us." Shakespeare sees in him one susceptible to the sweet influences of affection:

"When thou camest first,

Thou strok'dst me and mad'st much of me, wouldst give me

Water with berries in 't, and teach me how

To name the bigger light, and how the less,

That burn by day and night; and then I lov'd thee."

## THE TEMPEST

This devil has a soul. He has the power to dream, see the clouds open and riches ready to drop on him. This in Caliban Prospero never sees; but this Shakespeare sees. It is by no accident that he ascribed these parting words to Caliban:

"Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,  
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass  
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,  
And worship this dull fool."

If one would find Shakespeare in *The Tempest*, one must look for him not alone in Prospero, the magician, but in Prospero abjuring his rough magic; permitting his affections to become tender in response to Ariel's: "Mine would, sir, were I human," and declaring:

"And mine shall.  
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling  
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,  
One of their kind . . . be kindlier moved than thou art?"

One must find him in Miranda, appealing to her father to allay the tempest, and crying: "O, I have suffered with those that I saw suffer"; and again with her: "How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world, that has such people in 't!" One must find him in Caliban, rebellious against slavery; and in the Boatswain, crying to king and counsellor: "You mar our labor. Keep your cabins; you do assist the storm. . . . Out of our way, I say."

# THE TEMPEST

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ALONSO, *King of Naples.*  
 SEBASTIAN, *his Brother.*  
 PROSPERO, *the right Duke of Milan.*  
 ANTONIO, *his Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.*  
 FERDINAND, *Son to the King of Naples.*  
 GONZALO, *an honest old Counsellor.*  
 ADRIAN, }  
 FRANCISCO, } *Lords.*  
 CALIBAN, *a savage and deformed Slave.*  
 TRINCULO, *a Jester.*

STEPHANO, *a drunken Butler.*  
 Master of a Ship, Boatswain, Mariners.  
 MIRANDA, *Daughter to Prospero.*  
 ARIEL, *an airy Spirit.*  
 IRIS, }  
 CERES, } *Presented by Spirits.*  
 JUNO, }  
 Nymphs, }  
 Reapers, }  
 Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE.—*The Sea, with a Ship; afterwards an Island.*

### ACT I

SCENE I.—*On a Ship at Sea. A tempestuous noise of Thunder and Lightning heard.*

*Enter a Ship-master and a Boatswain, severally.*

*Master. Boatswain!*

*Boats. Here, master: what cheer?*

*Mast. Good, speak to the mariners: fall to't varelly, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir.* *Exit.*

*Enter Mariners.*

*Boats. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare. Take in the topsail; tend to the master's whistle. Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!*

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and Others.*

*Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.* 11

*Boats. I pray now, keep below.*

*Ant. Where is the master, boson?*

*Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour; keep your cabins; you do assist the storm.*

*Gon. Nay, good, be patient.*

*Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.*

*Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.* 21

*Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor: if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.*

*Cheerly, good hearts! Out of our way, I say.* *Exit.* 29

*Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable.* 36 *Exeunt.*

*Re-enter Boatswain.*

*Boats. Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course.* *A cry within.*

*A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.* 40

*Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.*

*Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?*

*Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!*

*Boats. Work you, then.*

*Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noisemaker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.*

*Gon. I'll warrant him for drowning, though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench.* 51

*Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold! Set her two courses off to sea again; lay her off.*

*Enter Mariners, wet.*

*Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!* *Exeunt.*

*Boats. What! must our mouths be cold?*

*Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let's assist them,*

*For our case is as theirs.*

Seb. I am out of patience.  
 Ant. We are merely cheated of our lives  
 by drunkards.  
 This wide-chapp'd rascal,—would thou  
 might'st lie drowning 60  
 The washing of ten tides!  
 Gon. He'll be hang'd yet,  
 Though every drop of water swear against it,  
 And gape at wid'st to glut him.  
*A confused noise within.*  
 Mercy on us!—We split, we split!—Fare-  
 well, my wife and children!—Farewell,  
 brother!—We split, we split, we split!—  
 Ant. Let's all sink wi' the king. *Exit.*  
 Seb. Let's take leave of him. *Exit.*  
 Gon. Now would I give a thousand fur-  
 longs of sea for an acre of barren ground;  
 long heath, brown furze, any thing. The  
 wills above be done! but I would fain die a  
 dry death. *Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Island: before the cell of*  
 PROSPERO.

*Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.*

Mir. If by your art, my dearest father,  
 you have  
 Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.  
 The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking  
 pitch,  
 But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's  
 cheek,  
 Dashes the fire out. O! I have suffer'd  
 With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel,  
 Who had no doubt some noble creatures in  
 her,  
 Dash'd all to pieces. O! the cry did knock  
 Against my very heart. Poor souls, they  
 perish'd.  
 Had I been any god of power, I would 10  
 Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere  
 It should the good ship so have swallow'd  
 and  
 The fraughting souls within her.  
 Pros. Be collected:  
 No more amazement. Tell your piteous  
 heart  
 There's no harm done.  
 Mir. O! woe the day.  
 Pros. No harm.  
 I have done nothing but in care of thee,  
 Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!  
 who  
 Art ignorant of what thou art, nought know-  
 ing  
 Of whence I am; nor that I am more bet-  
 ter  
 Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell, 20  
 And thy no greater father.  
 Mir. More to know  
 Did never meddle with my thoughts.  
 Pros. 'T is time  
 I should inform thee further. Lend thy  
 hand  
 And pluck my magic garment from me. So:  
*Lays down his mantle.*  
 Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes;  
 have comfort,

The direful spectacle of the wreck, which  
 touch'd  
 The very virtue of compassion in thee,  
 I have with such provision in mine art  
 So safely order'd, that there is no soul—  
 No, not so much perdition as an hair 30  
 Betid to any creature in the vessel  
 Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st  
 sink. Sit down;  
 For thou must now know further.  
 Mir. You have often  
 Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp'd,  
 And left me to a bootless inquisition,  
 Concluding, 'Stay; not yet.'  
 Pros. The hour's now come,  
 The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;  
 Obey and be attentive. Canst thou re-  
 member  
 A time before we came unto this cell?  
 I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast  
 not 40  
 Out three years old.  
 Mir. Certainly, sir, I can.  
 Pros. By what? by any other house or  
 person?  
 Of any thing the image tell me that  
 Hath kept with thy remembrance.  
 Mir. 'T is far off;  
 And rather like a dream than an assurance  
 That my remembrance warrants. Had I not  
 Four or five women once that tended me?  
 Pros. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda.  
 But how is it  
 That this lives in thy mind? What seest  
 thou else  
 In the dark backward and abysm of time? 50  
 If thou remember'st aught ere thou cam'st  
 here,  
 How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.  
 Mir. But that I do not.  
 Pros. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve  
 year since,  
 Thy father was the Duke of Milan and  
 A prince of power.  
 Mir. Sir, are not you my father?  
 Pros. Thy mother was a piece of virtue,  
 and  
 She said thou wast my daughter; and thy  
 father  
 Was Duke of Milan, and his only heir  
 A princess; no worse issued.  
 Mir. O! the heavens.  
 What foul play had we that we came from  
 thence? 60  
 Or blessed was 't we did?  
 Pros. Both, both, my girl:  
 By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd  
 thence;  
 But blessedly *help* hither.  
 Mir. O! my heart bleeds  
 To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,  
 Which is from my remembrance. Please  
 you, further.  
 Pros. My brother and thy uncle, call'd  
 Antonio,—  
 I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should  
 Be so perfidious! he whom next thyself  
 Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put  
 The manage of my state; as at that time 70

Through all the signiories it was the first,  
 And Prospero the prime duke; being so  
 reputed  
 In dignity, and for the liberal arts  
 Without a parallel: those being all my  
 study,  
 The government I cast upon my brother,  
 And to my state grew stranger, being trans-  
 ported  
 And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—  
 Dost thou attend me?

*Mir.* Sir, most heedfully.  
*Pros.* Being once perfected how to grant  
 suits,  
 How to deny them, who to advance, and  
 who  
 To trash for over-topping, new created  
 The creatures that were mine, I say, or  
 chang'd them,  
 Or else new form'd them: having both  
 the key  
 Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state  
 To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he  
 was

The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,  
 And suck'd my verdure out on 't. Thou  
 attend'st not.

*Mir.* O good sir! I do.  
*Pros.* I pray thee, mark me.  
 I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated  
 To closeness and the bettering of my mind 90  
 With that which, but by being so retir'd,  
 O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false  
 brother

Awak'd an evil nature: and my trust,  
 Like a good parent, did beget of him  
 A falsehood in it's contrary as great  
 As my trust was; which had indeed no  
 limit,

A confidence sans bound. He being thus  
 lorded,  
 Not only with what my revenue yielded,  
 But what my power might else exact, like  
 one

Who having, unto truth, by telling of it, 100  
 Made such a sinner of his memory,  
 To credit his own lie, he did believe  
 He was indeed the duke; out o' the substi-  
 tution,

And executing the outward face of royalty,  
 With all prerogative: hence his ambition  
 growing,—  
 Dost thou hear?

*Mir.* Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.  
*Pros.* To have no screen between this  
 part he play'd

And him he play'd it for, he needs will be  
 Absolute Milan. Me, poor man, my library  
 Was dukedom large enough: of temporal  
 royalties 110

He thinks me now incapable; confeder-  
 ates,—

So dry he was for sway,—wi' the King of  
 Naples,

To give him annual tribute, do him homage,  
 Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend  
 The dukedom, yet unbow'd,—alas! poor  
 Milan—

To most ignoble stooping.

*Mir.* O! the heavens.  
*Pros.* Mark his condition and the event;  
 then tell me

If this might be a brother.  
*Mir.* I should sin  
 To think but nobly of my grandmother:  
 Good wombs have borne bad sons.

*Pros.* Now the condition.  
 This King of Naples, being an enemy 121  
 To me in yeveterate, hearkens my brother's  
 suit;

Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises  
 Of homage and I know not how much tribute,  
 Should presently extirpate me and mine  
 Out of the dukedom and confer fair Milan  
 With all the honour on my brother: whereon,  
 A treacherous army levied, one midnight  
 Fated to the purpose did Antonio open  
 The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead o'f  
 darkness, 130  
 The ministers for the purpose hurried  
 thence

Me and thy crying self.

*Mir.* Alack! for pity.  
 I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,  
 Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint  
 That wrings mine eyes to 't.

*Pros.* Hear a little further,  
 And then I'll bring thee to the present  
 business  
 Which now's upon us; without the which  
 this story

Were most impertinent.

*Mir.* Wherefore did they not  
 That hour destroy us?

*Pros.* Well demanded, wench:  
 My tale provokes that question. Dear, they  
 durst not, 140

So dear the love my people bore me, nor set  
 A mark so bloody on the business, but  
 With colours fairer painted their foul ends.  
 In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,  
 Bore us some leagues to sea; where they  
 prepar'd

A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,  
 Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats  
 Instinctively had quit it; there they hoist us,  
 To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh  
 To the winds whose pity, sighing back  
 again, 150

Did us but loving wrong.

*Mir.* Alack! what trouble  
 Was I then to you.

*Pros.* O, a cherubin  
 Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou  
 didst smile,

Infused with a fortitude from heaven,  
 When I have deck'd the sea with drops full  
 salt,

Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in  
 me

An undergoing stomach, to bear up  
 Against what should ensue.

*Mir.* How came we ashore?  
*Pros.* By Providence divine.

Some food we had and some fresh water  
 that 160

A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,  
 Out of his charity, being then appointed

Master of this design, did give us; with Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessities, Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,

Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me From my own library with volumes that I prize above my dukedom.

*Mr.* Would I might But ever see that man!

*Pros.* Now I arise.

*Resumes his mantle.*  
Sit still, and hear the last of our sorrow. 170

Here in this island we arriv'd; and here Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit

Than other princess' can, that have more time

For vainer hours and tutors not so careful.

*Mr.* Heavens thank you for 't! And now, I pray you, sir,

For still 't is beating in my mind, your reason For raising this sea-storm?

*Pros.* Know thus far forth. By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune, Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies Brought to this shore; and by my pre-science 180

I find my zenith doth depend upon A most auspicious star, whose influence If now I court not but omit, my fortunes Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions:

Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 't is a good dulness,

And give it way: I know thou canst not choose. *MIRANDA sleeps.*

Come away, servant, come! I am ready now. Approach, my Ariel: come!

*Enter ARIEL.*

*Ari.* All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come

To answer thy best pleasure; be 't to fly, 190 To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride On the curl'd clouds: to thy strong bidding task

Ariel and all his quality.

*Pros.* Hast thou, spirit, Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

*Ari.* To every article. I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak, Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin, I flam'd amazement: sometimes I 'd divide And burn in many places; on the topmast, The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly, 200

Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors

O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary

And sight-outrunning were not: the fire and cracks

Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune

Seem to besiege and make his bold waves tremble;

Yes, his dread trident shake.

*Pros.* My brave spirit! Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil Would not infect his reason?

*Ari.* Not a soul But felt a fever of the mad and play'd

Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners 210

Plung'd in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,

Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,

With hair up-staring, then like reeds, not hair,

Was the first man that leap'd; cried, 'Hell is empty,

And all the devils are here.'

*Pros.* Why, that's my spirit! But was not this nigh shore?

*Ari.* Close by, my master.

*Pros.* But are they, Ariel, safe?

*Ari.* Not a hair perish'd; On their sustaining garments not a blemish,

But fresher than before; and, as thou bad'st me 220

In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle.

The king's son have I landed by himself, Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs

In an odd angle of the isle and sitting, His arms in this sad knot.

*Pros.* Of the king's ship The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,

And all the rest o' the fleet.

*Ari.* Safely in harbour Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once

Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew

From the still-vex'd Bermoothes; there she 's hid:

The mariners all under hatches stow'd; 230 Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,

I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet

Which I dispers'd, they all have met again And are upon the Mediterranean flote,

Bound sadly home for Naples, Supposing that they saw the king's ship

wreck'd And his great person perish.

*Pros.* Ariel, thy charge Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work.

What is the time o' the day?

*Ari.* Past the mid season.

*Pros.* At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now 240

Must by us both be spent most preciouslly.

*Ari.* Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,

Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,

Which is not yet perform'd me.

*Pros.* How now? moody? What is 't thou canst demand?

*Ari.* My liberty.

*Pros.* Before the time be out? no more! *Ari.* 'I prithee,

Remember I have done thee worthy service;  
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings,  
serv'd

Without or grudge or grumblings. Thou  
didst promise

To bate me a full year.

*Pros.* Dost thou forget 250  
From what a torment I did free thee?

*Ari.* No.  
*Pros.* Thou dost; and think'st it much to  
tread the ooze

Of the salt deep,  
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,  
To do me business in the veins o' th' earth  
When it is bak'd with frost.

*Ari.* I do not, sir.  
*Pros.* Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast  
thou forgot

The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and  
envy

Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot  
her?

*Ari.* No, sir.  
*Pros.* Thou hast. Where was she born?

Speak; tell me. 260  
*Ari.* Sir, in Argier.

*Pros.* O! was she so? I must  
Once in a month recount what thou hast  
been.

Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch,  
Sycorax,

For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible  
To enter human hearing, from Argier,

Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing  
she did

They would not take her life. Is not this  
true?

*Ari.* Ay, sir.  
*Pros.* This blue-eyed hag was hither  
brought with child

And here was left by the sailors: thou, my  
slave, 270

As thou report'st thyself, wast then her  
servant:

And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate  
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,

Refusing her grand hests, she did confine  
thee,

By help of her more potent ministers  
And in her most unmitigable rage,

Into a cloven pine; within which rift  
Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain

A dozen years; within which space she died  
And left thee there, where thou didst vent  
thy groans 280

As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was  
this island,—

Save for the son that she did litter here,  
A freckled whelp hag-born,—not honour'd  
with

A human shape.

*Ari.* Yes; Caliban her son.  
*Pros.* Dull thing, I say so; he, that  
Caliban,

Whom now I keep in service. Thou best  
know'st

What torment I did find thee in; thy groans  
Did make wolves howl and penetrate the  
breasts

Of ever-angry bears. It was a torment  
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax 290

Could not again undo: it was mine art,  
When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made  
gape

The pine and let thee out.  
*Ari.* I thank thee, master.  
*Pros.* If thou more murmur'st, I will rend  
an oak

And peg thee in his knotty entrails till  
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

*Ari.* Pardon, master:  
I will be correspondent to command,  
And do my spriting gently..

*Pros.* Do so, and after two days  
I will discharge thee.

*Ari.* That's my noble master!  
What shall I do? say what; what shall I  
do? 300

*Pros.* Go make thyself like a nymph o'  
the sea: be subject  
To no sight but thine and mine, invisible  
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape  
And hither come in 't: go, hence with dili-  
gence! *Exit ARIEL.*

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept  
well;  
Awake!

*Mir.* The strangeness of your story put  
Heaviness in me.

*Pros.* Shake it off. Come on:  
We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never  
Yields us kind answer.

*Mir.* 'T is a villain, sir,  
I do not love to look on.

*Pros.* But, as 't is, 310  
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,  
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices  
That profit us. What ho! slave! Caliban!  
Thou earth, thou! speak.

*Cal.* Within. There's wood enough  
within.

*Pros.* Come forth, I say! there's other  
business for thee:  
Come, thou tortoise! when?

*Re-enter ARIEL, like a water-nymph.*

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,  
Hark in thine ear.

*Ari.* My lord, it shall be done. *Exit.*

*Pros.* Thou poisonous slave, got by the  
devil himself  
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth! 320

*Enter CALIBAN.*

*Cal.* As wicked dew as e'er my mother  
brush'd

With raven's feather from unwholesome fen  
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye  
And blister you all o'er!

*Pros.* For this, be sure, to-night thou  
shalt have cramps,  
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up;  
urchins

Shall forth at vast of night that they may  
work

All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd

As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging

Than bees that made them.

*Cal.* I must eat my dinner.  
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother, 331  
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first

Thou strok'dst me and mad'st much of me; would'st give me

Water with berries in 't; and teach me how To name the bigger light, and how the less, That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee

And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle, The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile.

Cursed be I that did so! All the charms Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you! 340

For I am all the subjects that you have, Which first was mine own king: and here you sty me

In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me The rest o' the island.

*Pros.* Thou most lying slave, Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have us'd thee,

Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee

In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate

The honour of my child.

*Cal.* O ho! O ho! would it had been done!

Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else 350 This isle with Calibans.

*Pros.* Abhorred slave, Which any print of goodness wilt not take, Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee, Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour

One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,

Know thine own meaning, but would'st gabble like

A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes With words that made them known; but thy vile race.

Though thou didst learn, had that in 't which good natures

Could not abide to be with: therefore wast thou 360

Deservedly confin'd into this rock, Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

*Cal.* You taught me language; and my profit on 't

Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you

For learning me your language!

*Pros.* Hag-seed, hence! Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou 'rt best, To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?

If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,

Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar, 370

That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

*Cal.* No, pray thee. *Aside.* I must obey: his art is of such power, It would control my dam's god, Setebos, And make a vassal of him.

*Pros.* So, slave; hence! *Exit CALIBAN.*

*Re-enter ARIEL, invisible, playing and singing; FERDINAND following him.*

*Ari.* Come unto these yellow sands,  
And then take hands:  
*Court'sied when you have and kiss'd,—*

*The wild waves whist,—*  
*Foot it fealty here and there; 380*  
*And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.*

*Hark! Hark!*  
*Burthen. Bow, wow.*  
*The watch-dogs bark:*  
*Burthen. Bow, wow.*  
*Hark, hark! I hear*  
*The strain of strutting chanticleer*  
*Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.*

*Fer.* Where should this music be? i' the air or the earth?

It sounds no more; and sure, it waits upon Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank, 389 Weeping again the king my father's wreck, This music crept by me upon the waters, Allaying both their fury and my passion With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it. Or it hath drawn me rather: but 't is gone. No, it begins again.

*Ari.* Full fathom five thy father lies;  
Of his bones are coral made;  
Those are pearls that were his eyes:  
Nothing of him that doth fade  
But doth suffer a sea-change 400  
Into something rich and strange.  
*Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:*

*Burthen. Ding-dong.*  
*Hark! now I hear thee,—ding-dong, bell.*

*Fer.* The ditty does remember my drown'd father.

This is no mortal business, nor no sound That the earth owes. I hear it now above me.

*Pros.* The fringed curtains of thine eye advance

And say what thou seest yond.

*Mir.* What is 't? a spirit? Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, 410

It carries a brave form: but 't is a spirit.

*Pros.* No, wench: it eats and sleeps and hath such senses As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest

Was in the wreck; and but he's something stain'd

With grief that's beauty's canker, thou might'st call him

A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows And strays about to find them.

*Mir.* I might call him

A thing divine, for nothing natural  
I ever saw so noble.

*Pros. Aside.* It goes on, I see,  
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit!  
I'll free thee 420

Within two days for this.

*Fer.* Most sure, the goddess  
On whom these airs attend! Vouchsafe my  
prayer

May know if you remain upon this island,  
And that you will some good instruction give  
How I may bear me here: my prime request,  
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!  
If you be maid or no?

*Mir.* No wonder, sir;  
But certainly a maid.

*Fer.* My language! heavens!  
I am the best of them that speak this  
speech,

Were I but where 't is spoken.

*Pros.* How! the best?  
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard  
thee? 431

*Fer.* A single thing, as I am now, that  
wonders

To hear thee speak of Naples. He does  
hear me;

And that he does I weep: myself am Naples,  
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb,  
beheld

The king my father wreck'd.

*Mir.* Alack! for mercy.  
*Fer.* Yes, faith, and all his lords; the  
Duke of Milan

And his brave son being twain.

*Pros. Aside.* The Duke of Milan  
And his more braver daughter could control  
thee,

If now 't were fit to do 't. At the first sight 440  
They have chang'd eyes: delicate Ariel,  
I'll set thee free for this! To FERDINAND.

A word, good sir;  
I fear you have done yourself some wrong:  
a word.

*Mir.* Why speaks my father so ungently?  
This

Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first  
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father  
To be inclin'd my way!

*Fer.* O! if a virgin,  
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make  
you

The Queen of Naples.

*Pros.* Soft, sir: one word more.  
*Aside.* They are both in either's powers:  
but this swift business 450

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning  
Make the prize light. To FERDINAND.

One word more: I charge thee  
That thou attend me. Thou dost here usurp  
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thy-  
self

Upon this island as a spy, to win it  
From me, the lord on 't.

*Fer.* No, as I am a man.  
*Mir.* There's nothing ill can dwell in such  
a temple:

If the ill spirit have so fair a house,  
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.

*Pros.*

Follow me.

Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.  
Come. 460

I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;  
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall  
be

The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots and  
husks

Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

*Fer.* No;

I will resist such entertainment till

Mine enemy has more power.

*He draws, and is charmed from moving.*

*Mir.* O dear father,

Make not too rash a trial of him, for

He's gentle and not fearful.

*Pros.* What! I say:

My foot my tutor? Put thy sword up,  
traitor;

Who mak'st a show but dar'st not strike, thy  
conscience 470

Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy  
ward,

For I can here disarm thee with this stick  
And make thy weapon drop.

*Mir.* Beseech you, father!

*Pros.* Hence! hang not on my garments.

*Mir.* Sir, have pity:

I'll be his surety.

*Pros.* Silence! one word more

Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee.

What!

An advocate for an impostor! hush!

Thou think'st there is no more such shapes  
as he,

Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish  
wench!

To the most of men this is a Caliban 480

And they to him are angels.

*Mir.* My affections

Are then most humble: I have no ambition

To see a goodlier man.

*Pros.* To FERDINAND. Come on; obey:

Thy nerves are in their infancy again

And have no vigour in them.

*Fer.* So they are:

My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.

My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,

The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's  
threats,

To whom I am subdued, are but light to  
me, 489

Might I but through my prison once a day

Behold this maid: all corners else o' the  
earth

Let liberty make use of; space enough

Have I in such a prison.

*Pros.* It works. To FERDINAND. Come  
on.

Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! To FER-  
DINAND. Follow me.

To ARIEL. Hark what thou else shalt do me.

*Mir.* Be of comfort.

My father's of a better nature, sir,

Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted

Which now came from him.

*Pros.* Thou shalt be as free

As mountain winds; but then exactly do

All points of my command.

*Ari.* To the syllable.  
*Pros.* Come, follow. Speak not for him.  
*Exeunt.*

## ACT II

SCENE I.—*Another Part of the Island.*

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and Others.*

*Gon.* Beseech you, sir, be merry: you have cause,  
 So have we all, of joy; for our escape  
 Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe

Is common: every day some sailor's wife,  
 The master of some merchant and the merchant

Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle,

I mean our preservation, few in millions  
 Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh

Our sorrow with our comfort.

*Alon.* Prithee, peace.

*Seb.* He receives comfort like cold porridge. 10

*Ant.* The visitor will not give him o'er so.

*Seb.* Look; he's winding up the watch of his wit: by and by it will strike.

*Gon.* Sir,—

*Seb.* One: tell.

*Gon.* When every grief is entertain'd that's offered,

Comes to the entertainer—

*Seb.* A dollar.

*Gon.* Dolour comes to him, indeed: you have spoken truer than you purposed. 20

*Seb.* You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

*Gon.* Therefore, my lord,—

*Ant.* Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

*Alon.* I prithee, spare.

*Gon.* Well, I have done. But yet—

*Seb.* He will be talking.

*Ant.* Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow? 30

*Seb.* The old cock.

*Ant.* The cockerel.

*Seb.* Done. The wager?

*Ant.* A laughter.

*Seb.* A match!

*Adr.* Though this island seem to be desert,—

*Seb.* Ha, ha, ha! So, you're paid.

*Adr.* Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible,—

*Seb.* Yet—

*Adr.* Yet—

*Ant.* He could not miss it. 40

*Adr.* It must needs be of subtle, tender and delicate temperance.

*Ant.* Temperance was a delicate wench.

*Seb.* Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.

*Adr.* The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

*Seb.* As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

*Ant.* Or as 't were perfumed by a fen.  
*Gon.* Here is everything advantageous to life.

*Ant.* True; save means to live. 50

*Seb.* Of that there's none, or little.

*Gon.* How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!

*Ant.* The ground indeed is tawny.

*Seb.* With an eye of green in 't.

*Ant.* He misses not much.

*Seb.* No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

*Gon.* But the rarity of it is, which is indeed almost beyond credit—

*Seb.* As many vouch'd rarities are. 60

*Gon.* That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and glosses, being rather new-dyed than stained with salt water.

*Ant.* If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?

*Seb.* Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

*Gon.* Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis. 71

*Seb.* 'T was a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

*Adr.* Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

*Gon.* Not since widow Dido's time.

*Ant.* Widow! a pox o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!

*Seb.* What if he had said widower Æneas too? Good Lord, how you take it! 80

*Adr.* Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

*Gon.* This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

*Adr.* Carthage?

*Gon.* I assure you, Carthage.

*Ant.* His word is more than the miraculous harp.

*Seb.* He hath raised the wall and houses too.

*Ant.* What impossible matter will he make easy next? 89

*Seb.* I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

*Ant.* And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

*Gon.* Ay.

*Ant.* Why, in good time.

*Gon.* Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

*Ant.* And the rarest that e'er came there.

*Seb.* Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido, 100

*Ant.* O! widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

*Gon.* Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

*Ant.* That sort was well fished for.

*Gon.* When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

*Alon.* You cram these words into mine ears against

The stomach of my sense. Would I had never  
 Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,  
 My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too,  
 Who is so far from Italy remov'd 110  
 I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir  
 Of Naples and of Milan! what strange fish  
 Hath made his meal on thee?  
*Frans.* Sir, he may live.  
 I saw him beat the surges under him,  
 And ride upon their backs: he trod the water,  
 Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted  
 The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head  
 'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd  
 Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke  
 To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd, 120  
 As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt  
 He came alive to land.  
*Alon.* No, no; he's gone.  
*Seb.* Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,  
 That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,  
 But rather lose her to an African;  
 Where she at least is banish'd from your eye,  
 Who hath cause to wet the grief on 't.  
*Alon.* Prithee, peace.  
*Seb.* You were kneel'd to and importun'd otherwise  
 By all of us; and the fair soul herself  
 Weigh'd, between loathness and obedience, at 130  
 Which end o' the beam she'd bow. We have lost your son,  
 I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have  
 More widows in them of this business' making  
 Than we bring men to comfort them:  
 The fault's your own.

*Alon.* So is the dearest of the loss.  
*Gon.* My Lord Sebastian,  
 The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness

And time to speak it in; you rub the sore,  
 When you should bring the plaster.

*Seb.* Very well.  
*Ant.* And most chirurgeonly. 140  
*Gon.* It is foul weather in us all, good sir,  
 When you are cloudy.

*Seb.* Foul weather?  
*Ant.* Very foul.  
*Gon.* Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

*Ant.* He'd sow 't with nettle-seed.  
*Seb.* Or docks, or mallows.  
*Gon.* And were the king on 't, what would I do?

*Seb.* 'Scape being drunk for want of wine.  
*Gon.* I' the commonwealth I would by contraries

Execute all things; for no kind of traffic  
 Would I admit; no name of magistrate;

Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,

And use of service, none; contract, succession, 150

Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;  
 No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;  
 No occupation, all men idle, all;  
 And women too, but innocent and pure;  
 No sovereignty;—

*Seb.* Yet he would be king on 't.  
*Ant.* The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

*Gon.* All things in common nature should produce

Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony, 160

Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,

Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,

Of it own kind, all foison, all abundance,  
 To feed my innocent people.

*Seb.* No marrying 'mong his subjects?  
*Ant.* None, man; all idle; whores and knaves.

*Gon.* I would with such perfection govern, sir,

To excel the golden age.

*Seb.* Save his majesty!  
*Ant.* Long live Gonzalo!

*Gon.* And,—do you mark me, sir?—  
*Alon.* Prithee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me. 171

*Gon.* I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs that they always use to laugh at nothing.

*Ant.* 'T was you we laughed at.  
*Gon.* Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you: so you may continue and laugh at nothing still.

*Ant.* What a blow was there given! 180  
*Seb.* An it had not fallen flat-long.

*Gon.* You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

*Enter ARIEL, invisible; solemn music playing.*

*Seb.* We would so, and then go a-bat-fowling.

*Ant.* Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

*Gon.* No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

*Ant.* Go sleep, and hear us. 190

*All sleep but ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, and ANTONIO.*

*Alon.* What! all so soon asleep? I wish mine eyes

Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts; I find

They are inclin'd to do so.

*Seb.* Please you, sir.  
 Do not omit the heavy offer of it:

It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth  
It is a comfort.

*Ant.* We two, my lord,  
Will guard your person while you take your  
rest,  
And watch your safety.

*Alon.* Thank you. Wondrous heavy.  
*ALONSO sleeps. Exit ARIEL.*

*Seb.* What a strange drowsiness pos-  
sesses them!

*Ant.* It is the quality o' the climate.

*Seb.* Why  
Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not  
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

*Ant.* Nor I: my spirits are nimble.  
They fell together all, as by consent;  
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke.

What might,  
Worthy Sebastian—O! what might—no  
more:—

And yet methinks I see it in thy face  
What thou should'st be. The occasion  
speaks thee, and

My strong imagination sees a crown  
Dropping upon thy head.

*Seb.* What! art thou waking?

*Ant.* Do you not hear me speak?

*Seb.* I do; and surely  
It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st  
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?  
This is a strange repose, to be asleep 213  
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking,  
moving,

And yet so fast asleep.

*Ant.* Noble Sebastian,  
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die rather;  
wink'st

Whiles thou art waking.

*Seb.* Thou dost snore distinctly:  
There's meaning in thy snores.

*Ant.* I am more serious than my custom:  
you

Must be so too, if heed me; which to do 220  
Trebles thee o'er.

*Seb.* Well, I am standing water.

*Ant.* I'll teach you how to flow.

*Seb.* Do so: to ebb  
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

*Ant.* O!  
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish  
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,  
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,  
Most often do so near the bottom run  
By their own fear or sloth.

*Seb.* Prithee, say on.  
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim  
A matter from thee, and a birth indeed 230  
Which throes thee much to yield.

*Ant.* Thus, sir:  
Although this lord of weak remembrance,  
this,

Who shall be of as little memory  
When he is earth'd, hath here almost per-  
suaded,—

For he's a spirit of persuasion, only  
Professes to persuade,—the king his son's  
alive,

'T is as impossible that he's undrown'd  
As he that sleeps here swims.

*Seb.* I have no hope  
That he's undrown'd.

*Ant.* O! out of that 'no hope'  
What great hope have you; no hope that  
way is 240

Another way so high a hope that even  
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,  
But doubts discovery there. Will you grant  
with me

That Ferdinand is drown'd?

*Seb.* He's gone.

*Ant.* Then tell me  
Who's the next heir of Naples?

*Seb.* Claribel.

*Ant.* She that is Queen of Tunis; she  
that dwells

Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that  
from Naples

Can have no note, unless the sun were  
post—

The man i' the moon's too slow—till new-  
born chins

Be rough and razorable; she, from whom  
We all were sea-swallow'd though some  
cast again, 251

And by that destiny to perform an act  
Whereof what's past is prologue, what to  
come

In yours and my discharge.

*Seb.* What stuff is this! How say you?

'T is true my brother's daughter's Queen of  
Tunis;

So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which  
regions

There is some space.

*Ant.* A space whose every cubit  
Seems to cry out, 'How shall that Claribel  
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,  
And let Sebastian wake!'—Say this were  
death 260

That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were  
no worse

Than now they are. There be that can rule  
Naples

As well as he that sleeps; lords that can  
prate

As amply and unnecessarily  
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make  
A chough of as deep chat. O! that you bore  
The mind that I do, what a sleep were this  
For your advancement. Do you understand  
me?

*Seb.* Methinks I do.

*Ant.* And how does your content  
Tender your own good fortune?

*Seb.* I remember  
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

*Ant.* True:  
And look how well my garments sit upon  
me;

Much feater than before. My brother's  
servants

Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

*Seb.* But, for your conscience— 275

*Ant.* Ay, sir; where lies that? if it were  
a kibe,

'T would put me to my slipper; but I feel  
not.

This deity in my bosom; twenty consciences.

That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they  
 And melt ere they molest! Here lies your brother, 280  
 No better than the earth he lies upon,  
 If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;  
 Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,  
 Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,  
 To the perpetual wink for aye might put  
 This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who  
 Should not upbraid our course: for all the rest,  
 They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk; 288  
 They'll tell the clock to any business that  
 We say befits the hour.

*Seb.* Thy case, dear friend,  
 Shall be my precedent: as thou gott'st Milan,  
 I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke  
 Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;  
 And I the king shall love thee.

*Ant.* Draw together;  
 And when I rear my hand, do you the like,  
 To fall it on Gonzalo.

*Seb.* O! but one word.  
*They talk apart.*

*Music.* Re-enter ARIEL, invisible.

*Ari.* My master through his art foresees the danger  
 That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth,  
 For else his project dies, to keep them living.  
*Sings in GONZALO'S ear.*

*While you here do snoring lie, 300*

*Open-eyed Conspiracy*

*His time doth take.*

*If of life you keep a care,*

*Shake off slumber and beware:*

*Awake! awake!*

*Ant.* Then let us both be sudden.

*Gon.* Now, good angels  
 Preserve the king. *They wake.*

*Alon.* Why, how now, ho! awake! Why  
 are you drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

*Gon.* What's the matter?

*Seb.* Whiles we stood here securing your  
 repose, 310

Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bel-  
 lowing

Like bulls, or rather lions: did it not wake  
 you?

It struck mine ear most terribly.

*Alon.* I heard nothing.

*Ant.* O! 't was a din to fright a monster's  
 ear,

To make an earthquake: sure, it was the  
 roar

Of a whole herd of lions.

*Alon.* Heard you this, Gonzalo?

*Gon.* Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a  
 humming,

And that a strange one too, which did awake  
 me.

I shak'd you, sir, and cried; as mine eyes  
 open'd,

I saw their weapons drawn. There was a  
 noise, 320

That's verity: 't is best we stand upon our  
 guard,

Or that we quit this place. Let's draw our  
 weapons.

*Alon.* Lead off this ground, and let's  
 make further search

For my poor son.

*Gon.* Heavens keep him from these  
 beasts!

For he is, sure, i' the island.

*Alon.* Lead away. *Exeunt.*

*Ari.* Prospero my lord shall know what I  
 have done:

So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. *Exit.*

## SCENE II.—Another Part of the Island.

*Enter CALIBAN, with a burden of wood.*

*A noise of thunder heard.*

*Cal.* All the infections that the sun sucks  
 up

From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall and  
 make him

By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear  
 me,

And yet I needs must curse; but they'll nor  
 pinch,

Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the  
 mire,

Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark

Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but

For every trifle are they set upon me:

Sometime like apes, that mow and chatter  
 at me

And after bite me, then like hedge-hogs  
 which 10

Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way and mount  
 Their prickles at my foot-fall; sometime am I

All wound with adders, who with cloven  
 tongues

Do hiss me into madness. Lo, now! lo!

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me  
 For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;

Perchance he will not mind me. 17

## Enter TRINCULO.

*Trin.* Here's neither bush nor shrub to  
 bear off any weather at all, and another

storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind:  
 yond same black cloud, yond huge one,

looks like a foul bombard that would shed  
 his liquor. If it should thunder as it did

before, I know not where to hide my head:  
 yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by

pailfuls. What have we here? a man or a  
 fish? Dead or alive? A fish: he smells

like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like  
 smell; a kind of not of the newest Poor-

John. A strange fish! Were I in England  
 now, as once I was, and had but this fish

painted, not a holiday fool there but would  
 give a piece of silver: there would this

monster make a man: any strange beast there makes a man. When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legged like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunder-bolt.

*Thunder.*

Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

*Enter STEPHANO, singing; a bottle in his hand.*

*I shall no more to sea, to sea,  
Here shall I die a-shore—*

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral.

Well, here's my comfort. *Drinks.*

*The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,  
The gunner and his mate*

*Lov'd Mall, Meg and Marian and Margery,  
But none of us car'd for Kate;*

*For she had a tongue with a tang,  
Would cry to a sailor, 'Go hang!'*

*She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,  
Yet a tailor might scratch her where-e'er  
she did itch;*

*Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.*

This is a scurvy tune too; but here's my comfort. *Drinks.*

*Cal.* Do not torment me: O!

*Ste.* What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages and men of Ind? Ha! I have not 'scaped drowning to be afraid now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground: and it shall be said so again while Stephano breathes at nostrils!

*Cal.* The spirit torments me: O!

*Ste.* This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: if I can recover him and keep him tame and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

*Cal.* Do not torment me, prithee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

*Ste.* He's in his fit now and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him: he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

*Cal.* Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

*Ste.* Come on your ways; open your

mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat. Open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chaps again.

*Trin.* I should know that voice. It should be—but he is drowned, and these are devils. O! defend me.

*Ste.* Four legs and two voices: a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come: Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

*Trin.* Stephano!

*Ste.* Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

*Trin.* Stephano! if thou beest Stephano, touch me and speak to me, for I am Trinculo—be not afraid—thy good friend Trinculo.

*Ste.* If thou beest Trinculo, come forth. I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

*Trin.* I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano! two Neapolitans 'scaped.

*Ste.* Prithee, do not turn me about: my stomach is not constant.

*Cal.* These be fine things an if they be not sprites.

That's a brave god and bears celestial liquor:

I will kneel to him.

*Ste.* How didst thou 'scape? How camest thou hither? swear by this bottle how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack which the sailors heaved overboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands since I was cast a-shore.

*Cal.* I'll swear upon that bottle to be thy true subject, for the liquor is not earthly.

*Ste.* Here; swear then how thou escap'edst.

*Trin.* Swam a-shore, man, like a duck. I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

*Ste.* Here; kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

*Trin.* O Stephano! hast any more of this?

*Ste.* The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf? how does thine ague?

*Cal.* Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

*Ste.* Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was.

*Cal.* I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee: my mistress showed me thee and thy dog and thy bush.

*Ste.* Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

*Trin.* By this good light, this is a very shallow monster! I afraid of him! a very weak monster! The man i' the moon! a most poor credulous monster! Well drawn, monster, in good sooth! 150

*Cal.* I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island, and I will kiss thy foot. I prithee, be my god.

*Trin.* By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

*Cal.* I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

*Ste.* Come on then; down, and swear.

*Trin.* I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,— 160

*Ste.* Come, kiss.

*Trin.* —but that the poor monster's in drink. An abominable monster!

*Cal.* I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;

I'll fish for thee and get thee wood enough. A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee, Thou wondrous man.

*Trin.* A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard! 170

*Cal.* I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;

And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;

Show thee a jay's nest and instruct thee how

To snare the nimble marmoset; I'll bring thee

To clustering filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee

Young scameles from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

*Ste.* I prithee now, lead the way without any more talking. Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here. Here; bear my bottle. Fel-

low Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

*Cal.* Sings drunkenly.

Farewell, master; farewell, farewell. 182

*Trin.* A howling monster; a drunken monster!

*Cal.* No more dams I'll make for fish;

Nor fetch in firing

At requiring;

Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish;

'Ban, 'Ban, Ca Caliban

Has a new master; get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! Freedom! hey-day, freedom! 191

*Ste.* O brave monster! lead the way.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT III

## SCENE I.—Before PROSPERO'S cell.

*Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.*

*Fer.* There be some sports are painful, and their labour

Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness

Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters Point to rich ends. This my mean task

Would be as heavy to me as odious, but The mistress which I serve quickens what's

dead

And makes my labours pleasures; O, she is Ten times more gentle than her father's

crabbed,

And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remove

Some thousands of these logs and pile them up, 10

Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress Weeps when she sees me work; and says,

such baseness

Had never like executor. I forget:

But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,

Most busiest when I do it.

*Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERO at a distance unseen.*

*Mir.* Alas! now, pray you,

Work not so hard: I would the lightning had Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to

pile.

Pray set it down and rest you: when this burns

'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father

Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself: 20 He's safe for these three hours.

*Fer.* O most dear mistress,

The sun will set before I shall discharge What I must strive to do.

*Mir.* If you'll sit down,

I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that:

I'll carry it to the pile.

*Fer.* No, precious creature;

I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,

Than you should such dishonour undergo. While I sit lazy by.

*Mir.* It would become me

As well as it does you; and I should do it With much more ease, for my good will is

to it, 30

And yours it is against.

*Pros.* Poor worm! thou art infected: This visitation shows it.

*Mir.* You look wearily.

*Fer.* No, noble mistress; 't is fresh morn- ing with me

When you are by at night. I do beseech you—

Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers— What is your name?

*Mir.* Miranda—O my father!  
I have broke your hest to say so.  
*Fer.* Admir'd Miranda!  
Indeed the top of admiration; worth  
What's dearest to the world! Full many a  
ladie  
I have eyed with best regard, and many a  
time  
The harmony of their tongues hath into  
bondage  
Brought my too diligent ear: for several  
virtues  
Have I lik'd several women; never any  
With so full soul but some defect in her  
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd  
And put it to the foil: but you, O you!  
So perfect and so peerless, are created  
Of every creature's best.

*Mir.* I do not know  
One of my sex; no woman's face remem-  
ber,  
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I  
seen  
More that I may call men than thou, good  
friend,  
And my dear father: how features are  
abroad,  
I am skill-less of; but, by my modesty,  
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish  
Any companion in the world but you;  
Nor can imagination form a shape,  
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle  
Something too wildly and my father's pre-  
cepts  
I therein do forget.

*Fer.* I am in my condition  
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king; 60  
I would, not so! and would no more endure  
This wooden slavery than to suffer  
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my  
soul speak:  
The very instant that I saw you did  
My heart fly to your service; there resides  
To make me slave to it: and for your sake  
Am I this patient log-man.

*Mir.* Do you love me?  
*Fer.* O heaven! O earth! bear witness to  
this sound,  
And crown what I profess with kind event  
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert 70  
What best is boded me to mischief! I,  
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,  
Do love, prize, honour you.

*Mir.* I am a fool  
To weep at what I am glad of.  
*Pros.* Fair encounter  
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain  
grace  
On that which breeds between them!

*Fer.* Wherefore weep you?  
*Mir.* At mine unworthiness that dare not  
offer  
What I desire to give; and much less take  
What I shall die to want. But this is  
trifling;  
And all the more it seeks to hide itself 80  
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful  
cunning!  
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!

I am your wife, if you will marry me;  
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow  
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant  
Whether you will or no.

*Fer.* My mistress, dearest;  
And I thus humble ever.

*Mir.* My husband then?  
*Fer.* Ay, with a heart as willing  
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my  
hand.

*Mir.* And mine, with my heart in't: and  
now farewell 90  
Till half an hour hence.

*Fer.* A thousand thousand!

*Exeunt FERDINAND and MIRANDA.*  
*Pros.* So glad of this as they I cannot be.  
Who are surpris'd withal; but my rejoicing  
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book,  
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform  
Much business appertaining. *Exit.*

## SCENE II.—Another Part of the Island.

*Enter CALIBAN with a bottle; STEPHANO  
and TRINCULO, following.*

*Ste.* Tell not me: when the butt is out,  
we will drink water; not a drop before:  
therefore bear up, and board 'em. Servant-  
monster, drink to me.

*Trin.* Servant-monster! the folly of this  
island! They say there's but five upon this  
isle: we are three of them; if the other two  
be brained like us, the state totters.

*Ste.* Drink, servant-monster, when I bid  
thee: thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

*Trin.* Where should they be set else? he  
were a brave monster indeed, if they were  
set in his tail. 13

*Ste.* My man-monster hath drowned his  
tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot  
drown me: I swam, ere I could recover the  
shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on,  
by this light. Thou shalt be my lieutenant,  
monster, or my standard.

*Trin.* Your lieutenant, if you list; he's  
no standard.

*Ste.* We'll not run, Monsieur monster. 20  
*Trin.* Nor go neither; but you'll lie like  
dogs and yet say nothing neither.

*Ste.* Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if  
thou beest a good moon-calf.

*Cal.* How does thy honour? Let me lick  
thy shoe. I'll not serve him, he is not  
valiant.

*Trin.* Thou fliest, most ignorant monster:  
I am in case to juggle a constable. Why,  
thou deboshed fish thou, was there ever man  
a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I  
to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie,  
being but half a fish and half a monster? 33

*Cal.* Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let  
him, my lord?

*Trin.* 'Lord,' quoth he! that a monster  
should be such a natural!

*Cal.* Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I  
prithee.

*Ste.* Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your  
head; if you prove a mutineer, the next

tree! The poor monster's my subject and he shall not suffer indignity. 42

*Cal.* I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

*Ste.* Marry will I; kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

*Enter ARIEL, invisible.*

*Cal.* As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island. 50

*Ari.* Thou liest.

*Cal.* Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou; I would my valiant master would destroy thee: I do not lie.

*Ste.* Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

*Trin.* Why, I said nothing.

*Ste.* Mum then and no more. *To CALIBAN.* Proceed.

*Cal.* I say, by sorcery he got this isle; 60 From me he got it: if thy greatness will, Revenge it on him, for I know thou dar'st; But this thing dare not.

*Ste.* That's most certain.

*Cal.* Thou shalt be lord of it and I'll serve thee.

*Ste.* How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

*Cal.* Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep,

Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

*Ari.* Thou liest; thou canst not. 70

*Cal.* What a pied ninny's this! Thou scurvy patch!

I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows And take his bottle from him: when that's gone

He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show him

Where the quick freshes are.

*Ste.* Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors and make a stock-fish of thee.

*Trin.* Why, what did I? I did nothing. 81

*Ste.* Didst thou not say he lied?

*Ari.* Thou liest.

*Ste.* Do I so? take thou that.

*Strikes TRINCULO.*

As you like this, give me the lie another time.

*Trin.* I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

*Cal.* Ha, ha, ha! 90

*Ste.* Now, forward with your tale. Prithce, stand further off.

*Cal.* Beat him enough: after a little time I'll beat him too.

*Ste.* Stand further. Come, proceed.

*Cal.* Why, as I told thee, 't is a custom with him

I the afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain him,

Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember

First to possess his books; for without them He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not 101 One spirit to command: they all do hate him As rootedly as I. Burn but his books; He has brave utensils,—for so he calls them,—

Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal:

And that most deeply to consider is The beauty of his daughter; he himself Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman But only Sycorax my dam, and she; But she as far surpasseseth Sycorax As great'st does least.

*Ste.* Is it so brave a lass?

*Cal.* Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant, 112

And bring thee forth brave brood.

*Ste.* Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen; save our graces! and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroy. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

*Trin.* Excellent.

*Ste.* Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee; but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head. 121

*Cal.* Within this half hour will he be asleep:

Wilt thou destroy him then?

*Ste.* Ay, on mine honour.

*Ari.* This will I tell my master.

*Cal.* Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure.

Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch You taught me but while-ere?

*Ste.* At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason. Come on, Trinculo, let us sing.

*Flout 'em, and scout 'em; and scout 'em, and flout 'em;*

*Thought is free.* 132

*Cal.* That's not the tune.

*ARIEL plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

*Ste.* What is this same?

*Trin.* This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody.

*Ste.* If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take 't as thou list.

*Trin.* O! forgive me my sins.

*Ste.* He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee. Mercy upon us. 141

*Cal.* Art thou afeard?

*Ste.* No, monster, not I.

*Cal.* Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,

Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments

Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices

That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,  
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,

The clouds methought would open and show riches 150

Ready to drop upon me, that when I wak'd I cried to dream again.

*Ste.* This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

*Cal.* When Prospero is destroyed.

*Ste.* That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

*Trin.* The sound is going away: Let's follow it, and after do our work. 159

*Ste.* Lead, monster; we'll follow. I would I could see this taborer: he lays it on.

*Trin.* Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano. *Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.—Another Part of the Island.

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.*

*Gon.* By 'r lakin, I can go no further, sir; My old bones ache: here's a maze trod indeed

Through forth-rights and meanders! By your patience,

I needs must rest me.

*Alon.* Old lord, I cannot blame thee, Who am myself attach'd with weariness, To the dulling of my spirits: sit down and rest.

Even here I will put off my hope and keep it No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks

Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go. 10

*Ant. Aside to SEBASTIAN.* I am right glad that he's so out of hope.

Do not, for one repulse, forgo the purpose That you resolv'd to effect.

*Seb. Aside to ANTONIO.* The next advantage

Will we take thoroughly.

*Ant. Aside to SEBASTIAN.* Let it be to-night;

For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance As when they are fresh.

*Seb. Aside to ANTONIO.* I say, to-night: no more.

*Solemn and strange music; and PROSPERO above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet: they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the King, etc., to eat, they depart.*

*Alon.* What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!

*Gon.* Marvellous sweet music!

*Alon.* Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these? 20

*Seb.* A living drollery. Now I will believe That there are unicorns; that in Arabia There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; one phoenix

At this hour reigning there.

*Ant.* I'll believe both; And what does else want credit, come to me, And I'll be sworn 't is true: travellers ne'er did lie,

Though fools at home condemn them.

*Gon.* If in Naples I should report this now, would they believe me?

If I should say I saw such islanders, For, certes, these are people of the island, Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note, 31

Their manners are more gentle-kind than of Our human generation you shall find Many, nay, almost any.

*Pros. Aside.* Honest lord, Thou hast said well; for some of you there present

Are worse than devils.

*Alon.* I cannot too much muse Such shapes, such gesture and such sound, expressing,

Although they want the use of tongue, a kind Of excellent dumb discourse.

*Pros. Aside.* Praise in departing.

*Fran.* They vanish'd strangely.

*Seb.* No matter, since They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs. 41

Will 't please you taste of what is here?

*Alon.* Not I. *Gon.* Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,

Who would believe that there were mountaineers

Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at them

Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men,

Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find

Each putter-out of five for one will bring us Good warrant of.

*Alon.* I will stand to and feed, Although my last: no matter, since I feel 50 The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke, Stand to and do as we.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL, like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*

*Ari.* You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,

That hath to instrument this lower world And what is in 't, the never-surfeited sea

Hath caus'd to belch up you, and on this island

Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men

Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;

And even with such-like valour men hang  
and drown  
Their proper selves.

*Seeing* ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, *etc.*, draw  
their swords.

You fools! I and my fellows  
Are ministers of fate: the elements, 61  
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as  
well

Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at  
stabs

Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish  
One dowe that 's in my plume: my fellow-  
ministers

Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,  
Your swords are now too massy for your  
strengths,

And will not be uplifted. But remember,  
For that 's my business to you, that you  
three

From Milan did supplant good Prospero; 70  
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,  
Him and his innocent child: for which foul  
deed

The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have  
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the  
creatures,

Against your peace. Thee of thy son,  
Alonso,

They have bereft; and do pronounce by me:  
Lingering perdition, worse than any death  
Can be at once, shall step by step attend

You and your ways; whose wraths to guard  
you from,—

Which here, in this most desolate isle, else  
falls 80

Upon your heads,—is nothing but heart-  
sorrow

And a clear life ensuing.

*He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft music,  
enter the Shapes again, and dance with  
mocks and mows, and carry out the table.*

*Pros. Aside.* Bravely the figure of this  
harpy hast thou

Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, de-  
vouring.

Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated  
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life

And observation strange, my meaner min-  
isters

Their several kinds have done. My high  
charms work

And these mine enemies are all knit up  
In their distractions: they now are in my  
power; 90

And in these fits I leave them, while I visit  
Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is  
drown'd,

And his and my lov'd darling. *Exit.*

*Gon.* P' the name of something holy, sir,  
why stand you

In this strange stare?

*Alon.* O! it is monstrous; monstrous!  
Methought the billows spoke and told me  
of it;

The winds did sing it to me; and the  
thunder,

That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pro-  
nounc'd

The name of Prosper: it did bass my tres-  
pass.

Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded;  
and 100

I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet  
sounded,

And with him there lie mudded. *Exit.*  
*Seb.* But one fiend at a time,

I'll fight their legions o'er.

*Ant.* I'll be thy second.  
*Exeunt* SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO.

*Gon.* All three of them are desperate:  
their great guilt.

Like poison given to work a great time after,  
Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech  
you

That are of suppler joints, follow them  
swiftly

And hinder them from what this ecstasy  
May now provoke them to.

*Adr.* Follow, I pray you.  
*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV

## SCENE I.—Before PROSPERO'S cell.

*Enter* PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and  
MIRANDA

*Pros.* If I have too austere punish'd you,  
Your compensation makes amends; for I  
Have given you here a thread of mine own  
life,

Or that for which I live; whom once again  
I tender to thy hand. All thy vexations

Were but my trials of thy love, and thou  
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore

Heaven,  
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand!

Do not smile at me that I boast her off,  
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all  
praise, 10

And make it halt behind her.

*Fer.* I do believe it  
Against an oracle.

*Pros.* Then, as my gift and thine own  
acquisition

Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: but  
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before

All sanctimonious ceremonies may  
With full and holy rite be minister'd,

No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall  
To make this contract grow; but barren  
hate, 20

Sour-eyed disdain and discord shall be-  
strew

The union of your bed with weeds so loathly  
That you shall hate it both: therefore take  
heed,

As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

*Fer.* As I hope  
For quiet days, fair issue and long life,

With such love as 't is now,—the murkiest  
den,

The most opportune place, the strong'st sug-  
gestion

Our worser genius can, shall never melt  
 Mine honour into lust, to take away  
 The edge of that day's celebration  
 When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are  
 founder'd, 30  
 Or Night kept chain'd below.

*Pros.* Fairly spoke.  
 Sit then and talk with her; she is thine own.  
 What, Ariel! my industrious servant Ariel!

*Enter ARIEL.*

*Ari.* What would my potent master? here  
 I am.

*Pros.* Thou and thy meaner fellows your  
 last service  
 Did worthily perform, and I must use you  
 In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,  
 O'er whom I give thee power, here to this  
 place:

Incite them to quick motion; for I must  
 Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple 40  
 Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,  
 And they expect it from me.

*Ari.* Presently?

*Pros.* Ay, with a twink.

*Ari.* Before you can say 'come' and 'go,'  
 And breathe twice and cry 'so so,'  
 Each one, tripping on his toe,  
 Will be here with mop and mow.  
 Do you love me, master? no?

*Pros.* Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not  
 approach 49  
 Till thou dost hear me call.

*Ari.* Well, I conceive. *Exit.*

*Pros.* Look thou be true. Do not give  
 dalliance  
 Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are  
 straw

To the fire i' the blood. Be more abstemious,  
 Or else good night your vow.

*Fer.* I warrant you, sir;  
 The white cold virgin snow upon my heart  
 Abates the ardour of my liver.

*Pros.* Well.  
 Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,  
 Rather than want a spirit: appear, and  
 pertly.  
 No tongue! all eyes! be silent. *Soft music.*

*Enter IRIS.*

*Iris.* Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich  
 leas 60  
 Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and  
 pease;  
 Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling  
 sheep,

And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them  
 to keep;

Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,  
 Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms,  
 To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and  
 thy broom-groves,

Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,  
 Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;  
 And thy sea-marge, sterile, and rocky-hard,  
 Where thou thyself dost air;—the queen o'  
 the sky, 70

Whose watery arch and messenger am I,

Bids thee leave these, and with her sover-  
 eign grace,  
 Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,  
 To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain:  
 Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

*Enter CERES.*

*Ceres.* Hail, many-colour'd messenger,  
 that ne'er

Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;  
 Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers  
 Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;  
 And with each end of thy blue bow dost  
 crown 80

My bosky acres and my unshrub'd down,  
 Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hath thy  
 queen  
 Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd  
 green?

*Iris.* A contract of true love to celebrate,  
 And some donation freely to estate  
 On the bless'd lovers.

*Ceres.* Tell me, heavenly bow,  
 If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,  
 Do now attend the queen? Since they did  
 plot

The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,  
 Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company 90  
 I have forsworn.

*Iris.* Of her society  
 Be not afraid: I met her deity  
 Cutting the clouds towards Paphos and her  
 son

Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they  
 to have done  
 Some wanton charm upon this man and  
 maid,

Whose vows are, that no bed-rite shall be  
 paid

Till Hymen's torch be lighted; but in vain,  
 Mars's hot minion is return'd again:

Her waspish-headed son has broke his  
 arrows,

Swears he will shoot no more, but play with  
 sparrows, 100

And be a boy right out.  
*Ceres.* Highest queen of state,  
 Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait.

*Enter JUNO.*

*Juno.* How does my bounteous sister?  
 Go with me

To bless this twain, that they may pros-  
 perous be,

And honour'd in their issue. *They sing.*

*Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,  
 Long continuance, and increasing,  
 Hourly joys be still upon you!  
 Juno sings her blessings on you.*

*Ceres.* Earth's increase, foison plenty, 110  
 Barns and garners never empty;  
 Vines with clust'ring bunches  
 growing;

*Plants with goodly burden bowing;  
 Spring come to you at the farthest  
 In the very end of harvest!*

*Scarcity and want shall shun you;  
 Ceres' blessing so is on you.*

*Fer.* This is a most majestic vision, and Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold To think these spirits?

*Pros.* Spirits, which by mine art I have from their confines call'd to enact 121 My present fancies.

*Fer.* Let me live here ever: So rare a wonder'd father and a wife Makes this place Paradise.

*JUNO and CERES whisper, and send IRIS on employment.*

*Pros.* Sweet, now, silence! *Sweet, now, silence!* There's something else to do. Hush, and be mute,

Or else our spell is marr'd.

*Iris.* You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wandering brooks,

With your sedg'd crowns, and ever-harmless looks,

Leave your crisp channels and on this green land 130

Answer your summons: Juno does command.

Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate

A contract of true love; be not too late.

*Enter certain Nymphs.*

You sunburnt sicklemen, of August weary, Come hither from the furrow and be merry. Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on, And these fresh nymphs encounter every one In country footing.

*Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof PROSPERO starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.*

*Pros. Aside.* I had forgot that foul conspiracy Of the beast Caliban and his confederates 140 Against my life; the minute of their plot Is almost come. *To the Spirits.* Well done!

Avoid; no more! *Fer.* This is strange: your father's in some passion That works him strongly.

*Mir.* Never till this day Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

*Pros.* You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,

As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir. Our revels now are ended. These our actors, As I foretold you, were all spirits and Are melted into air, into thin air; 150 And, like the baseless fabric of this vision, The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,

The solemn temples, the great globe itself, Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve And, like this insubstantial pageant faded, Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff As dreams are made on, and our little life Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vex'd;

Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:

Be not disturb'd with my infirmity. 160 If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk To still my beating mind.

*Fer., Mir.* We wish your peace. *Exeunt.*

*Pros.* Come with a thought! I thank thee, Ariel: come!

*Enter ARIEL.*

*Ari.* Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure?

*Pros.* Spirit, We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

*Ari.* Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,

I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd Lest I might anger thee.

*Pros.* Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets? 170

*Ari.* I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;

So full of valour that they smote the air For breathing in their faces; beat the ground

For kissing of their feet; yet always bending Towards their project. Then I beat my

tabor, At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,

Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears

That calf-like they my lowing follow'd through

Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss and thorns, 180

Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them

I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell, There dancing up to the chins, that the foul

lake O'erstunk their feet.

*Pros.* This was well done, my bird. Thy shape invisible retain thou still:

The trumpety in my house, go bring it hither, For stale to catch these thieves.

*Ari.* I go, I go. *Exit.*

*Pros.* A devil, a born devil, on whose nature

Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains, Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost; 190

And as with age his body uglier grows, So his mind cankers. I will plague them all, Even to roaring.

*Re-enter ARIEL, loaden with glistering apparel, etc.*

Come, hang them on this line.

*PROSPERO and ARIEL remain, invisible.*

*ENTER CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet.*

*Cal.* Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not

Hear a foot fall; we now are near his cell.

*Ste.* Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than

played the Jack with us.

*Trin.* Monster, I do smell all horse-piss, at which my nose is in great indignation. 200  
*Ste.* So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you, look you,—

*Trin.* Thou wert but a lost monster.

*Cal.* Good my lord, give me thy favour still.

Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly;

All's hush'd as midnight yet.

*Trin.* Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

*Ste.* There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss. 210

*Trin.* That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

*Ste.* I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

*Cal.* Prithee, my king, be quiet. Seest thou here,

This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter:

Do that good mischief which may make this island

Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban, For aye thy foot-licker.

*Ste.* Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts. 221

*Trin.* O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

*Cal.* Let it alone, thou fool: it is but trash.

*Trin.* O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery: O king Stephano!

*Ste.* Put off that gown, Trinculo: by this hand, I'll have that gown.

*Trin.* Thy grace shall have it.

*Cal.* The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean 230

To dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone. And do the murder first: if he awake, From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;

Make us strange stuff.

*Ste.* Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair and prove a bald jerkin.

*Trin.* Do, do: we steal by line and level, an't like your grace. 240

*Ste.* I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. 'Steal by line and level,' is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

*Trin.* Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

*Cal.* I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,

And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes With foreheads villanous low. 250

*Ste.* Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this away where my hog'shead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom. Go to; carry this.

*Trin.* And this.

*Ste.* Ay, and this.

*A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of hounds, and hunt them about: PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on.*

*Pros.* Hey, Mountain, hey!

*Ari.* Silver, there it goes, Silver!

*Pros.* Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!

*CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO are driven out.*

Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints

With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews 260

With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them

Than pard or cat o' mountain.

*Ari.* Hark! they roar.

*Pros.* Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour

Lie at my mercy all mine enemies: Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little

Follow, and do me service. *Exeunt.*

## ACT V

## SCENE I.—Before PROSPERO'S cell.

*Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes; and ARIEL.*

*Pros.* Now does my project gather to a head:

My charms crack not, my spirits obey, and time

Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

*Ari.* On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,

You said our work should cease.

*Pros.* I did say so, When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,

How fares the king and's followers?

*Ari.* Confin'd together In the same fashion as you gave in charge;

Just as you left them: all prisoners, sir, In the line-grove which weather-fends your

cell; 10 They cannot budge till your release. The king,

His brother and yours, abide all three distracted,

And the remainder mourning over them, Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly

Him that you term'd, sir, 'the good old lord Gonzalo':

His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops

From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works them,

That if you now beheld them, your affections Would become tender.

*Pros.* Dost thou think so, spirit?

*Ari.* Mine would, sir, were I human.

*Pros.* And mine shall. 20  
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling

Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,  
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,  
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?

Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,

Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury  
Do I take part. The rarer action is

In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,

The sole drift of my purpose doth extend  
Not a frown further. Go release them.

*Ariel:* 30  
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,

And they shall be themselves.

*Ari.* I'll fetch them, sir. *Exit.*  
*Pros.* Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing

lakes, and groves;

And ye, that on the sands with printless foot  
Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him

When he comes back; you demi-puppets that

By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,

Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime

Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice  
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid, 40

Weak masters though ye be, I have bedimm'd

The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,

And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault  
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder

Have I given fire and rifted Jove's stout oak  
With his own bolt: the strong bas'd promontory

Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up

The pine and cedar: graves at my command  
Have wak'd their sleepers, oped, and let them forth

By my so potent art. But this rough magic 50  
I here abjure; and, when I have requir'd

Some heavenly music, which even now I do,  
To work mine end upon their senses that

This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,  
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,

And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,  
I'll drown my book. *Solemn music.*

*Re-enter ARIEL; after him, ALONSO, with a*

*frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO;*

*SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner,*

*attended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO:*

*they all enter the circle which PROSPERO*

*had made, and there stand charmed;*

*which PROSPERO observing, speaks.*

A solemn air and the best comforter  
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,

Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand, 60

For you are spell-stopp'd.

Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,  
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of

thine,

Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves

apace,

And as the morning steals upon the night,  
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses

Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle

their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo!  
My true preserver, and a loyal sir

To him thou follow'st, I will pay thy graces 70  
Home, both in word and deed. Most cruelly

Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:  
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;

Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian.  
Flesh and blood,

You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambi-  
tion,

Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with  
Sebastian,

Whose inward pinches therefore are most  
strong,

Would here have kill'd your king; I do for-  
give thee,

Unnatural though thou art. Their under-  
standing

Begins to swell, and the approaching tide 80  
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores

That now lie full and muddy. Not one of  
them

That yet looks on me, or would know me.  
*Ariel,*

Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;  
*Exit ARIEL.*

I will discase me, and myself present,  
As I was sometime Milan. Quickly, spirit;

Thou shalt ere long be free.

*ARIEL re-enters, singing, and helps to attire*

*PROSPERO.*

*Where the bee sucks, there suck I:*

*In a cowslip's bell I lie;*

*There I couch when owls do cry. 90*

*On the bat's back I do fly*

*After summer merrily.*

*Merrily, merrily shall I live now*

*Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.*

*Pros.* Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I  
shall miss thee;

But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.  
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:

There shalt thou find the mariners asleep  
Under the hatches; the master and the

boatswain  
Being awake, enforce them to this place, 100  
And presently, I prithee.

*Ari.* I drink the air before me, and return  
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. *Exit.*

*Gon.* All torment, trouble, wonder and  
amazement

Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide  
us

Out of this fearful country!  
*Pros.* Behold, sir king,  
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero.

For more assurance that a living prince  
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;  
And to thee and thy company I bid 110  
A hearty welcome.

*Alon.*        *Wher' thou be'st he or no,*  
*Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,*  
*As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse*  
*Beats as of flesh and blood; and, since I*  
*saw thee,*

*The affliction of my mind amends, with*  
*which,*

*I fear, a madness held me. This must crave,*  
*An if this be at all, a most strange story.*  
*The dukedom I resign, and do entreat*  
*Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how*  
*should Prospero*

*Be living and be here?*

*Pros.*        *First, noble friend, 120*  
*Let me embrace thine age, whose honour*  
*cannot*

*Be measur'd or confin'd.*

*Gon.*        *Whether this be*  
*Or be not, I'll not swear.*

*Pros.*        *You do yet taste*  
*Some subtleties o' the isle, that will not let*  
*you*

*Believe things certain. Welcome! my*  
*friends all.*

*Aside to SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO. But*  
*you, my brace of lords, were I so*  
*minded,*

*I here could pluck his highness' frown upon*  
*you*

*And justify you traitors: at this time*  
*I will tell no tales.*

*Seb. Aside. The devil speaks in him.*

*Pros.*        *No.*  
*For you, most wicked sir, whom to call*  
*brother* 130

*Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive*  
*Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require*  
*My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,*  
*Thou must restore.*

*Alon.*        *If thou be'st Prospero,*  
*Give us particulars of thy preservation;*  
*How thou hast met us here, who three hours*  
*since*

*Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I*  
*have lost—*

*How sharp the point of this remembrance*  
*is!—*

*My dear son Ferdinand.*

*Pros.*        *I am woe for 't, sir.*  
*Alon. Irreparable is the loss, and Pa-*  
*tience* 140

*Says it is past her cure.*

*Pros.*        *I rather think*  
*You have not sought her help; of whose soft*  
*grace*

*For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,*  
*And rest myself content.*

*Alon.*        *You the like loss!*  
*Pros. As great to me, as late; and, sup-*  
*portable*

*To make the dear loss, have I means much*  
*weaker*

*Than you may call to comfort you, for I*  
*Have lost my daughter.*

*Alon.*        *A daughter?*

*O heavens! that they were living both in*  
*Naples,*

*The king and queen there! that they were,*  
*I wish* 150

*Myself were mudded in that oozy bed*  
*Where my son lies. When did you lose your*  
*daughter?*

*Pros. In this last tempest. I perceive,*  
*these lords,*

*At this encounter do so much admire*  
*That they devour their reason, and scarce*  
*think*

*Their eyes do offices of truth, their words*  
*Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have*  
*Been jostled from your senses, know for*  
*certain*

*That I am Prospero and that very duke*  
*Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most*  
*strangely* 160

*Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd,*  
*was landed,*

*To be the lord on 't. No more yet of this;*  
*For 't is a chronicle of day by day,*

*Not a relation for a breakfast nor*  
*Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;*

*This cell's my court: here have I few at-*  
*tendants*

*And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.*  
*My dukedom since you have given me again,*

*I will requite you with as good a thing;*  
*Atleast bring forth a wonder, to content ye* 170

*As much as me my dukedom.*

*The entrance of the cell opens, and dis-*  
*covers FERDINAND and MIRANDA playing*  
*at chess.*

*Mir. Sweet lord, you play me false.*  
*Fer.*        *No, my dearest love,*

*I would not for the world.*

*Mir. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you*  
*should wrangle,*

*And I would call it fair play.*

*Alon.*        *If this prove*  
*A vision of the island, one dear son*

*Shall I twice lose.*

*Seb.*        *A most high miracle!*

*Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are*  
*merciful:*

*I have curs'd them without cause.*

*FERDINAND kneels to ALONSO.*  
*Alon.*        *Now all the blessings*

*Of a glad father compass thee about! 180*  
*Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.*

*Mir.*        *O wonder!*  
*How many goodly creatures are there here!*

*How beauteous mankind is! O brave new*  
*world,*

*That has such people in 't!*

*Pros.*        *'T is new to thee.*  
*Alon. What is this maid with whom thou*  
*wast at play?*

*Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three*  
*hours:*

*Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,*  
*And brought us thus together?*

*Fer.*        *Sir, she is mortal;*  
*But by immortal Providence she's mine:*  
*I chose her when I could not ask my father* 190

For his advice, nor thought I had one. She Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan, Of whom so often I have heard renown, But never saw before; of whom I have Receiv'd a second life; and second father This lady makes him to me.

*Alon.* I am hers.  
But O! how oddly will it sound that I Must ask my child forgiveness.

*Pros.* There, sir, stop:  
Let us not burden our remembrance with A heaviness that's gone.

*Gon.* I have inly wept, 200  
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,

And on this couple drop a blessed crown!  
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way Which brought us hither.

*Alon.* I say amen, Gonzalo.  
*Gon.* Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue

Should become kings of Naples? O! rejoice Beyond a common joy, and set it down With gold on lasting pillars. In one voyage Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis, And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife 210 Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom

In a poor isle; and all of us ourselves When no man was his own.

*Alon.* To FERDINAND and MIRANDA.  
Give me your hands:

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart That doth not wish you joy!

*Gon.* Be it so: Amen.

*Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boat-swain amazedly following.*

O look, sir! look, sir! here is more of us. I prophesied, if a gallows were on land, This fellow could not drown. Now, blas- phemy,

That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?

Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news? 220

*Boats.* The best news is that we have safely found

Our king and company: the next, our ship, Which but three glasses since we gave out split,

Is tight and yare and bravely rigg'd as when We first put out to sea.

*Ari.* *Aside to PROSPERO.* Sir, all this service

Have I done since I went.

*Pros.* *Aside to ARIEL.* My tricky spirit!

*Alon.* These are not natural events; they strengthen

From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither?

*Boats.* If I did think, sir, I were well awake,

I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep, 230

And, how we know not, all clapp'd under hatches;

Where, but even now, with strange and several noises

Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,

And more diversity of sounds, all horrible, We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty: Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld

Our royal, good and gallant ship; our master Capering to eye her: on a trice, so please you,

Even in a dream, were we divided from them,

And were brought moping hither.

*Ari.* *Aside to PROSPERO.* Was't well done?

*Pros.* *Aside to ARIEL.* Bravely, my diligence! Thou shalt be free. 241

*Alon.* This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;

And there is in this business more than nature

Was ever conduct of: some oracle

Must rectify our knowledge.

*Pros.* Sir, my liege, Do not infest your mind with beating on The strangeness of this business: at pick'd leisure

Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,

Which to you shall seem probable, of every These happen'd accidents; till when, be cheerful 250

And think of each thing well. *Aside to ARIEL.* Come hither, spirit:

Set Caliban and his companions free:

Untie the spell. *Exit ARIEL.*

How fares my gracious sir? There are yet missing of your company Some few odd lads that you remember not.

*Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, in their stolen apparel.*

*Ste.* Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself, for all is but fortune. Coragio! bully-monster, coragio!

*Trin.* If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight. 260

*Cal.* O Setebos! these be brave spirits indeed.

How fine my master is! I am afraid He will chastise me.

*Seb.* Ha, ha!

What things are these, my lord Antonio?

Will money buy them?

*Ant.* Very like: one of them Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

*Pros.* Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,

Then say if they be true. This misshapen knave,

His mother was a witch; and one so strong That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs, 270

And deal in her command without her power. These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil,

For he's a bastard one, had plotted with them

To take my life: two of these fellows you

Must know and own; this thing of darkness I  
Acknowledge mine.

*Cal.* I shall be pinch'd to death.  
*Alon.* Is not this Stephano, my drunken  
butler?

*Seb.* He is drunk now: where had he  
wine?

*Alon.* And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where  
should they

Find this grand liquor that hath gilded  
'em? 280

How cam'st thou in this pickle?

*Trin.* I have been in such a pickle since I  
saw you last that, I fear me, will never out  
of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.

*Seb.* Why, how now, Stephano?

*Ste.* O! touch me not: I am not Ste-  
phano, but a cramp.

*Pros.* You'd be king o' the isle, sirrah?

*Ste.* I should have been a sore one then.

*Alon.* Pointing to CALIBAN. This is a  
strange thing as e'er I look'd on.

*Pros.* He is as disproportion'd in his man-  
ners 290

As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell;  
Take with you your companions: as you  
look

To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

*Cal.* Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise  
hereafter

And seek for grace. What a thrice-double  
ass

Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,  
And worship this dull fool!

*Pros.* Go to; away!

*Alon.* Hence, and bestow your luggage  
where you found it.

*Seb.* Or stole it, rather.

*Exeunt* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and  
TRINCULO.

*Pros.* Sir, I invite your highness and your  
train 300

To my poor cell, where you shall take your  
rest

For this one night; which, part of it, I'll  
waste

With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall  
make it

Go quick away; the story of my life  
And the particular accidents gone by  
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn,  
I'll bring you to your ship and so to Naples,  
Where I have hope to see the nuptial  
Of these our dear-beloved solemnized; 309  
And thence retire me to my Milan, where  
Every third thought shall be my grave.

*Alon.* I long  
To hear the story of your life, which must  
Take the ear strangely.

*Pros.* I'll deliver all;  
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales  
And sail so expeditious that shall catch  
Your royal fleet far off. *Aside to ARIEL.*

My Ariel, chick,  
That is thy charge; then to the elements  
Be free, and fare thou well! Please you,  
draw near. *Exeunt.*

## EPILOGUE

## SPOKEN BY PROSPERO

Now my charms are all o'erthrown, 316  
And what strength I have 's mine own;  
Which is most faint: now, 't is true,  
I must be here confin'd by you,  
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,  
Since I have my dukedom got  
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell  
In this bare island by your spell:  
But release me from my bands  
With the help of your good hands.  
Gentle breath of yours my sails  
Must fill, or else my project fails, 330  
Which was to please. Now I want  
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;  
And my ending is despair,  
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer,  
Which pierces so that it assaults  
Mercy itself and frees all faults.  
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,  
Let your indulgence set me free.

## THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

IT seems not without significance that at the very close of this play Shakespeare puts into the mouth of the Duke these words addressed to Valentine: "Thou art a gentleman and well derived." The reader, having in mind the title of the play, may well inquire: But where is the other gentleman? Even Shakespeare himself would scarcely have ventured to permit the Duke to call Proteus "a gentleman and well derived." The fatal weakness of the play is here suggested—there is but one gentleman of Verona! For Proteus is one of the most contemptible characters that Shakespeare ever drew. And yet, even among those to whom Shakespeare's plays are most familiar, Proteus does not enjoy the dignity of even that distinction. Why is it that he does not live in the famous galaxy of villains along with Edmund and Iago? The answer seems to be that it is "a part of the play" that not one pair of lovers, but two, shall be carried through a series of complications to a happy union. Upon Proteus devolves the responsibility of providing these complications, and that involves such baseness and perfidy as we find it impossible to conceive in a gentleman; but gentleman Proteus must remain if he is to marry Julia at last and not "spoil the play." If we regard him at all, therefore, it is as a stage figure—and mere figures do not count for much outside the play. It is, then, because there is in reality but one gentleman from Verona, whereas the play calls for two, that the dénouement leaves unsatisfied the interest with which we have followed the plot. And it is for the same reason that what otherwise might have been accepted as the moral of the piece, if one is looking for a moral, leaves us unconvinced.

For some reason Shakespeare seems to have been unable to rid his mind of this play. He reverts to it again and again in his maturer work. Scenes, incidents, and characters first sketched here are in later plays developed and elaborated with a skill compared with which the work in this play seems almost crude. It is as if there were something in this early product of his brain that both fascinated and displeased him. May this not be because in this play he tried to enunciate a principle to which he personally subscribed and which from this time on permeates practically all his more serious plays; and in that attempt nearly ruined the play and came perilously near bringing the principle into ridicule?

This principle finds its expression in a speech uttered by Valentine in the closing scene of the play. He has just discovered the perfidy of Proteus; has just witnessed his attempt on Silvia's honor and interposed. Proteus is entirely within Valentine's power. Proteus cries forgiveness. Then Valentine:

"Then I am paid;

And once again I do receive thee honest.

Who by repentance is not satisfied

Is nor of heaven nor earth, for these are pleased.

By penitence the Eternal's wrath 's appeased."

Now the whole play stands or falls here. If we can subscribe to this principle of forgiveness in its full measure and under these circumstances, then the story carries; otherwise it fails. The weakness in this speech lies not in the sentiment, but in the fact that it is not properly motivated. Instead of distributing his moral, Shakespeare brings it in at the end as the beam upon which the whole structure must rest. Overweighted, it gives way and the play collapses. But even though we shut our eyes to the lack of motivation and accept the principle in its present application, the fatal fact remains that even forgiveness cannot make a gentleman out of Proteus. Even divine mercy cannot, in the face of what we have witnessed, render him fit to marry Julia.

It is only fair to Shakespeare, however, to observe that he did not overlook this

defect and that he did his best under the circumstances to save the situation. Julia, referring to her man's attire, remarks that it is a lesser fault for women to "change their shapes than men their minds." Observe what follows—worthy of Shakespeare in his greatest days:

*"Proteus.* Than men their minds! 't is true. O heaven! were man  
But constant, he were perfect: that one error  
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all the sins:  
Inconstancy falls off ere it begins."

His genius flashes forth again in having Valentine commend the outlaws to the Duke for pardon:

*"These banish'd men that I have kept withal  
Are men endued with worthy qualities:  
Forgive them what they have committed here  
And let them be recall'd from their exile.  
They are reformed, civil, full of good,  
And fit for great employment, worthy lord."*

Some have suggested that another hand than Shakespeare's worked on this final scene. It cannot be. The workmanship is faulty, but the very essence of his life's work is here. Later he learned how to develop his principle out of life itself, but the principle is here. Perhaps it was his devotion to the principle and his dissatisfaction with the way in which he had here presented it that led him to revert so often in his later years to *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

# THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE OF MILAN, *Father to Silvia.*  
 VALENTINE, } *the two Gentlemen.*  
 PROTEUS, }  
 ANTONIO, *Father to Proteus.*  
 THURIO, *a foolish Rival to Valentine.*  
 EGLAMOUR, *Agent for Silvia in her escape.*  
 SPEED, *a clownish Servant to Valentine.*

LAUNCE, *the like to Proteus.*  
 PANTHINO, *Servant to Antonio.*  
 Host, *where Julia lodges.*  
 Outlaws, *with Valentine.*  
 JULIA, *beloved of Proteus.*  
 SILVIA, *beloved of Valentine.*  
 LUCETTA, *Waiting-woman to Julia.*

*Servants, Musicians.*

SCENE.—*Sometimes in Verona, sometimes in Milan, and on the frontiers of Mantua.*

## ACT I

SCENE I.—*Verona: an open Place.*

*Enter VALENTINE and PROTEUS.*

*Val.* Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus: Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits. Were 't not affection chains thy tender days To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love, I rather would entreat thy company To see the wonders of the world abroad, Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home, Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness. But since thou lov'st, love still and thrive therein,

Even as I would when I to love begin. 10  
*Pro.* Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!

Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply seest Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel: Wish me partaker in thy happiness When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy danger,

If ever danger do environ thee, Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers, For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.

*Val.* And on a love-book pray for my success?

*Pro.* Upon some book I love I'll pray for thee. 20

*Val.* That's on some shallow story of deep love, How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

*Pro.* That's a deep story of a deeper love, For he was more than over shoes in love.

*Val.* 'T is true; for you are over boots in love,

And yet you never swum the Hellespont.

*Pro.* Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.

*Val.* No, I will not, for it boots thee not. *What?*

*Val.* To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;

Coy looks with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth

With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights: If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain; If lost, why then a grievous labour won: However, but a folly bought with wit, Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

*Pro.* So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

*Val.* So, by your circumstance, I fear you'll prove.

*Pro.* 'T is love you cavil at: I am not Love.

*Val.* Love is your master, for he masters you;

And he that is so yoked by a fool, 40 Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.

*Pro.* Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud

The eating canker dwells, so eating love Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

*Val.* And writers say, as the most forward bud

Is eaten by the canker ere it blow, Even so by love the young and tender wit Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud, Losing his verdure even in the prime, And all the fair effects of future hopes. 50 But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee That art a votary to fond desire? Once more adieu! My father at the road Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

*Pro.* And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

*Val.* Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.

To Milan let me hear from thee by letters Of thy success in love, and what news else Betideth here in absence of thy friend;

And I likewise will visit thee with mine. 60

*Pro.* All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

*Val.* As much to you at home! and so, farewell. *Exit.*

*Pro.* He after honour hunts, I after love: He leaves his friends to dignify them more; I leave myself, my friends and all, for love. Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me; Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,

War with good counsel, set the world at nought,  
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

*Enter SPEED.*

*Speed.* Sir Proteus, save you! Saw you my master? 70

*Pro.* But now he parted hence to embark for Milan.

*Speed.* Twenty to one then he is shipp'd already,

And I have play'd the sheep in losing him.

*Pro.* Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray,

An if the shepherd be a while away.

*Speed.* You conclude that my master is a shepherd then and I a sheep?

*Pro.* I do.

*Speed.* Why then my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep. 80

*Pro.* A silly answer and fitting well a sheep.

*Speed.* This proves me still a sheep.

*Pro.* True, and thy master a shepherd.

*Speed.* Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

*Pro.* It shall go hard but I'll prove it by another.

*Speed.* The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore I am no sheep. 91

*Pro.* The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore thou art a sheep.

*Speed.* Such another proof will make me cry 'baa.'

*Pro.* But dost thou hear? gavest thou my letter to Julia? 100

*Speed.* Ay, sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton; and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

*Pro.* Here's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.

*Speed.* If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her.

*Pro.* In that you are astray: 't were best pound you. 110

*Speed.* Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

*Pro.* You mistake: I mean the pound,—a pinfold.

*Speed.* From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,

'T is threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

*Pro.* But what said she? *SPEED nods.*  
Did she nod?

*Speed.* Ay.

*Pro.* Nod, Ay? why, that's noddie. 119

*Speed.* You mistook, sir: I say she did nod; and you ask me if she did nod; and I say, Ay.

*Pro.* And that set together is noddie.

*Speed.* Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains. 121

*Pro.* No, no; you shall have it for bearing the letter.

*Speed.* Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

*Pro.* Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

*Speed.* Marry, sir, the letter, very orderly; having nothing but the word 'noddie' for my pains. 131

*Pro.* Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

*Speed.* And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

*Pro.* Come, come; open the matter in brief: what said she?

*Speed.* Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both at once delivered.

*Pro.* Well, sir, here is for your pains. What said she? 140

*Speed.* Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

*Pro.* Why? Could'st thou perceive so much from her?

*Speed.* Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter. And being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind. Give her no token but stones, for she's as hard as steel.

*Pro.* What! said she nothing? 150

*Speed.* No, not so much as 'Take this for thy pains.' To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testerned me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself. And so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.

*Pro.* Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck,

Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,  
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore.

*Exit SPEED.*

I must go send some better messenger:

I fear my Julia would not deign my lines, 160  
Receiving them from such a worthless post.

*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Same.* JULIA'S Garden.

*Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.*

*Jul.* But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,  
Would'st thou then counsel me to fall in love?

*Luc.* Ay, madam, so you stumble not unheedfully.

*Jul.* Of all the fair resort of gentlemen  
That every day with parle encounter me,  
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

*Luc.* Please you repeat their names, I'll show my mind

According to my shallow simple skill.

*Jul.* What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?

*Luc.* As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine; 10

But, were I you, he never should be mine.

*Jul.* What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

*Luc.* Well of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.

*Jul.* What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

*Luc.* Lord, Lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

*Jul.* How now! what means this passion at his name?

*Luc.* Pardon, dear madam: 't is a passing shame

That I, unworthy body as I am, Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

*Jul.* Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?

*Luc.* Then thus,—of many good I think him best.

*Jul.* Your reason?

*Luc.* I have no other but a woman's reason:

I think him so because I think him so.

*Jul.* And would'st thou have me cast my love on him?

*Luc.* Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

*Jul.* Why, he of all the rest hath never mov'd me.

*Luc.* Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

*Jul.* His little speaking shows his love but small.

*Luc.* Fire that's closest kept burns most of all.

*Jul.* They do not love that do not show their love.

*Luc.* O! they love least that let men know their love.

*Jul.* I would I knew his mind.

*Luc.* Peruse this paper, madam.

*Jul.* 'To Julia.' Say, from whom?

*Luc.* That the contents will show.

*Jul.* Say, say, who gave it thee?

*Luc.* Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus.

He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,

Did in your name receive it: pardon the fault, I pray.

*Jul.* Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!

Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines? To whisper and conspire against my youth?

Now, trust me, 't is an office of great worth And you an officer fit for the place.

There, take the paper: see it be return'd; Or else return no more into my sight.

*Luc.* To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

*Jul.* Will ye be gone?

*Luc.* That you may ruminate. *Exit.*

*Jul.* And yet I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.

It were a shame to call her back again And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.

What fool is she, that knows I am a maid, And would not force the letter to my view!

Since maids, in modesty, say 'No' to that

Which they would have the profferer construe 'Ay.'

Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse

And presently all humbled kiss the rod. How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,

When willingly I would have had her here: How angrily I taught my brow to frown,

When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile. My penance is, to call Lucetta back

And ask remission for my folly past. What ho! Lucetta!

*Re-enter LUCETTA.*

*Luc.* What would your ladyship?

*Jul.* Is it near dinner-time?

*Luc.* I would it were;

That you might kill your stomach on your meat

And not upon your maid.

*Jul.* What is 't that you took up so gingerly?

*Luc.* Nothing.

*Jul.* Why didst thou stoop then?

*Luc.* To take a paper up

That I let fall.

*Jul.* And is that paper nothing?

*Luc.* Nothing concerning me.

*Jul.* Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

*Luc.* Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,

Unless it have a false interpreter.

*Jul.* Some love of yours hath writ to you in rime.

*Luc.* That I might sing it, madam, to a tune:

Give me a note: your ladyship can set.

*Jul.* As little by such toys as may be possible:

Best sing it to the tune of 'Light o' love.'

*Luc.* It is too heavy for so light a tune.

*Jul.* Heavy! belike it hath some burthen then?

*Luc.* Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

*Jul.* And why not you?

*Luc.* I cannot reach so high.

*Jul.* Let's see your song. How now, minion!

*Luc.* Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:

And yet methinks I do not like this tune. *90*

*Jul.* You do not?

*Luc.* No, madam; it is too sharp.

*Jul.* You, minion, are too saucy.

*Luc.* Nay, now you are too flat, And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:

There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

*Jul.* The mean is drown'd with your unruly bass.

*Luc.* Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.

*Jul.* This babbler shall not henceforth trouble me.

Here is a coil with protestation!

*Tears the letter.*

Go get you gone, and let the papers lie: *100*

You would be fingering them, to anger me.

*Luc.* She makes it strange, but she would be best pleas'd

To be so anger'd with another letter. *Exit.*

*Jul.* Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!

O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!  
Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey  
And kill the bees that yield it with your stings!

I'll kiss each several paper for amends.

Look, here is writ 'kind Julia.' Unkind Julia!

As in revenge of thy ingratitude, 110

I throw thy name against the bruising stones,

Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.

And here is writ 'love-wounded Proteus.'

Poor wounded name! my bosom as a bed

Shall lodge thee till thy wound be thoroughly

heal'd;

And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.

But twice or thrice was 'Proteus' written

down:

Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away

Till I have found each letter in the letter,

Except mine own name; that some whirl-

wind bear 120

Unto a ragged, fearful-hanging rock,

And throw it thence into the raging sea!

Lo! here in one line is his name twice writ,

'Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,

To the sweet Julia': that I'll tear away;

And yet I will not, sith so prettily

He couples it to his complaining names.

Thus will I fold them one upon another:

Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you

will.

### Re-enter LUCETTA.

*Luc.* Madam. 130

Dinner is ready, and your father stays.

*Jul.* Well, let us go.

*Luc.* What! shall these papers lie like

tell-tales here?

*Jul.* If you respect them, best to take

them up.

*Luc.* Nay, I was taken up for laying them

down;

Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.

*Jul.* I see you have a month's mind to

them.

*Luc.* Ay, madam, you may say what sights

you see;

I see things too, although you judge I wink.

*Jul.* Come, come; will 't please you go?

*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.—The Same. A Room in ANTONIO'S House.

*Enter ANTONIO and PANTHINO.*

*Ant.* Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk

was that

Wherewith my brother held you in the

cloister?

*Pant.* 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your

son.

*Ant.* Why, what of him?

*Pant.* He wonder'd that your lordship

Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,

While other men, of slender reputation,  
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:

Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;

Some to discover islands far away;

Some to the studious universities. 10

For any or for all these exercises

He said that Proteus your son was meet,

And did request me to importune you

To let him spend his time no more at home,

Which would be great impeachment to his

age.

In having known no travel in his youth.

*Ant.* Nor need'st thou much importune

me to that

Whereon this month I have been hammering.

I have consider'd well his loss of time

And how he cannot be a perfect man, 20

Not being tried and tutor'd in the world:

Experience is by industry achiev'd

And perfected by the swift course of time.

Then tell me, whither were I best to send

him?

*Pant.* I think your lordship is not ignorant

How his companion, youthful Valentine,

Attends the emperor in his royal court.

*Ant.* I know it well.

*Pant.* 'T were good, I think, your lordship

sent him thither.

There shall he practise tilts and tourna-

ments, 30

Hear sweet discourse, converse with noble-

men,

And be in eye of every exercise

Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

*Ant.* I like thy counsel; well hast thou

advise'd:

And that thou may'st perceive how well I

like it

The execution of it shall make known.

Even with the speediest expedition

I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.

*Pant.* To-morrow, may it please you, Don

Alphonso

With other gentlemen of good esteem 40

Are journeying to salute the emperor

And to commend their service to his will.

*Ant.* Good company; with them shall

Proteus go:

And in good time. Now will we break with

him.

### Enter PROTEUS.

*Pro.* Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!

Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;

Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.

O! that our fathers would applaud our loves,

To seal our happiness with their consents.

O heavenly Julia! 50

*Ant.* How now! what letter are you read-

ing there?

*Pro.* May 't please your lordship, 't is a

word or two

Of commendations sent from Valentine,

Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

*Ant.* Lend me the letter; let me see what

news.

*Pro.* There is no news, my lord, but that

he writes

How happily he lives, how well belov'd

And daily graced by the emperor;  
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.  
*Ant.* And how stand you affected to his wish? <sup>60</sup>

*Pro.* As one relying on your lordship's will

And not depending on his friendly wish.

*Ant.* My will is something sorted with his wish.

Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed,  
For what I will, I will, and there an end.  
I am resolv'd that thou shalt spend some time

With Valentinus in the emperor's court:  
What maintenance he from his friends receives,

Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.

To-morrow be in readiness to go: <sup>70</sup>

Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

*Pro.* My lord, I cannot be so soon provided:

Please you, deliberate a day or two.

*Ant.* Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee:

No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.  
Come on, Panthino: you shall be employ'd  
To hasten on his expedition.

*Exeunt ANTONIO and PANTHINO.*

*Pro.* Thus have I shunned the fire for fear of burning,

And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.

I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter, <sup>80</sup>  
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;  
And with the vantage of mine own excuse  
Hath he excepted most against my love.  
O! how this spring of love resembleth

The uncertain glory of an April day,  
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,  
And by and by a cloud takes all away.

*Re-enter PANTHINO.*

*Pant.* Sir Proteus, your father calls for you:

He is in haste; therefore, I pray you, go.

*Pro.* Why, this it is: my heart accords thereto, <sup>90</sup>

And yet a thousand times it answers, 'no.' *Exeunt.*

## ACT II

SCENE I.—*Milan. A Room in the DUKE'S Palace.*

*Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.*

*Speed.* Sir, your glove.

*Val.* Not mine; my gloves are on.

*Speed.* Why, then this may be yours, for this is but one.

*Val.* Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine;

Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!  
Ah Silvia! Silvia!

*Speed.* Madam Silvia! Madam Silvia!

*Val.* How now, sirrah?

*Speed.* She is not within hearing, sir.

*Val.* Why, sir, who bade you call her?

*Speed.* Your worship, sir; or else I mistook. <sup>10</sup>

*Val.* Well, you'll still be too forward.

*Speed.* And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

*Val.* Go to, sir. Tell me, do you know Madam Silvia?

*Speed.* She that your worship loves?

*Val.* Why, how know you that I am in love?

*Speed.* Marry, by these special marks. First, you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreath your arms, like a malecontent; to relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak pining, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master. <sup>33</sup>

*Val.* Are all these things perceived in me?

*Speed.* They are all perceived without ye.

*Val.* Without me? they cannot.

*Speed.* Without you? nay, that's certain; for, without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you and shine through you like the water in an urinal, that not an eye that sees you but is a physician to comment on your malady. <sup>43</sup>

*Val.* But, tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

*Speed.* She that you gaze on so as she sits at supper?

*Val.* Hast thou observed that? even she I mean.

*Speed.* Why, sir, I know her not.

*Val.* Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet knowest her not?

*Speed.* Is she not hard-favoured, sir?

*Val.* Not so fair, boy, as well-favoured.

*Speed.* Sir, I know that well enough.

*Val.* What dost thou know?

*Speed.* That she is not so fair, as, of you, well-favoured.

*Val.* I mean that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite. <sup>60</sup>

*Speed.* That's because the one is painted and the other out of all count.

*Val.* How painted? and how out of count?

*Speed.* Marry, sir, so painted to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

*Val.* How esteemest thou me? I account of her beauty.

*Speed.* You never saw her since she was deformed. <sup>69</sup>

*Val.* How long hath she been deformed?

*Speed.* Ever since you loved her.

*Val.* I have loved her ever since I saw her, and still I see her beautiful.

*Speed.* If you love her you cannot see her.

*Val.* Why?

*Speed.* Because Love is blind. O! that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungartered.

*Val.* What should I see then? 80

*Speed.* Your own present folly and her passing deformity; for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

*Val.* Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

*Speed.* True, sir; I was in love with my bed. I thank you, you swung me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours. 89

*Val.* In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

*Speed.* I would you were set, so your affection would cease.

*Val.* Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

*Speed.* And have you?

*Val.* I have.

*Speed.* Are they not lamely writ?

*Val.* No, boy, but as well as I can do them. Peace! here she comes.

*Speed.* *Aside.* O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her.

*Enter SILVIA.*

*Val.* Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

*Speed.* *Aside.* O! give ye good even: here 's a million of manners.

*Sil.* Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

*Speed.* *Aside.* He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

*Val.* As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter 110

Unto the secret nameless friend of yours; Which I was much unwilling to proceed in But for my duty to your ladyship.

*Sil.* I thank you, gentle servant. 'T is very clerkly done.

*Val.* Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;

For being ignorant to whom it goes I writ at random, very doubtfully.

*Sil.* Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

*Val.* No, madam: so it stead you, I will write,

Please you command, a thousand times as much. 120

And yet—

*Sil.* A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;

And yet I will not name it; and yet I care not; And yet take this again; and yet I thank you, Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

*Speed.* *Aside.* And yet you will; and yet another yet.

*Val.* What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

*Sil.* Yes, yes: the lines are very quaintly writ,

But since unwillingly, take them again.

Nay, take them. 130

*Val.* Madam, they are for you.

*Sil.* Ay, ay; you writ them, sir, at my request,

But I will none of them; they are for you. I would have had them writ more movingly.

*Val.* Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

*Sil.* And when it's writ, for my sake read it over:

And if it please you, so; if not, why, so.

*Val.* If it please me, madam, what then?

*Sil.* Why, if it please you, take it for your labour: 139

And so good morrow, servant. *Exit.*

*Speed.* O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,

As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!

My master sues to her, and she hath taught her suitor,

He being her pupil, to become her tutor.

O excellent device! was there ever heard a better,

That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?

*Val.* How now, sir! what are you reasoning with yourself?

*Speed.* Nay, I was riming: 't is you that have the reason. 150

*Val.* To do what?

*Speed.* To be a spokesman from Madam Silvia.

*Val.* To whom?

*Speed.* To yourself. Why, she woos you by a figure.

*Val.* What figure?

*Speed.* By a letter, I should say.

*Val.* Why, she hath not writ to me?

*Speed.* What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest? 160

*Val.* No, believe me.

*Speed.* No believing you; indeed, sir: but did you perceive her earnest?

*Val.* She gave me none, except an angry word.

*Speed.* Why, she hath given you a letter.

*Val.* That 's the letter I writ to her friend.

*Speed.* And that letter hath she delivered, and there an end.

*Val.* I would it were no worse.

*Speed.* I'll warrant you, 't is as well: 170 For often have you writ to her, and she, in modesty,

Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;

Or fearing else some messenger that might her mind discover,

Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.

All this I speak in print, for in print I found it.

Why muse you, sir? 't is dinner-time.

*Val.* I have dined.

*Speed.* Ay, but hearken, sir: though the chameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by my victuals and would fain have meat. O! be not like your mistress: be moved, be moved. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Verona. A Room in JULIA'S House.*

*Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.*

*Pro.* Have patience, gentle Julia.

*Jul.* I must, where is no remedy.

*Pro.* When possibly I can, I will return.

*Jul.* If you turn not, you will return the sooner.

Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

*Giving a ring.*

*Pro.* Why, then we'll make exchange: here, take you this.

*Jul.* And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

*Pro.* Here is my hand for my true constancy;

And when that hour o'erslips me in the day  
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake, 10  
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance  
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!

My father stays my coming; answer not.

The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;

That tide will stay me longer than I should.

Julia, farewell. *Exit JULIA.*

What! gone without a word?

Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;  
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

*Enter PANTHINO.*

*Pant.* Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for.

*Pro.* Go; I come, I come. 20

Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Street.*

*Enter LAUNCE, leading a dog.*

*Launce.* Nay, 't will be this hour ere I have done weeping: all the kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the imperial's court. I think Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear. He is a stone, a very pebble stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog; a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting: why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father; no, this left shoe is my father; no, no, this left shoe is my mother; nay, that cannot be so neither: yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worse sole. This shoe, with the hole in it,

is my mother, and this my father. A vengeance on 't! there 't is: now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid: I am the dog; no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog; O! the dog is me, and I am myself: ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; 'Father, your blessing': now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping: now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother; O! that she could speak now like a wood woman. Well, I kiss her; why, there 't is; here's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes: now the dog all this while sheds not a tear nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

*Enter PANTHINO.*

*Pant.* Launce, away, away, aboard! thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter? why weepest thou, man? Away, ass! you'll lose the tide if you tarry any longer. 40

*Launce.* It is no matter if the tied were lost; for it is the unkindest tied that ever any man tied.

*Pant.* What's the unkindest tide?

*Launce.* Why, he that's tied here, Crab, my dog.

*Pant.* Tut man, I mean thou 'lt lose the flood; and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth? 50

*Launce.* For fear thou should'st lose thy tongue.

*Pant.* Where should I lose my tongue?

*Launce.* In thy tale.

*Pant.* In thy tail!

*Launce.* Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tied! Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs. 60

*Pant.* Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

*Launce.* Sir, call me what thou darest.

*Pant.* Wilt thou go?

*Launce.* Well, I will go. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Milan. A Room in the DUKE'S Palace.*

*Enter VALENTINE, SILVIA, THURIO, and SPEED.*

*Sil.* Servant!

*Val.* Mistress?

*Speed.* Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

*Val.* Ay, boy, it's for love.

*Speed.* Not of you.

*Val.* Of my mistress then.

*Speed.* 'T were good you knocked him.

*Sil.* Servant, you are sad.

*Val.* Indeed, madam, I seem so.

*Thu.* Seem you that you are not? 10

*Val.* Haply I do.

*Thu.* So do counterfeits.

*Val.* So do you.

*Thu.* What seem I that I am not?

*Val.* Wise.

*Thu.* What instance of the contrary?

*Val.* Your folly.

*Thu.* And how quote you my folly?

*Val.* I quote it in your jerkin.

*Thu.* My jerkin is a doublet. 20

*Val.* Well, then, I'll double your folly.

*Thu.* How?

*Sil.* What, angry, Sir Thurio! do you change colour?

*Val.* Give him leave, madam: he is a kind of chameleon.

*Thu.* That hath more mind to feed on your blood than live in your air.

*Val.* You have said, sir.

*Thu.* Ay, sir, and done too, for this time. 30

*Val.* I know it well, sir: you always end ere you begin.

*Sil.* A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

*Val.* 'T is indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

*Sil.* Who is that, servant?

*Val.* Yourself, sweet lady: for you gave the fire. Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company. 40

*Thu.* Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

*Val.* I know it well, sir: you have an exchange of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries that they live by your bare words.

*Sil.* No more, gentlemen, no more. Here comes my father.

*Enter DUKE.*

*Duke.* Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.

*Sil.* Valentine, your father's in good health: 50  
What say you to a letter from your friends Of much good news?

*Val.* My lord, I will be thankful To any happy messenger from thence.

*Duke.* Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?

*Val.* Ay, my good lord; I know the gentleman

To be of worth and worthy estimation, And not without desert so well reputed.

*Duke.* Hath he not a son?

*Val.* Ay, my good lord; a son that well deserves

The honour and regard of such a father. 60

*Duke.* You know him well?

*Val.* I know him as myself; for from our infancy

We have convers'd and spent our hours together:

And though myself have been an idle truant, Omitting the sweet benefit of time

To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,

Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that's his name,

Made use and fair advantage of his days: His years but young, but his experience old; His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe; 70

And, in a word, for far behind his worth

Come all the praises that I now bestow,

He is complete in feature and in mind

With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

*Duke.* Beshrew me, sir, but if he make this good,

He is as worthy for an empress' love

As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.

Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me

With commendation from great potentates;

And here he means to spend his time awhile. 80

I think 't is no unwelcome news to you.

*Val.* Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

*Duke.* Welcome him then according to his worth.

*Silvia.* I speak to you; and you, sir Thurio: For Valentine, I need not cite him to it.

I'll send him hither to you presently. *Exit.*

*Val.* This is the gentleman I told your ladyship

Had come along with me, but that his mistress

Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

*Sil.* Belike that now she hath enfranchis'd them 90

Upon some other pawn for fealty.

*Val.* Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners still.

*Sil.* Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind,

How could he see his way to seek out you?

*Val.* Why, lady, Love hath twenty pair of eyes.

*Thu.* They say that Love hath not an eye at all.

*Val.* To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself:

Upon a homely object Love can wink.

*Enter PROTEUS.*

*Sil.* Have done, have done. Here comes the gentleman.

*Val.* Welcome, dear Proteus! Mistress, I beseech you, 100

Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

*Sil.* His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,

If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

*Val.* Mistress, it is. Sweet lady, entertain him

To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

*Sil.* Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

*Pro.* No so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant

To have a look of such a worthy mistress. *Val.* Leave off discourse of disability.

Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant. 110

*Pro.* My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

*Sil.* And duty never yet did want his meed.

Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

*Pro.* I'll die on him that says so but yourself.

*Sil.* That you are welcome?

*Pro.* That you are worthless.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.

*Sil.* I wait upon his pleasure.

*Exit Servant.*

Come, Sir Thurio,  
Go with me. Once more, new servant,  
welcome:

I'll leave you to confer of home-affairs;  
When you have done, we look to hear from you.

*Pro.* We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

*Exeunt SILVIA, THURIO, and SPEED.*  
*Val.* Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?

*Pro.* Your friends are well and have them much commended.

*Val.* And how do yours?

*Pro.* I left them all in health.

*Val.* How does your lady, and how thrives your love?

*Pro.* My tales of love were wont to weary you;

I know you joy not in a love-discourse.

*Val.* Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now:

I have done penance for contemning love;  
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me

With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,  
With nightly tears and daily heart-sore sighs;  
For in revenge of my contempt of love,  
Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,

And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.

O gentle Proteus! Love's a mighty lord,  
And hath so humbled me as I confess

There is no woe to his correction,  
Nor to his service no such joy on earth.

Now no discourse, except it be of love; 140  
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup and sleep,

Upon the very naked name of love.

*Pro.* Enough; I read your fortune in your eye.

Was this the idol that you worship so?

*Val.* Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

*Pro.* No; but she is an earthly paragon.

*Val.* Call her divine.

*Pro.* I will not flatter her.

*Val.* O! flatter me, for love delights in praises.

*Pro.* When I was sick you gave me bitter pills,

And I must minister the like to you. 150

*Val.* Then speak the truth by her: if not divine,

Yet let her be a principality,  
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

*Pro.* Except my mistress.

*Val.* Sweet, except not any,  
Except thou wilt except against my love.

*Pro.* Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

*Val.* And I will help thee to prefer her too:

She shall be dignified with this high honour,—

To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth  
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss, 160

And, of so great a favour growing proud,  
Disdain to root the summer-sweeling flower,  
And make rough winter everlastingly.

*Pro.* Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?

*Val.* Pardon me, Proteus: all I can is nothing

To her whose worth makes other worthies nothing.

She is alone.

*Pro.* Then let her alone.

*Val.* Not for the world. Why, man, she is mine own,

And I as rich in having such a jewel  
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl, 170  
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.  
Forgive me that I do not dream on thee,  
Because thou seest me dote upon my love.  
My foolish rival, that her father likes  
Only for his possessions are so huge,  
Is gone with her along, and I must after,  
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

*Pro.* But she loves you?

*Val.* Ay, and we are betroth'd; nay, more,  
our marriage-hour,

With all the cunning manner of our flight, 180  
Determin'd of: how I must climb her window,

The ladder made of cords, and all the means  
Plotted and 'greed on for my happiness.

Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,  
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

*Pro.* Go on before; I shall enquire you forth.

I must unto the road, to disembark  
Some necessities that I needs must use,  
And then I'll presently attend you.

*Val.* Will you make haste? 190

*Pro.* I will.

*Exit VALENTINE.*

Even as one heat another heat expels,  
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,  
So the remembrance of my former love  
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.

Is it mine eye, or Valentinus' praise,  
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,

That makes me reasonless to reason thus?  
She's fair, and so is Julia that I love,—

That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd, 200  
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,

Bears no impression of the thing it was.  
Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold,

And that I love him not as I was wont:  
O! but I love his lady too, too much;

And that's the reason I love him so little.  
How shall I dote on her with more advice,

That thus without advice begin to love her?

'T is but her picture I have yet beheld,  
And that hath dazzled my reason's light; 210  
But when I look on her perfections,  
There is no reason but I shall be blind.  
If I can check my erring love, I will;  
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill.

*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*The Same. A Street.*

*Enter SPEED and LAUNCE.*

*Speed.* Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan!

*Launce.* Forswear not thyself, sweet youth, for I am not welcome. I reckon this always, that a man is never undone till he be hanged; nor never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid and the hostess say, 'Welcome!'

*Speed.* Come on, you madcap, I'll to the alehouse with you presently; where, for one shot of five pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with Madam Julia? 12

*Launce.* Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

*Speed.* But shall she marry him?

*Launce.* No.

*Speed.* How then? Shall he marry her?

*Launce.* No, neither.

*Speed.* What, are they broken?

*Launce.* No, they are both as whole as a fish. 20

*Speed.* Why then, how stands the matter with them?

*Launce.* Marry, thus; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

*Speed.* What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.

*Launce.* What a block art thou, that thou canst not! My staff understands me.

*Speed.* What thou sayest?

*Launce.* Ay, and what I do, too: look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me. 31

*Speed.* It stands under thee, indeed.

*Launce.* Why, stand-under and understand is all one.

*Speed.* But tell me true, will't be a match?

*Launce.* Ask my dog: if he say ay, it will; if he say no, it will; if he shake his tail and say nothing, it will.

*Speed.* The conclusion is then that it will.

*Launce.* Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but by a parable. 41

*Speed.* 'T is well that I get it so. But, Launce, how sayest thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

*Launce.* I never knew him otherwise.

*Speed.* Than how?

*Launce.* A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

*Speed.* Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me. 50

*Launce.* Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

*Speed.* I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

*Launce.* Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the alehouse, so; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

*Speed.* Why?

*Launce.* Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the ale with a Christian. Wilt thou go? 62

*Speed.* At thy service. *Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The Same. An Apartment in the DUKE'S Palace.*

*Enter PROTEUS.*

*Pro.* To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;

To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;

To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;

And even that power which gave me first my oath

Provokes me to this threefold perjury:

Love bade me swear and love bids me forswear.

O sweet-suggesting love! if thou hast sinn'd, Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.

At first I did adore a twinkling star,

But now I worship a celestial sun. 10

Unheeded vows may heedfully be broken; And he wants wit that wants resolved will

To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.

Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad, Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd

With twenty thousand and soul-confirming oaths. I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;

But there I leave to love where I should love. Julia I lose and Valentine I lose:

If I keep them, I needs must lose myself; 20 If I lose them, thus find I by their loss

For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia.

I to myself am dearer than a friend,

For love is still most precious in itself;

And Silvia—witness heaven that made her, fair!—

Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiop.

I will forget that Julia is alive,

Remembering that my love to her is dead; And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,

Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend. 30

I cannot now prove constant to myself

Without some treachery used to Valentine: This night he meaneth with a corded ladder

To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window, Myself in counsel, his competitor.

Now presently I'll give her father notice

Of their disguising and pretended flight;

Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine;

For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter;

But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross 40

By some sly trick blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.

Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,

As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! *Exit.*

SCENE VII.—*Verona. A Room in JULIA'S House.**Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.**Jul.* Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me;

And e'en in kind love I do conjure thee,  
 Who art the table wherein all my thoughts  
 Are visibly character'd and engrav'd,  
 To lesson me and tell me some good mean  
 How, with my honour, I may undertake  
 A journey to my loving Proteus.

*Luc.* Alas! the way is wearisome and long.*Jul.* A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary  
 To measure kingdoms with his feeble  
 steps;

Much less shall she that hath Love's wings  
 to fly,

And when the flight is made to one so dear,  
 Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.

*Luc.* Better forbear till Proteus make return.*Jul.* O! know'st thou not his looks are  
 my soul's food?

Pity the dearth that I have pined in,  
 By longing for that food so long a time.

Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,  
 Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with  
 snow

As seek to quench the fire of love with  
 words.

*Luc.* I do not seek to quench your love's  
 hot fire,

But qualify the fire's extreme rage,  
 Lest it should burn above the bounds of  
 reason.

*Jul.* The more thou damm'st it up the  
 more it burns.

The current that with gentle murmur glides,  
 Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently  
 doth rage;

But when his fair course is not hindered,  
 He makes sweet music with the enamell'd  
 stones,

Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge  
 He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;

And so by many winding nooks he strays  
 With willing sport to the wild ocean.

Then let me go and hinder not my course.  
 I'll be as patient as a gentle stream

And make a pastime of each weary step,  
 Till the last step have brought me to my love;

And there I'll rest, as after much turmoil  
 A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

*Luc.* But in what habit will you go along?*Jul.* Not like a woman; for I would  
 prevent

The loose encounters of lascivious men.  
 Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds  
 As may beseeem some well-reputed page.

*Luc.* Why, then your ladyship must cut  
 your hair.*Jul.* No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken  
 strings

With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:  
 To be fantastic may become a youth  
 Of greater time than I shall show to be.

*Luc.* What fashion, madam, shall I make  
 your breeches?*Jul.* That fits as well as, 'Tell me, good  
 my lord,

What compass will you wear your farthin-  
 gale?

Why, even what fashion thou best lik'st,  
 Lucetta.

*Luc.* You must needs have them with a  
 cod-piece, madam.*Jul.* Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-  
 favour'd.*Luc.* A round hose, madam, now 's not  
 worth a pin,

Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.  
*Jul.* Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me  
 have

What thou think'st meet and is most man-  
 nerly.

But tell me, wench, how will the world re-  
 pute me

For undertaking so unstaid a journey?  
*Jul.* I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.

*Luc.* If you think so, then stay at home  
 and go not.*Jul.* Nay, that I will not.*Luc.* Then never dream on infamy, but go.

If Proteus like your journey when you come,  
 No matter who 's displeas'd when you are  
 gone.

I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.  
*Jul.* That is the least, Lucetta, of my  
 fear.

A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears  
 And instances of infinite of love

Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.  
*Luc.* All these are servants to deceitful  
 men.

*Jul.* Base men, that use them to so base  
 effect;

But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth:  
 His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles,  
 His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate,  
 His tears pure messengers sent from his  
 heart,

His heart as far from fraud as heaven from  
 earth.

*Luc.* Pray heaven he prove so when you  
 come to him!*Jul.* Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not  
 that wrong,

To bear a hard opinion of his truth:  
 Only deserve my love by loving him,  
 And presently go with me to my chamber,  
 To take a note of what I stand in need of  
 To furnish me upon my longing journey.

All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,  
 My goods, my lands, my reputation;  
 Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.

Come, answer not, but to it presently!  
 I am impatient of my tarriance. *Exeunt.*

## ACT III

SCENE I.—*Milan. An Antechamber in the  
 DUKE'S Palace.**Enter DUKE, THURIO, and PROTEUS.*

*Duke.* Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray,  
 awhile:

We have some secrets to confer about.

*Exit* THURIO.

Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?

*Pro.* My gracious lord, that which I would discover

The law of friendship bids me to conceal; But when I call to mind your gracious favours Done to me, undeserving as I am, My duty pricks me on to utter that Which else no worldly good should draw from me.

Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,

This night intends to steal away your daughter:

Myself am one made privy to the plot. I know you have determin'd to bestow her On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates; And should she thus be stol'n away from you It would be much vexation to your age.

Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose To cross my friend in his intended drift, Than, by concealing it, heap on your head A pack of sorrows which would press you down,

Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

*Duke.* Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care,

Which to requite, command me while I live. This love of theirs myself have often seen, Haply when they have judg'd me fast asleep, And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid Sir Valentine her company and my court; But fearing lest my jealous aim might err And so unworthily disgrace the man, A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd, 30 I gave him gentle looks, thereby to find That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me. And, that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,

Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,

I nightly lodge her in an upper tower, The key whereof myself have ever kept; And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

*Pro.* Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean

How he her chamber-window will ascend And with a corded ladder fetch her down; 40 For which the youthful lover now is gone And this way comes he with it presently; Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.

But, good my lord, do it so cunningly That my discovery be not aimed at; For love of you, not hate unto my friend, Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

*Duke.* Upon mine honour, he shall never know

That I had any light from thee of this.

*Pro.* Adieu, my lord: Sir Valentine is coming.

*Exit.*

*Enter* VALENTINE.

*Duke.* Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

*Val.* Please it your grace, there is a messenger

That stays to bear my letters to my friends, And I am going to deliver them.

*Duke.* Be they of much import?

*Val.* The tenour of them doth but signify My health and happy being at your court.

*Duke.* Nay then, no matter: stay with me awhile.

I am to break with thee of some affairs That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.

'T is not unknown to thee that I have sought To match my friend Sir Thurio to my daughter.

*Val.* I know it well, my lord; and sure, the match

Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman

Is full of virtue, bounty, worth and qualities Beseeeming such a wife as your fair daughter. Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

*Duke.* No, trust me: she is peevish, sullen, froward,

Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty; Neither regarding that she is my child, 70 Nor fearing me as if I were her father:

And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers, Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her; And, where I thought the remnant of mine age

Should have been cherish'd by her childlike duty,

I now am full resolv'd to take a wife And turn her out to who will take her in: Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower: For me and my possessions she esteems not.

*Val.* What would your grace have me to do in this?

*Duke.* There is a lady of Verona here, Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy And nought esteems my aged eloquence: Now therefore would I have thee to my tutor,

For long ago I have forgot to court; Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd, How and which way I may bestow myself To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

*Val.* Win her with gifts, if she respect not words.

Dumb jewels often in their silent kind 90 More than quick words do move a woman's mind.

*Duke.* But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

*Val.* A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her.

Send her another; never give her o'er, For scorn at first makes after-love the more.

If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you, But rather to beget more love in you; If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone; For why, the fools are mad if left alone. Take no repulse, whatever she doth say; 100 For 'get you gone,' she doth not mean 'away!'

Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces;

Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,

If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

*Duke.* But she I mean is promis'd by her friends

Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,

And kept severely from resort of men,

That no man hath access by day to her.

*Val.* Why then, I would resort to her by night. 110

*Duke.* Ay, but the doors be lock'd and keys kept safe,

That no man hath recourse to her by night.

*Val.* What lets but one may enter at her window?

*Duke.* Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,

And built so shelving that one cannot climb it Without apparent hazard of his life.

*Val.* Why then, a ladder quaintly made of cords,

To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks, Would serve to scale another Hero's tower, So bold Leander would adventure it. 120

*Duke.* Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,

Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

*Val.* When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

*Duke.* This very night; for Love is like a child,

That longs for everything that he can come by.

*Val.* By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

*Duke.* But hark thee; I will go to her alone:

How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

*Val.* It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it

Under a cloak that is of any length. 130

*Duke.* A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

*Val.* Ay, my good lord.

*Duke.* Then let me see thy cloak: I'll get me one of such another length.

*Val.* Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

*Duke.* How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?

I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me. What letter is this same? What's here?

To Silvia!

And here an engine fit for my proceeding! I'll be so bold to break the seal for once.

*My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;* 140

*And slaves they are to me that send them flying;*

*O! could their master come and go as lightly, Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying.*

*My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;*

*While I, their king, that thither them importune,*

*Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,*

*Because myself do want my servants' fortune;*

*I curse myself, for they are sent by me, That they should harbour where their lord would be.*

What's here? 150

*Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee.*

'T is so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.

Why, Phaethon, for thou art Merops' son, Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car

And with thy daring folly burn the world? Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?

Go, base intruder! overweening slave! Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates,

And think my patience, more than thy desert, Is privilege for thy departure hence. 160

Thank me for this more than for all the favours

Which all too much I have bestow'd on thee: But if thou linger in my territories

Longer than swiftest expedition Will give thee time to leave our royal court,

By heaven! my wrath shall far exceed the love

I ever bore my daughter or thyself. Begone! I will not hear thy vain excuse;

But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence. *Exit.*

*Val.* And why not death rather than living torment? 170

To die is to be banish'd from myself; And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her

Is self from self; a deadly banishment! What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?

What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by? Unless it be to think that she is by

And feed upon the shadow of perfection. Except I be by Silvia in the night,

There is no music in the nightingale; Unless I look on Silvia in the day, 180

There is no day for me to look upon. She is my essence; and I leave to be,

If I be not by her fair influence Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.

I fly not death, to fly is deadly doom: Tarry I here, I but attend on death;

But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

*Enter PROTEUS and LAUNCE.*

*Pro.* Run, boy; run, run, and seek him out.

*Launce.* Soho! soho!

*Pro.* What seest thou? 190

*Launce.* Him we go to find: there's not a hair on's head but 't is a Valentine.

*Pro.* Valentine?

*Val.* No.

*Pro.* Who then? his spirit?

*Val.* Neither.

*Pro.* What then?

*Val.* Nothing.

*Launce.* Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?

*Pro.* Who would'st thou strike? 200

*Launce.* Nothing.  
*Pro.* Villain, forbear.  
*Launce.* Why sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray you—  
*Pro.* Sirrah, I say, forbear. Friend Valentine, a word.  
*Val.* My ears are stopp'd and cannot hear good news.  
 So much of bad already hath possess'd them.  
*Pro.* Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,  
 For they are harsh, untuneable and bad.  
*Val.* Is Silvia dead?  
*Pro.* No, Valentine. 210  
*Val.* No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!  
 Hath she forsworn me?  
*Pro.* No, Valentine.  
*Val.* No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!  
 What is your news?  
*Launce.* Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanished.  
*Pro.* That thou art banished: O that's the news;  
 From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.  
*Val.* O! I have fed upon this woe already, And now excess of it will make me surfeit. Doth Silvia know that I am banished? 221  
*Pro.* Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom—  
 Which, unrevs'd, stands in effectual force—  
 A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears: Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;  
 With them, upon her knees, her humble self; Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them  
 As if but now they waxed pale for woe: But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,  
 Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears, 230  
 Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire; But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die. Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so, When she for thy repeal was suppliant, That to close prison he commanded her, With many bitter threats of bidding there.  
*Val.* No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st  
 Have some malignant power upon my life: If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear. As ending anthem of my endless dolour. 240  
*Pro.* Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,  
 And study help for that which thou lament'st. Time is the nurse and breeder of all good. Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;  
 Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life. Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that And manage it against despairing thoughts. Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;  
 Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd

Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love. The time now serves not to expostulate: Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate, 252  
 And, ere I part with thee, confer at large Of all that may concern thy love-affairs. As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself, Regard thy danger, and along with me!  
*Val.* I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,  
 Bid him make haste and meet me at the North-gate.  
*Pro.* Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine. 259  
*Val.* O my dear Silvia! hapless Valentine! *Exeunt VALENTINE and PROTEUS.*  
*Launce.* I am but a fool, look you, and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave; but that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now that knows me to be in love: yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me, nor who 'tis I love; and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 'tis a milkmaid; yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips; yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel, which is much in a bare Christian. *Pulling out a paper.*  
 Here is the cate-log of her conditions. *Imprimis, She can fetch and carry.* Why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is she better than a jade. *Item, She can milk;* look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.  
  
*Enter SPEED.*  
*Speed.* How now, Signior Launce! what news with your mastership? 280  
*Launce.* With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.  
*Speed.* Well, your old vice still; mistake the word. What news, then, in your paper?  
*Launce.* The blackest news that ever thou heardest.  
*Speed.* Why, man, how black?  
*Launce.* Why, as black as ink.  
*Speed.* Let me read them.  
*Launce.* Fie on thee, jolthead! thou canst not read. 291  
*Speed.* Thou liest; I can.  
*Launce.* I will try thee. Tell me this: who begot thee?  
*Speed.* Marry, the son of my grandfather.  
*Launce.* O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother. This proves that thou canst not read.  
*Speed.* Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.  
*Launce.* There, and Saint Nicholas be thy speed! 300  
*Speed.* *Imprimis, She can milk.*  
*Launce.* Ay, that she can.  
*Speed.* *Item, She brews good ale.*  
*Launce.* And thereof comes the proverb: 'Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.'  
*Speed.* *Item, She can sew.*

*Launce.* That's as much as to say, Can she so?

*Speed.* *Item, She can knit.* 310

*Launce.* What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?

*Speed.* *Item, She can wash and scour.*

*Launce.* A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and scoured.

*Speed.* *Item, She can spin.*

*Launce.* Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

*Speed.* *Item, She hath many nameless virtues.* 320

*Launce.* That's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

*Speed.* Here follow her vices.

*Launce.* Close at the heels of her virtues.

*Speed.* *Item, She is not to be kissed fast-  
ing, in respect of her breath.*

*Launce.* Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on. 329

*Speed.* *Item, She hath a sweet mouth.*

*Launce.* That makes amends for her sour breath.

*Speed.* *Item, She doth talk in her sleep.*

*Launce.* It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

*Speed.* *Item, She is slow in words.*

*Launce.* O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue. I pray thee, out with 't, and place it for her chief virtue. 340

*Speed.* *Item, She is proud.*

*Launce.* Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

*Speed.* *Item, She hath no teeth.*

*Launce.* I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

*Speed.* *Item, She is curst.*

*Launce.* Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite. 349

*Speed.* *Item, She will often praise her liquor.*

*Launce.* If her liquor be good, she shall; if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

*Speed.* *Item, She is too liberal.*

*Launce.* Of her tongue she cannot, for that's writ down she is slow of; of her purse she shall not, for that I'll keep shut; now, of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed. 360

*Speed.* *Item, She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.*

*Launce.* Stop there; I'll have her; she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that once more.

*Speed.* *Item, She hath more hair than wit,—*

*Launce.* More hair than wit, it may be; I'll prove it: the cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt: the hair that covers the wit is more than the wit, for the greater hides the less. What's next?

*Speed.* *And more faults than hairs,—*

*Launce.* That's monstrous! O! that that were out.

*Speed.* *And more wealth than faults.*

*Launce.* Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well, I'll have her; and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

*Speed.* What then? 380

*Launce.* Why, then will I tell thee,—that thy master stays for thee at the North-gate.

*Speed.* For me?

*Launce.* For thee! ay; who art thou? he hath stayed for a better man than thee.

*Speed.* And must I go to him?

*Launce.* Thou must run to him, for thou hast stayed so long that going will scarce serve the turn.

*Speed.* Why didst not tell me sooner? pox of your love-letters! *Exit.*

*Launce.* Now will he be swinged for reading my letter. An unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets. I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. *Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. An Apartment in the DUKE'S Palace.*

*Enter DUKE and THURIO; PROTEUS behind.*

*Duke.* Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you,

Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

*Thu.* Since his exile she hath despis'd me most,

Forsworn my company and rail'd at me, That I am desperate of obtaining her.

*Duke.* This weak impress of love is as a figure

Trenched in ice, with which an hour's heat Dissolves to water and doth lose his form. A little time will melt her frozen thoughts, And worthless Valentine shall be forgot. 10 How now, Sir Proteus! Is your countryman According to our proclamation gone?

*Pro.* Gone, my good lord.

*Duke.* My daughter takes his going grievously.

*Pro.* A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

*Duke.* So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.

Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee, For thou hast shown some sign of good desert,

Makes me the better to confer with thee.

*Pro.* Longer than I prove loyal to your grace 20

Let me not live to look upon your grace.

*Duke.* Thou know'st how willingly I would effect

The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter.

*Pro.* I do, my lord.

*Duke.* And also, I think, thou art not ignorant

How she opposes her against my will.

*Pro.* She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

*Duke.* Ay, and perversely she perseveres so.

What might we do to make the girl forget  
The love of Valentine, and love Sir  
Thurio? 30

*Pro.* The best way is to slander Valentine  
With falsehood, cowardice and poor descent,  
Three things that women highly hold in  
hate.

*Duke.* Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke  
in hate.

*Pro.* Ay, if his enemy deliver it:  
Therefore it must with circumstance be  
spoken

By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

*Duke.* Then you must undertake to  
slander him.

*Pro.* And that, my lord, I shall be loath  
to do:

'T is an ill office for a gentleman, 40  
Especially against his very friend.

*Duke.* Where your good word cannot ad-  
vantage him,

Your slander never can endamage him:

Therefore the office is indifferent,  
Being entreated to it by your friend.

*Pro.* You have prevail'd, my lord. If I  
can do it

By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,  
She shall not long continue love to him.

But say this weed her love from Valentine,  
It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio. 50

*Thu.* Therefore, as you unwind her love  
from him,

Lest it should ravel and be good to none,  
You must provide to bottom it on me;

Which must be done by praising me as much  
As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.

*Duke.* And, Proteus, we dare trust you in  
this kind,

Because we know, on Valentine's report,  
You are already Love's firm votary  
And cannot soon revolt and change your  
mind.

Upon this warrant shall you have access 60  
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;  
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,  
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of  
you;

Where you may temper her by your per-  
suasion

To hate young Valentine and love my friend.

*Pro.* As much as I can do I will effect.

But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;  
You must lay lime to tangle her desires

By wailful sonnets, whose composed rimes  
Should be full-fraught with serviceable  
vows. 70

*Duke.* Ay,

Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

*Pro.* Say that upon the altar of her beauty  
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your  
heart.

Write till your ink be dry, and with your  
tears

Moist it again, and frame some feeling line  
That may discover such integrity:

For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets'  
sinews,

Whose golden touch could soften steel and  
stones,

Make tigers tame and huge leviathans 80  
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.  
After your dire-lamenting elegies,  
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window  
With some sweet concert: to their instru-  
ments

Tune a deploring dump; the night's dead  
silence

Will well become such sweet-complaining  
grievance.

This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

*Duke.* This discipline shows thou hast  
been in love.

*Thu.* And thy advice this night I'll put in  
practice.

Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-  
giver, 90

Let us into the city presently

To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in  
music.

I have a sonnet that will serve the turn

To give the onset to thy good advice.

*Duke.* About it, gentlemen!

*Pro.* We'll wait upon your grace till after  
supper,

And afterward determine our proceedings.

*Duke.* Even now about it! I will pardon  
you. *Exeunt.*

## ACT IV

## SCENE I.—A Forest, between Milan and Verona.

*Enter certain Outlaws.*

*First Out.* Fellows, stand fast; I see a  
passenger.

*Second Out.* If there be ten, shrink not,  
but down with 'em.

*Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.*

*Third Out.* Stand, sir, and throw us that  
you have about you;

If not, we'll make you sit and rifle you.

*Speed.* Sir, we are undone; these are  
the villains

That all the travellers do fear so much.

*Val.* My friends,—

*First Out.* That's not so, sir: we are your  
enemies.

*Second Out.* Peace! we'll hear him.

*Third Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we, for  
he's a proper man. 10

*Val.* Then know that I have little wealth  
to lose.

A man I am cross'd with adversity;  
My riches are these poor habiliments,

Of which if you should here disfigure me,  
You take the sum and substance that I have.

*Second Out.* Whither travel you?

*Val.* To Verona.

*First Out.* Whence came you?

*Val.* From Milan.

*Third Out.* Have you long sojourned  
there? 20

*Val.* Some sixteen months; and longer  
might have stay'd,

If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

*First Out.* What! were you banish'd  
thence?

*Val.* I was.

*Second Out.* For what offence?

*Val.* For that which now torments me to rehearse.

I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;  
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,  
Without false vantage or base treachery.

*First Out.* Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so.

But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

*Val.* I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

*Second Out.* Have you the tongues?

*Val.* My youthful travel therein made me happy.

Or else I often had been miserable.

*Third Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,

This fellow were a king for our wild faction!

*First Out.* We'll have him. *Sirs,* a word.

*Speed.* Master, be one of them: It's an honourable kind of thievery.

*Val.* Peace, villain!

*Second Out.* Tell us this: have you any thing to take to?

*Val.* Nothing but my fortune.

*Third Out.* Know then, that some of us are gentlemen.

Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth

Thrust from the company of awful men:

Myself was from Verona banished

For practising to steal away a lady,

An heir, and near allied unto the duke.

*Second Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,

Who, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.

*First Out.* And I for such like petty crimes as these.

But to the purpose; for we cite our faults,  
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives;

And partly, seeing you are beautified

With goodly shape, and by your own report

A linguist and a man of such perfection

As we do in our quality much want—

*Second Out.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,

Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you.

Are you content to be our general?

To make a virtue of necessity

And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

*Third Out.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consort?

Say 'ay,' and be the captain of us all.

We'll do thee homage and be rul'd by thee,

Love thee as our commander and our king.

*First Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

*Second Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

*Val.* I take your offer and will live with you,

Provided that you do no outrages

On silly women or poor passengers.

*Third Out.* No; we detest such vile, base practices.

Come, go with us: we'll bring thee to our crews,

And show thee all the treasure we have got,

Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Milan. The Court of the DUKE'S Palace.*

*Enter PROTEUS.*

*Pro.* Already have I been false to Valentine,

And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.

Under the colour of commending him,

I have access my own love to prefer;

But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,  
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.

When I protest true loyalty to her,

She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;

When to her beauty I commend my vows,  
She bids me think how I have been forsworn

In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd;

And notwithstanding all her sudden quips,

The least whereof would quell a lover's

hope,

Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my

love,

The more it grows and fawneth on her still.

But here comes Thurio: now must we to

her window,

And give some evening music to her ear.

*Enter THURIO, and Musicians.*

*Thu.* How now, Sir Proteus! are you crept before us?

*Pro.* Ay, gentle Thurio; for you know that love

Will creep in service where it cannot go.

*Thu.* Ay; but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

*Pro.* Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

*Thu.* Who? Silvia?

*Pro.* Ay, Silvia, for your sake.

*Thu.* I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,

Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

*Enter Host and JULIA, behind; JULIA in boy's clothes.*

*Host.* Now, my young guest, methinks you're allicholly: I pray you, why is it?

*Jul.* Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

*Host.* Come, we'll have you merry. I'll bring you where you shall hear music and see the gentleman that you asked for.

*Jul.* But shall I hear him speak?

*Host.* Ay, that you shall.

*Jul.* That will be music. *Music plays.*

*Host.* Hark! hark!

*Jul.* Is he among these?

*Host.* Ay; but peace! let's hear 'em.

SONG.

*Who is Silvia? what is she,*

*That all our swains commend her?*

*Holy, fair and wise is she;*

*The heaven such grace did lend her,*

*That she might admired be.*

*Is she kind as she is fair?*

*For beauty lives with kindness:*

*Love doth to her eyes repair.*

*To help him of his blindness;*

*And, being help'd, inhabits there.*

*Then to Silvia let us sing,*

*That Silvia is excelling;*

*She excels each mortal thing*

*Upon the dull earth dwelling;*

*To her let us garlands bring.*

*Host.* How now! are you sadder than you were before? How do you, man? the music likes you not.

*Jul.* You mistake; the musician likes me not.

*Host.* Why, my pretty youth?

*Jul.* He plays false, father.

*Host.* How? out of tune on the strings? 60

*Jul.* Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.

*Host.* You have a quick ear.

*Jul.* Ay, I would I were deaf; it makes me have a slow heart.

*Host.* I perceive you delight not in music.

*Jul.* Not a whit, when it jars so.

*Host.* Hark! what fine change is in the music.

*Jul.* Ay, that change is the spite.

*Host.* You would have them always play but one thing? 71

*Jul.* I would always have one play but one thing.

But, host, doth this Sir Proteus that we talk on

Often resort unto this gentlewoman?

*Host.* I tell you what Launce, his man, told me; he loved her out of all nick.

*Jul.* Where is Launce?

*Host.* Gone to seek his dog; which to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady. 80

*Jul.* Peace! stand aside: the company parts.

*Pro.* Sir Thurio, fear not you: I will so plead

That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

*Thu.* Where meet we?

*Pro.* At Saint Gregory's well.

*Thu.* Farewell.

*Exeunt THURIO and Musicians.*

*Enter SILVIA above, at her window.*

*Pro.* Madam, good even to your ladyship.

*Sil.* I thank you for your music, gentlemen.

Who is that that spake?

*Pro.* One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,

You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.

*Sil.* Sir Proteus, as I take it. 90

*Pro.* Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

*Sil.* What is your will?

*Pro.* That I may compass yours.

*Sil.* You have your wish; my will is even this:

That presently you hie you home to bed. Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man! Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless, To be seduced by thy flattery, That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows? Return, return, and make thy love amends. For me, by this pale queen of night I swear, 100

I am so far from granting thy request That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit, And by and by intend to chide myself Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

*Pro.* I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;

But she is dead.

*Jul. Aside.* 'T were false, if I should speak it;

For I am sure she is not buried.

*Sil.* Say that she be; yet Valentine thy friend

Survives; to whom, thyself art witness, 110 I am betroth'd; and art thou not ashamed To wrong him with thy importunity?

*Pro.* I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.

*Sil.* And so suppose am I; for in his grave

Assure thyself my love is buried.

*Pro.* Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

*Sil.* Go to thy lady's grave and call hers thence;

Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.

*Jul. Aside.* He heard not that.

*Pro.* Madam, if your heart be so obdurate, 120

Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love, The picture that is hanging in your chamber:

To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep; For since the substance of your perfect self

Is else devoted, I am but a shadow, And to your shadow will I make true love.

*Jul. Aside.* If 't were a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,

And make it but a shadow, as I am.

*Sil.* I am very loath to be your idol, sir; But since your falsehood shall become you well 130

To worship shadows and adore false shapes,

Send to me in the morning and I'll send it. And so, good rest.

*Pro.* As wretches have o'ernight That wait for execution in the morn.

*Exeunt PROTEUS and SILVIA.*

*Jul.* Host, will you go?

*Host.* By my halidom, I was fast asleep.

*Jul.* Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?

*Host.* Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think 't is almost day.

*Jul.* Not so; but it hath been the longest night 140

That e'er I watch'd and the most heaviest.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same.*

*Enter EGLAMOUR.*

*Egl.* This is the hour that Madam Silvia Entreated me to call and know her mind;

There's some great matter she'd employ me in.

Madam, madam!

*Enter SILVIA above, at her window.*

*Sil.* Who calls?

*Egl.* Your servant and your friend; One that attends your ladyship's command.

*Sil.* Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.

*Egl.* As many, worthy lady, to yourself. According to your ladyship's impose, I am thus early come to know what service It is your pleasure to command me in. 10

*Sil.* O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman, Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not, Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd. Thou art not ignorant what dear good will I bear unto the banish'd Valentine, Nor how my father would enforce me marry Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhors. Thyself hast lov'd; and I have heard thee say

No grief did ever come so near thy heart As when thy lady and thy true love died, 20 Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.

Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine, To Mantua, where I hear he makes abode; And, for the ways are dangerous to pass, I do desire thy worthy company, Upon whose faith and honour I repose. Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour, But think upon my grief, a lady's grief, And on the justice of my flying hence, To keep me from a most unholy match, 30 Which heaven and fortune still rewards with plagues.

I do desire thee, even from a heart As full of sorrows as the sea of sands, To bear me company and go with me: If not, to hide what I have said to thee, That I may venture to depart alone.

*Egl.* Madam, I pity much your grievances; Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,

I give consent to go along with you, Recking as little what betideth me 40 As much I wish all good befortune you. When will you go?

*Sil.* This evening coming.

*Egl.* Where shall I meet you?

*Sil.* At Friar Patrick's cell,

Where I intend holy confession.

*Egl.* I will not fail your ladyship.

Good morrow, gentle lady.

*Sil.* Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour.

*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.—The Same.

*Enter LAUNCE, with his Dog.*

*Launce.* When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it. I have taught him, even as one would say precisely, 'thus I would teach a dog.' I was sent to deliver him as a present to Mistress

Silvia from my master, and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber but he steps me to her trencher and steals her capon's leg. O! 'tis a foul thing when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies. I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for 't: sure as I live, he had suffered for 't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentlemanlike dogs under the duke's table: he had not been there—bless the mark—a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. 'Out with the dog!' says one; 'what cur is that?' says another; 'whip him out,' says the third; 'hang him up,' says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: 'Friend,' quoth I, 'you mean to whip the dog?' 'Ay, marry, do I,' quoth he. 'You do him the more wrong,' quoth I; 't was I did the thing you wot of.' He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for his servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed; I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for 't: thou thinkest not of this now. Nay, I remember the trick you served me when I took my leave of Madam Silvia. Did not I bid thee still mark me and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? Didst thou ever see me do such a trick? 43

*Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.*

*Pro.* Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well And will employ thee in some service presently.

*Jul.* In what you please: I will do what I can.

*Pro.* I hope thou wilt. How now, you whoreson peasant! Where have you been these two days loitering?

*Launce.* Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the dog you bade me. 50

*Pro.* And what says she to my little jewel?

*Launce.* Marry, she says your dog was a cur, and tells you currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

*Pro.* But she received my dog?

*Launce.* No, indeed, did she not. Here have I brought him back again.

*Pro.* What! didst thou offer her this from me?

*Launce.* Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman boys in the marketplace; and then I offered her mine own, who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater. 63

*Pro.* Go get thee hence, and find my dog again,

Or ne'er return again into my sight.  
Away, I say! stay'st thou to vex me here?  
A slave that still an end turns me to shame.

*Exit LAUNCE.*

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,  
Partly that I have need of such a youth  
That can with some discretion do my business,  
70

For 't is no trusting to yond foolish lout;  
But chiefly for thy face and thy behaviour,  
Which, if my augury deceive me not,  
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:

Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.

Go presently and take this ring with thee:  
Deliver it to Madam Silvia.

She lov'd me well deliver'd it to me.

*Jul.* It seems you lov'd not her, to leave her token.

She's dead, belike?

*Pro.* Not so; I think she lives.

*Jul.* Alas!

*Pro.* Why dost thou cry 'alas'?

*Jul.* I cannot choose

But pity her.

*Pro.* Wherefore should'st thou pity her?

*Jul.* Because methinks that she lov'd you as well

As you do love your lady Silvia.  
She dreams on him that has forgot her love;  
You dote on her that cares not for your love.

'T is pity love should be so contrary;  
And thinking on it makes me cry 'alas!'

*Pro.* Well, give her that ring and therewithal  
90

This letter: that's her chamber. Tell my lady,

I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.  
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,

Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.  
*Exit.*

*Jul.* How many women would do such a message?

Alas! poor Proteus, thou hast entertain'd  
A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.

Alas! poor fool, why do I pity him  
That with his very heart despiseth me?

Because he loves her, he despiseth me; 100  
Because I love him, I must pity him.

This ring I gave him when he parted from me,

To bind him to remember my good will;  
And now am I, unhappy messenger,

To plead for that which I would not obtain,  
To carry that which I would have refus'd,

To praise his faith which I would have disprais'd.

I am my master's true-confirmed love,  
But cannot be true servant to my master,

Unless I prove false traitor to myself. 110  
Yet will I woo for him; but yet so coldly.

As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

*Enter SILVIA, attended.*

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean

To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia.

*Sil.* What would you with her, if that I be she?

*Jul.* If you be she, I do entreat your patience

To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

*Sil.* From whom?

*Jul.* From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.

*Sil.* O! he sends you for a picture? 120

*Jul.* Ay, madam.

*Sil.* Ursula, bring my picture there.

Go give your master this: tell him, from me,  
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,

Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.

*Jul.* Madam, please you peruse this letter.—

Pardon me, madam, I have unadvis'd  
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not:

This is the letter to your ladyship. 129

*Sil.* I pray thee, let me look on that again.

*Jul.* It may not be: good madam, pardon me.

*Sil.* There, hold.

I will not look upon your master's lines:  
I know they are stuff'd with protestations

And full of new-found oaths, which he will break

As easily as I do tear his paper.

*Jul.* Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

*Sil.* The more shame for him that he sends it me;

For I have heard him say a thousand times  
His Julia gave it him at his departure. 140

Though his false finger hath profan'd the ring,

Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

*Jul.* She thanks you.

*Sil.* What say'st thou?

*Jul.* I thank you, madam, that you tender her.

Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.

*Sil.* Dost thou know her?

*Jul.* Almost as well as I do know myself:  
To think upon her woes I do protest 149

That I have wept a hundred several times.

*Sil.* Belike she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.

*Jul.* I think she doth, and that's her cause of sorrow.

*Sil.* Is she not passing fair?

*Jul.* She hath been fairer, madam, than she is.

When she did think my master lov'd her well,  
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;

But since she did neglect her looking-glass  
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,  
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks  
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face, 153  
That now she is become as black as I.

*Sil.* How tall was she?

*Jul.* About my stature; for at Pentecost, When all our pageants of delight were play'd,

Our youth got me to play the woman's part, And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown, Which served me as fit, by all men's judgments,

As if the garment had been made for me: Therefore I know she is about my height. And at that time I made her weep agood, 170 For I did play a lamentable part. Madam, 't was Ariadne passioning For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight; Which I so lively acted with my tears That my poor mistress, moved therewithal, Wept bitterly, and would I might be dead If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

*Sil.* She is beholding to thee, gentle youth.

Alas! poor lady, desolate and left, I weep myself to think upon thy words. 180 Here, youth, there is my purse: I give thee this

For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.

Farewell. *Exit, attended.*  
*Jul.* And she shall thank you for 't, if e'er you know her.

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful! I hope my master's suit will be but cold, Since she respects my mistress' love so much.

Alas! how love can trifle with itself. Here is her picture: let me see; I think, If I had such a tire, this face of mine 190 Were full as lovely as is this of hers; And yet the painter flatter'd her a little, Unless I flatter with myself too much. Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow: If that be all the difference in his love I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.

Her eyes are grey as glass, and so are mine: Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.

What should it be that he respects in her? But I can make respect in myself, 200 If this fond Love were not a blinded god? Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,

For 't is thy rival. O thou senseless form! Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd and ador'd,

And, were there sense in his idolatry, My substance should be statue in thy stead. I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake, That us'd me so; or else, by Jove I vow, I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,

To make my master out of love with thee. 210

*Exit.*

## ACT V

### SCENE I.—Milan. An Abbey.

*Enter EGLAMOUR.*

*Egl.* The sun begins to gild the western sky, And now it is about the very hour

That Silvia at Friar Patrick's cell should meet me.

She will not fail; for lovers break not hours, Unless it be to come before their time, So much they spur their expedition.

*Enter SILVIA.*

See where she comes. Lady, a happy evening!

*Sil.* Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour, Out at the postern by the abbey-wall.

I fear I am attended by some spies. 10

*Egl.* Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off;

If we recover that, we are sure enough.

*Exeunt.*

### SCENE II.—The Same. A Room in the DUKE'S Palace.

*Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, and JULIA.*

*Thu.* Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?

*Pro.* Oh, sir, I find her milder than she was;

And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

*Thu.* What! that my leg is too long?

*Pro.* No, that it is too little.

*Thu.* I'll wear a boot to make it somewhat rounder.

*Jul.* *Aside.* But love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.

*Thu.* What says she to my face?

*Pro.* She says it is a fair one.

*Thu.* Nay then, the wanton lies; my face is black. 10

*Pro.* But pearls are fair, and the old saying is,

'Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.'

*Jul.* *Aside.* 'T is true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes; 20

For I had rather wink than look on them.

*Thu.* How likes she my discourse?

*Pro.* Ill, when you talk of war.

*Thu.* But well, when I discourse of love and peace?

*Jul.* *Aside.* But better, indeed, when you hold your peace. 30

*Thu.* What says she to my valour?

*Pro.* O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.

*Jul.* *Aside.* She needs not, when she knows it cowardice. 21

*Thu.* What says she to my birth? 30

*Pro.* That you are well deriv'd. 30

*Jul.* *Aside.* True; from a gentleman to a fool.

*Thu.* Considers she my possessions?

*Pro.* O, ay; and pities them. 30

*Thu.* Wherefore?

*Jul.* *Aside.* That such an ass should owe them.

*Pro.* That they are out by lease.

*Jul.* Here comes the duke. 30

*Enter DUKE.*

*Duke.* How now, Sir Proteus! how now, Thurio!

Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?

*Thu.* Not I.

*Pro.* Nor I.

*Duke.* Saw you my daughter?

*Pro.* Neither.

*Duke.* Why then,

She's fled unto that peasant Valentine,

And Eglamour is in her company.

'Tis true; for Friar Laurence met them both.  
As he in penance wander'd through the forest;

Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she,

But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it; 40

Besides, she did intend confession

At Patrick's cell this even, and there she was not.

These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.

Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,  
But mount you presently and meet with me  
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot,  
That leads toward Mantua, whither they are fled.

Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me.

*Exit.*

*Thu.* Why, this it is to be a peevish girl.  
That flies her fortune when it follows her.  
I'll after, more to be reveng'd on Eglamour  
Than for the love of reckless Silvia. *Exit.*

*Pro.* And I will follow, more for Silvia's love

Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her. *Exit.*

*Jul.* And I will follow, more to cross that love

Than hate for Silvia that is gone for love. *Exit.*

### SCENE III.—The Forest.

*Enter SILVIA and Outlaws.*

*First Out.* Come, come,  
Be patient; we must bring you to our captain.

*Sil.* A thousand more mischances than this one

Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

*Second Out.* Come, bring her away.

*First Out.* Where is the gentleman that was with her?

*Third Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us;

But Moyses and Valerius follow him.

Go thou with her to the west end of the wood;

There is our captain. We'll follow him that's fled; 10

The thickest is beset; he cannot 'scape.

*First Out.* Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave.

Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,

And will not use a woman lawlessly.

*Sil.* O Valentine! this I endure for thee. *Exeunt.*

### SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Forest.

*Enter VALENTINE.*

*Val.* How use doth breed a habit in a man!

This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,  
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.

Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,

And to the nightingale's complaining notes

Tune my distresses and record my woes.

O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,

Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,

Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall

And leave no memory of what it was! 10

Repair me with thy presence, Silvia!

Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!

What halloing and what stir is this to-day?

These are my mates, that make their wills their law,

Have some unhappy passenger in chase.

They love me well; yet I have much to do

To keep them from uncivil outrages.

Withdraw thee, Valentine: who's this comes here? *Steps aside.*

*Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, and JULIA.*

*Pro.* Madam, this service I have done for you,

Though you respect not aught your servant doth, 20

To hazard life and rescue you from him

That would have forc'd your honour and your love.

Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;

A smaller boon than this I cannot beg.

And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.

*Val.* How like a dream is this I see and hear!

Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile.

*Sil.* O miserable, unhappy that I am!

*Pro.* Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;

But by my coming I have made you happy. 30

*Sil.* By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

*Jul.* *Aside.* And me, when he approacheth to your presence.

*Sil.* Had I been seized by a hungry lion

I would have been a breakfast to the beast

Rather than have false Proteus rescue me

O! heaven be judge how I love Valentine

Whose life's as tender to me as my soul,

And full as much, for more there cannot be

I do detest false perjur'd Proteus.

Therefore be gone, solicit me no more. 40

*Pro.* What dangerous action, stood I next to death,

Would I not undergo for one calm look!

O! 't is the curse in love, and still approv'd

When women cannot love where they're below'd.

*Sil.* When Proteus cannot love where he's below'd.

Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love

For whose dear sake thou didst then renounce thy faith

Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths

Descended into perjury to love me.

Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou 'dst  
two, 50  
And that's far worse than none: better have  
none  
Than plural faith which is too much by one,  
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!  
*Pro.* In love  
Who respects friend?  
*Sil.* All men but Proteus.  
*Pro.* Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving  
words  
Can no way change you to a milder form,  
'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end,  
And love you 'gainst the nature of love,—  
force you.  
*Sil.* O heaven!  
*Pro.* I 'll force thee yield to my desire.  
*Val.* Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil  
touch; 60  
Thou friend of an ill fashion!  
*Pro.* Valentine!  
*Val.* Thou common friend, that's without  
faith or love,  
For such is a friend now; treacherous man!  
Thou hast beguill'd my hopes; nought but  
mine eye  
Could have persuaded me. Now I dare not  
say  
I have one friend alive: thou would'st dis-  
prove me.  
Who should be trusted now, when one's  
right hand  
Is perjur'd to the bosom? Proteus,  
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,  
But count the world a stranger for thy  
sake. 70  
The private wound is deepest. O time most  
accurst!  
Mongst all foes that a friend should be the  
worst!  
*Pro.* My shame and guilt confounds me.  
Forgive me, Valentine. If hearty sorrow  
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,  
I tender 't here: I do as truly suffer  
As e'er I did commit.  
*Val.* Then I am paid;  
And once again I do receive thee honest.  
Who by repentance is not satisfied  
Is nor of heaven nor earth: for these are  
pleas'd. 80  
By penitence the Eternal's wrath 's appeas'd:  
And, that my love may appear plain and free,  
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.  
*Jul.* O me unhappy! *Swoons.*  
*Pro.* Look to the boy.  
*Val.* Why, boy! why, wag! how now!  
what is the matter?  
Look up; speak.  
*Jul.* O good sir, my master charg'd me  
To deliver a ring to Madam Silvia, 89  
Which, out of my neglect, was never done.  
*Pro.* Where is that ring, boy?  
*Jul.* Here 't is: this is it.  
*Pro.* How! let me see.  
Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.  
*Jul.* O! cry you mercy, sir; I have mis-  
took:  
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

*Pro.* But how cam'st thou by this ring?  
At my depart I gave this unto Julia.

*Jul.* And Julia herself did give it me:  
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

*Pro.* How! Julia! 100  
*Jul.* Behold her that gave aim to all thy  
oaths,

And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:  
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the  
root!

O Proteus! let this habit make thee blush:  
Be thou asham'd that I have took upon me  
Such an immodest raiment; if shame live  
In a disguise of love:

It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,  
Women to change their shapes than men  
their minds.

*Pro.* Than men their minds! 't is true.  
O heaven! were man 110  
But constant, he were perfect: that one  
error

Fills him with faults; makes him run  
through all the sins:  
Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.

What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy  
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?

*Val.* Come, come, a hand from either.  
Let me be blest to make this happy close:  
'T were pity two such friends should be long  
foes.

*Pro.* Bear witness, heaven, I have my  
wish for ever.

*Jul.* And I mine. 120

*Enter Outlaws, with DUKE and THURIO.*

*Out.* A prize! a prize! a prize!

*Val.* Forbear; forbear, I say; it is my  
lord the duke.

Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,  
Banish'd Valentine.

*Duke.* Sir Valentine!

*Thu.* Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

*Val.* Thurio, give back, or else embrace  
thy death;

Come not within the measure of my wrath;  
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,  
Verona shall not hold thee. Here she  
stands;

Take but possession of her with a touch; 130  
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

*Thu.* Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I.  
I hold him but a fool that will endanger  
His body for a girl that loves him not:  
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

*Duke.* The more degenerate and base art  
thou,

To make such means for her as thou hast  
done,

And leave her on such slight conditions.

Now, by the honour of my ancestry,

I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine, 140

And think thee worthy of an empress'  
love.

Know then, I here forget all former griefs,  
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,  
Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,  
To which I thus subscribe: Sir Valentine,

Thou art a gentleman and well deriv'd;  
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd  
her.

Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath  
made me happy.

I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,  
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it for thine own, whate'er  
it be.

Val. These banish'd men that I have kept  
withal

Are men endued with worthy qualities:  
Forgive them what they have committed  
here,

And let them be recall'd from their exile.  
They are reformed, civil, full of good,  
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon  
them and thee:

Dispose of them as thou know'st their  
deserts.

Come, let us go: we will include all jars  
With triumphs, mirth and rare solemnity. 161

Val. And as we walk along, I dare be bold  
With our discourse to make your grace to  
smile.

What think you of this page, my lord?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him:  
he blushes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord, more grace  
than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying?

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass  
along,

That you will wonder what hath fortun'd.  
Come, Proteus; 't is your penance but to  
hear

The story of your loves discovered: 170

That done, our day of marriage shall be  
yours;

One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.  
Exeunt.

## MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

TRADITION has it that Queen Elizabeth was so delighted with the Falstaff of *Henry IV* that she commanded Shakespeare to write a play within fourteen days showing Falstaff in love. The *Merry Wives of Windsor* bears in itself evidence of the truth of that tradition. It is in many respects unique among the plays of Shakespeare. First of all, it is almost wholly prosaic, both in form and spirit. Next, it is the only one of the plays to deal entirely with the middle-class life of a small English town. Finally, its lack of any serious or inspiring vein indicates that it was written primarily for the entertainment of royalty and nobility rather than for the common people. In this latter respect it should be contrasted with the group of comedies with which it is chronologically closely related—*The Merchant of Venice*, *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night*. In each of these plays the humor springs from some serious reflection on the deeper meanings of life; in *Merry Wives* it lies thinly on the surface. Falstaff is, of course, the central figure—an insubstantial, inanimate and inflated object if compared with the original character—that serves as a sort of foot-ball for the sport of some mildly inventive, sprightly women and some commonplace men. One may well suspect that Shakespeare protests against being compelled to bring on this impostor when he makes Mistress Ford ask: "What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor?"

To those who recall Falstaff's unfailing wit in *Henry IV* as a means of turning every defeat into a victory, it will appear incredible that he could have been thrown from a buck basket into the Thames, been cudgeled by the jealous Ford for the old woman of Brentford, and been a victim of Sir Hugh Evans' "fairies" at a midnight meeting at Herne's oak. It would, indeed, overtax our credulity to find him succumbing to any one of these humiliations; but to ask us to believe that only after three such experiences he should but begin to "perceive" that he is "made an ass"—well, this might pass at court, but not upon the "common stages." Least of all can we suppose that Shakespeare himself did not know that his entire Eastcheap crew—Falstaff, Pistol, Nym, Bardolph, and Mistress Quickly could walk only as shadows of their former selves among these thrifty and matter of fact people of Windsor.

Slender and Shallow, however, are more at home here. We are at a loss to know just why they left Gloucestershire, but if they were forced to do so, they could, perhaps, have found no more congenial atmosphere than that of the fields and forests around Windsor, and no more fitting companions than the Welsh Parson, Sir Hugh, the French Doctor Caius, and mine Host of the Garter. Mistress Anne Page is a bit too sophisticated for the gentle Slender, whose valor doubtless flourished more in the larger and freer spaces of Gloucestershire. There is nothing better in the play, however, than his gentle concern for Anne—and for that matter for all women: "Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?"

Anne. I think there are sir; I heard them talked of.

Slender. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England. You are afraid if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slender. That's meat and drink to me, now. I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shrieked at it, that it passed: but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favored rough things.

Slender's portrait is drawn in a word by his man Simple. When Mistress Quickly asks Simple, "Does he not wear a great round beard, like a Glover's paring knife?" Simple replies: "No, forsooth; he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard,

a Cain-coloured beard"—a portrait, by the way, that suggests his close kinship to Sir Andrew Aguecheek. But if we are to believe Simple, Slender is the more courageous man, for "he hath fought with a warrener" and he "holds up his head, as it were, and struts in his gait."

Slender is not one to be swept off his feet, even in love. When Shallow asks him if he can love Anne Page, his reply does credit to one who knows when Bardolph talks Latin and who has access to a Book of Riddles. "I hope, sir," says he, "I will do as it shall become one that would do reason." He profits by experience. After having had his pocket picked while he was drunk, he resolved: "I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick. If I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God and not with drunken knaves." Nothing can be more commendable than Slender's intent. "I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt," he says to his cousin Shallow; "but if you say 'Marry her,' I will marry her; that I am freely dissolved and dissolutely." Even the Welsh Evans, with his uncertain English, need not be in doubt of Slender's meaning: "the ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely," says Evans. "His meaning is good." Touch Slender anywhere and he responds and expands. He is one of the most satisfying characters in the play.

Shallow is old, else he would run Slender a good second. He has a judicial dignity about him, acquired by long exercise in his office as Justice of the Peace. "He hath wronged me," he says of Falstaff; "indeed he hath; at a word, he hath, believe me: Robert Shallow, esquire, saith he is wronged." In spite of his age and his office, he has the heart of a youth, and the instincts of a fighter. He despises "your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what: 't is the heart, Master Page; 't is here, 't is here. I have seen the time with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats." His devotion to Slender is beautiful. He can hardly refrain from doing his wooing for him, yet he is ready to abdicate on the instant. "Good Master Shallow," says Anne, "let him woo me for himself." "Marry," says Shallow, "I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort."

Evans and Caius are supposed to be among the chief contributors to the fun of the play through their broken English. Evans' heaping up of words in the hope of hitting the right one reminds us of the same trick used by Fluellen in *Henry V.* "I do despise a liar," says Evans, "as I do despise one that is false, or as I despise one that is not true"; and again, "The three party is, lastly and finally, mine Host of the Garter." And yet again, "There dwells Mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer and his wringer." The emphasis laid throughout the play on the misuse of English is, perhaps, the strongest evidence that it was written for an aristocratic audience. To recall only a few direct references to such misuse, Mistress Quickly speaks of "an old abusing of God's patience and the king's English"; Page says of Nym: "Here 's a fellow frights English out of his wits." The Host would rather Evans and Caius should "keep their limbs whole and hack our English"; and Falstaff regards it as his deepest disgrace to have lived "to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English."

The device by which Anne's wooers, Slender and Caius, carry off each a boy to wed, while Fenton makes away with Anne, is neat and satisfying. It would have been indeed most shameful to have married her "Where there was no proportion held in love." The highest sentiment in the play is uttered in this connection by Fenton:

"The offence is holy that she hath committed,  
And this deceit loses the name of craft,  
Of disobedience, or unduteous title,  
Since therein she doth evitate and shun  
A thousand irreligious cursed hours,  
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her."

# THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.  
FENTON, *a young Gentleman.*  
SHALLOW, *a Country Justice.*  
SLENDER, *Cousin to Shallow.*  
FORD, } *Two Gentlemen dwelling at Wind-*  
PAGE, } *sor.*  
WILLIAM PAGE, *a Boy, Son to Page.*  
SIR HUGH EVANS, *a Welsh Parson.*  
DOCTOR CAIUS, *a French Physician.*  
*Host of the Garter Inn.*

BARDOLPH, }  
PISTOL, } *Followers of Falstaff.*  
NYM, }  
ROBIN, *Page to Falstaff.*  
SIMPLE, *Servant to Slender.*  
RUGBY, *Servant to Doctor Caius.*  
MISTRESS FORD.  
MISTRESS PAGE.  
ANNE PAGE, *her Daughter, in love with*  
*Fenton.*  
MISTRESS QUICKLY, *Servant to Doctor*  
*Caius.*

*Servants to Page, Ford, etc.*

SCENE.—Windsor and the Parts adjacent.

### ACT I

SCENE I.—Windsor. Before PAGE'S House.

*Enter Justice SHALLOW, SLENDER, and*  
*SIR HUGH EVANS.*

*Shal.* Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it; if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

*Slen.* In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and *coram.*

*Shal.* Ay, cousin Slender, and *cust- alorum.*

*Slen.* Ay, and *rato-lorum* too; and a gentleman born, Master parson; who writes himself *armigero*, in any bill, warrant, quit-tance, or obligation,—*armigero.* 11

*Shal.* Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

*Slen.* All his successors gone before him hath done't; and all his ancestors that come after him may: they may give the dozen white luses in their coat.

*Shal.* It is an old coat.

*Evans.* The dozen white louses do be- come an old coat well; it agrees well, *pas- sant*; it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love. 21

*Shal.* The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

*Slen.* I may quarter, coz.

*Shal.* You may, by marrying.

*Evans.* It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

*Shal.* Not a whit. 27

*Evans.* Yes, py'r lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures: but that is all one. If Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my

penevolence to make atonements and com- premises between you. 34

*Shal.* The Council shall hear it; it is a riot.

*Evans.* It is not meet the Council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot. The Council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that.

*Shal.* Hal' o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it. 41

*Evans.* It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it; and there is also another device in my prain, which peradventure prings goot discretions with it. There is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

*Slen.* Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair and speaks small like a woman. 48

*Evans.* It is that fery person for all the orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of moneys, and gold and silver, is her grandsire upon his death's-bed, —Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!— give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old. It were a goot motion if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a mar- riage between Master Abraham and Mis- tress Anne Page.

*Shal.* Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound? 60

*Evans.* Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

*Shal.* I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

*Evans.* Seven hundred pounds and possi- bilities is goot gifts.

*Shal.* Well, let us see honest Master Page. Is Falstaff there? 67

*Evans.* Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false; or as I despise one that is not true. The knight,

Sir John, is there; and, I peseech you, pe ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door for Master Page. *Knocks.*

What, ho! Got pless your house here!

*Page.* Within. Who's there?

*Evans.* Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and Justice Shallow; and here young Master Slender, that peradventures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings. 79

*Enter PAGE.*

*Page.* I am glad to see your worships well. I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow.

*Shal.* Master Page, I am glad to see you: much good do it your good heart! I wished your venison better; it was ill-killed. How doth good Mistress Page? and I thank you always with my heart, la! with my heart.

*Page.* Sir, I thank you.

*Shal.* Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

*Page.* I am glad to see you, good Master Slender. 80

*Slen.* How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say he was outrun on Cotsall.

*Page.* It could not be judged, sir.

*Slen.* You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

*Shal.* That he will not. 'T is your fault, 't is your fault. 'T is a good dog.

*Page.* A cur, sir.

*Shal.* Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; can there be more said? he is good and fair. Is Sir John Falstaff here? 100

*Page.* Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

*Evans.* It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

*Shal.* He hath wronged me, Master Page.

*Page.* Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

*Shal.* If it be confessed, it is not redressed: is not that so, Master Page? He hath wronged me; indeed he hath; at a word, he hath, believe me: Robert Shallow, esquire, saith, he is wronged. 110

*Page.* Here comes Sir John.

*Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM, and PISTOL.*

*Fal.* Now, Master Shallow, you'll complain of me to the king?

*Shal.* Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

*Fal.* But not kissed your keeper's daughter?

*Shal.* Tut, a pin! this shall be answered.

*Fal.* I will answer it straight: I have done all this. That is now answered.

*Shal.* The Council shall know this. 120

*Fal.* 'T were better for you if it were known in counsel: you'll be laughed at.

*Evans.* *Pauca verba*, Sir John; goot worts.

*Fal.* Goot worts! good cabbage. Slender, I broke your head: what matter have you against me?

*Slen.* Marry, sir, I have matter in my

head against you; and against your cony-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards picked my pocket.

*Bard.* You Banbury cheese! 130

*Slen.* Ay, it is no matter.

*Pist.* How now, Mephostophilus!

*Slen.* Ay, it is no matter.

*Nym.* Slice, I say! *pauca, pauca*; slice! that's my humour.

*Slen.* Where's Simple, my man? can you tell, cousin? 136

*Evans.* Peace! I pray you. Now let us understand: there is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is, Master Page, *fidelicet* Master Page; and there is myself, *fidelicet* myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

*Page.* We three, to hear it and end it between them.

*Evans.* Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards ork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can.

*Fal.* Pistol!

*Pist.* He hears with ears. 150

*Evans.* The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, 'He hears with ear'? Why, it is affectations.

*Fal.* Pistol, did you pick Master Slender's purse?

*Slen.* Ay, by these gloves, did he, or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else, of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves. 161

*Fal.* Is this true, Pistol?

*Evans.* No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

*Pist.* Ha, thou mountain-foreigner! Sir John and master mine,

I combat challenge of this latten bilbo:

Word of denial in thy labras here!

Word of denial: froth and scum, thou liest!

*Slen.* By these gloves, then, 't was he.

*Nym.* Be avised, sir, and pass good humours. I will say 'marry trap' with you, if you run the nut-hook's humour on me: that is the very note of it. 171

*Slen.* By this hat, then, he in the red face had it; for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

*Fal.* What say you, Scarlet and John?

*Bard.* Why, sir, for my part, I say the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five senses. 180

*Evans.* It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

*Bard.* And being fap, sir, was, as they say, cashiered; and so conclusions passed the careies.

*Slen.* Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 't is no matter. I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be

drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves. 190

*Evans.* So Got udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

*Fal.* You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

*Enter ANNE PAGE, with wine; Mistress FORD and Mistress PAGE following.*

*Page.* Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. *Exit ANNE PAGE.*

*Slen.* O heaven! this is Mistress Anne Page.

*Page.* How now, Mistress Ford! 198

*Fal.* Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress.

*Kissing her.*

*Page.* Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome. Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner: come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

*Exeunt all but SHALLOW, SLENDER, and EVANS.*

*Slen.* I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here.

*Enter SIMPLE.*

How now, Simple! where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not the Book of Riddles about you, have you? 203

*Sim.* Books of Riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon All-hallow-mas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

*Shal.* Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz; marry, this, coz: there is, as 't were, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here: do you understand me?

*Slen.* Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable: if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

*Shal.* Nay, but understand me.

*Slen.* So I do, sir. 220

*Evans.* Give ear to his motions, Master Slender. I will description the matter to you, if you pe capacity of it.

*Slen.* Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says. I pray you pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

*Evans.* But that is not the question; the question is concerning your marriage.

*Shal.* Ay, there's the point, sir.

*Evans.* Marry, is it, the very point of it; to Mistress Anne Page. 231

*Slen.* Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

*Evans.* But can you affection the oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold that the lips is parcel of the mouth: therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

*Shal.* Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her? 241

*Slen.* I hope, sir, I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

*Evans.* Nay, Got's lords and his ladies!

you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

*Shal.* That you must. Will you, upon good dowry, marry her? 247

*Slen.* I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

*Shal.* Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz; what I do is to pleasure you, coz. Can you love the maid?

*Slen.* I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have more occasion to know one another: I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contentment: but if you say, 'Marry her,' I will marry her; that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely. 260

*Evans.* It is a fery discretion answer; save the fall is in the ort 'dissolutely': the ort is, according to our meaning, 'resolutely.' His meaning is good.

*Shal.* Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

*Slen.* Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la!

*Re-enter ANNE PAGE.*

*Shal.* Here comes fair Mistress Anne. Would I were young for your sake, Mistress Anne!

*Anne.* The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worships' company. 271

*Shal.* I will wait on him, fair Mistress Anne.

*Evans.* Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace.

*Exeunt SHALLOW and EVANS.*

*Anne.* Will 't please your worship to come in, sir?

*Slen.* No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

*Anne.* The dinner attends you, sir. 279

*Slen.* I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth. Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin Shallow.

*Exit SIMPLE.*

A justice of peace sometime may be beholding to his friend for a man. I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead; but what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

*Anne.* I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

*Slen.* I' faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did. 291

*Anne.* I pray you, sir, walk in.

*Slen.* I had rather walk here, I thank you. I bruised my shin th' other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence; three veneys for a dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

*Anne.* I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of. 301

*Slen.* I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England. You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slender. That's meat and drink to me, now: I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shrieked at it, that it passed: but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favoured rough things. 312

Re-enter PAGE.

Page. Come, gentle Master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slender. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pie, you shall not choose, sir! Come, come.

Slender. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slender. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first. 320

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slender. Truly, I will not go first: truly, la! I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slender. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome. You do yourself wrong, indeed, la! Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.

Evans. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house, which is the way; and there dwells one Mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer. 5

Simple. Well, sir.

Evans. Nay, it is petter yet. Give her this letter; for it is a oman that altogether's acquaintance with Mistress Anne Page; and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to Mistress Anne Page. I pray you, be gone: I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come. Exeunt. 12

SCENE III.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF, Host, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, and ROBIN.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter!

Host. What says my bully-rook? Speak scholarly and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keissar, and Pheezar. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector? 11

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow. To BARDOLPH. Let me see thee froth and lime: I am at a word; follow. Exit.

Fal. Bardolph, follow him. A tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered servingman a fresh tapster. Go; adieu. 20

Bard. It is a life that I have desired. I will thrive. Exit.

Pistol. O base Hungarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink; is not the humour conceited?

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinderbox; his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskilful singer, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to steal at a minim's rest. 31

Pistol. 'Convey,' the wise it call. 'Steal'? foh! a fico for the phrase!

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pistol. Why, then let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must cony-catch, I must shift.

Pistol. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pistol. I ken the wight: he is of substance good. 41

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pistol. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol! Indeed, I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be Englished rightly, is, 'I am Sir John Falstaff's.' 52

Pistol. He hath studied her well, and translated her well, out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep: will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes she has all the rule of her husband's purse; he hath a legion of angels. 60

Pistol. As many devils entertain, and 'To her, boy,' say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her; and here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious ceilliades: sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pistol. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour. 71

Fal. O! she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass. Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go bear thou this letter to Mistress Page; and thou this to Mistress Ford. We will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pistol. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become, 22

And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

*Nym.* I will run no base humour: here, take the humour-letter. I will keep the haviour of reputation.

*Fal.* To ROBIN. Hold, sirrah, bear you these letters tightly:

Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores. Rogues, hence! avaunt! vanish like hail-stones, go;

Trudge, plod away o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack!

Falstaff will learn the humour of the age, French thrift, you rogues: myself and skirted page. *Exeunt FALSTAFF and ROBIN.*

*Pist.* Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd and fullam holds,

And high and low beguile the rich and poor. Tester I 'll have in pouch when thou shalt lack,

Base Phrygian Turk.

*Nym.* I have operations which be humours of revenge.

*Pist.* Wilt thou revenge? 100

*Nym.* By welkin and her star!

*Pist.* With wit or steel?

*Nym.* With both the humours, I: I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.

*Pist.* And I to Ford shall eke unfold How Falstaff, varlet vile,

His dove will prove, his gold will hold,

And his soft couch defile.

*Nym.* My humour shall not cool: I will incense Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness, for the revolt of mien is dangerous: that is my true humour. 112

*Pist.* Thou art the Mars of malecontents: I second thee; troop on. *Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.—A Room in Doctor CAIUS'S House.

*Enter Mistress QUICKLY, SIMPLE, and RUGBY.*

*Quick.* What, John Rugby! I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, Master Doctor Caius, coming; if he do, i' faith, and find anybody in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the king's English.

*Rug.* I 'll go watch.

*Quick.* Go; and we 'll have a posset for 't soon at night, i' faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. *Exit RUGBY.*

An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way, but nobody but has his fault; but let that pass. Peter Simple you say your name is?

*Sim.* Ay, for fault of a better.

*Quick.* And Master Slender 's your master?

*Sim.* Ay, forsooth.

*Quick.* Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife? 21

*Sim.* No, forsooth: he hath but a little few face, with a little yellow beard, a Cain-coloured beard.

*Quick.* A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

*Sim.* Ay, forsooth; but he is as tall a man of his hands as any is between this and his head: he hath fought with a warrener.

*Quick.* How say you? O! I should remember him: does he not hold up his head, as it were, and strut in his gait? 31

*Sim.* Yes, indeed, does he.

*Quick.* Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell Master Parson Evans I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

*Re-enter RUGBY.*

*Rug.* Out, alas! here comes my master.

*Quick.* We shall all be shent. Run in here, good young man; go into this closet.

*Shuts SIMPLE in the closet.*

He will not stay long. What, John Rugby!

John, what, John, I say! Go, John, go inquire for my master; I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home. *Sings.*

*And down, down, adown-a, etc.*

*Enter Doctor CAIUS.*

*Caius.* Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys. Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet un boitier vert, a box, a green-a box: do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

*Quick.* Ay, forsooth: I 'll fetch it you. *Aside.* I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man he would have been horn-mad. 51

*Caius.* Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la cour,—la grande affaire.

*Quick.* Is it this, sir?

*Caius.* Oui; mettez le au mon pocket; dépêchez, quickly. Vere is dat knave Rugby?

*Quick.* What, John Rugby! John!

*Rug.* Here, sir. 59

*Caius.* You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby: come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

*Rug.* 'T is ready, sir, here in the porch.

*Caius.* By my trot, I tarry too long. Od's me! Qu'ay j'oublié? dere is some simples in my closet, dat I will not for the varld I shall leave behind.

*Quick.* Ay me! he 'll find the young man there, and be mad. 69

*Caius.* O diable! diable! vat is in my closet? Villain! larron! Pulling SIMPLE out.

Rugby, my rapier!

*Quick.* Good master, be content.

*Caius.* Verefore shall I be content-a?

*Quick.* The young man is an honest man.

*Caius.* Vat shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

*Quick.* I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic; hear the truth of it: he came of an errand to me from Parson Hugh. 81

*Caius.* Vell.

*Sim.* Ay, forsooth, to desire her to—

*Quick.* Peace, I pray you.

*Caius.* Peace—a your tongue! Speak—a your tale.

*Sim.* To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to Mistress Anne Page for my master in the way of marriage. 89

*Quick.* This is all, indeed, la! but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

*Caius.* Sir Hugh send—a you?—Rugby, baillez me some paper: tarry you a little—a while. *Writes.*

*Quick.* I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud and so melancholy. But notwithstanding, man, I'll do you your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself,—

*Sim.* 'T is a great charge to come under one body's hand. 105

*Quick.* Are you avised o' that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early and down late; but notwithstanding, to tell you in your ear, I would have no words of it, my master himself is in love with Mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind, that 's neither here nor there. 111

*Caius.* You jack'nape, give—a dis letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge: I vill cut his troat in de Park; and I vill teach a scurvy jack—a-nape priest to meddle or make. You may be gone; it is not good you tarry here: by gar, I vill cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to trow at his dog. *Exit SIMPLE.*

*Quick.* Alas! he speaks but for his friend.

*Caius.* It is no matter—a vor dat: do not you tell—a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself? By gar, I vill kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of de *Jartiere* to measure our weapon. By gar, I vill myself have Anne Page.

*Quick.* Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well. We must give folks leave to prate: what, the good-jer! 129

*Caius.* Rugby, come to the court vit me. By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door. Follow my heels, Rugby. *Exeunt CAIUS AND RUGBY.*

*Quick.* You shall have An fool's-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do, nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

*Fent.* Within. Who 's within there? ho!

*Quick.* Who 's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you. 141

*Enter FENTON.*

*Fent.* How now, good woman! how dost thou?

*Quick.* The better that it pleases your good worship to ask.

*Fent.* What news? how does pretty Mistress Anne?

*Quick.* In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise heaven for it. 151

*Fent.* Shall I do any good, thinkest thou? Shall I not lose my suit?

*Quick.* Troth, sir, all is in his hands above; but notwithstanding, Master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you. Have not your worship a wart above your eye? 157

*Fent.* Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

*Quick.* Well, thereby hangs a tale. Good faith, it is such another Nan; but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread: we had an hour's talk of that wart. I shall never laugh but in that maid's company; but indeed she is given too much to all-cholly and musing. But for you—well, go to.

*Fent.* Well, I shall see her to-day. Hold, there 's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou seest her before me, commend me. 169

*Quick.* Will I? i' faith, that we will; and I will tell your worship more of the wart the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

*Fent.* Well, farewell; I am in great haste now. *Exit.*

*Quick.* Farewell to your worship. Truly, an honest gentleman: but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does. Out upon 't! what have I forgot? *Exit.*

## ACT II

### SCENE I.—Before PAGE'S House.

*Enter Mistress PAGE, with a letter.*

*Mrs. Page.* What! have I 'scaped love-letters in the holiday-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see.

*Ask me no reason why I love you; for though Love use Reason for his physician, he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I: go to then, there 's sympathy; you are merry, so am I: hal! hal! then, there 's more sympathy; you love sack, and so do I: would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page, at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice, that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 't is not a soldierlike phrase; but I say, love me. By me, 14*

*Thine own true knight,  
By day or night,  
Or any kind of light,  
With all his might  
For thee to fight,*

JOHN FALSTAFF

What a Herod of Jewry is this! O wicked, wicked world! one that is well-nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard picked, with the devil's name! out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company! What should I say to him? I was then frugal of my mirth: heaven forgive me! Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings. 31

*Enter Mistress FORD.*

*Mrs. Ford.* Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

*Mrs. Page.* And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, I'll ne'er believe that: I have to show to the contrary.

*Mrs. Page.* Faith, but you do, in my mind. 39

*Mrs. Ford.* Well, I do then; yet, I say I could show you to the contrary. O Mistress Page! give me some counsel.

*Mrs. Page.* What's the matter, woman?

*Mrs. Ford.* O woman! if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour.

*Mrs. Page.* Hang the trifle, woman; take the honour. What is it? dispense with trifles; what is it? 48

*Mrs. Ford.* If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted.

*Mrs. Page.* What? thou liest! Sir Alice Ford! These knights will hack; and so thou should'st not alter the article of thy gentry.

*Mrs. Ford.* We burn daylight: here, read, read; perceive how I might be knighted. I shall think the worse of fat men as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking; and yet he would not swear; praised women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere and keep place together than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of 'Green Sleeves.' What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease. Did you ever hear the like? 70

*Mrs. Page.* Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs! To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant, he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names, sure more, and these are of the second edition. He will print them, out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts

into the press, when he would put us two: I had rather be a giantess, and lie under Mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles ere one chaste man. 83

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words. What doth he think of us?

*Mrs. Page.* Nay, I know not: it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury. 92

*Mrs. Ford.* Boarding call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

*Mrs. Page.* So will I: if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit, and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine host of the Garter. 100

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O! that my husband saw this letter; it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

*Mrs. Page.* Why, look where he comes; and my good man too: he's as far from jealousy as I am from giving him cause; and that I hope is an unmeasurable distance.

*Mrs. Ford.* You are the happier woman.

*Mrs. Page.* Let's consult together against this greasy knight. Come hither. 112

*They retire.*

*Enter FORD, PISTOL, PAGE, and NYM.*

*Ford.* Well, I hope it be not so. 114

*Pist.* Hope is a curtal dog in some affairs: Sir John affects thy wife.

*Ford.* Why, sir, my wife is not young.

*Pist.* He woos both high and low, both rich and poor,

Both young and old, one with another, Ford. He loves the gallimaufry: Ford, perpend.

*Ford.* Love my wife! 120

*Pist.* With liver burning hot: prevent, or go thou,

Like Sir Actæon he, with Ringwood at thy heels.

O! odious is the name.

*Ford.* What name, sir?

*Pist.* The horn, I say. Farewell: Take heed; have open eye, for thieves do foot by night: 124

Take heed, ere summer comes or cuckoo-birds do sing.

Away, Sir Corporal Nym!

Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. *Exit.*

*Ford.* I will be patient: I will find out this. 131

*Nym.* To PAGE. And this is true; I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours: I should have borne the humoured letter to her; but I have a sword and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is Corporal Nym: I

speak, and I avouch 't is true: my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife. Adieu. I love not the humour of bread and cheese; and there 's the humour of it. Adieu. *Exit.*

*Page.* 'The humour of it, quoth a'! here 's a fellow frights humour out of his wits. 143

*Ford.* I will seek out Falstaff.

*Page.* I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

*Ford.* If I do find it: well.

*Page.* I will not believe such a Cataian, though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man. 150

*Ford.* 'T was a good sensible fellow: well.

*Page.* How now, Meg!

*Mrs. Page.* Whither go you, George? Hark you.

*Mrs. Ford.* How now, sweet Frank! why art thou melancholy?

*Ford.* I melancholy! I am not melancholy. Get you home, go.

*Mrs. Ford.* Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now. Will you go, Mistress Page? 160

*Mrs. Page.* Have with you. You 'll come to dinner, George? *Aside to Mistress Ford.* Look who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

*Mrs. Ford.* Trust me, I thought on her: she 'll fit it.

*Enter Mistress QUICKLY.*

*Mrs. Page.* You are come to see my daughter Anne?

*Quick.* Ay, forsooth: and, I pray, how does good Mistress Anne? 170

*Mrs. Page.* Go in with us and see; we have an hour's talk with you.

*Exeunt Mistress PAGE, Mistress FORD, and Mistress QUICKLY.*

*Page.* How now, Master Ford!

*Ford.* You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

*Page.* Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

*Ford.* Do you think there is truth in them?

*Page.* Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service. 182

*Ford.* Were they his men?

*Page.* Marry, were they.

*Ford.* I like it never the better for that. Does he lie at the Garter?

*Page.* Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head. 191

*Ford.* I do not misdoubt my wife, but I would be loath to turn them together. A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.

*Page.* Look where my ranting host of the Garter comes. There is either liquor in his

pate or money in his purse when he looks so merrily. How now, mine host!

*Enter Host and SHALLOW.*

*Host.* How now, bully-rogue! thou 'rt a gentleman. Cavaleiro-justice, I say. 201

*Shal.* I follow, mine host, I follow. Good even and twenty, good Master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

*Host.* Tell him, cavaleiro-justice; tell him, bully-rogue.

*Shal.* Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh the Welsh priest and Caius the French doctor. 210

*Ford.* Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you.

*Host.* What say'st thou, my bully-rogue? *They go aside.*

*Shal.* To PAGE. Will you go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons, and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

*Host.* Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier? 221

*Ford.* None, I protest; but I 'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him and tell him my name is Brook, only for a jest.

*Host.* My hand, bully: thou shalt have egress and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be Brook. It is a merry knight. Will you go, mynheers?

*Shal.* Have with you, mine host.

*Page.* I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier. 231

*Shal.* Tut, sir! I could have told you more: in these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what: 't is the heart, Master Page; 't is here, 't is here. I have seen the time with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

*Host.* Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

*Page.* Have with you. I had rather hear them scold than fight. 240

*Exeunt Host, SHALLOW, and PAGE.*

*Ford.* Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily. She was in his company at Page's house, and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into 't; and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff. If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 't is labour well bestowed. *Exit.*

SCENE II.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

*Enter FALSTAFF and PISTOL.*

*Fal.* I will not lend thee a penny.

*Pist.* Why, then the world 's mine oyster, Which I with sword will open.

*Fal.* Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn:

I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow Nym; or else you had looked through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damned in hell for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers and tall fellows; and when Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took 't upon mine honour thou hadst it not. 12

*Pist.* Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

*Fal.* Reason, you rogue, reason: thinkst thou I 'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you: go: a short knife and a throng! to your manor of Pickt-hatch! go. You 'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! you stand upon your honour! Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honour precise. I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of God on the left hand and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you! 30

*Pist.* I do relent: what would thou more of man?

*Enter ROBIN.*

*Rob.* Sir, here 's a woman would speak with you.

*Fal.* Let her approach.

*Enter Mistress QUICKLY.*

*Quick.* Give your worship good morrow.

*Fal.* Good morrow, good wife.

*Quick.* Not so, an 't please your worship.

*Fal.* Good maid, then.

*Quick.* I 'll be sworn.

As my mother was, the first hour I was born.

*Fal.* I do believe the swearer. What with me? 40

*Quick.* Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

*Fal.* Two thousand, fair woman; and I 'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

*Quick.* There is one Mistress Ford, sir: I pray, come a little nearer this ways: I myself dwell with Master Doctor Caius.

*Fal.* Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,—

*Quick.* Your worship says very true: I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways. 50

*Fal.* I warrant thee, nobody hears: mine own people, mine own people.

*Quick.* Are they so? God bless them, and make them his servants!

*Fal.* Well: Mistress Ford; what of her?

*Quick.* Why, sir, she 's a good creature. Lord, Lord! your worship 's a wanton! well, heaven forgive you and all of us, I pray!

*Fal.* Mistress Ford; come, Mistress Ford.— 58

*Quick.* Marry, this is the short and the long of it. You have brought her into such

a canaries as 't is wonderful: the best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary; yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches, I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly, all musk, and so rushing, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her. I had myself twenty angels given me this morning; but I defy all angels, in any such sort, as they say, but in the way of honesty: and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all; and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her. 80

*Fal.* But what says she to me? be brief, my good she—Mercury.

*Quick.* Marry, she hath received your letter, for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

*Fal.* Ten and eleven? 88

*Quick.* Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of: Master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; he 's a very jealousy man; she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

*Fal.* Ten and eleven. Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her. 96

*Quick.* Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship: Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too; and let me tell you in your ear, she 's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one, I tell you, that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other: and she bade me tell your worship that her husband is seldom from home; but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man: surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

*Fal.* Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms. 111

*Quick.* Blessing on your heart for 't!

*Fal.* But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife and Page's wife acquainted each other how they love me?

*Quick.* That were a jest indeed! they have not so little grace, I hope: that were a trick indeed! But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves: her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and truly Master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does: do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and, truly she

deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

*Fal.* Why, I will. 128

*Quick.* Nay, but do so, then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and in any case have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand anything: for 't is not good that children should know any wickedness; old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

*Fal.* Fare thee well: commend me to them both. There's my purse; I am yet thy debtor. Boy, go along with this woman.

*Exeunt Mistress QUICKLY and ROBIN.*  
This news distracts me. 140

*Pist.* This punk is one of Cupid's carriers. Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights:

Give fire! She is my prize, or ocean overwhelm them all!

*Fal.* Sayest thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee: let them say 't is grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter. 149

*Enter BARDOLPH.*

*Bard.* Sir John, there's one Master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

*Fal.* Brook is his name?

*Bard.* Ay, sir.

*Fal.* Call him in. *Exit BARDOLPH.*  
Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah, ha! Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, have I encompassed you? go to; *vial!*

*Re-enter BARDOLPH, with FORD disguised.*

*Ford.* Bless you, sir. 160

*Fal.* And you, sir: would you speak with me?

*Ford.* I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

*Fal.* You're welcome. What's your will? Give us leave, drawer. *Exit BARDOLPH.*

*Ford.* Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

*Fal.* Good Master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you. 169

*Ford.* Good Sir John, I sue for yours; not to charge you; for I must let you understand I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are; the which hath something emboldened me to this unseasoned intrusion, for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

*Fal.* Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

*Ford.* Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me; if you will help to bear

it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

*Fal.* Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter. 181

*Ford.* I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

*Fal.* Speak, good Master Brook; I shall be glad to be your servant.

*Ford.* Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you,—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection; but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own, that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

*Fal.* Very well, sir; proceed.

*Ford.* There is a gentlewoman in this town; her husband's name is Ford.

*Fal.* Well, sir. 200

*Ford.* I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance; engrossed opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many to know what she would have given. Briefly, I have pursued her as love hath pursued me, which hath been on the wing of all occasions: but whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind or in my means, need, I am sure, I have received none, unless experience be a jewel that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this: 214

*Love like a shadow flies when substance love pursues;*

*Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.*

*Fal.* Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

*Ford.* Never.

*Fal.* Have you importuned her to such a purpose? 221

*Ford.* Never.

*Fal.* Of what quality was your love then?

*Ford.* Like a fair house built upon another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice by mistaking the place where I erected it.

*Fal.* To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

*Ford.* When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that though she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

*Fal.* O! sir.

*Ford.* Believe it, for you know it. There is money; spend it, spend it: spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

*Fal.* Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

*Ford.* O, understand my drift. She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself: she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too too strongly embattled against me. What say you to 't, Sir John?

*Fal.* Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

*Ford.* O good sir!

*Fal.* I say you shall.

*Ford.* Want no money, Sir John; you shall want none.

*Fal.* Want no Mistress Ford, Master Brook; you shall want none. I shall be with her, I may tell you, by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant or go-between parted from me: I say I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave her husband will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

*Ford.* I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

*Fal.* Hang him, poor cuckoldy knave! I know him not. Yet I wrong him to call him poor: they say the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money, for the which his wife seems to me well-favoured. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldy rogue's coffer, and there's my harvest-home.

*Ford.* I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might avoid him if you saw him.

*Fal.* Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel: it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns. Master Brook, thou shalt know I will pre-dominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife. Come to me soon at night. Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his style; thou, Master Brook, shalt know him for a knave and cuckold. Come to me soon at night.

*Ford.* What a damned Epicurean rascal is this! My heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who says this is improvident

jealousy? my wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made. Would any man have thought this? See the hell of having a false woman! My bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villanous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! Names! Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but Cuckold! Wittol-cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass; he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous: I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, Parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. God be praised for my jealousy! Eleven o'clock the hour: I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold!

*Exit.*

### SCENE III.—Windso Park.

*Enter CAIUS and RUGBY.*

*Caius.* Jack Rugby!

*Rug.* Sir!

*Caius.* Vat is de clock, Jack?

*Rug.* 'T is past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet.

*Caius.* By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come: he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come. By gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

*Rug.* He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came.

*Caius.* By gar, de herring is no dead so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

*Rug.* Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

*Caius.* Villany, take your rapier.

*Rug.* Forbear; here's company.

*Enter Host, SHALLOW, SLENDER, and PAGE.*

*Host.* Bless thee, bully doctor!

*Shal.* Save you, Master Doctor Caius!

*Page.* Now, good Master doctor!

*Slen.* Give you good morrow, sir.

*Caius.* Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

*Host.* To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse; to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully stale? is he dead?

*Caius.* By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de world; he is not show his face.

*Host.* Thou art a Castilian, King Urinal: Hector of Greece, my boy!

*Caius.* I pray you, bear witness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

*Shal.* He is the wiser man, Master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions. Is it not true, Master Page? 42

*Page.* Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

*Shal.* Bodykins, Master Page, though I now be old and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one. Though we are justices and doctors and churchmen, Master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, Master Page. 51

*Page.* 'T is true, Master Shallow.

*Shal.* It will be found so, Master Page. Master Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace: you have showed yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath sworn himself a wise and patient churchman. You must go with me, Master doctor.

*Host.* Pardon, guest-justice: a word, Mounsieur Mock-water. 60

*Caius.* Mock-vater! vat is dat?

*Host.* Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

*Caius.* By gar, den I have as mush mock-vater as de Englishman. Scurvy jack-dog priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

*Host.* He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

*Caius.* Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat? 69

*Host.* That is, he will make thee amends.

*Caius.* By gar, me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

*Host.* And I will provoke him to 't, or let him wag.

*Caius.* Me tank you for dat.

*Host.* And moreover, bully,—but first, Master guest, and Master Page, and eke Cavaleiro Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore. Aside to them.

*Page.* Sir Hugh is there, is he? 79

*Host.* He is there: see what humour he is in, and I will bring the doctor about by the fields. Will it do well?

*Shal.* We will do it.

*Page, Shal. and Slen.* Adieu, good Master doctor.

*Exeunt PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.*  
*Caius.* By gar, me vill kill de priest, for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

*Host.* Let him die. Sheathe thy impatience: throw cold water on thy choler. Go about the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is, at a farmhouse a-feasting, and thou shalt woo her. Cried I aim? said I well? 92

*Caius.* By gar, me tank you vor dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

*Host.* For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page: said I well?

*Caius.* By gar, 't is good; vell said. 100

*Host.* Let us wag then.

*Caius.* Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. Exeunt.

## ACT III

## SCENE I.—A Field near Frogmore.

*Enter Sir HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.*

*Evans.* I pray you now, good Master Slender's servingman, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for Master Caius, that calls himself doctor of physic?

*Sim.* Marry, sir, the pitty-ward, the parkward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

*Evans.* I most fehemently desire you you will also look that way.

*Sim.* I will, sir.

*Evans.* Pless my soul! how full of cholers I am, and tremping of mind! I shall be glad if he have deceived me. How melancholies I am! I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard when I have good opportunities for the ork: pless my soul! Retiring. 10

*Sings.*

*To shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals;  
There will we make our beds of roses,  
And a thousand fragrant posies. 20  
To shallow—*

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.

*Melodious birds sing madrigals;—  
When as I sat in Pabulon,—  
And a thousand vagram posies.  
To shallow—*

*Sim.* Coming forward. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.

*Evans.* He's welcome.

*To shallow rivers, to whose falls—*

Heaven prosper the right! What weapons is he? 30

*Sim.* No weapons, sir. There comes my master, Master Shallow, and another gentleman, from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

*Evans.* Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

*Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.*

*Shal.* How now, Master parson! Good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful. ■

*Slen. Aside.* Ah, sweet Anne Page! 40

*Page.* Save you, good Sir Hugh!

*Evans.* Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you!

*Shal.* What, the sword and the word! do you study them both, Master parson?

*Page.* And youthful still in your doublet and hose! this raw rheumatic day!

*Evans.* There is reasons and causes for it.

*Page.* We are come to you to do a good office, Master parson. 50

*Evans.* Fery well: what is it?

*Page.* Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience that ever you saw.

*Shal.* I have lived fourscore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

*Evans.* What is he? 59

*Page.* I think you know him; Master Doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

*Evans.* Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

*Page.* Why?

*Evans.* He has no more knowledge in Hibbocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

*Page.* I warrant you, he 's the man should fight with him. 71

*Slen. Aside.* O! sweet Anne Page.

*Shal.* It appears so by his weapons. Keep them asunder: here comes Doctor Caius.

*Enter Host, CAIUS, and RUGBY.*

*Page.* Nay, good Master parson, keep in your weapon.

*Shal.* So do you, good Master doctor.

*Host.* Disarm them, and let them question: let them keep their limbs whole and hack our English. 89

*Caius.* I pray you, let-a me speak a word vit your ear: verefore vill you not meet-a me?

*Evans. Aside to CAIUS.* Pray you, use your patience: in good time.

*Caius.* By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

*Evans. Aside to CAIUS.* Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours: I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends.

*Aloud.* I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogscorb for missing your meetings and appointments. 92

*Caius. Diable!* Jack Rugby; mine host de Jartiere; have I not stay for him to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

*Evans.* As I am a Christians soul now, look you, this is the place appointed. I'll be judgment by mine host of the Garter.

*Host.* Peace, I say! Gallia and Gualia, French and Welsh, soul-curer and body-curer. 100

*Caius.* Ay, dat is very good: excellent.

*Host.* Peace, I say! hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my parson, my priest, my Sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the noverbs. Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so. Give me thy hand, celestial; so. Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue. Come, lay their swords to pawn. Follow me, lads of peace; follow, follow, follow. 114

*Shal.* Trust me, a mad host. Follow, gentlemen, follow.

*Slen. Aside.* O! sweet Anne Page.

*Exeunt SHALLOW, SLENDER, PAGE, and Host.*

*Caius.* Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot of us? ha, ha!

*Evans.* This is well; he has made us his vlouting-stog. I desire you that we may be friends, and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scall, scurvy, cogging companion, the host of the Garter.

*Caius.* By gar, vit all my heart. He promise to bring me vere is Anne Page: by gar, he deceive me too.

*Evans.* Well, I will smite his noddles. Pray you, follow. *Exeunt.* 129

SCENE II.—A Street in Windsor.

*Enter Mistress PAGE and ROBIN.*

*Mrs. Page.* Nay, keep your way, little gallant: you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

*Rob.* I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man than follow him like a dwarf.

*Mrs. Page.* O! you are a flattering boy: now I see you 'll be a courtier.

*Enter FORD.*

*Ford.* Well met, Mistress Page. Whither go you? 10

*Mrs. Page.* Truly, sir, to see your wife: is she at home?

*Ford.* Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company. I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

*Mrs. Page.* Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

*Ford.* Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

*Mrs. Page.* I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of. What do you call your knight's name, sirrah? 21

*Rob.* Sir John Falstaff.

*Ford.* Sir John Falstaff!

*Mrs. Page.* He, he; I can never hit on 's name. There is such a league between my good man and he! Is your wife at home indeed?

*Ford.* Indeed she is.  
*Mrs. Page.* By your leave, sir: I am sick till I see her.

*Exeunt Mistress PAGE and ROBIN.*

*Ford.* Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind: and Falstaff's boy with her! Good plots! They are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming Mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim.

*Clock strikes.*

The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there I shall find Falstaff. I shall be rather praised for this than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm that Falstaff is there: I will go.

50

*Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, Host, Sir HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, and RUGBY.*

*Page, Shal., etc.* Well met, Master Ford.

*Ford.* Trust me, a good knot. I have good cheer at home, and I pray you all go with me.

*Shal.* I must excuse myself, Master Ford.

*Slen.* And so must I, sir: we have appointed to dine with Mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

*Shal.* We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

60

*Slen.* I hope I have your good will, father Page.

*Page.* You have, Master Slender; I stand wholly for you: but my wife, Master doctor, is for you altogether.

*Caius.* Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a me: my nursh-a. Quickly tell me so much.

*Host.* What say you to young Master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May: he will carry 't, he will carry 't; 't is in his buttons; he will carry 't.

71

*Page.* Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having: he kept company with the wild prince and Poins; he is of too high a region; he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

79

*Ford.* I beseech you heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you

a monster. Master doctor, you shall go; so shall you, Master Page; and you, Sir Hugh.

*Shal.* Well, fare you well: we shall have the freer wooing at Master Page's.

*Exeunt SHALLOW and SLENDER, CAIUS.* Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

*Exit RUGBY.*  
*Host.* Farewell, my hearts. I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him.

*Exit.* 89  
*Ford. Aside.* I think I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

*All.* Have with you to see this monster.  
*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.—A Room in FORD'S House.

*Enter Mistress FORD and Mistress PAGE.*

*Mrs. Ford.* What, John! what; Robert!  
*Mrs. Page.* Quickly, quickly! Is the buck-basket—

*Mrs. Ford.* I warrant. What, Robin, I say!

*Enter Servants with a basket.*

*Mrs. Page.* Come, come, come.

*Mrs. Ford.* Here, set it down.

*Mrs. Page.* Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

*Mrs. Ford.* Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and without any pause or staggering, take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whistlers in Datchet-mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the Thames side.

*Mrs. Page.* You will do it?

*Mrs. Ford.* I have told them over and over; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are called.

*Exeunt Servants.* 20

*Mrs. Page.* Here comes little Robin.

*Enter ROBIN.*

*Mrs. Ford.* How now, my eyas-musket! what news with you?

*Rob.* My master, Sir John, is come in at your back-door, Mistress Ford, and requests your company.

*Mrs. Page.* You little Jack-a-Lent, have you been true to us?

*Rob.* Ay, I'll be sworn. My master knows not of your being here and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty if I tell you of it, for he swears he'll turn me away.

32  
*Mrs. Page.* Thou'rt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. I'll go hide me.

*Mrs. Ford.* Do so. Go tell thy master I am alone.

*Exit ROBIN.*  
 Mistress Page, remember you your cue.

*Mrs. Page.* I warrant thee: if I do not act it, hiss me. *Exit.* 42

*Mrs. Ford.* Go to, then: we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpon; we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

*Enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* 'Have I caught my heavenly jewel?' Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough: this is the period of my ambition. O this blessed hour!

*Mrs. Ford.* O sweet Sir John!

*Fal.* Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead. I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady. 54

*Mrs. Ford.* I your lady, Sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

*Fal.* Let the court of France show me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance. 61

*Mrs. Ford.* A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

*Fal.* By the Lord, thou art a tyrant to say so: thou would'st make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend: come, thou canst not hide it. 71

*Mrs. Ford.* Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

*Fal.* What made me love thee? let that persuade thee there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lispng hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple-time: I cannot; but I love thee, none but thee, and thou deservest it. 81

*Mrs. Ford.* Do not betray me, sir. I fear you love Mistress Page.

*Fal.* Thou mightst as well say I love to walk by the Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

*Mrs. Ford.* Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

*Fal.* Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, I must tell you, so you do, or else I could not be in that mind. 91

*Rob. Within.* Mistress Ford! Mistress Ford! here's Mistress Page at the door, sweating and blowing and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

*Fal.* She shall not see me. I will en-sconce me behind the arras.

*Mrs. Ford.* Pray you, do so; she's a very tattling woman.

*FALSTAFF hides himself.*

*Re-enter Mistress PAGE and ROBIN.*

What's the matter? how now! *Low noise.* 100

*Mrs. Page.* O Mistress Ford! what have you done? You're shamed, you are overthrown, you're undone for ever!

*Mrs. Ford.* What's the matter, good Mistress Page?

*Mrs. Page.* O well-a-day, Mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion! 109

*Mrs. Ford.* What cause of suspicion?

*Mrs. Page.* What cause of suspicion! Out upon you! how am I mistook in you!

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, alas! what's the matter?

*Mrs. Page.* Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman that he says is here now in the house by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence. You are undone.

*Mrs. Ford.* 'T is not so, I hope. 117

*Mrs. Page.* Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here! but 't is most certain your husband's coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one: I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you: defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever. 127

*Mrs. Ford.* What shall I do? There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house. 131

*Mrs. Page.* For shame! never stand 'you had rather,' and 'you had rather': your husband's here at hand; bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him. O! how have you deceived me. Look, here is a basket: if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or, it is whiting-time, send him by your two men to Datchet-mead. 141

*Mrs. Ford.* He's too big to go in there. What shall I do?

*Re-enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* Let me see 't, let me see 't! O! let me see 't. I'll in. Follow your friend's counsel. I'll in.

*Mrs. Page.* What! Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

*Fal.* I love thee: help me away; let me creep in here; I'll never— 150

*He gets into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.*

*Mrs. Page.* Help to cover your master, boy. Call your men, Mistress Ford. You dissembling knight!

*Mrs. Ford.* What, John! Robert! John! *Exit ROBIN.*

*Re-enter Servants.*

Go take up these clothes here quickly; where's the cowl-staff? look, how you drumble: carry them to the laundress in Datchet-mead; quickly, come. 159

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and Sir HUGH EVANS.

*Ford.* Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest; I deserve it. How now! whither bear you this? 162

*Serv.* To the laundress, forsooth.

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

*Ford.* Buck! I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck! Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck, and of the season too, it shall appear. 170

*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*

Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night: I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers; search, seek, find out: I'll warrant we'll unkennel the fox. Let me stop this way first:

*Locking the door.*

so, now uncape.

*Page.* Good Master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

*Ford.* True, Master Page. Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. 180

*Evans.* This is a fery fantastical humours and jealousies.

*Caius.* By gar, 't is no de fashion of France: it is not jealous in France.

*Page.* Nay, follow him, gentlemen: see the issue of his search.

*Exeunt PAGE, CAIUS, and EVANS.*

*Mrs. Page.* Is there not a double excellency in this?

*Mrs. Ford.* I know not which please me better; that my husband is deceived, or Sir John. 190

*Mrs. Page.* What a taking was he in when your husband asked who was in the basket!

*Mrs. Ford.* I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

*Mrs. Page.* Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

*Mrs. Ford.* I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now. 201

*Mrs. Page.* I will lay a plot to try that; and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

*Mrs. Ford.* Shall we send that foolish carrion, Mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment? 208

*Mrs. Page.* We'll do it: let him be sent for to-morrow, eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and Sir HUGH EVANS.

*Ford.* I cannot find him: may be the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

*Mrs. Page.* Heard you that?

*Mrs. Ford.* You use me well, Master Ford, do you?

*Ford.* Ay, I do so.

*Mrs. Ford.* Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

*Ford.* Amen! 220

*Mrs. Page.* You do yourself mighty wrong, Master Ford.

*Ford.* Ay, ay; I must bear it.

*Evans.* If there be any body in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

*Caius.* By gar, nor I too, dere is no bodies.

*Page.* Fie, fie, Master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not ha' your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

*Ford.* 'T is my fault, Master Page: I suffer for it. 234

*Evans.* You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a oman as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

*Caius.* By gar, I see 't is an honest woman.

*Ford.* Well; I promised you a dinner. Come, come, walk in the Park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this. Come, wife; come, Mistress Page: I pray you pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me. 243

*Page.* Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a-birding together: I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?

*Ford.* Any thing.

*Evans.* If there is one, I shall make two in the company. 251

*Caius.* If dere be one or two, I shall make-a de turd.

*Ford.* Pray you, go, Master Page.

*Evans.* I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

*Caius.* Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

*Evans.* A lousy knave! to have his gibes and his mockeries! *Exeunt.* 260

SCENE IV.—A Room in PAGE'S House.

Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE.

*Fent.* I see I cannot get thy father's love; Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

*Anne.* Alas! how then?

*Fent.* Why, thou must be thyself. He doth object I am too great of birth, And that my state being gall'd with my expense,

I seek to heal it only by his wealth. Besides these, other bars he lays before me, My riots past, my wild societies;

And tells me 't is a thing impossible I should love thee but as a property. 10

*Anne.* May be he tells you true.

*Fent.* No, heaven so speed me in my time to come!

Albeit I will confess thy father's wealth

Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne: Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value Than stamps in gold or sums in sealed bags; And 't is the very riches of thyself That now I aim at.

*Anne.* Gentle Master Fenton, Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir: If opportunity and humblest suit  
20  
Cannot attain it, why, then,—hark you hither! *They converse apart.*

*Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, and Mistress QUICKLY.*

*Shal.* Break their talk, Mistress Quickly: my kinsman shall speak for himself.

*Slen.* I'll make a shaft or a bolt on 't. 'Slid, 't is but venturing.

*Shal.* Be not dismayed.

*Slen.* No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that, but that I am afraid.

*Quick.* Hark ye; Master Slender would speak a word with you.

*Anne.* I come to him. *Aside.* This is my father's choice.

O! what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year.

*Quick.* And how does good Master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

*Shal.* She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

*Slen.* I had a father, Mistress Anne; my uncle can tell you good jests of him. Pray you, uncle, tell Mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

*Shal.* Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

*Slen.* Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Glostershire.

*Shal.* He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

*Slen.* Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a squire.

*Shal.* He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

*Anne.* Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

*Shal.* Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

*Anne.* Now, Master Slender.

*Slen.* Now, good Mistress Anne.

*Anne.* What is your will?

*Slen.* My will? od's heartlings! that's a pretty jest, indeed; I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

*Anne.* I mean, Master Slender, what would you with me?

*Slen.* Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you. Your father and my uncle have made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go better than I can: you may ask your father; here he comes.

*Enter PAGE and Mistress PAGE.*

*Page.* Now, Master Slender! love him, daughter Anne.

Why, how now! what does Master Fenton here?

You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house:

I told you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

*Fent.* Nay, Master Page, be not impatient.

*Mrs. Page.* Good Master Fenton, come not to my child.

*Page.* She is no match for you.

*Fent.* Sir, will you hear me?

*Page.* No, good Master Fenton. Come, Master Shallow; come, son Slender, in. Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton.

*Exeunt PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.*

*Quick.* Speak to Mistress Page.

*Fent.* Good Mistress Page, for that I love your daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do,

Perforce, against all checks, rebukes and manners,

I must advance the colours of my love

And not retire: let me have your good will.

*Anne.* Good mother, do not marry me to yond fool.

*Mrs. Page.* I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

*Quick.* That's my master, Master doctor.

*Anne.* Alas! I had rather be set quick i' the earth,

And bowl'd to death with turnips.

*Mrs. Page.* Come, trouble not yourself.

Good Master Fenton,

I will not be your friend nor enemy:

My daughter will I question how she loves you,

And as I find her, so am I affected.

Till then, farewell, sir: she must needs go in;

Her father will be angry.

*Fent.* Farewell, gentle mistress. Farewell, Nan.

*Exeunt Mistress PAGE and ANNE.*

*Quick.* This is my doing, now. 'Nay,' said I, 'will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? Look on Master Fenton.' This is my doing.

*Fent.* I thank thee: and I pray thee, once to-night

Give my sweet Nan this ring. There's for thy pains.

*Quick.* Now heaven send thee good fortune!

*Exit FENTON.*

A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet I would my master had Mistress Anne; or I would Master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would Master Fenton had her. I will do what I can for them all three, for so I have promised, and I'll be as good as my word; but speciously for Master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses: what a beast am I to slack it!

*Exit. 115*

SCENE V.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

*Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*

*Fal.* Bardolph, I say,—

*Bard.* Here, sir.

*Fal.* Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in 't.

*Exit BARDOLPH.*  
Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a blind bitch's puppies, fifteen i' the litter; and you may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking: if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drowned but that the shore was shelvy and shallow; a death that I abhor, for the water swells a man, and what a thing should I have been when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy. 20

*Re-enter BARDOLPH with sack.*

*Bard.* Here's Mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

*Fal.* Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water, for my belly's as cold as if I had swallowed snowballs for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

*Bard.* Come in, woman.

*Enter Mistress QUICKLY.*

*Quick.* By your leave. I cry you mercy: give your worship good morrow.

*Fal.* Take away these chalices. Go brew me a pottle of sack finely. 30

*Bard.* With eggs, sir?

*Fal.* Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage. *Exit BARDOLPH.*  
How now!

*Quick.* Marry, sir, I come to your worship from Mistress Ford.

*Fal.* Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough; I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.

*Quick.* Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection. 41

*Fal.* So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

*Quick.* Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a-birding: she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine. I must carry her word quickly: she'll make you amends, I warrant you. 49

*Fal.* Well, I will visit her: tell her so; and bid her think what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

*Quick.* I will tell her.

*Fal.* Do so. Between nine and ten, sayest thou?

*Quick.* Eight and nine, sir.

*Fal.* Well, be gone; I will not miss her.

*Quick.* Peace be with you, sir. *Exit.*

*Fal.* I marvel I hear not of Master Brook; he sent me word to stay within. I like his money well. O! here he comes. 50

*Enter FORD.*

*Ford.* Bless you, sir!

*Fal.* Now, Master Brook; you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife?

*Ford.* That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

*Fal.* Master Brook, I will not lie to you. I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

*Ford.* And sped you, sir?

*Fal.* Very ill-favourably, Master Brook.

*Ford.* How so, sir? Did she change her determination? 70

*Fal.* No, Master Brook; but the peaking Cornuto her husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a continual alarm of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

*Ford.* What, while you were there? 80

*Fal.* While I was there.

*Ford.* And did he search for you, and could not find you?

*Fal.* You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, in her invention and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

*Ford.* A buck-basket! 89

*Fal.* By the Lord, a buck-basket! rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, greasy napkins; that, Master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villanous smell that ever offended nostril.

*Ford.* And how long lay you there? 95

*Fal.* Nay, you shall hear, Master Brook, what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door, who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket. I quaked for fear lest the lunatic knave would have searched it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well; on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, Master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether; next, to be compassed, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that, a man of my kidney, think of that; that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw: it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more

than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that, hissing hot, think of that, Master Brook. 124

*Ford.* In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit then is desperate; you 'll undertake her no more?

*Fal.* Master Brook, I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook.

*Ford.* 'T is past eight already, sir. 134  
*Fal.* Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed, and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her: adieu. You shall have her, Master Brook; Master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. *Exit.* 143

*Ford.* Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake! awake, Master Ford! there's a hole made in your best coat, Master Ford. This 't is to be married: this 't is to have linen and buck-baskets. Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house; he cannot 'scape me; 't is impossible he should; he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box; but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me: I 'll be horn-mad. 155  
*Exit.*

## ACT IV

## SCENE I.—The Street.

*Enter* Mistress PAGE, Mistress QUICKLY, and WILLIAM.

*Mrs. Page.* Is he at Master Ford's already, thinkest thou?

*Quick.* Sure he is by this, or will be presently; but truly, he is very courageous mad about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

*Mrs. Page.* I'll be with her by and by: I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes; 't is a playing-day, I see.

*Enter* Sir HUGH EVANS.

How now, Sir Hugh! no school to-day? 10  
*Evans.* No; Master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

*Quick.* Blessing of his heart!

*Mrs. Page.* Sir Hugh, my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book: I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

*Evans.* Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

*Mrs. Page.* Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid. 20

*Evans.* William, how many numbers is in nouns?

*Will.* Two.

*Quick.* Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, 'Od's nouns.'

*Evans.* Peace your tattlings! What is fair, William?

*Will.* *Pulcher.*

*Quick.* Polecats! there are fairer things than polecats, sure. 30

*Evans.* You are a very simplicity oman: I pray you, peace. What is *lapis*, William?

*Will.* A stone.

*Evans.* And what is a stone, William?

*Will.* A pebble.

*Evans.* No, it is *lapis*: I pray you remember in your prain.

*Will.* *Lapis.*

*Evans.* That is good, William. What is he, William, that does lend articles? 40

*Will.* Articles are borrowed of the pronoun, and be thus declined, *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, haec, hoc.*

*Evans.* *Nominativo, hig, hag, hog*; pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus.* Well, what is your accusative case?

*Will.* *Accusativo, hinc.*

*Evans.* I pray you, have your remembrance, child: *accusativo, hung, hang, hog.*

*Quick.* Hang-hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you. 51

*Evans.* Leave your prabbles, oman. What is the focative case, William?

*Will.* *O vocative, O.*

*Evans.* Remember, William; focative is caret.

*Quick.* And that's a good root.

*Evans.* Oman, forbear.

*Mrs. Page.* Peace!

*Evans.* What is your genitive case plural, William? 60

*Will.* Genitive case?

*Evans.* Ay.

*Will.* Genitive, *horum, harum, horum.*

*Quick.* Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her! Never name her, child, if she be a whore.

*Evans.* For shame, oman!

*Quick.* You do ill to teach the child such words. He teaches him to hick and to hack, which they 'll do fast enough of themselves, and to call 'horum,' fie upon you! 70

*Evans.* Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires.

*Mrs. Page.* Prithee, hold thy peace.

*Evans.* Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

*Will.* Forsooth, I have forgot.

*Evans.* It is *qui, quae, quod*; if you forget your *quies*, your *quaes*, and your *quods*, you must be preeches. Go your ways and play; go. 84

*Mrs. Page.* He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

*Evans.* He is a good sprag memory. Farewell, Mistress Page.

*Mrs. Page.* Adieu, good Sir Hugh.  
*Exit Sir HUGH.*  
Get you home, boy. Come, we stay too long.  
*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Room in FORD'S House.

*Enter FALSTAFF and Mistress FORD.*

*Fal.* Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance. I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, Mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

*Mrs. Ford.* He's a-birding, sweet Sir John.

*Mrs. Page.* Within. What ho! gossip Ford! what ho!

*Mrs. Ford.* Step into the chamber, Sir John.  
*Exit FALSTAFF.*

*Enter Mistress PAGE.*

*Mrs. Page.* How now, sweetheart! who's at home besides yourself?

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, none but mine own people.

*Mrs. Page.* Indeed!

*Mrs. Ford.* No certainly. *Aside.* Speak louder.

*Mrs. Page.* Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

*Mrs. Ford.* Why?

*Mrs. Page.* Why, woman, your husband is in his old luns again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, 'Peer out, peer out!' that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but tameness, civility and patience, to this his distemper he is in now. I am glad the fat knight is not here.

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, does he talk of him?

*Mrs. Page.* Of none but him; and swears he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket: protests to my husband he is now here, and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from his sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion. But I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

*Mrs. Ford.* How near is he, Mistress Page?

*Mrs. Page.* Hard by; at street end; he will be here anon.

*Mrs. Ford.* I am undone! the knight is here.

*Mrs. Page.* Why then you are utterly shamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you! Away with him, away with him! better shame than murder.

*Mrs. Ford.* Which way should he go?

how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

*Re-enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* No, I'll come no more i' the basket. May I not go out ere he come?

*Mrs. Page.* Alas! three of Master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?

*Fal.* What shall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.

*Mrs. Ford.* There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces.

*Mrs. Page.* Creep into the kiln-hole.

*Fal.* Where is it?

*Mrs. Ford.* He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: there is no hiding you in the house.

*Fal.* I'll go out then.

*Mrs. Page.* If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguised,—

*Mrs. Ford.* How might we disguise him?

*Mrs. Page.* Alas the day! I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler and a kerchief, and so escape.

*Fal.* Good hearts, devise something: any extremity rather than a mischief.

*Mrs. Ford.* My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

*Mrs. Page.* On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is: and there's her thrummed hat and her muffler too. Run up, Sir John.

*Mrs. Ford.* Go, go, sweet Sir John: Mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

*Mrs. Page.* Quick, quick! we'll come dress you straight; put on the gown the while.

*Exit FALSTAFF.*  
*Mrs. Ford.* I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears she's a witch; forbade her my house and hath threatened to beat her.

*Mrs. Page.* Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

*Mrs. Ford.* But is my husband coming?

*Mrs. Page.* Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

*Mrs. Ford.* We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

*Mrs. Page.* Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

*Mrs. Ford.* I'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up; I'll bring linen for him straight.

*Exit.*

*Mrs. Page.* Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough. 105  
 We 'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,  
 Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:  
 We do not act that often jest and laugh;  
 'T is old but true, 'Still swine eat all the draff.' *Exit.*

*Re-enter Mistress FORD with two Servants.*

*Mrs. Ford.* Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders: your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him. Quickly; dispatch. *Exit.*

*First Serv.* Come, come, take it up.

*Second Serv.* Pray heaven it be not full of knight again. 116

*First Serv.* I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

*Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, and Sir HUGH EVANS.*

*Ford.* Ay, but if it prove true, Master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again? Set down the basket, villains. Somebody call my wife. Youth in a basket! O you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me: now shall the devil be shamed. What, wife, I say! Come, come forth! Behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching!

*Page.* Why, this passes, Master Ford; you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinioned. 129

*Evans.* Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

*Shal.* Indeed, Master Ford, this is not well, indeed.

*Ford.* So say I too, sir.

*Re-enter Mistress FORD.*

Come hither, Mistress Ford; Mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband! I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

*Mrs. Ford.* Heaven be my witness you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty. 140

*Ford.* Well said, brazen-face! hold it out. Come forth, sirrah!

*Pulls the clothes out of the basket.*

*Page.* This passes!

*Mrs. Ford.* Are you not ashamed? Let the clothes alone.

*Ford.* I shall find you anon.

*Evans.* 'T is unreasonable. Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

*Ford.* Empty the basket, I say!

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, man, why? 150

*Ford.* Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket: why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable. Pluck me out all the linen.

*Mrs. Ford.* If you find a man there he shall die a flea's death.

*Page.* Here 's no man.

*Shal.* By my fidelity, this is not well, Master Ford; this wrongs you. 161

*Evans.* Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

*Ford.* Well, he's not here I seek for.

*Page.* No, nor nowhere else but in your brain.

*Ford.* Help to search my house this one time: if I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity; let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, 'As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman.' Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

*Mrs. Ford.* What ho, Mistress Page! come you and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

*Ford.* Old woman! What old woman's that?

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford. 179

*Ford.* A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this is, beyond our element: we know nothing. Come down, you witch, you hag you; come down, I say!

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, good, sweet husband! Good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman. 190

*Re-enter FALSTAFF in woman's clothes, led by Mistress PAGE.*

*Mrs. Page.* Come, Mother Prat; come, give me your hand.

*Ford.* I'll prat her. Out of my door, you witch, *Beats him.*

you hag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon! out, out! I 'll conjure you, I 'll fortune-tell you. *Exit FALSTAFF.*

*Mrs. Page.* Are you not ashamed? I think you have killed the poor woman.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, he will do it. 'T is a goodly credit for you. 200

*Ford.* Hang her, witch!

*Evans.* By yea and no, I think the oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler.

*Ford.* Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow: see but the issue of my jealousy. If I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

*Page.* Let's obey his humour a little further. Come, gentlemen. 211

*Exeunt FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, and EVANS.*

*Mrs. Page.* Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, me-thought.

*Mrs. Page.* I'll have the cudgel hallowed

and hung o'er the altar: it hath done meritorious service.

*Mrs. Ford.* What think you? May we, with the warrant of womanhood and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge? 222

*Mrs. Page.* The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him: if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

*Mrs. Ford.* Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

*Mrs. Page.* Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers. 234

*Mrs. Ford.* I'll warrant they'll have him publicly shamed, and methinks there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed.

*Mrs. Page.* Come, to the forge with it then; shape it: I would not have things cool. *Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

*Enter Host and BARDOLPH.*

*Bard.* Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

*Host.* What duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court. Let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English?

*Bard.* Ay, sir; I'll call them to you. 9

*Host.* They shall have my horses, but I'll make them pay; I'll sauce them: they have had my house a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off; I'll sauce them. *Come. Exeunt.*

### SCENE IV.—A Room in FORD'S House.

*Enter PAGE, FORD, Mistress PAGE, Mistress FORD, and Sir HUGH EVANS.*

*Evans.* 'T is one of the pest discretions of a oman as ever I did look upon.

*Page.* And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

*Mrs. Page.* Within a quarter of an hour.

*Ford.* Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt;

I rather will suspect the sun with cold Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour stand,

In him that was of late an heretic,

As firm as faith.

*Page.* 'T is well, 't is well; no more. 10  
Be not as extreme in submission

As in offence;

But let our plot go forward: let our wives Yet once again, to make us public sport, Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow; Where we may take him and disgrace him for it.

*Ford.* There is no better way than that they spoke of.

*Page.* How? to send him word they'll meet him in the Park at midnight? Fie, fie! he'll never come. 20

*Evans.* You say he has been thrown in the rivers, and has been grievously peaten as an old oman: methinks there should be terrors in him that he should not come; methinks his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

*Page.* So think I too.

*Mrs. Ford.* Devise but how you'll use him when he comes,

And let us two devise to bring him thither.

*Mrs. Page.* There is an old tale goes that Herne the hunter,

Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest, 29  
Doth all the winter-time, at still midnight, Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;

And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle,

And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain

In a most hideous and dreadful manner: You have heard of such a spirit, and well you know

The superstitious idle-headed eld Received and did deliver to our age

This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

*Page.* Why, yet there want not many that do fear 39

In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak. But what of this?

*Mrs. Ford.* Marry, this is our device; That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,

Disguis'd like Herne with huge horns on his head.

*Page.* Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come:

And in this shape when you have brought him thither,

What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

*Mrs. Page.* That likewise have we thought upon, and thus:

Nan Page my daughter, and my little son, And three or four more of their growth,

we'll dress Like urchins, ouphes and fairies, green and white, 49

With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads And rattles in their hands. Upon a sudden,

As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met, Let them from forth a sawpit rush at once

With some diffused song: upon their sight, We two in great amazedness will fly:

Then let them all encircle him about, And, fairy-like, to pinch the unclean knight;

And ask him why, that hour of fairy revel, In their so sacred paths he dares to tread

In shape profane.

*Mrs. Ford.* And till he tell the truth, 60  
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound

And burn him with their tapers.

*Mrs. Page.* The truth being known.

We'll all present ourselves, dis-horn the spirit,

And mock him home to Windsor.

*Ford.* The children must be practised well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

*Evans.* I will teach the children their behaviours; I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my taber.

*Ford.* That will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards. 70

*Mrs. Page.* My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,

Finely attired in a robe of white.

*Page.* That silk will I go buy. *Aside.* And in that tire

Shall Master Slender steal my Nan away, And marry her at Eton. Go send to Falstaff straight.

*Ford.* Nay, I'll to him again in name of Brook;

He'll tell me all his purpose. Sure, he'll come.

*Mrs. Page.* Fear not you that. Go get us properties

And tricking for our fairies.

*Evans.* Let us about it: it is admirable pleasures and fery honest knaveries. 81

*Exeunt PAGE, FORD, and EVANS.*

*Mrs. Page.* Go, Mistress Ford, Send Quickly to Sir John, to know his mind.

*Exit Mistress FORD.*

I'll to the doctor: he hath my good will, And none but he, to marry with Nan Page. That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot; And he my husband best of all affects: The doctor is well money'd, and his friends Potent at court: he, none but he, shall have her,

Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her. *Exit.* 90

SCENE V.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

*Enter Host and SIMPLE.*

*Host.* What would'st thou have, boor? what, thickskin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

*Sim.* Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff from Master Slender.

*Host.* There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed and truckle-bed: 't is painted about with the story of the Prodigal, fresh and new. Go knock and call: he'll speak like an Anthropophaginian unto thee: knock, I say. 11

*Sim.* There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber: I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she comes down; I come to speak with her, indeed.

*Host.* Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robbed: I'll call. Bully knight! Bully Sir John! speak from thy lungs military: art thou there? it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

*Fal. Above.* How now, mine host! 20

*Host.* Here's a Bohemian-Tartar carries the coming down of thy fat woman. Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable: fie! privacy? fie!

*Enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me, but she's gone.

*Sim.* Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman of Brentford?

*Fal.* Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell: what would you with her? 30

*Sim.* My master, sir, Master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go through the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain or no.

*Fal.* I spake with the old woman about it.

*Sim.* And what says she, I pray, sir?

*Fal.* Marry she says that the very same man that beguiled Master Slender of his chain cozened him of it. 39

*Sim.* I would I could have spoken with the woman herself: I had other things to have spoken with her too from him.

*Fal.* What are they? let us know.

*Host.* Ay, come; quick.

*Sim.* I may not conceal them, sir.

*Host.* Conceal them, or thou diest.

*Sim.* Why, sir, they were nothing but about Mistress Anne Page; to know if it were my master's fortune to have her or no.

*Fal.* 'T is, 't is his fortune. 50

*Sim.* What, sir?

*Fal.* To have her, or no. Go; say the woman told me so.

*Sim.* May I be bold to say so, sir?

*Fal.* Ay, sir: like who more bold.

*Sim.* I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. *Exit.*

*Host.* Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, Sir John. Was there a wise woman with thee?

*Fal.* Ay, that there was, mine host; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning. 62

*Enter BARDOLPH.*

*Bard.* Out, alas, sir! cozenage, mere cozenage!

*Host.* Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

*Bard.* Run away with the cozeners; for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off from behind one of them in a slough of mire; and set spurs and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses. 71

*Host.* They are gone but to meet the duke, villain. Do not say they be fled: Germans are honest men.

*Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.*

*Evans.* Where is mine host?

*Host.* What is the matter, sir?

*Evans.* Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me there is three cozen-germans that has cozened all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good will, look you: you are wise and full of gibes and vouting-stogs, and 't is not convenient you should be cozened. Fare you well. *Exit.*

*Enter Doctor CAIUS.*

*Caius.* Vere is mine host de *Jartiere*?

*Host.* Here, Master doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.

*Caius.* I cannot tell vat is dat; but it is tell-a me dat you make grand preparation for a Duke de *Jarmany*: by my trot, dere is no duke dat de court is know to come. I tell you for good vill: adieu. *Exit.* 91

*Host.* Hue and cry, villain! go. Assist me, knight; I am undone. Fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone!

*Exeunt Host and BARDOLPH.*

*Fal.* I would all the world might be cozened, for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me: I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits till I were as crestfallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I forswore myself at primero. Well, if my mind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent. 105

*Enter Mistress QUICKLY.*

Now, whence come you?

*Quick.* From the two parties, forsooth.

*Fal.* The devil take one party and his dam the other! and so they shall be both bestowed. I have suffered more for their sakes, more than the villanous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

*Quick.* And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them: Mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her. 116

*Fal.* What tellest thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford: but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, delivered me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch. 124

*Quick.* Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber; you shall hear how things go, and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts! what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so crossed. 130

*Fal.* Come up into my chamber. *Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another Room in the Garter Inn.*

*Enter FENTON and Host.*

*Host.* Master Fenton, talk not to me: my mind is heavy; I will give over all.

*Fent.* Yet hear me speak. Assist me in my purpose.

And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.

*Host.* I will hear you, Master Fenton; and I will at the least keep your counsel.

*Fent.* From time to time I have acquainted you

With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page; Who mutually hath answer'd my affection, 10 So far forth as herself might be her chooser, Even to my wish. I have a letter from her Of such contents as you will wonder at; The mirth whereof so larded with my matter That neither singly can be manifested, Without the show of both; wherein fat Falstaff

Hath a great scene: the image of the jest I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine host:

To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,

Must my sweet Nan present the Fairy Queen; 20

The purpose why, is here; in which disguise,

While other jests are something rank on foot,

Her father hath commanded her to slip Away with Slender, and with him at Eton

Immediately to marry: she hath consented: Now, sir,

Her mother, ever strong against that match And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed

That he shall likewise shuffle her away, While other sports are tasking of their minds; 30

And at the deanery, where a priest attends, Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot

She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath Made promise to the doctor. Now, thus it rests:

Her father means she shall be all in white, And in that habit, when Slender sees his time

To take her by the hand and bid her go, She shall go with him: her mother hath intended,

The better to denote her to the doctor, For they must all be mask'd and vizarded, 40

That quaint in green she shall be loose enrob'd,

With ribands pendent, flaring 'bout her head;

And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe, To pinch her by the hand; and on that token

The maid hath given consent to go with him. *Host.* Which means she to deceive, father or mother?

*Fent.* Both, my good host, to go along with me;

And here it rests, that you'll procure the vicar

To stay for me at church 'twixt twelve and one,

And, in the lawful name of marrying, 50 To give our hearts united ceremony.

*Host.* Well, husband your device; I'll to the vicar.

Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

*Fent.* So shall I evermore be bound to thee;  
 Besides, I'll make a present recompense.  
*Exeunt.*

## ACT V

## SCENE I.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

*Enter FALSTAFF and Mistress QUICKLY.*

*Fal.* Prithce, no more prattling; go: I'll hold. This is the third time; I hope good luck lies in odd numbers. Away! go. They say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance or death. Away!

*Quick.* I'll provide you a chain, and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

*Fal.* Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head, and mince. 9

*Exit Mistress QUICKLY.*

*Enter FORD.*

How now, Master Brook! Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

*Ford.* Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed? 15

*Fal.* I went to her, Master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man; but I came from her, Master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave Ford, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, Master Brook, that ever governed frenzy. I will tell you: he beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, Master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam, because I know also life is a shuttle. I am in haste: go along with me; I'll tell you all, Master Brook. Since I plucked geese, played truant, and whipped top, I knew not what 't was to be beaten till lately. Follow me; I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford, on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow. Strange things in hand, Master Brook! Follow. 32

*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—Windsor Park.

*Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.*

*Page.* Come, come; we'll couch i' the castle-ditch till we see the light of our fairies. Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

*Slen.* Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her and we have a nayword how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry 'mum'; she cries 'budget'; and by that we know one another.

*Shal.* That's good too: but what needs either your 'mum' or her 'budget'? the white will decipher her well enough. It hath struck ten o'clock. 11

*Page.* The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport. No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. *Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—The Street in Windsor.

*Enter Mistress PAGE, Mistress FORD, and Doctor CAIUS.*

*Mrs. Page.* Master doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly. Go before into the Park: we two must go together.

*Caius.* I know vat I have to do. Adieu.

*Mrs. Page.* Fare you well, sir.

*Exit CAIUS.*

My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 't is no matter; better a little chiding than a great deal of heart-break. 11

*Mrs. Ford.* Where is Nan now and her troop of fairies, and the Welsh devil, Hugh?

*Mrs. Page.* They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

*Mrs. Ford.* That cannot choose but amaze him.

*Mrs. Page.* If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked. 21

*Mrs. Ford.* We'll betray him finely.

*Mrs. Page.* Against such lewdsters and their lechery,

Those that betray them do no treachery.

*Mrs. Ford.* The hour draws on: to the oak, to the oak! *Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.—Windsor Park.

*Enter Sir HUGH EVANS disguised, and others as Fairies.*

*Evans.* Trib, trib, fairies: come; and remember your parts. Be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit, and when I give the watch-ords, do as I pid you. Come, come; trib, trib. *Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.—Another Part of the Park.

*Enter FALSTAFF disguised as Herne, with a buck's head on.*

*Fal.* The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on. Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me! Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns. O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast. You were also, Jupiter, a swan for the love of Leda; O omnipotent love, how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose. A fault done first in the form of a beast; O Jove! a beastly fault; and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl: think on't, Jove; a foul fault! When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest: send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? my doe? 17

Enter Mistress FORD and Mistress PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John! art thou there, my deer? My male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut! Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of 'Green Sleeves'; hail kissing-comfits and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here. *Embracing her.* 24

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribe buck, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman, ha? Speak I like Herne the hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! *Noise within.* 33

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Page. Away, away!

*They run off.*

Fal. I think the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus. 40

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS, like a Satyr; ANNE PAGE, as the Fairy Queen, attended by her Brother and Others, dressed like Fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads.

Anne. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,

You moonshine revellers, and shades of night,

You orphan heirs of fixed destiny, Attend your office and your quality.

Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy oyes.

Hobgoblin. Elves, list your names: silence, you airy toys!

Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt leap 't: Where fires thou find'st unrak'd and hearths unswept,

There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry: 49 Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery.

Fal. They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die:

'I'll wink and couch: no man their works must eye. *Lies down upon his face.*

Evans. Where's Bede? Go you, and where you find a maid

That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,

Raise up the organs of her fantasy, Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;

But those that sleep and think not on their sins

Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides and shins.

Anne. About, about!

Search Windsor Castle, elves, within and out: 60

Strew good luck, oushes, on every sacred room,

That it may stand till the perpetual doom, In state as wholesome as in state 't is fit,

Worthy the owner, and the owner it. The several chairs of order look you scour With juice of balm and every precious flower:

Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest, With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!

And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing, Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring: 70

The expressure that it bears, green let it be, More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;

And *Honi soit qui mal y pense* write In emerald tufts, flowers purple; blue, and white;

Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery, Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee:

Fairies use flowers for their charactery. Away! disperse! But till 't is one o'clock,

Our dance of custom round about the oak Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget. 80

Evans. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set;

And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,

To guide our measure round about the tree. But, stay, I smell a man of middle-earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Hobgoblin. Vile worm, thou wast o'er-look'd even in thy birth.

Anne. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end:

If he be chaste, the flame will back descend

And turn him to no pain; but if he start, 90 it is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Hobgoblin. A trial! come.

Evans. Come, will this wood take fire? *They burn him with their tapers.*

Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

Anne. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!

About him, fairies, sing a scornful rime; And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

### SONG.

*Fie on sinful fantasy!*

*Fie on lust and luxury!*

*Lust is but a bloody fire,*

*Kindled with unchaste desire.* 100

*Fed in heart, whose flames aspire*

*As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.*

*Pinch him, fairies, mutually;*

*Pinch him for his villany;*

*Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,*

*Till candles and star-light and moonshine be out.*

*During this song the Fairies pinch FAL-*

*STAFF. Doctor CAIUS comes one way,*

*and steals away a Fairy in green; SLEN-*

*DER another way, and takes off a Fairy*

*in white; and FENTON comes, and steals*

*away ANNE PAGE. A noise of hunting is*

*heard within. All the Fairies run away.*

*FALSTAFF pulls off his buck's head, and*

*rises.*

Enter PAGE, FORD, Mistress PAGE, and Mistress FORD. *They lay hold on him.*

Page. Nay, do not fly: I think we have watch'd you now:

Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come, hold up the jest no higher.

Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives?

See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes

Become the forest better than the town?

Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now? Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns, Master Brook: and, Master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to Master Brook: his horses are arrested for it, Master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my dear.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought they were not fairies; and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all mine and reason, that they were fairies. See now how wit may be made a Jack-a-Lent, when 't is upon ill employment!

Evans. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Evans. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? shall I have a coxcomb of prize? 'T is time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

Evans. Seese is not good to give putter: your pelly is all putter.

Fal. 'Seese' and 'putter'! have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, Sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puffed man?

Page. Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Evans. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack and wine and metheglins, and to drinkings and swearings and starings, and to pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme; you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel. Ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me: use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one Master Brook; that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pandar; over and above that you have suffered, I think to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Mrs. Ford. Nay husband, let that go to make amends;

Forgive that sum, and so we'll all be friends.

Ford. Well, here's my hand: all is forgiven at last.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her Master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. *Aside.* Doctors doubt that; if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, Doctor Caius' wife.

Enter SLENDER.

Slen. Whoa, ho! ho! father Page!

Page. Son, how now! how now, son! have you dispatched?

Slen. Dispatched! I'll make the best in Glostershire know on't; would I were hanged, la, else!

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy: if it had not been i' the church, I would have swung him, or he should have swung me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir! and 't is a postmaster's boy.

Page. Upon my life, then, you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl: if I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white, and cried 'mum,' and she cried 'budget,' as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a postmaster's boy.

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turned my daughter into green; and indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter Doctor CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is Mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened; I ha' married un garçon, a

boy; *un paysan*, by gar, a boy; it is not  
Anne Page: by gar, I am cozened. 220

*Mrs. Page.* Why, did you take her in  
green?

*Caius.* Ay, by gar, and 't is a boy: by gar,  
I'll raise all Windsor. *Exit.*

*Ford.* This is strange. Who hath got the  
right Anne?

*Page.* My heart misgives me: here comes  
Master Fenton.

*Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE.*

How now, Master Fenton!

*Anne.* Pardon, good father! good my  
mother, pardon!

*Page.* Now, mistress, how chance you  
went not with Master Slender? 231

*Mrs. Page.* Why went you not with Mas-  
ter doctor, maid?

*Fent.* You do amaze her: hear the truth  
of it.

You would have married her most shame-  
fully,

Where there was no proportion held in love.  
The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,  
Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us.  
The offence is holy that she hath com-  
mitted,

And this deceit loses the name of craft,

Of disobedience, or unduteous title, 240  
Since therein she doth evitate and shun

A thousand irreligious cursed hours,  
Which forced marriage would have brought  
upon her.

*Ford.* Stand not amaz'd: here is no  
remedy:

In love the heavens themselves do guide the  
state: 240

Money buys lands, and wives are sold by  
fate.

*Fal.* I am glad, though you have ta'en a  
special stand to strike at me, that your  
arrow hath glanced.

*Page.* Well, what remedy? Fenton,  
heaven give thee joy! 250

What cannot be eschew'd must be embrac'd.

*Fal.* When night-dogs run all sorts of  
deer are chas'd.

*Mrs. Page.* Well, I will muse no further.  
Master Fenton,

Heaven give you many, many merry days!  
Good husband, let us every one go home,  
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;  
Sir John and all.

*Ford.* Let it be so. Sir John,  
To Master Brook you yet shall hold your  
word;

For he to-night shall lie with Mistress  
Ford. *Exeunt.*

## MEASURE FOR MEASURE

BY introducing into *Measure for Measure* not one thoroughly admirable character, or one that even remotely approaches tragic proportions, Shakespeare has led the careful reader to expect from the beginning a comic, if not a farcical dénouement. The objection will at once be raised that an exception to this statement should be made in the case of Isabella; that her character is revealed as thoroughly admirable and that she deserves to rank alongside Shakespeare's greatest tragic heroines. Our answer is that such a conception of Isabella is unwarranted by the text and that if it were warranted it would destroy the consistency of the play as a whole. Indeed, much of the criticism of the play springs from the desire to see in Isabella a "thing enskied and sainted," "an immortal spirit," "heavenly," "angelic," too good for this "lust-spotted world" as typified in Vienna.

It should be apparent that any such attempt to glorify Isabella defeats its purpose, in that she should then be resident in heaven rather than on earth; whereas the drama concerns itself with mortals, not with saints. All Shakespeare's great heroines are human, and the more human the greater they are. The defect with Isabella is not that she transcends, but that she falls short of, real humanity. It is painful to say this of one who in her plea with Angelo for her brother's life reaches almost sublime heights; but the utterance of great truths on occasion is quite another thing from realizing those truths in one's own life, and there is clearly somewhere a defect in Isabella's nature that renders her incapable of experiencing those very truths for which she so eloquently pleads. The consistency of the play as a whole depends upon the correctness of this conception of Isabella's character—a conception to which we are almost reluctantly forced if we would avoid doing Shakespeare himself an injustice.

The action of the play centers around the so-called "vice" of Claudio. It is apparent from the play, however, that by custom and usage Claudio's relations with Juliet were perfectly proper. By a "true contract" she was "fast his wife" save for proclamation of "outward order." Both justice and propriety would have been completely satisfied by their formal marriage to which they both look forward. But Angelo, the Duke's deputy, has unearthed an ancient law, one that has been allowed to sleep during all the years of Claudio's life, and under that law has had Claudio seized and condemned to death. Clearly, in the circumstance, this law is unjust. Its enforcement against Claudio is deplored by all. For some reason, obviously because the plot requires it, Claudio obtains no justification of himself, but relies wholly on the persuasive powers of his sister, Isabella, to secure from Angelo his pardon. For as he tells Lucio,

"..... she hath prosperous art  
When she will play with reason and discourse,  
And well she can persuade."

Now these words of Claudio are unusual and significant and prepare us to expect from Isabella some demonstration of her "art" before Angelo.

Lucio, who has never seen Isabella before, finds her at the nunnery, where she is on the point of joining the sisterhood. On his arrival Isabella is in conversation with Francisca:

Isabella. And have you nuns no further privileges?

Francisca. Are not these large enough?

Isabella. Yes, truly; I speak not as desiring more.  
But rather wishing a more strict restraint  
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint Clare.

These are the first words we hear from Isabella, and they reveal and were intended by Shakespeare to reveal instantly a defect, if not almost an abnormality, in her character. These words, coming from a novice, lead us to hope that for the sake of the order she may never become an initiate. And she never does.

Before Angelo, Isabella is at first almost speechless. Instead of at once condoning Claudio's offence, she begins by emphasizing her own purity of thought, insisting that his vice is one she "most abhors" and "most desires should meet the blow of justice"—one for which she would not plead, but that she must. Upon Angelo's first reply she abandons her suit, saying,

"O just but severe law!

I had a brother, then. Heaven keep your honour."

Now if this law is just she is apparently the only one in Vienna that thinks so, for it is inconceivable that even Angelo himself believes that. It is upon the very injustice of the law that Angelo relies to strike terror to offenders. Clearly there must be in Isabella some abnormal abhorrence of all sexual relation that could lead her to call this a just law. No wonder Lucio rebukes her for coldness. At his insistence she renews her suit. As the argument proceeds, her wit against Angelo's, her intellect kindles. She speaks of authority and justice, of mercy and pity, and of the divine sacrifice for souls forfeit. Shakespeare never wrote more seriously than here. With him, this plea was a passion. He had made it before through Portia; he makes it later in *King Lear*. But both Portia and Lear utter their truths from experience; Isabella speaks them as intellectual perceptions.

Angelo's proposal that Isabella purchase Claudio's life with her honor is horrible, horrible to us and thrice horrible to her. She carries the news to Claudio in prison and bids him prepare for death. One need only read again that speech of Claudio's and see the terror in his eyes as he looks into his grave to melt with pity toward him:

"Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;

To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;—"

No wonder that he momentarily gives way and cries "Sweet sister, let me live!" Now here is the test of Isabella; not of her chastity, but of her humanity. Surely she who could with such art "play with reason and discourse" in urging pity and mercy from another, will show some pity now. To her brother's weakness she will bring her strength, and to his confusion and terror she will lend her calm. But no; her character shivers to fragments under the test. Or rather, it retains its consistency. Even her chastity ceases to be a virtue. When that is in question what knows she of pity or of mercy?

"O you beast!

O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!

. . . . .  
Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair!

. . . . .  
Die, perish! Might but my bending down

Relieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed."

This is the end of any false dream we may have had of an "enskied and sainted" Isabella. From this moment she becomes the tool of the foolish and shifty Duke who, disguised as a Friar, has no difficulty in persuading her to bring about between Angelo and Marianna exactly the same offence for which Claudio was sentenced to die. From this point on the play strikes almost the level of farce. Isabella, who bade Claudio perish, later pleads for the life of Angelo, supposedly her brother's murderer. Justice is blown to the winds and in its place is substituted a kind of bastard mercy. Of course Isabella does not return to the sisterhood, doubtless much to the relief of Francisca. Claudio marries Juliet, Angelo marries Marianna, Lucio marries his punk and the Duke marries Isabella. It would, perhaps, be difficult to find a better name for such a group of pairings than *Measure for Measure*.

# MEASURE FOR MEASURE

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

VINCENTIO, *the Duke.*  
 ANGELO, *the Deputy.*  
 ESCALUS, *an ancient Lord.*  
 CLAUDIO, *a young Gentleman.*  
 LUCIO, *a Fantastic.*  
 Two other like Gentlemen.  
 Provost.  
 THOMAS, } *Two Friars.*  
 PETER, }  
 A Justice.  
 VARRIUS.

ELBOW, *a simple Constable.*  
 FROTH, *a foolish Gentleman.*  
 POMPEY, *Servant to Mistress Overdone.*  
 ABHORSON, *an Executioner.*  
 BARNARDINE, *a dissolute Prisoner.*  
 ISABELLA, *Sister to Claudio.*  
 MARIANA, *betrothed to Angelo.*  
 JULIET, *beloved of Claudio.*  
 FRANCISCA, *a Nun.*  
 MISTRESS OVERDONE, *a Bawd.*  
 Lords, Officers, Citizens, Boy, and Attendants.

## SCENE.—Vienna.

### ACT I

#### SCENE I.—An Apartment in the DUKE'S Palace.

*Enter DUKE, ESCALUS, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Duke.* Escalus.

*Escal.* My lord.

*Duke.* Of government the properties to unfold,

Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;

Since I am put to know that your own science Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice My strength can give you: then no more remains,

But that to your sufficiency . . . .

And let them work. The nature of our people, 10

Our city's institutions, and the terms For common justice, you 're as pregnant in, As art and practice hath enriched any That we remember. There is our commission,

From which we would not have you warp. Call hither,

I say, bid come before us, Angelo.

*Exit an Attendant.*

What figure of us think you he will bear? For you must know, we have with special soul

Elected him our absence to supply, Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love, 20

And given his deputation all the organs Of our own power: what think you of it?

*Escal.* If any in Vienna be of worth To undergo such ample grace and honour, It is Lord Angelo.

*Duke.* Look where he comes.

*Enter ANGELO.*

*Ang.* Always obedient to your grace's will, I come to know your pleasure.

*Duke.*

*Angelo.*

There is a kind of character in thy life, That to the observer doth thy history Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings Are not thine own so proper, as to waste 31 Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee. Heaven doth with us as we with torches do, Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues

Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd

But to fine issues, nor Nature never lends The smallest scruple of her excellence, But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines Herself the glory of a creditor, 40 Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech

To one that can my part in him advertise;

Hold therefore, Angelo:

In our remove be thou at full yourself;

Mortality and mercy in Vienna

Live in thy tongue and heart. Old Escalus,

Though first in question, is thy secondary.

Take thy commission.

*Ang.*

Now, good my lord,

Let there be some more test made of my metal,

Before so noble and so great a figure 50 Be stamp'd upon it.

*Duke.*

No more evasion:

We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.

Our haste from hence is of so quick condition

That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd

Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,

As time and our concernings shall importune, How it goes with us; and do look to know What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:

To the hopeful execution do I leave you 60 Of your commissions.

*Ang.* Yet give leave, my lord,  
That we may bring you something on the way.

*Duke.* My haste may not admit it;  
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do  
With any scruple: your scope is as mine own,

So to enforce or qualify the laws  
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand;

I'll privily away: I love the people,  
But do not like to stage me to their eyes.  
Though it do well, I do not relish well 70  
Their loud applause and Aves vehement,  
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion  
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

*Ang.* The heavens give safety to your purposes!

*Escal.* Lead forth and bring you back in happiness!

*Duke.* I thank you. Fare you well. *Exit.*

*Escal.* I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave

To have free speech with you; and it concerns me

To look into the bottom of my place:  
A power I have, but of what strength and nature 80

I am not yet instructed.

*Ang.* 'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw together.

And we may soon our satisfaction have  
Touching that point.

*Escal.* I'll wait upon your honour. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Street.

*Enter LUCIO and two Gentlemen.*

*Lucio.* If the duke with the other dukes come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why then all the dukes fall upon the king.

*First Gent.* Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary's!

*Second Gent.* Amen.

*Lucio.* Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the Ten Commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

*Second Gent.* 'Thou shalt not steal?' 10

*Lucio.* Ay, that he razed.

*First Gent.* Why, 't was a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steal. There's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.

*Second Gent.* I never heard any soldier dislike it.

*Lucio.* I believe thee, for I think thou never wast where grace was said. 20

*Second Gent.* No? a dozen times at least.

*First Gent.* What, in metre?

*Lucio.* In any proportion or in any language.

*First Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

*Lucio.* Ay, why not? Grace is grace,

despite of all controversy: as for example, thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

*First Gent.* Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.

*Lucio.* I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet: thou art the list. 31

*First Gent.* And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou'rt a three-piled piece, I warrant thee. I had as lief be a list of an English kersey as be piled, as thou art piled, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

*Lucio.* I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee. 40

*First Gent.* I think I have done myself wrong, have I not?

*Second Gent.* Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art tainted or free.

*Lucio.* Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes!

*First Gent.* I have purchased as many diseases under her roof as come to—

*Second Gent.* To what, I pray?

*Lucio.* Judge.

*Second Gent.* To three thousand dolours a year. 50

*First Gent.* Ay, and more.

*Lucio.* A French crown more.

*First Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error: I am sound.

*Lucio.* Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee.

*Enter Mistress OVERDONE.*

*First Gent.* How now! which of your hips has the most profound sciatica? 59

*Overdone.* Well, well; there's one yonder arrested and carried to prison was worth five thousand of you all.

*Second Gent.* Who's that, I pray thee?

*Overdone.* Marry, sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

*First Gent.* Claudio to prison! 't is not so.

*Overdone.* Nay, but I know 't is so: I saw him arrested, saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head to be chopped off. 70

*Lucio.* But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this?

*Overdone.* I am too sure of it; and it is for getting Madam Julietta with child.

*Lucio.* Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

*Second Gent.* Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose. 79

*First Gent.* But most of all agreeing with the proclamation.

*Lucio.* Away! let's go learn the truth of it.

*Exeunt LUCIO and Gentlemen.*

*Overdone.* Thus, what with the war, what

with the sweat, what with the gallows and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk.

*Enter POMPEY.*

How now! what's the news with you?

*Pompey.* Yonder man is carried to prison.

*Overdone.* Well: what has he done?

*Pompey.* A woman.

*Overdone.* But what's his offence? 90

*Pompey.* Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

*Overdone.* What, is there a maid with child by him?

*Pompey.* No, but there's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

*Overdone.* What proclamation, man?

*Pompey.* All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be plucked down.

*Overdone.* And what shall become of those in the city? 101

*Pompey.* They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

*Overdone.* But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pulled down?

*Pompey.* To the ground, mistress.

*Overdone.* Why, here's a change indeed in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

*Pompey.* Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage! there will be pity taken on you; you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered. 115

*Overdone.* What's to do here, Thomas tapster? Let's withdraw.

*Pompey.* Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison; and there's Madam Juliet. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Provost, CLAUDIO, JULIET, and Officers.*

*Claud.* Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world? 120

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

*Prov.* I do it not in evil disposition, But from Lord Angelo by special charge.

*Claud.* Thus can the demi-god Authority Make us pay down for our offence by weight. The words of heaven; on whom it will, it will;

On whom it will not, so: yet still 't is just.

*Re-enter LUCIO and two Gentlemen.*

*Lucio.* Why, how now, Claudio! whence comes this restraint?

*Claud.* From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:

As surfeit is the father of much fast, 130 So every scope by the immoderate use Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue, Like rats that ravin down their proper bane, A thirsty evil, and when we drink we die.

*Lucio.* If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my

creditors. And yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom as the morality of imprisonment. What's thy offence, Claudio?

*Claud.* What but to speak of would offend again. 140

*Lucio.* What, is it murder?

*Claud.* No.

*Lucio.* Lechery?

*Claud.* Call it so.

*Prov.* Away, sir! you must go.

*Claud.* One word, good friend. Lucio, a word with you.

*Lucio.* A hundred, if they'll do you any good.

Is lechery so looked after?

*Claud.* Thus stands it with me: upon a true contract

I got possession of Julietta's bed: 150

You know the lady; she is fast my wife,

Save that we do the annunciation lack

Of outward order: this we came not to,

Only for procreation of a dower

Remaining in the coffer of her friends,

From whom we thought it meet to hide our love

Till time had made them for us. But it chances

The stealth of our most mutual entertain-ment

With character too gross is writ on Juliet.

*Lucio.* With child, perhaps?

*Claud.* Unhappily, even so.

And the new deputy now for the duke, 161

Whether it be the fault and glimpse of new-ness,

Or whether that the body public be

A horse whereon the governor doth ride,

Who, newly in the seat, that it may know

He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;

Whether the tyranny be in his place,

Or in his eminence that fills it up,

I stagger in:—but this new governor

Awakes me all the enrolled penalties 170

Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall

So long that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,

And none of them been worn; and, for a name,

Now puts the drowsy and neglected act Freshly on me: 't is surely for a name.

*Lucio.* I warrant it is: and thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke and appeal to him.

*Claud.* I have done so, but he's not to be found. 180

I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service:

This day my sister should the cloister enter,

And there receive her approbation:

Acquaint her with the danger of my state;

Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends

To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him:

I have great hope in that; for in her youth

There is a prone and speechless dialect,

Such as move men; beside, she hath prosperous art  
When she will play with reason and discourse, 190  
And well she can persuade.

*Lucio.* I pray she may: as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

*Claud.* I thank you, good friend Lucio.

*Lucio.* Within two hours.

*Claud.* Come, officer; away!  
*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.—A Monastery.

*Enter DUKE and Friar THOMAS.*

*Duke.* No, holy father; throw away that thought:

Believe not that the dribbling dart of love  
Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire thee

To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose  
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends

Of burning youth.

*Fri.* May your grace speak of it?

*Duke.* My holy sir, none better knows than you

How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd,  
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies  
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps, 10

I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo,  
A man of stricture and firm abstinence,  
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,  
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;  
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,  
And so it is receiv'd. Now, pious sir,  
You will demand of me why I do this?

*Fri.* Gladly, my lord.

*Duke.* We have strict statutes and most biting laws,

The needful bits and curbs to headstrong steeds, 20

Which for this fourteen years we have let sleep;

Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave,  
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,

Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,

Only to stick it in their children's sight  
For terror, not to use, in time the rod  
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd; so our decrees,

Dead to infiction, to themselves are dead,  
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;

The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart 30

Goes all decorum.

*Fri.* It rested in your grace  
To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleas'd;

And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd

Than in Lord Angelo.

*Duke.* I do fear, too dreadful:

Sith 't was my fault to give the people scope,  
'T would be my tyranny to strike and gall them

For what I bid them do: for we bid this be done,

When evil deeds have their permissive pass  
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed,  
my father,

I have on Angelo impos'd the office, 40  
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,

And yet my nature never in the fight  
To do it slander. And to behold his sway,

I will, as 't were a brother of your order,  
Visit both prince and people: therefore, I prithee,

Supply me with the habit, and instruct me  
How I may formally in person bear me

Like a true friar. More reasons for this action

At our more leisure shall I render you;  
Only, this one: Lord Angelo is precise; 50

Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses

That his blood flows, or that his appetite  
Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see,

If power change purpose, what our seemers be.  
*Exeunt.*

### SCENE IV.—A Nunnery.

*Enter ISABELLA and FRANCISCA.*

*Isab.* And have you nuns no further privileges?

*Fran.* Are not these large enough?

*Isab.* Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more,

But rather wishing a more strict restraint  
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint Clare.

*Lucio.* Within. Ho! Peace be in this place!

*Isab.* Who 's that which calls?

*Fran.* It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,

Turn you the key, and know his business of him:

You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn.  
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men 10

But in the presence of the prioress:

Then, if you speak, you must not show your face,

Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.

He calls again: I pray you, answer him.  
*Exit.*

*Isab.* Peace and prosperity! Who is 't that calls?

*Enter LUCIO.*

*Lucio.* Hail, virgin, if you be, as those cheek-roses

Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me

As bring me to the sight of Isabella,  
A novice of this place, and the fair sister

To her unhappy brother Claudio? 20

*Isab.* Why 'her unhappy brother'? let me ask,

The rather for I now must make you know  
I am that Isabella and his sister.

*Lucio.* Gentle and fair, your brother  
kindly greets you.

Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

*Isab.* Woe me! for what?

*Lucio.* For that which, if myself might be  
his judge,

He should receive his punishment in thanks:  
He hath got his friend with child.

*Isab.* Sir, make me not your story.

*Lucio.* It is true.  
I would not, though 't is my familiar sin

With maids to seem the lapwing and to jest,  
Tongue far from heart, play with all virgins  
so:

I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted;  
By your renouncement an immortal spirit,  
And to be talked with in sincerity,  
As with a saint.

*Isab.* You do blaspheme the good in  
mocking me.

*Lucio.* Do not believe it. Fewness and  
truth, 't is thus:

Your brother and his lover have embrac'd: 43  
As those that feed grow full, as blossoming  
time

That from the seedness the bare fallow  
brings

To teeming foison, even so her plenteous  
womb

Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

*Isab.* Some one with child by him? My  
cousin Juliet?

*Lucio.* Is she your cousin?

*Isab.* Adoptedly; as school-maids change  
their names

By vain though apt affection.

*Lucio.* She it is.

*Isab.* O! let him marry her.

*Lucio.* This is the point.  
The duke is very strangely gone from  
hence; 50

Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,  
In hand and hope of action; but we do learn

By those that know the very nerves of state,  
His givings-out were of an infinite distance

From his true-meant design. Upon his  
place,

And with full line of his authority,  
Governs Lord Angelo; a man whose blood

Is very snow-broth; one who never feels  
The wanton stings and motions of the sense,

But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge 60  
With profits of the mind, study and fast.

He, to give fear to use and liberty,  
Which have for long run by the hideous law,

As mice by lions, hath pick'd out an act,  
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life

Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it,  
And follows close the rigour of the statute,

To make him an example. All hope is gone,  
Unless you have the grace by your fair  
prayer

To soften Angelo; and that's my pith of  
business. 70

'Twixt you and your poor brother.

*Isab.* Doth he so seek his life?

*Lucio.* Has censur'd him

Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath  
A warrant for his execution.

*Isab.* Alas! what poor ability's in me  
To do him good?

*Lucio.* Assay the power you have.

*Isab.* My power, alas! I doubt,—

*Lucio.* Our doubts are traitors,  
And make us lose the good we oft might win,

By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo,  
And let him learn to know, when maidens  
sue, 80

Men give like gods; but when they weep  
and kneel,

All their petitions are as freely theirs  
As they themselves would owe them.

*Isab.* I'll see what I can do.

*Lucio.* But speedily.

*Isab.* I will about it straight;  
No longer staying but to give the Mother

Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:  
Commend me to my brother; soon at night

I'll send him certain word of my success.

*Lucio.* I take my leave of you.

*Isab.* Good sir, adieu. *Exeunt.* 90

## ACT II

## SCENE I.—A Hall in ANGELO'S House.

*Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, a Justice, Provost,  
Officers, and other Attendants.*

*Ang.* We must not make a scarecrow of  
the law,

Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,  
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it  
Their perch and not their terror.

*Escal.* Ay, but yet  
Let us be keen and rather cut a little,  
Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas! this  
gentleman,

Whom I would save, had a most noble  
father.

Let but your honour know,  
Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,

That, in the working of your own affections, 10  
Had time coher'd with place or place with  
wishing,

Or that the resolute acting of your blood  
Could have attain'd the effect of your own  
purpose,

Whether you had not, sometime in your life,  
Err'd in this point which now you censure  
him,

And pull'd the law upon you.

*Ang.* 'T is one thing to be tempted,  
Escalus,

Another thing to fall. I not deny,  
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,

May in the sworn twelve have a thief or  
two 20

Guiltier than him they try; what's open  
made to justice,

That justice seizes: what know the laws  
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'T is very  
pregnant,

The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it  
Because we see it; but what we do not see

We tread upon, and never think of it.

You may not so extenuate his offence

For I have had such faults: but rather tell me,  
When I, that censure him, do so offend,  
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,  
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

*Escal.* Be it as your wisdom will.

*Ang.* Where is the provost?

*Prov.* Here, if it like your honour.

*Ang.*

See that Claudio  
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning;  
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd;  
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

*Exit Provost.*

*Escal.* Well, heaven forgive him, and forgive us all!

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:  
Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none,

And some condemned for a fault alone. 40

*Enter ELBOW, and Officers with FROTH and POMPEY.*

*Elb.* Come, bring them away: if these be good people in a commonweal that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.

*Ang.* How now, sir. What's your name, and what's the matter?

*Elb.* If it please your honour, I'm the poor duke's constable, and my name is Elbow: I do lean upon justice, sir; and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors. 50

*Ang.* Benefactors! Well, what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

*Elb.* If it please your honour, I know not well what they are; but precise villains they are, that I am sure of, and void of all profanation in the world that good Christians ought to have.

*Escal.* This comes off well: here's a wise officer.

*Ang.* Go to: what quality are they of? Elbow is your name? why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

*Pompey.* He cannot, sir: he's out at elbow. 61

*Ang.* What are you, sir?

*Elb.* He, sir! a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman, whose house, sir, was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

*Escal.* How know you that?

*Elb.* My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour,— 70

*Escal.* How! thy wife?

*Elb.* Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman,—

*Escal.* Dost thou detest her therefore?

*Elb.* I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house. 78

*Escal.* How dost thou know that, constable?

*Elb.* Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she

had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

*Escal.* By the woman's means? 84

*Elb.* Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means; but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

*Pompey.* Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

*Elb.* Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

*Escal.* To ANGELO. Do you hear how he misplaces? 90

*Pompey.* Sir, she came in great with child, and longing, saving your honour's reverence, for stewed prunes. Sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence; your honours have seen such dishes; they are not china dishes, but very good dishes. 97

*Escal.* Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir.

*Pompey.* No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right; but to the point. As I say, this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great-bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes, and having but two in the dish, as I said, Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly; for, as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again. 107

*Froth.* No, indeed.

*Pompey.* Very well: you being then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes,—

*Froth.* Ay, so I did, indeed.

*Pompey.* Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remembered, that such a one and such a one were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you,— 116

*Froth.* All this is true.

*Pompey.* Why, very well then,—

*Escal.* Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose. What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her. 122

*Pompey.* Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

*Escal.* No, sir, nor I mean it not.

*Pompey.* Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave. And, I beseech you, look into Master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year, whose father died at Hallowmas. Was't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth?

*Froth.* All-hallownd eve. 130

*Pompey.* Why, very well: I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir; 't was in the Bunch of Grapes, where indeed you have a delight to sit, have you not?

*Froth.* I have so, because it is an open room and good for winter.

*Pompey.* Why, very well then: I hope here be truths.

*Ang.* This will last out a night in Russia.

When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave, 140  
And leave you to the hearing of the cause, Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.

*Escal.* I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship. *Exit ANGELO.*

Now, sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

*Pompey.* Once, sir? There was nothing done to her once.

*Elb.* I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife. 149

*Pompey.* I beseech your honour, ask me.

*Escal.* Well, sir, what did this gentleman to her?

*Pompey.* I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face. Good Master Froth, look upon his honour; 't is for a good purpose. Doth your honour mark his face?

*Escal.* Ay, sir, very well.

*Pompey.* Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

*Escal.* Well, I do so.

*Pompey.* Doth your honour see any harm in his face? 161

*Escal.* Why, no.

*Pompey.* I'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good, then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

*Escal.* He's in the right. Constable, what say you to it?

*Elb.* First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow, and his mistress is a respected woman. 172

*Pompey.* By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

*Elb.* Varlet, thou liest: thou liest, wicked varlet. The time is yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

*Pompey.* Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

*Escal.* Which is the wiser here? Justice or Iniquity? Is this true? 181

*Elb.* O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her before I was married to her! If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer. Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

*Escal.* If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of slander too. 190

*Elb.* Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is 't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

*Escal.* Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him that thou would'st discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou knowest what they are.

*Elb.* Marry, I thank your worship for it. Thou seest, thou wicked varlet, now, what's come upon thee: thou art to continue now, thou varlet, thou art to continue. 201

*Escal.* Where were you born, friend?

*Froth.* Here in Vienna, sir.

*Escal.* Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

*Froth.* Yes, an 't please you, sir.

*Escal.* So. What trade are you of, sir?

*Pompey.* A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

*Escal.* Your mistress's name?

*Pompey.* Mistress Overdone.

*Escal.* Hath she had any more than one husband? 211

*Pompey.* Nine, sir; Overdone by the last.

*Escal.* Nine! Come hither to me, Master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

*Froth.* I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in. 220

*Escal.* Well; no more of it, Master Froth: farewell. *Exit FROTH.*

Come you hither to me, Master tapster. What's your name, Master tapster?

*Pompey.* Pompey.

*Escal.* What else?

*Pompey.* Bum, sir.

*Escal.* Froth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you, so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster, are you not? come, tell me true: it shall be the better for you. 223

*Pompey.* Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

*Escal.* How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

*Pompey.* If the law would allow it, sir.

*Escal.* But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna. 241

*Pompey.* Does your worship mean to geld and splay all the youth of the city?

*Escal.* No, Pompey.

*Pompey.* Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to 't then. If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

*Escal.* There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging. 250

*Pompey.* If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it after three-pence a day. If you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so. 257

*Escal.* Thank you, good Pompey; and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you: I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Caesar to you. In plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt. So, for this time, Pompey, fare you well. 265

*Pompey.* I thank you for your worship for your good counsel; *Aside;* But I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade;

The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade.

*Exit.* 270

*Escal.* Come hither to me, Master Elbow; come hither, Master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

*Elb.* Seven year and a half, sir.

*Escal.* I thought, by the readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time. You say, seven years together?

*Elb.* And a half, sir. 278

*Escal.* Alas! it hath been great pains to you. They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't. Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

*Elb.* Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters. As they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all. 285

*Escal.* Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

*Elb.* To your worship's house, sir?

*Escal.* To my house. Fare you well.

*Exit ELBOW.*

What's o'clock, think you? 290

*Just.* Eleven, sir.

*Escal.* I pray you home to dinner with me.

*Just.* I humbly thank you.

*Escal.* It grieves me for the death of Claudio;

But there's no remedy.

*Just.* Lord Angelo is severe.

*Escal.* It is but needful:

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;

Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.

But yet, poor Claudio! There is no remedy. Come, sir. *Exeunt.* 300

SCENE II.—Another Room in the Same.

*Enter Provost, and a Servant.*

*Serv.* He's hearing of a cause: he will come straight:

I'll tell him of you.

*Prov.* Pray you, do. *Exit Servant.* I'll know

His pleasure; may be he will relent. Alas! He hath but as offended in a dream:

All sects, all ages, smack of this vice, and he To die for it!

*Enter ANGELO.*

*Ang.* Now, what's the matter, Provost?

*Prov.* Is it your will Claudio shall die tomorrow?

*Ang.* Did I not tell thee, yea? hadst thou not order?

Why dost thou ask again?

*Prov.* Lest I might be too rash.

Under your good correction, I have seen, 10  
When, after execution, judgment hath Repented o'er his doom.

*Ang.* Go to; let that be mine: Do you your office, or give up your place, And you shall well be spar'd.

*Prov.* I crave your honour's pardon. What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?

She's very near her hour.

*Ang.* Dispose of her To some more fitter place, and that with speed.

*Re-enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Here is the sister of the man condemn'd

Desires access to you.

*Ang.* Hath he a sister?

*Prov.* Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,

And to be shortly of a sisterhood,

If not already.

*Ang.* Well, let her be admitted.

*Exit Servant.*

See you the fornicatress be remov'd: Let her have needful, but not lavish, means; There shall be order for't.

*Enter LUCIO and ISABELLA.*

*Prov.* God save your honour!

*Ang.* Stay a little while. To ISABELLA.

You're welcome: what's your will?

*Isab.* I am a woeful suitor to your honour, Please but your honour hear me.

*Ang.* Well; what's your suit?

*Isab.* There is a vice that most I do abhor,

And most desire should meet the blow of justice,

For which I would not plead, but that I must; For which I must not plead, but that I am

At war 'twixt will and will not.

*Ang.* Well; the matter?

*Isab.* I have a brother is condemn'd to die:

I do beseech you, let it be his fault, And not my brother.

*Prov. Aside.* Heaven give thee moving graces!

*Ang.* Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?

Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done. Mine were the very cipher of a function,

To fine the faults whose fine stands in record,

And let go by the actor.

*Isab.* O just but severe law!

I had a brother then. Heaven keep your honour!

*Lucio.* To ISABELLA. Give't not o'er so: to him again, entreat him;

Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown; You are too cold; if you should need a pin,

You could not with more tame a tongue desire it.

To him, I say!

*Isab.* Must he needs die?

*Ang.* Maiden, no remedy.

*Isab.* Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,

And neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy. 50

*Ang.* I will not do 't.

*Isab.* But can you, if you would?

*Ang.* Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

*Isab.* But might you do 't, and do the world no wrong,

If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse

As mine is to him?

*Ang.* He's sentenc'd: 't is too late.

*Lucio.* To ISABELLA. You are too cold.

*Isab.* Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,

May call it back again. Well, believe this, No ceremony that to great ones 'longs, 59

Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword, The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,

Become them with one half so good a grace As mercy does.

If he had been as you, and you as he, You would have slipp'd like him; but he, like you,

Would not have been so stern.

*Ang.* Pray you, be gone.

*Isab.* I would to heaven I had your potency,

And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?

No; I would tell what 't were to be a judge, And what a prisoner.

*Lucio.* To ISABELLA. Ay, touch him; there's the vein. 70

*Ang.* Your brother is a forfeit of the law, And you but waste your words.

*Isab.* Alas! alas!

Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;

And He that might the vantage best have took,

Found out the remedy. How would you be, If He, which is the top of judgment, should

But judge you as you are? O! think on that,

And mercy then will breathe within your lips, 78

Like man new made.

*Ang.* Be you content, fair maid;

It is the law, not I, condemns your brother: Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son, It should be thus with him: he must die to-morrow.

*Isab.* To-morrow! O! that's sudden. Spare him, spare him!

He's not prepar'd for death. Even for our kitchens

We kill the fowl of season: shall we serve heaven

With less respect than we do minister To our gross selves? Good, good my lord,

bethink you:

Who is it that hath died for this offence?

There's many have committed it.

*Lucio.* To ISABELLA. Ay, well said.

*Ang.* The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept: 90

Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,

If the first that did the edict infringe Had answer'd for his deed: now, 't is awake, Takes note of what is done, and, like a prophet,

Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils,

Either new, or by remissness new-conceiv'd, And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,

Are now to have no successive degrees, But, ere they live, to end.

*Isab.* Yet show some pity.

*Ang.* I show it most of all when I show justice; 100

For then I pity those I do not know, Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall,

And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,

Lives not to act another. Be satisfied: Your brother dies to-morrow: be content.

*Isab.* So you must be the first that gives this sentence,

And he that suffers. O! it is excellent To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous

To use it like a giant.

*Lucio.* To ISABELLA. That's well said.

*Isab.* Could great men thunder 110 As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,

For every pelting, petty officer Would use his heaven for thunder; nothing

but thunder.

Merciful heaven! Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt

Split't'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak Than the soft myrtle; but man, proud man,

Drest in a little brief authority, Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,

His glassy essence, like an angry ape, 120 Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven

As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,

Would all themselves laugh mortal.

*Lucio.* To ISABELLA. O! to him, to him, wench. He will relent:

He's coming; I perceive 't.

*Prov.* Aside. Pray heaven she win him!

*Isab.* We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:

Great men may jest with saints; 't is wit in them,

But in the less foul profanation.

*Lucio.* To ISABELLA. Thou 'rt in the right, girl: more o' that.

*Isab.* That in the captain's but a choleric word, 130

Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

*Lucio.* To ISABELLA. Art avis'd o' that? more on 't.

*Ang.* Why do you put these sayings upon me?

*Isab.* Because authority, though it err like others,

Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself, That skins the vice o' the top. Go to your bosom;

Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know

That's like my brother's fault: if it confess  
A natural guiltiness such as is his, 139  
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue  
Against my brother's life.

*Ang. Aside.* She speaks, and 't is  
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it.

Fare you well.

*Isab.* Gentle my lord, turn back.

*Ang.* I will bethink me. Come again to-morrow.

*Isab.* Hark how I'll bribe you. Good my lord, turn back.

*Ang.* How, bribe me?

*Isab.* Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.

*Lucio.* To ISABELLA. You had marr'd all else.

*Isab.* Not with fond shekels of the tested gold, 149

Or stones whose rates are either rich or poor  
As fancy values them; but with true prayers  
That shall be up at heaven and enter there  
Ere sunrise: prayers from preserved souls,  
From fasting maids whose minds are dedicate

To nothing temporal.

*Ang.* Well; come to me to-morrow.

*Lucio.* To ISABELLA. Go to; 't is well: away!

*Isab.* Heaven keep your honour safe!

*Ang. Aside.* Amen:

For I am that way going to temptation,  
Where prayers cross.

*Isab.* At what hour to-morrow  
Shall I attend your lordship?

*Ang.* At any time 'fore noon.

*Isab.* Save your honour! 161

*Exeunt LUCIO, ISABELLA, and Provost.*

*Ang.* From thee; even from thy virtue!

What's this? what's this? Is this her fault  
or mine?

The tempter or the tempted, who sins most?  
Ha!

Not she, nor doth she tempt; but it is I,  
That, lying by the violet in the sun,  
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,  
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be  
That modesty may more betray our sense  
Than woman's lightness? Having waste  
ground enough, 170

Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,  
And pitch our evils there? O! fie, fie, fie.  
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?  
Dost thou desire her foully for those things  
That make her good? O! let her brother  
live.

Thieves for their robbery have authority  
When judges steal themselves. What! do  
I love her,

That I desire to hear her speak again,  
And feast upon her eyes? What is 't I  
dream on?

O cunning enemy! that, to catch a saint, 180  
With saints dost bait thy hook. Most  
dangerous

Is that temptation that doth goad us on  
To sin in loving virtue: never could the  
strumpet,

With all her double vigour, art and nature,  
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous  
maid  
Subdues me quite. Ever till now,  
When men were fond, I smil'd and wonder'd  
how. *Exit.*

SCENE III.—A Room in a Prison.

*Enter DUKE, disguised as a friar, and Provost.*

*Duke.* Hail to you, provost! so I think  
you are.

*Prov.* I am the provost. What's your  
will, good friar?

*Duke.* Bound by my charity and my  
bless'd order,

I come to visit the afflicted spirits

Here in the prison: do me the common right  
To let me see them and to make me know

The nature of their crimes, that I may minister

To them accordingly.

*Prov.* I would do more than that, if more  
were needful.

Look, here comes one: a gentlewoman of  
mine. 10

Who, falling in the flaws of her own youth,  
Hath blister'd her report. She is with child,  
And he that got it, sentenc'd; a young man  
More fit to do another such offence,  
Than die for this.

*Enter JULIET.*

*Duke.* When must he die?

*Prov.* As I do think, to-morrow.

To JULIET. I have provided for you: stay  
awhile,

And you shall be conducted.

*Duke.* Repent you, fair one, of the sin  
you carry?

*Juliet.* I do, and bear the shame most  
patiently. 20

*Duke.* I'll teach you how you shall  
arraign your conscience,  
And try your penitence, if it be sound,  
Or hollowly put on.

*Juliet.* I'll gladly learn.

*Duke.* Love you the man that wrong'd  
you?

*Juliet.* Yes, as I love the woman that  
wrong'd him.

*Duke.* So then it seems your most  
offenceful act

Was mutually committed?

*Juliet.* Mutually.

*Duke.* Then was your sin of heavier kind  
than his.

*Juliet.* I do confess it, and repent it,  
father.

*Duke.* 'T is meet so, daughter: but lest  
you do repent, 30

As that the sin hath brought you to this  
shame,

Which sorrow is always toward ourselves,  
not heaven,

Showing we would not spare heaven as we  
love it,

But as we stand in fear,—

*Juliet.* I do repent me, as it is an evil,  
And take the shame with joy.

*Duke.* There rest.  
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,  
And I am going with instruction to him.

Grace go with you! *Benedicite!* *Exit.*  
*Juliet.* Must die to-morrow! O! injuri-  
ous law, 40

That respects me a life, whose very comfort  
Is still a living horror.

*Prov.* 'Tis pity of him. *Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.—A Room in ANGELO'S House.

*Enter ANGELO.*

*Ang.* When I would pray and think, I  
think and pray

To several subjects: heaven hath my empty  
words,

Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,  
Anchors on Isabel: heaven in my mouth,  
As if I did but only chew his name,  
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil  
Of my conception. The state, whereon I  
studied,

Is like a good thing, being often read,  
Grown sear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,  
Wherein, let no man hear me, I take pride, 10  
Could I with boot change for an idle plume,  
Which the air beats for vain. O place! O  
form!

How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,  
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser  
souls

To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art  
blood:

Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,  
'Tis not the devil's crest. 20

*Enter a Servant.*

How now! who's there?

*Serv.* One Isabel, a sister,  
Desires access to you.

*Ang.* Teach her the way. *Exit Servant.*  
O heavens!

Why does my blood thus muster to my  
heart, 20

Making both it unable for itself,  
And dispossessing all my other parts,  
Of necessary fitness?

So play the foolish throngs with one that  
swoons;

Come all to help him, and so stop the air  
By which he should revive: and even so

The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,  
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fond-  
ness

Crowd to his presence, where their untaught  
love

Must needs appear offence.

*Enter ISABELLA.*

*Isab.* How now, fair maid?

*Ang.* I am come to know your pleasure,  
That you might know it, would  
much better please me 32

Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother  
cannot live.

*Isab.* Even so. Heaven keep your  
honour!

*Ang.* Yet may he live awhile; and, it  
may be,

As long as you or I: yet he must die.

*Isab.* Under your sentence?

*Ang.* Yea.

*Isab.* When, I beseech you? that in his  
reprieve,

Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted 40  
That his soul sicken not.

*Ang.* Ha! fie, these filthy vices! It were  
as good

To pardon him that hath from nature stolen  
A man already made, as to remit

Their saucy sweetness that do coin heaven's  
image

In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy  
Falsely to take away a life true made,

As to put metal in restrained means

To make a false one.

*Isab.* 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not  
in earth. 50

*Ang.* Say you so? then I shall pose you  
quickly.

Which had you rather, that the most just law  
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem

him,  
Give up your body to such sweet unclean-  
ness

As she that he hath stain'd?

*Isab.* Sir, believe this,  
I had rather give my body than my soul.

*Ang.* I talk not of your soul. Our com-  
pell'd sins

Stand more for number than for accompt.

*Isab.* How say you?

*Ang.* Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can  
speak

Against the thing I say. Answer to this: 60  
I, now the voice of the recorded law,

Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:  
Might there not be a charity in sin

To save this brother's life?

*Isab.* Please you to do 't,  
I'll take it as a peril to my soul;

It is no sin at all, but charity.

*Ang.* Pleas'd you to do 't at peril of your  
soul,

Were equal poise of sin and charity.

*Isab.* That I do beg his life, if it be sin,  
Heaven let me bear it! you granting of my  
suit, 70

If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer  
To have it added to the faults of mine,

And nothing of your answer.

*Ang.* Nay, but hear me.  
Your sense pursues not mine: either you  
are ignorant,

Or seem so craftily; and that's not good.

*Isab.* Let me be ignorant, and in nothing  
good,

But graciously to know I am no better.

*Ang.* Thus wisdom wishes to appear most  
bright  
When it doth tax itself; as these black  
masks  
Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times  
louder 80

Than beauty could, display'd. But mark me;

To be received plain, I'll speak more gross: Your brother is to die.

*Isab.* So.

*Ang.* And his offence is so, as it appears Accountant to the law upon that pain.

*Isab.* True.

*Ang.* Admit no other way to save his life,—

As I subscribe not that, nor any other, But in the loss of question,—that you, his sister, 90

Finding yourself desir'd of such a person, Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,

Could fetch your brother from the manacles Of the all-building law; and that there were No earthly mean to save him, but that either You must lay down the treasures of your body

To this suppos'd, or else to let him suffer; What would you do?

*Isab.* As much for my poor brother as myself:

That is, were I under the terms of death, 100 The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,

And strip myself to death, as to a bed That longing have been sick for, ere I'd yield

My body up to shame.

*Ang.* Then must your brother die.

*Isab.* And 't were the cheaper way: Better it were a brother died at once, Than that a sister, by redeeming him, Should die for ever.

*Ang.* Were not you then as cruel as the sentence

That you have slander'd so? 110

*Isab.* Ignomy in ransom and free pardon Are of two houses: lawful mercy Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

*Ang.* You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;

And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother

A merriment than a vice.

*Isab.* O! pardon me, my lord, it oft falls out,

To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean.

I something do excuse the thing I hate, For his advantage that I dearly love. 120

*Ang.* We are all frail.

*Isab.* Else let my brother die, If not a feodary, but only he

Owe and succeed thy weakness.

*Ang.* Nay, women are frail too.

*Isab.* Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves,

Which are as easy broke as they make forms.

Women! Help Heaven! men their creation mar

In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail,

For we are soft as our complexions are, 123 And credulous to false promises.

*Ang.* I think it well; And from this testimony of your own sex, Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger

Than faults may shake our frames, let me be bold:

I do arrest your words. Be that you are, That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;

If you be one, as you are well express'd By all external warrants, show it now, By putting on the destined livery.

*Isab.* I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,

Let me entreat you speak the former language. 140

*Ang.* Plainly conceive, I love you.

*Isab.* My brother did love Juliet; and you tell me

That he shall die for 't.

*Ang.* He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

*Isab.* I know your virtue hath a license in 't,

Which seems a little fouler than it is,

To pluck on others.

*Ang.* Believe me, on mine honour, My words express my purpose.

*Isab.* Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,

And most pernicious purpose! Seeming, seeming! 150

I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for 't:

Sign me a present pardon for my brother, Or with an outstretch'd throat I'll tell the world aloud

What man thou art.

*Ang.* Who will believe thee, Isabel? My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,

My vouch against you, and my place 't the state,

Will so your accusation overweigh, That you shall stifle in your own report

And smell of calumny. I have begun, And now I give my sensual race the rein: 160

Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite; Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes,

That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother

By yielding up thy body to my will, Or else he must not only die the death,

But thy unkindness shall his death draw out To lingering sufferance. Answer me to-morrow,

Or, by the affection that now guides me most,

I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you, 169 Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.

*Isab.* To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,

Who would believe me? O perilous mouths! That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,

Either of condemnation or approof, Bidding the law make court'sy to their will,

Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,

To follow as it draws. I'll to my brother:  
Though he hath fallen by prompture of the  
blood,

Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour, 179  
That, had he twenty heads to tender down  
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them  
up,

Before his sister should her body stoop  
To such abhorr'd pollution.

Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:  
More than our brother is our chastity.

I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,  
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest,  
*Exit.*

## ACT III

## SCENE I.—A Room in the Prison.

*Enter DUKE, as a friar, CLAUDIO, and  
Provost.*

*Duke.* So then you hope of pardon from  
Lord Angelo?

*Claud.* The miserable have no other  
medicine

But only hope:

I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

*Duke.* Be absolute for death; either  
death or life

Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus  
with life:

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing

That none but fools would keep: a breath  
thou art,

Servile to all the skyeey influences,

That do this habitation, where thou keep'st, 10  
Hourly afflict. Merely, thou art death's

fool;

For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,  
And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art  
not noble;

For all the accommodations that thou bear'st  
Are nurs'd by baseness. Thou art by no  
means valiant;

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork  
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,

And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly  
fear'st

Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not  
thyself;

For thou exist'st on many a thousand  
grains 20

That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;  
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to  
get,

And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art  
not certain;

For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,  
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt  
poor;

For, like an ass whose back with ingots  
bows,

Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,  
And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou  
none;

For thine own bowels, which do call thee  
sire,

The mere effusion of thy proper loins, 30  
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,

For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor  
youth nor age,

But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,  
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth  
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms

Of palsied eld; and when thou art old and  
rich,

Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor  
beauty,

To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet  
in this

That bears the name of life? Yet in this life  
Lie hid more thousand deaths; yet death  
we fear, 40

That makes these odds all even.

*Claud.* I humbly thank you.  
To sue to live, I find I seek to die,

And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.

*Isab.* Within. What, ho! Peace here;  
grace and good company!

*Prov.* Who's there? come in: the wish  
deserves a welcome.

*Duke.* Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you  
again.

*Claud.* Most holy sir, I thank you.

*Enter ISABELLA.*

*Isab.* My business is a word or two with  
Claudio.

*Prov.* And very welcome. Look, signior;  
here's your sister.

*Duke.* Provost, a word with you. 50  
*Prov.* As many as you please.

*Duke.* Bring me to hear them speak,  
where I may be conceal'd.

*Exeunt DUKE and Provost.*

*Claud.* Now, sister, what's the comfort?  
*Isab.* Why, as all comforts are; most  
good, most good, indeed.

Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,  
Intends you for his swift ambassador,

Where you shall be an everlasting leiger;  
Therefore your best appointment make with  
speed; 60

To-morrow you set on.

*Claud.* Is there no remedy?  
*Isab.* None, but such remedy, as to save  
a head

To cleave a heart in twain.

*Claud.* But is there any?  
*Isab.* Yes, brother, you may live:

There is a devilish mercy in the judge,  
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,  
But fetter you till death.

*Claud.* Perpetual durance?  
*Isab.* Ay, just; perpetual durance, a  
restraint,

Though all the world's vastidity you had,  
To a determin'd scope.

*Claud.* But in what nature?  
*Isab.* In such a one as, you consenting  
to't, 71

Would bark your honour from that trunk  
you bear,

And leave you naked.

*Claud.* Let me know the point.  
*Isab.* O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I  
quake,

Lest thou a feverous life should'st entertain,  
And six or seven winters more respect  
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?  
The sense of death is most in apprehension,  
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon, 79  
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great  
As when a giant dies.

*Claud.* Why give you me this shame?  
Think you I can a resolution fetch  
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,  
I will encounter darkness as a bride,  
And hug it in mine arms.

*Isab.* There spake my brother: there my  
father's grave  
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die:  
Thou art too noble to conserve a life  
In base appliances. This outward-sainted  
deputy,

Whose settled visage and deliberate word  
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth  
emmew 91

As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil;  
His filth within being cast, he would ap-  
pear

A pond as deep as hell.

*Claud.* The princely Angelo!  
*Isab.* O! 't is the cunning livery of hell,  
The damned'st body to invest and cover  
In princely guards. Dost thou think,  
Claudio?

If I would yield him my virginity,  
Thou mightst be freed.

*Claud.* O heavens! it cannot be.  
*Isab.* Yes, he would give it thee, from  
this rank offence, 100  
So to offend him still. This night's the  
time

That I should do what I abhor to name,  
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

*Claud.* Thou shalt not do 't.  
*Isab.* O! were it but my life,  
I'd throw it down for your deliverance  
As frankly as a pin.

*Claud.* Thanks, dear Isabel.  
*Isab.* Be ready, Claudio, for your death  
to-morrow.

*Claud.* Yes. Has he affections in him,  
That thus can make him bite the law by the  
nose,

When he would force it? Sure, it is no sin;  
Or of the deadly seven it is the least. 111

*Isab.* Which is the least?

*Claud.* If it were damnable, he being so  
wise,

Why would he for the momentary trick  
Be perdurably fin'd? O Isabel!

*Isab.* What says my brother?

*Claud.* Death is a fearful thing.

*Isab.* And shamed life a hateful.

*Claud.* Ay, but to die, and go we know  
not where;

To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;  
This sensible warm motion to become 120  
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit

To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;

To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,  
And blown with restless violence round  
about

The pendent world; or to be worse than  
worst

Of those that lawless and uncertain thoughts  
Imagine howling: 't is too horrible!

The weariest and most loathed worldly life  
That age, ache, penury and imprisonment  
Can lay on nature is a paradise 131  
To what we fear of death.

*Isab.* Alas! alas!

*Claud.* Sweet sister, let me live.  
What sin you do to save a brother's life,  
Nature dispenses with the deed so far  
That it becomes a virtue.

*Isab.* O you beast!  
O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!  
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?  
Is 't not a kind of incest, to take life  
From thine own sister's shame? What  
should I think? 140

Heaven shield my mother play'd my father  
fair;

For such a warped slip of wilderness  
Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my  
defiance:

Die, perish! Might but my bending down  
Relieve thee from thy fate, it should pro-  
ceed.

I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,  
No word to save thee.

*Claud.* Nay, hear me, Isabel.

*Isab.* O! fie, fie, fie.  
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade. 149  
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:  
'T is best that thou diest quickly. *Going.*

*Claud.* O hear me, Isabella!

*Re-enter DUKE.*

*Duke.* Vouchsafe a word, young sister,  
but one word.

*Isab.* What is your will?

*Duke.* Might you dispense with your  
leisure, I would by and by have some speech  
with you: the satisfaction I would require  
is likewise your own benefit.

*Isab.* I have no superfluous leisure; my  
stay must be stolen out of other affairs; but  
I will attend you awhile. 160

*Duke.* *Aside to CLAUDIO.* Son, I have  
overheard what hath passed between you  
and your sister. Angelo had never the pur-  
pose to corrupt her; only he hath made an  
assay of her virtue to practise his judgment  
with the disposition of natures. She, having  
the truth of honour in her, hath made him  
that gracious denial which he is most glad to  
receive: I am confessor to Angelo, and I  
know this to be true; therefore prepare  
yourself to death. Do not satisfy your  
resolution with hopes that are fallible:  
to-morrow you must die. Go to your knees  
and make ready. 172

*Claud.* Let me ask my sister pardon: I  
am so out of love with life that I will sue to  
be rid of it.

*Duke.* Hold you there: farewell. *Exit CLAUDIO.*

*Re-enter Provost.*

Provost, a word with you.

*Prov.* What's your will, father?

*Duke.* That now you are come, you will be gone. Leave me awhile with the maid: my mind promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by my company. 182

*Prov.* In good time.

*Exit.*

*Duke.* The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good: the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath conveyed to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother? 193

*Isab.* I am now going to resolve him. I had rather my brother die by the law than my son should be unlawfully born. But O! how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo. If ever he return and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government. 199

*Duke.* That shall not be much amiss; yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation: he made trial of you only. Therefore, fasten your ear on my advisings: to the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe that you may most uprightly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit, redeem your brother from the angry law, do no stain to your own gracious person, and much please the absent duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to have hearing of this business. 211

*Isab.* Let me hear you speak further. I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

*Duke.* Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick, the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

*Isab.* I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name. 220

*Duke.* She should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo. 232

*Isab.* Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

*Duke.* Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake, and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not. 239

*Isab.* What a merit were it in death to

take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! But how out of this can she avail?

*Duke.* It is a rupture that you may easily heal; and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

*Isab.* Show me how, good father. 247

*Duke.* This forenamed maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo: answer his requiring with a plausible obedience: agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage, first, that your stay with him may not be long, that the time may have all shadow and silence in it, and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in course, and now follows all, we shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense; and here by this is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled. The maid will I frame and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this, as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it? 269

*Isab.* The image of it gives me content already, and, I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

*Duke.* It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo: if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to Saint Luke's; there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana: at that place call upon me, and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly. 279

*Isab.* I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father. *Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—The Street before the Prison.

*Enter DUKE, as a friar; to him ELBOW, POMPEY, and Officers.*

*Elb.* Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

*Duke.* O heavens! what stuff is here?

*Pompey.* 'T was never merry world, since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worse allowed by order of law a furred gown to keep him warm; and furred with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing. 11

*Elb.* Come your way, sir. Bless you, good father friar.

*Duke.* And you, good brother father. What offence hath this man made you, sir?

*Elb.* Marry, sir, he hath offended the law: and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange picklock, which we have sent to the deputy.

*Duke.* Fie, sirrah! a bawd, a wicked bawd! 20

The evil that thou causest to be done,  
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think

What 't is to cram a maw or clothe a back  
From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,  
From their abominable and beastly touches  
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.  
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,  
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

*Pompey.* Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove— 30

*Duke.* Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,  
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer;

Correction and instruction must both work  
Ere this rude beast will profit.

*Elb.* He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning. The deputy cannot abide a whoremaster: if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

*Duke.* That we were all, as some would seem to be, 40

From our faults, as faults from seeming, free!

*Elb.* His neck will come to your waist,—a cord, sir.

*Pompey.* I spy comfort: I cry bail. Here 's a gentleman and a friend of mine.

*Enter LUCIO.*

*Lucio.* How now, noble Pompey! What, at the wheels of Cæsar? Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutched? What reply, ha? What sayest thou to this tune, matter and method? Is 't not drowned i' the last rain, ha? What sayest thou, Trot? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words, or how? The trick of it? 53

*Duke.* Still thus, and thus: still worse!  
*Lucio.* How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still, ha?

*Pompey.* Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub. 59

*Lucio.* Why, 't is good; it is the right of it; it must be so: ever your fresh whore and your powdered bawd: an unshunned consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

*Pompey.* Yes, faith, sir.

*Lucio.* Why, 't is not amiss, Pompey. Farewell. Go, say I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey, or how?

*Elb.* For being a bawd, for being a bawd. 68

*Lucio.* Well, then imprison him. If imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 't is his right: bawd is he doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey. Commend me to the prison, Pompey. You will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house. 74

*Pompey.* I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

*Lucio.* No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey. Bless you, friar. 81

*Duke.* And you.

*Lucio.* Does Bridget paint still, Pompey, ha?

*Elb.* Come your ways, sir; come.

*Pompey.* You will not bail me then, sir?

*Lucio.* Then, Pompey, nor now. What news abroad, friar? What news?

*Elb.* Come your ways, sir; come.

*Lucio.* Go to kennel, Pompey; go.

*Exit ELBOW, POMPEY, and Officers.*  
What news, friar, of the duke? 81

*Duke.* I know none. Can you tell me of any?

*Lucio.* Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?

*Duke.* I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

*Lucio.* It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to 't. 101

*Duke.* He does well in 't.

*Lucio.* A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

*Duke.* It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

*Lucio.* Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied; but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say this Angelo was not made by man and woman after this downright way of creation: is it true, think you? 113

*Duke.* How should he be made, then?

*Lucio.* Some report a sea-maid spawned him; some, that he was begot between two stockfishes. But it is certain that when he makes water his urine is congealed ice; that I know to be true; and he is a motion generative; that 's infallible. 119

*Duke.* You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace.

*Lucio.* Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a codpiece to take away the life of a man! Would the duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand: he had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

*Duke.* I never heard the absent duke

much detected for women; he was not inclined that way.

*Lucio.* O, sir, you are deceived. 131

*Duke.* 'T is not possible.

*Lucio.* Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty, and his use was to put a ducat in her clack-dish; the duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

*Duke.* You do him wrong, surely.

*Lucio.* Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the duke; and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing. 140

*Duke.* What, I prithee, might be the cause?

*Lucio.* No, pardon: 't is a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips; but this I can let you understand, the greater file of the subject held the duke to be wise.

*Duke.* Wise! why, no question but he was.

*Lucio.* A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow. 147

*Duke.* Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking; the very stream of his life and the business he hath helmed must upon a warranted need give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testified in his own bringings-forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman and a soldier. Therefore you speak unskillfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darkened in your malice.

*Lucio.* Sir, I know him, and I love him.

*Duke.* Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love. 160

*Lucio.* Come, sir, I know what I know.

*Duke.* I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return, as our prayers are he may, let me desire you to make your answer before him: if it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it. I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name? 168

*Lucio.* Sir, my name is Lucio, well known to the duke.

*Duke.* He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

*Lucio.* I fear you not.

*Duke.* O! you hope the duke will return no more, or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But indeed I can do you little harm; you'll forswear this again.

*Lucio.* I'll be hanged first: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow or no? 180

*Duke.* Why should he die, sir?

*Lucio.* Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would the duke we talk of were returned again: this ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light: would he were returned! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing. Farewell, good

friar; I prithee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's not past it yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic: say that I said so. Farewell. *Exit.* 195

*Duke.* No might nor greatness in mortality

Can censure 'scape: back-wounding calumny

The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong

Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue? But who comes here? 206

*Enter ESCALUS, Provost, and Officers with Mistress OVERDONE.*

*Escal.* Go: away with her to prison!

*Overdone.* Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man; good my lord.

*Escal.* Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind! This would make mercy swear and play the tyrant.

*Prov.* A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour. 209

*Overdone.* My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me. Mistress Kate Keepdown was with child by him in the duke's time; he promised her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob; I have kept it myself, and see how he goes about to abuse me! 215

*Escal.* That fellow is a fellow of much license: let him be called before us. Away with her to prison! Go to; no more words.

*Exeunt Mistress OVERDONE and Officers.* Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered; Claudio must die to-morrow. Let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation: if my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him. 223

*Prov.* So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

*Escal.* Good even, good father.

*Duke.* Bliss and goodness on you!

*Escal.* Of whence are you?

*Duke.* Not of this country, though my chance is now 230

To use it for my time: I am a brother Of gracious order, late come from the See In special business from his Holiness.

*Escal.* What news abroad? the world?

*Duke.* None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure, but security enough to make fellowships accursed. Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke? 245

*Escal.* One that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

*Duke.* What pleasure was he given to?

*Escal.* Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which professed to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation. 255

*Duke.* He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice; yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life, which I by my good leisure have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die. 262

*Escal.* You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have laboured for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him he is indeed Justice. 268

*Duke.* If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

*Escal.* I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well. 273

*Duke.* Peace be with you!

*Exeunt ESCALUS and Provost.*

He who the sword of heaven will bear  
Should be as holy as severe;  
Pattern in himself to know,  
Grace to stand, and virtue go;  
More nor less to others paying  
Than by self-offences weighing.  
Shame to him whose cruel striking  
Kills for faults of his own liking!  
Twice treble shame on Angelo,  
To weed my vice and let his grow!  
O! what may man within him hide,  
Though angel on the outward side;  
How may likeness made in crimes,  
Making practice on the times,  
To draw with idle spiders' strings  
Most ponderous and substantial things! 290  
Craft against vice I must apply:  
With Angelo to-night shall lie  
His old betrothed but despised:  
So disguise shall, by the disguised,  
Pay with falsehood false exacting,  
And perform an old contracting. *Exit.*

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*The moated Grange at ST. LUKE'S.*

*Enter MARIANA and a Boy. Boy sings.*

*Take, O take those lips away,  
That so sweetly were forsworn;  
And those eyes, the break of day,  
Lights that do mislead the morn:  
But my kisses bring again, bring again,  
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, seal'd  
in vain.*

*Mari.* Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away:

Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice

Hath often still'd my brawling discontent. *Exit Bou.*

*Enter DUKE, disguised as before.*

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish You had not found me here so musical: 11  
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,  
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

*Duke.* 'T is good: though music oft hath such a charm  
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.

I pray you tell me, hath any body inquired for me here to-day? Much upon this time have I promised here to meet.

*Mari.* You have not been inquired after: I have sat here all day. 20

*Duke.* I do constantly believe you. The time is come even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little: may be I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

*Mari.* I am always bound to you. *Exit.*

*Enter ISABELLA.*

*Duke.* Very well met, and well come.

What is the news from this good deputy?

*Isab.* He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,

Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;

And to that vineyard is a planced gate, 30  
That makes his opening with this bigger key;

280 This other doth command a little door  
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;

There have I made my promise  
Upon the heavy middle of the night  
To call upon him.

*Duke.* But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

*Isab.* I have ta'en a due and wary note upon 't:

With whispering and most guilty diligence,  
In action all of precept, he did show me 40  
The way twice o'er.

*Duke.* Are there no other tokens  
Between you 'greed concerning her observance?

*Isab.* No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;

And that I have possess'd him my most stay  
Can be but brief; for I have made him know  
I have a servant comes with me along.  
That stays upon me, whose persuasion is  
I come about my brother.

*Duke.* 'T is well borne up.  
I have not yet made known to Mariana  
A word of this. What, ho! within! come forth. 50

*Re-enter MARIANA.*

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;  
She comes to do you good.

*Isab.* I do desire the like.

*Duke.* Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

*Mari.* Good friar, I know you do, and I have found it.

*Duke.* Take then this your companion by the hand,

Who hath a story ready for your ear.

I shall attend your leisure: but make haste; The vaporous night approaches.

*Mari.* Will 't please you walk aside?

*Exeunt MARIANA and ISABELLA.*

*Duke.* O place and greatness! millions of false eyes

Are stuck upon thee: volumes of report Run with these false and most contrarious quests

Upon thy doings: thousand escapes of wit Make thee the father of their idle dream And rack thee in their fancies!

*Re-enter MARIANA and ISABELLA.*

Welcome! How agreed?

*Isab.* She'll take the enterprise upon her, father,

If you advise it.

*Duke.* It is not my consent,

But my entreaty too.

*Isab.* Little have you to say When you depart from him, but, soft and low,

'Remember now my brother.'

*Mari.* Fear me not.

*Duke.* Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all.

He is your husband on a pre-contract: To bring you thus together, 't is no sin, Sith that the justice of your title to him Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go: Our corn's to reap, for yet our tithe's to sow.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Room in the Prison.

*Enter Provost and POMPEY.*

*Prov.* Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man's head?

*Pompey.* If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can; but if he be a married man, he's his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

*Prov.* Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine. Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping, for you have been a notorious bawd.

*Pompey.* Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

*Prov.* What ho, Abhorson! Where's Abhorson, there?

*Enter ABHORSON.*

*Abhor.* Do you call, sir?

*Prov.* Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution. If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

*Abhor.* A bawd, sir? Fie upon him! he will discredit our mystery.

*Prov.* Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale.

*Exit.*  
*Pompey.* Pray, sir, by your good favour—for, surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look—do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

*Abhor.* Ay, sir; a mystery.

*Pompey.* Painting, sir, I have heard say is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery; but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hanged, I cannot imagine.

*Abhor.* Sir, it is a mystery.

*Pompey.* Proof?

*Abhor.* Every true man's apparel fits your thief.

*Pompey.* If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

*Re-enter Provost.*

*Prov.* Are you agreed?

*Pompey.* Sir, I will serve him; for I do find your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

*Prov.* You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow four o'clock.

*Abhor.* Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade: follow.

*Pompey.* I do desire to learn, sir; and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare; for, truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.

*Prov.* Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:  
*Exeunt POMPEY and ABHORSON.*  
The one has my pity; not a jot the other, Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

*Enter CLAUDIO.*

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:

'T is now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow

Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

*Claud.* As fast lock'd up in sleep as guiltless labour

When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones: He will not wake.

*Prov.* Who can do good on him?

Well, go; prepare yourself.

*Knocking within.*

But hark, what noise?

Heaven give your spirits comfort!

*Exit* CLAUDIO.

By and by.

I hope it is some pardon or reprieve

For the most gentle Claudio.

*Enter* DUKE, *disguised as before.*

Welcome, father.

Duke. The best and wholesom'st spirits  
of the night

Envelop you, good provost! Who call'd here  
of late?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will, then, ere 't be long.  
Prov. What comfort is for Claudio? 80

Duke. There's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so: his life is parallel'd  
Even with the stroke and line of his great  
justice:

He doth with holy abstinence subdue  
That in himself which he spurs on his power  
To qualify in others: were he meal'd with  
that

Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;  
But this being so, he's just.

*Knocking within.*

Now are they come.

*Exit* Provost.

This is a gentle provost: seldom when  
The steeled gaoler is the friend of men. 90

*Knocking.*

How now! What noise? That spirit's  
possest'd with haste

That wounds the unsisting postern with  
these strokes.

*Re-enter* Provost.

Prov. There he must stay until the officer  
Arise to let him in; he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for  
Claudio yet.

But he must die to-morrow?

Prov. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as  
it is.

You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily  
You something know; yet I believe there  
comes

No countermand: no such example have we.  
Besides, upon the very siege of justice, 101  
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear  
Profess'd the contrary.

*Enter a Messenger.*

This is his lordship's man.

Duke. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mess. My lord hath sent you this note;  
and by me this further charge, that you  
swerve not from the smallest article of it,  
neither in time, matter, or other circum-  
stance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it  
is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. *Exit* Messenger.

Duke. *Aside.* This is his pardon, pur-  
chas'd by such sin 111

For which the pardoner himself is in;

Hence hath offence his quick celerity,

When it is borne in high authority.

When vice makes mercy, mercy's so ex-  
tended,

That for the fault's love is the offender  
friended.

Now, sir, what news?

Prov. I told you: Lord Angelo, belike  
thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens  
me with this unwonted putting-on; me-  
thinks strangely, for he hath not used it  
before. 121

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Prov. *Whatsoever you may hear to the  
contrary, let Claudio be executed by four  
of the clock; and in the afternoon Barnar-  
dine. For my better satisfaction, let me  
have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let  
this be duly performed; with a thought  
that more depends on it than we must yet  
deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as  
you will answer it at your peril. What say  
you to this, sir?* 131

Duke. What is that Barnardine who is to  
be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born, but here nursed  
up and bred; one that is a prisoner nine  
years old.

Duke. How came it that the absent duke  
had not either delivered him to his liberty  
or executed him? I have heard it was ever  
his manner to do so. 139

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves  
for him: and, indeed, his fact, till now in  
the government of Lord Angelo, came not  
to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. It is now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by  
himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently  
in prison? how seems he to be touched?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no  
more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep;  
careless, reckless, and fearless of what's  
past, present, or to come; insensible of  
mortality, and desperately mortal. 148

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none. He hath ever-  
more had the liberty of the prison: give  
him leave to escape hence, he would not:  
drunk many times a day, if not many days  
entirely drunk. We have very oft awaked  
him, as if to carry him to execution, and  
showed him a seeming warrant for it: it  
hath not moved him at all. 161

Duke. More of him anon. There is  
written in your brow, provost, honesty and  
constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient  
skill beguiles me; but in the boldness of my  
cunning I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio,  
whom here you have warrant to execute, is  
no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo  
who hath sentenced him. To make you  
understand this in a manifested effect, I  
crave but four days' respite, for the which

you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy. 172

*Prov.* Pray, sir, in what?

*Duke.* In the delaying death.

*Prov.* Alack! how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest. 179

*Duke.* By the vow of mine order I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

*Prov.* Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

*Duke.* O! death's a great disguiser, and you may add to it. Shave the head and tie the beard; and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death: you know the course is common. If anything fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life. 193

*Prov.* Pardon me, good father: it is against my oath.

*Duke.* Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

*Prov.* To him, and to his substitutes.

*Duke.* You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

*Prov.* But what likelihood is in that? 202

*Duke.* Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir; here is the hand and seal of the duke: you know the character, I doubt not, and the signet is not strange to you.

*Prov.* I know them both. 210

*Duke.* The contents of this is the return of the duke: you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure, where you shall find within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not, for he this very day receives letters of strange tenour; perchance of the duke's death; perchance entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shroud and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed, but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn.

*Exeunt.* 226

### SCENE III.—Another Room in the Same.

*Enter POMPEY.*

*Pompey.* I am as well acquainted here as I was in our house of profession: one would think it were Mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young Master Rash;

he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine score and seventeen pounds, of which he made five marks, ready money; marry, then ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Master Caper, at the suit of Master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-coloured satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizzy, and young Master Deep-vow, and Master Copper-spur, and Master Starve-lackey the rapier-and-dagger man, and young Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding, and Master Forthright the tilter, and brave Master Shoe-tie the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabbed Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now 'for the Lord's sake.' 21

*Enter ABHORSON.*

*Abhor.* Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

*Pompey.* Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hanged, Master Barnardine!

*Abhor.* What, ho, Barnardine!

*Bar.* Within. A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

*Pompey.* Your friends, sir; the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

*Bar.* Within. Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy. 31

*Abhor.* Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

*Pompey.* Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

*Abhor.* Go in to him, and fetch him out.

*Pompey.* He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

*Abhor.* Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

*Pompey.* Very ready, sir. 40

*Enter BARNARDINE.*

*Bar.* How now, Abhorson? what's the news with you?

*Abhor.* Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

*Bar.* You rogue, I have been drinking all night; I am not fitted for 't.

*Pompey.* O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day. 50

*Abhor.* Look you, sir; here comes your ghostly father: do we jest now, think you?

*Enter DUKE disguised as before.*

*Duke.* Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

*Bar.* Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets. I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

*Duke.* O, sir, you must; and therefore I

beseech you look forward on the journey  
you shall go. 61

*Bar.* I swear I will not die to-day for any  
man's persuasion.

*Duke.* But hear you.

*Bar.* Not a word: if you have any thing  
to say to me, come to my ward; for thence  
will not I to-day. *Exit.*

*Enter Provost.*

*Duke.* Unfit to live or die. O gravel  
heart!

After him, fellows: bring him to the block.  
*Exeunt ABHORSON and POMPEY.*

*Prov.* Now, sir, how do you find the  
prisoner? 70

*Duke.* A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for  
death;

And to transport him in the mind he is  
Were damnable.

*Prov.* Here in the prison, father,  
There died this morning of a cruel fever  
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,  
A man of Claudio's years; his beard and  
head

Just of his colour. What if we do omit  
This reprobate till he were well inclin'd,  
And satisfy the deputy with the visage  
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio? 80

*Duke.* O! 'tis an accident that heaven  
provides.

Dispatch it presently: the hour draws on  
Prefix'd by Angelo. See this be done,  
And sent according to command, whiles I  
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

*Prov.* This shall be done, good father,  
presently.

But Barnardine must die this afternoon;  
And how shall we continue Claudio,  
To save me from the danger that might  
come

If he were known alive?

*Duke.* Let this be done: 90

Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine  
and Claudio:

Ere twice the sun hath made his journal  
greeting

To yonder generation, you shall find  
Your safety manifested.

*Prov.* I am your free dependant.

*Duke.* Quick, dispatch,

And send the head to Angelo. *Exit Provost.*

Now will I write letters to Angelo,—  
The provost, he shall bear them,—whose  
contents

Shall witness to him I am near at home,  
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound 100

To enter publicly: him I'll desire

To meet me at the consecrated fount

A league below the city; and from thence,  
By cold gradation and well balanc'd form,

We shall proceed with Angelo.

*Re-enter Provost.*

*Prov.* Here is the head; I'll carry it  
myself.

*Duke.* Convenient is it. Make a swift  
return,

For I would commune with you of such  
things

That want no ear but yours.

*Prov.* I'll make all speed. *Exit.*

*Isab.* Within. Peace, ho, be here! 110

*Duke.* The tongue of Isabel. She's  
come to know

If yet her brother's pardon be come hither;  
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,  
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,  
When it is least expected.

*Enter ISABELLA.*

*Isab.* Ho! by your leave.

*Duke.* Good morning to you, fair and  
gracious daughter.

*Isab.* The better, given me by so holy a  
man.

Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's  
pardon?

*Duke.* He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from  
the world.

His head is off and sent to Angelo. 120

*Isab.* Nay, but it is not so.

*Duke.* It is no other: show your wisdom,  
daughter,

In your close patience.

*Isab.* O! I will to him and pluck out his  
eyes.

*Duke.* You shall not be admitted to his  
sight.

*Isab.* Unhappy Claudio! wretched Isabel!  
Injurious world! most damned Angelo!

*Duke.* This nor hurts him nor profits you  
a jot;

Forbear it therefore: give your cause to  
heaven.

Mark what I say, which you shall find 130  
By every syllable a faithful verity.

The duke comes home to-morrow; nay, dry  
your eyes:

One of our covent, and his confessor,  
Gives me this instance: already he hath  
carried

Notice to Escalus and Angelo,  
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,

There to give up their power. If you can,  
pace your wisdom

In that good path that I would wish it go,  
And you shall have your bosom on this  
wretch,

Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart, 140  
And general honour.

*Isab.* I am directed by you.

*Duke.* This letter then to Friar Peter  
give;

'T is that he sent me of the duke's return:  
Say, by this token, I desire his company

At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause  
and yours

I'll perfect him withal, and he shall bring you  
Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo

Accuse him home, and home. For my poor  
self,

I am combined by a sacred vow,  
And shall be absent. Wend you with this  
letter; 150

Command these fretting waters from your eyes  
 With a light heart: trust not my holy order,  
 If I pervert your course. Who's here?

*Enter LUCIO.*

*Lucio.* Good even. Friar, where is the provost?

*Duke.* Not within, sir. 156

*Lucio.* O pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient. I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would set me to 't. But they say the duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I loved thy brother: if the old fantastical duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived. *Exit ISABELLA.* 165

*Duke.* Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholding to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

*Lucio.* Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do: he's a better woodman than thou takest him for. 171

*Duke.* Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

*Lucio.* Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee: I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

*Duke.* You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

*Lucio.* I was once before him for getting a wench with child. 180

*Duke.* Did you such a thing?

*Lucio.* Yes, marry, did I; but I was fain to forswear it: they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

*Duke.* Sir, your company is fairer than honest. Rest you well.

*Lucio.* By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end. If bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr; I shall stick. *Exeunt.* 190

SCENE IV.—A Room in ANGELO'S House.

*Enter ANGELO and ESCALUS.*

*Escal.* Every letter he hath writ hath dishonoured other.

*Ang.* In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness: pray heaven his wisdom be not tainted! and why meet him at the gates, and redeliver our authorities there?

*Escal.* I guess not.

*Ang.* And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street? 12

*Escal.* He shows his reason for that: to have a dispatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

*Ang.* Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaimed:

Betimes i' the morn I'll call you at your house.

Give notice to such men of sort and suit As are to meet him. 20

*Escal.* I shall, sir: fare you well.

*Ang.* Good night. *Exit ESCALUS.*

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant

And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid,

And by an eminent body that enforc'd The law against it! But that her tender shame

Will not proclaim against her maiden loss, How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her no:

For my authority bears a credent bulk, That no particular scandal once can touch But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd, 31

Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,

Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,

By so receiving a dishonour'd life With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had liv'd!

Alack! when once our grace we have forgot, Nothing goes right: we would, and we would not. *Exit.*

SCENE V.—Fields without the Town.

*Enter DUKE in his own habit, and Friar PETER.*

*Duke.* These letters at fit time deliver me. *Giving letters.*

The provost knows our purpose and our plot. The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,

And hold you ever to our special drift, Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,

As cause doth minister. Go call at Flavius' house,

And tell him where I stay: give the like notice

To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus, And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;

But send me Flavius first.

*Fri. Pet.* It shall be speeded well. 16 *Exit.*

*Enter VARRIUS.*

*Duke.* I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste.

Come, we will walk: there's other of our friends

Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius. *Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Street near the City Gate.

*Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA.*

*Isab.* To speak so indirectly I am loath: I would say the truth; but to accuse him so, That is your part: yet I am advis'd to do it: He says, to veil full purpose.

*Mari.*

Be rul'd by him.

*Isab.* Besides, he tells me that, if peradventure  
He speak against me on the adverse side,  
I should not think it strange; for 't is a  
physic  
That 's bitter to sweet end.  
*Mari.* I would Friar Peter—  
*Isab.* O, peace! the friar is come.

*Enter Friar PETER.*

*Fri. Pet.* Come, I have found you out a  
stand most fit,  
Where you may have such vantage on the  
duke,  
He shall not pass you. Twice have the  
trumpets sounded:  
The generous and gravest citizens  
Have hent the gates, and very near upon  
The duke is ent'ring: therefore, hence,  
away! *Exeunt.*

## ACT V

SCENE I.—A public Place near the City Gate.

MARIANA veiled, ISABELLA, and Friar PETER, at a distance.

*Enter DUKE, VARRIUS, Lords, ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, Provost, Officers and Citizens, at several doors.*

*Duke.* My very worthy cousin, fairly met!  
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

*Ang., Escal.* Happy return be to your royal grace!

*Duke.* Many and hearty thankings to you both.

We have made inquiry of you; and we hear  
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul  
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,  
Forerunning more requital.

*Ang.* You make my bonds still greater.

*Duke.* O! your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it

To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,  
When it deserves, with characters of brass,  
A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time  
And razure of oblivion. Give me your hand,  
And let the subject see, to make them know  
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim

Favours that keep within. Come, Escalus,  
You must walk by us on our other hand;  
And good supporters are you.

*Friar PETER and ISABELLA come forward.*

*Fri. Pet.* Now is your time: speak loud  
and kneel before him.

*Isab.* Justice, O royal duke! Vail your regard

Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a  
maid!

O worthy prince! dishonour not your eye  
By throwing it on any other object,  
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,

And given me justice, justice, justice,  
justice!

*Duke.* Relate your wrongs: in what? by whom? be brief.

Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice:  
Reveal yourself to him.

*Isab.* O worthy duke!  
You bid me seek redemption of the devil.  
Hear me yourself; for that which I must  
speak

Must either punish me, not being believ'd,  
Or wring redress from you. Hear me, O  
hear me, here!

*Ang.* My lord, her wits, I fear me, are  
not firm:

She hath been a suitor to me for her brother  
Cut off by course of justice,—

*Isab.* By course of justice!

*Ang.* And she will speak most bitterly  
and strange.

*Isab.* Most strange, but yet most truly,  
will I speak.

That Angelo's forsworn, is it not strange?  
That Angelo's a murderer, is 't not strange?

That Angelo is an adulterous thief,  
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator;

Is it not strange and strange?

*Duke.* Nay, it is ten times strange.

*Isab.* It is not truer he is Angelo  
Than this is all as true as it is strange;

Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth  
To the end of reckoning.

*Duke.* Away with her! poor soul,  
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

*Isab.* O prince! I conjure thee, as thou  
believ'st

There is another comfort than this world,  
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion

That I am touch'd with madness. Make  
not impossible

That which but seems unlike. 'T is not  
impossible

But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,  
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as  
absolute

As Angelo; even so may Angelo,  
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,

Be an arch-villain. Believe it, royal prince:  
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,

Had I more name for badness.

*Duke.* By mine honesty,  
If she be mad, as I believe no other,

Her madness hath the oddest frame of  
sense,

Such a dependency of thing on thing,  
As e'er I heard in madness.

*Isab.* O gracious duke!  
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason

For inequality; but let your reason serve  
To make the truth appear where it seems hid,

And hide the false seems true.

*Duke.* Many that are not mad  
Have, sure, more lack of reason. What  
would you say?

*Isab.* I am the sister of one Claudio,  
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication

To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo,  
I, in probation of a sisterhood,

Was sent to by my brother; one Lucio  
As then the messenger—

*Lucio.* That's I, an 't like your grace:

came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her  
to try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo  
for her poor brother's pardon.

*Isab.* <sup>100</sup> *That's he indeed.*

*Duke.* You were not bid to speak.

*Lucio.* No, my good lord;  
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

*Duke.* I wish you now, then:  
Pray you, take note of it; and when you  
have <sup>80</sup>

a business for yourself, pray heaven you then  
be perfect.

*Lucio.* I warrant your honour.

*Duke.* The warrant's for yourself: take  
heed to it.

*Isab.* This gentleman told somewhat of  
my tale,—

*Lucio.* Right.

*Duke.* It may be right; but you are in  
the wrong

to speak before your time. Proceed.

*Isab.* I went  
To this pernicious caitiff deputy,—

*Duke.* That's somewhat madly spoken.

*Isab.* Pardon it:  
The phrase is to the matter. <sup>90</sup>

*Duke.* Mended again: the matter; pro-  
ceed.

*Isab.* In brief, to set the needless process  
by,

How I perswaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,  
How he refell'd me, and how I repli'd,—

For this was of much length,—the vile con-  
clusion

now begin with grief and shame to utter.  
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body

To his conspicuous intemperate lust,  
Release my brother; and, after much

debatement,  
My sisterly remorse confutes mine hon-  
our, <sup>100</sup>

And I did yield to him. But the next morn  
betimes,

His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant  
for my poor brother's head.

*Duke.* This is most likely!

*Isab.* O! that it were as like as it is true.

*Duke.* By heaven, fond wretch! thou  
know'st not what thou speak'st,

Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour  
in hateful practice. First, his integrity

Stands without blemish; next, it imports no  
reason

That with such vehemency he should pursue  
faults proper to himself: if he had so

offended, <sup>110</sup>  
He would have weigh'd thy brother by  
himself,

And not have cut him off. Some one hath  
set you on:

Confess the truth, and say by whose advice  
thou cam'st here to complain.

*Isab.* And is this all?

Then, O you blessed ministers above!

Keep me in patience; and with ripen'd time  
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up

in countenance. Heaven shield your grace  
from woe,

As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go!

*Duke.* I know you'd fain be gone. An  
officer!

To prison with her! Shall we thus permit  
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall

On him so near us? This needs must be a  
practice.

Who knew of your intent and coming hither?

*Isab.* One that I would were here, Friar  
Lodowick.

*Duke.* A ghostly father, belike. Who  
knows that Lodowick?

*Lucio.* My lord, I know him; 'tis a  
meddling friar;

I do not like the man: had he been lay, my  
lord,

For certain words he spake against your  
grace

In your retirement, I had swing'd him  
soundly. <sup>130</sup>

*Duke.* Words against me! This a good  
friar, belike!

And to set on this wretched woman here  
Against our substitute! Let this friar be  
found.

*Lucio.* But yesternight, my lord, she and  
that friar,

I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar,  
A very scurvy fellow.

*Fri. Pet.* Bless'd be your royal grace!  
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard

Your royal ear abus'd. First, hath this  
woman

Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute, <sup>140</sup>  
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,  
As she from one ungot.

*Duke.* We did believe no less.

Know you that Friar Lodowick that she  
speaks of?

*Fri. Pet.* I know him for a man divine  
and holy;

Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,  
As he's reported by this gentleman;

And, on my trust, a man that never yet  
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.

*Lucio.* My lord, most villanously; be-  
lieve it.

*Fri. Pet.* Well; he in time may come to  
clear himself, <sup>150</sup>

But at this instant he is sick, my lord,  
Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request,

Being come to knowledge that there was  
complaint

Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo, came I hither,  
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth  
know

Is true and false; and what he with his  
oath

And all probation will make up full clear,  
Whenever he's convented. First, for this  
woman,

To justify this worthy nobleman,  
So vulgarly and personally accus'd, <sup>160</sup>

Her shall you hear disprov'd to her eyes,  
Till she herself confess it.

*Duke.* Good friar, let's hear it.

ISABELLA is carried off guarded; and  
MARIANA comes forward.

Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?

O heaven! the vanity of wretched fools.

Give us some seats. Come, cousin Angelo;  
 In this I'll be impartial; be you judge  
 Of your own cause. Is this the witness, friar?  
 First, let her show her face, and after speak.  
*Mari.* Pardon, my lord, I will not show  
 my face  
 Until my husband bid me. 170  
*Duke.* What, are you married?  
*Mari.* No, my lord.  
*Duke.* Are you a maid?  
*Mari.* No, my lord.  
*Duke.* A widow then?  
*Mari.* Neither, my lord.  
*Duke.* Why, you  
 Are nothing then: neither maid, widow, nor  
 wife?  
*Lucio.* My lord, she may be a punk; for  
 many of them are neither maid, widow, nor  
 wife. 180  
*Duke.* Silence that fellow: I would he  
 had some cause  
 To prattle for himself.  
*Lucio.* Well, my lord.  
*Mari.* My lord, I do confess I ne'er was  
 married;  
 And I confess besides I am no maid:  
 I have known my husband, yet my husband  
 knows not  
 That ever he knew me.  
*Lucio.* He was drunk then my lord: it  
 can be no better.  
*Duke.* For the benefit of silence, would  
 thou wert so too! 191  
*Lucio.* Well, my lord.  
*Duke.* This is no witness for Lord Angelo.  
*Mari.* Now I come to 't, my lord:  
 She that accuses him of fornication,  
 In self-same manner doth accuse my hus-  
 band;  
 And charges him, my lord, with such a time,  
 When, I'll depose, I had him in mine arms  
 With all the effect of love.  
*Ang.* Charges she more than me?  
*Mari.* Not that I know.  
*Duke.* No? you say your husband. 201  
*Mari.* Why, just, my lord, and that is  
 Angelo.  
 Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my  
 body,  
 But knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's.  
*Ang.* This is strange abuse. Let's see  
 thy face.  
*Mari.* My husband bids me; now I will  
 unmask. *Unveiling.*  
 This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,  
 Which once thou swor'st was worth the  
 looking on:  
 This is the hand which, with a vow'd con-  
 tract,  
 Was fast belock'd in thine: this is the body  
 That took away the match from Isabel, 211  
 And did supply thee at thy garden-house  
 In her imagin'd person.  
*Duke.* Know you this woman?  
*Lucio.* Carnally, she says.  
*Duke.* Sirrah, no more!  
*Lucio.* Enough, my lord.  
*Ang.* My lord, I must confess I know this  
 woman;

And five years since there was some speech  
 of marriage  
 Betwixt myself and her, which was broke off,  
 Partly for that her promised proportions  
 Came short of composition; but in chief  
 For that her reputation was disvalued 221  
 In levity: since which time of five years  
 I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard  
 from her,  
 Upon my faith and honour.  
*Mari.* Noble prince,  
 As there comes light from heaven and words  
 from breath,  
 As there is sense in truth and truth in virtue,  
 I am affianc'd this man's wife as strongly  
 As words could make up vows: and, my  
 good lord,  
 But Tuesday night last gone, in's garden-  
 house  
 He knew me as a wife. As this is true, 230  
 Let me in safety raise me from my knees,  
 Or else for ever be confix'd here,  
 A marble monument.  
*Ang.* I did but smile till now:  
 Now, good my lord, give me the scope of  
 justice;  
 My patience here is touch'd. I do perceive  
 These poor informal women are no more  
 But instruments of some more mightier  
 member  
 That sets them on. Let me have way, my  
 lord,  
 To find this practice out.  
*Duke.* Ay, with my heart;  
 And punish them to your height of pleasure.  
 Thou foolish friar, and thou pernicious  
 woman, 241  
 Compact with her that's gone, think'st thou  
 thy oaths,  
 Though they would swear down each par-  
 ticular saint,  
 Were testimonies against his worth and  
 credit  
 That's seal'd in approbation? You, Lord  
 Escalus,  
 Sit with my cousin: lend him your kind pains  
 To find out this abuse, whence't is deriv'd.  
 There is another friar that set them on;  
 Let him be sent for.  
*Fri. Pet.* Would he were here, my lord;  
 for he indeed 250  
 Hath set the women on to this complaint:  
 Your provost knows the place where he  
 abides  
 And he may fetch him.  
*Duke.* Go do it instantly. *Exit Provost.*  
 And you, my noble and well-warranted  
 cousin,  
 Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,  
 Do with your injuries as seems you best,  
 In any chastisement: I for a while will  
 leave you;  
 But stir not you till you have well determin'd  
 Upon these slanderers.  
*Escal.* My lord, we'll do it thoroughly. 260  
*Exit DUKE.*  
 Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew  
 that Friar Lodowick to be a dishonest  
 person?

*Lucio.* *Cucullus non facit monachum:* honest in nothing but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke most villainous speeches of the duke.

*Escal.* We shall entreat you to abide here till he come and enforce them against him. We shall find this friar a notable fellow.

*Lucio.* As any in Vienna, on my word. 269

*Escal.* Call that same Isabel here once again:

I would speak with her. *Exit an Attendant.* Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I'll handle her.

*Lucio.* Not better than he, by her own report.

*Escal.* Say you?

*Lucio.* Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she would sooner confess: perchance, publicly, she'll be ashamed.

*Escal.* I will go darkly to work with her.

*Lucio.* That's the way: for women are light at midnight. 281

*Re-enter Officers, with ISABELLA.*

*Escal.* Come on, mistress; here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

*Lucio.* My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here with the provost.

*Escal.* In very good time: speak not you to him till we call upon you.

*Lucio.* Mum.

*Re-enter DUKE, disguised as a friar, and Provost.*

*Escal.* Come, sir. Did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo? they have confessed you did. 291

*Duke.* 'T is false.

*Escal.* How! know you where you are?

*Duke.* Respect to your great place! and let the devil

Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne.

Where is the duke? 't is he should hear me speak.

*Escal.* The duke's in us, and we will hear you speak:

Look you speak justly.

*Duke.* Boldly, at least. But, O! poor souls,

Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox? Good night to your redress! Is the duke gone? 301

Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust,

Thus to retort your manifest appeal,

And put your trial in the villain's mouth Which here you come to accuse.

*Lucio.* This is the rascal: this is he I spoke of.

*Escal.* Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar!

Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women

To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth,

And in the witness of his proper ear, 310

To call him villain?

And then to glance from him to the duke himself,

To tax him with injustice? Take him hence; To the rack with him! We'll touze you joint by joint,

But we will know his purpose. What, 'unjust'!

*Duke.* Be not so hot; the duke Dare no more stretch this finger of mine than he

Dare rack his own: his subject am I not, Nor here provincial. My business in this state

Made me a looker-on here in Vienna, Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble 320

Till it o'er-run the stew: laws for all faults, But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes

Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop, As much in mock as mark.

*Escal.* Slander to the state! Away with him to prison!

*Ang.* What can you vouch against him, Signior Lucio?

Is this the man that you did tell us of?

*Lucio.* 'T is he, my lord. Come hither, Goodman bald-pate: do you know me? 329

*Duke.* I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice: I met you at the prison, in the absence of the duke.

*Lucio.* O! did you so? And do you remember what you said of the duke?

*Duke.* Most notably, sir.

*Lucio.* Do you so, sir? And was the duke a fleshmonger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

*Duke.* You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse. 341

*Lucio.* O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches?

*Duke.* I protest I love the duke as I love myself.

*Ang.* Hark! how the villain would close now after his treasonable abuses.

*Escal.* Such a fellow is not to be talked withal: away with him to prison! Where is the provost? Away with him to prison!

Lay bolts enough upon him, let him speak no more! Away with those giglots too, and with the other confederate companion! 353

*The Provost lays hand on the DUKE.*

*Duke.* Stay, sir; stay awhile.

*Ang.* What! resists he? Help him, Lucio.

*Lucio.* Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh! sir. Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal, you must be hooded, must you?

show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged an hour! Will't not off? 360

*Pulls off the Friar's hood, and discovers the DUKE.*

*Duke.* Thou art the first knave that e'er made a duke.

First, provost, let me bail these gentle three. To LUCIO. Sneak not away, sir; for the friar and you

Must have a word anon. Lay hold on him.

*Lucio.* This may prove worse than hanging.

*Duke.* To ESCALUS. What you have spoke I pardon; sit you down:

We'll borrow place of him. To ANGELO. Sir, by your leave.

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence, That yet can do thee office? If thou hast, Rely upon it till my tale be heard, 370 And hold no longer out.

*Ang.* O my dread lord!

I should be guiltier than my guiltiness, To think I can be undiscernible, When I perceive your grace, like power divine,

Hath look'd upon my passes. Then, good prince,

No longer session hold upon my shame, But let my trial be mine own confession: Immediate sentence then and sequent death Is all the grace I beg.

*Duke.* Come hither, Mariana. Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman? 380

*Ang.* I was, my lord.

*Duke.* Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.

Do you the office, friar; which consummate, Return him here again. Go with him, provost.

*Exeunt ANGELO, MARIANA, Friar PETER, and Provost.*

*Escal.* My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour

Than at the strangeness of it.

*Duke.* Come hither, Isabel. Your friar is now your prince: as I was then Advertising and holy to your business, Not changing heart with habit, I am still Attorney'd at your service.

*Isab.* O! give me pardon, That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd 391

Your unknown sovereignty.

*Duke.* You are pardon'd, Isabel: And now, dear maid, be you as free to us. Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;

And you may marvel why I obscur'd myself, Labouring to save his life, and would not rather

Make rashremonstrance of my hidden power Than let him so be lost. O most kind maid! It was the swift celerity of his death, 399 Which I did think with slower foot came on, That brain'd my purpose: but, peace be with him!

That life is better life, past fearing death Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,

So happy is your brother.

*Isab.* I do, my lord.

*Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, Friar PETER, and Provost.*

*Duke.* For this new-married man approaching here,

Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd Your well-defended honour, you must pardon For Mariana's sake. But as he adjudg'd your brother,

Being criminal, in double violation 409 Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach, Thereon dependent, for your brother's life, The very mercy of the law cries out

Most audible, even from his proper tongue, 'An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!'

Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure,

Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure.

Then Angelo, thy fault thus manifested, Which, though thou would'st deny, denies thee vantage,

We do condemn thee to the very block Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste. 420

Away with him!

*Mari.* O my most gracious lord! I hope you will not mock me with a husband.

*Duke.* It is your husband mock'd you with a husband.

Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,

I thought your marriage fit; else imputation, For that he knew you, might reproach your life

And choke your good to come. For his possessions,

Although by confiscation they are ours, We do instate and widow you withal,

To buy you a better husband.

*Mari.* O my dear lord! I crave no other, nor no better man. 431

*Duke.* Never crave him; we are definitive.

*Mari.* Gentle my liege!— *Kneeling.* *Duke.* You do but lose your labour.

Away with him to death! To LUCIO. Now, sir, to you.

*Mari.* O my good lord! Sweet Isabel, take my part:

Lend me your knees, and all my life to come I'll lend you all my life to do you service.

*Duke.* Against all sense you do importune her:

Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact, Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break, 440

And take her hence in horror.

*Mari.* Isabel, Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me:

Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all.

They say, best men are moulded out of faults,

And, for the most, become much more the better

For being a little bad: so may my husband. O Isabel! will you not lend a knee?

*Duke.* He dies for Claudio's death. *Isab.* Most bounteous sir, *Kneeling.*

Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,

As if my brother liv'd. I partly think 450 A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,

Till he did look on me: since it is so,  
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,  
In that he did the thing for which he died:  
For Angelo,  
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent,  
And must be buried but as an intent  
That perish'd by the way. Thoughts are no  
subjects,  
Intent but merely thoughts.

*Mari.* Merely, my lord.

*Duke.* Your suit's unprofitable: stand up,  
I say. 430

I have bethought me of another fault.  
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded  
At an unusual hour?

*Prov.* It was commanded so.

*Duke.* Had you a special warrant for the  
deed?

*Prov.* No, my good lord; it was by private  
message.

*Duke.* For which I do discharge you of  
your office:

Give up your keys.

*Prov.* Pardon me, noble lord:

I thought it was a fault, but knew it not,  
Yet did repent me, after more advice; 469  
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,  
That should by private order else have died,  
I have reserv'd alive.

*Duke.* What's he?

*Prov.* His name is Barnardine.

*Duke.* I would thou hadst done so by  
Claudio.

Go fetch him hither: let me look upon  
him. *Exit Provost.*

*Escal.* I am sorry, one so learned and so  
wise

As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd,  
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of  
blood,

And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

*Ang.* I am sorry that such sorrow I procure;

And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart  
That I crave death more willingly than  
mercy: 481

'T is my deserving, and I do entreat it.

*Re-enter Provost, BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO  
muffled, and JULIET.*

*Duke.* Which is that Barnardine?

*Prov.* This, my lord.

*Duke.* There was a friar told me of this  
man.

Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn  
soul,

That apprehends no further than this world,  
And squar'st thy life according. Thou 'rt  
condemn'd;

But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all,  
And pray thee take this mercy to provide  
For better times to come. Friar, advise  
him: 490

I leave him to your hand. What muffled  
fellow's that?

*Prov.* This is another prisoner that I  
sav'd,

That should have died when Claudio lost  
his head.

As like almost to Claudio as himself.

*Unmuffles CLAUDIO.*

*Duke.* To ISABELLA. If he be like your  
brother, for his sake

Is he pardon'd; and for your lovely sake  
Give me your hand and say you will be  
mine,

He is my brother too. But fitter time for  
that.

By this Lord Angelo perceives he's safe:  
Methinks I see a quick'ning in his eye. 500

Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well:

Look that you love your wife; her worth  
worth yours.

I find an apt remission in myself,  
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.

To LUCIO. You, sirrah, that knew me for a  
fool, a coward,

One all of luxury, an ass, a madman:  
Wherein have I so deserv'd of you,

That you extol me thus?

*Lucio.* Faith, my lord, I spoke it but  
according to the trick. If you will hang me  
for it, you may; but I had rather it would  
please you I might be whipped. 512

*Duke.* Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd after.

Proclaim it, provost, round about the city,  
Is any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow,

As I have heard him swear himself there's  
one

Whom he begot with child, let her appear,  
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,

Let him be whipp'd and hang'd. 519

*Lucio.* I beseech your highness, do not  
marry me to a whore. Your highness said  
even now, I made you a duke: good my  
lord, do not recompense me in making me  
a cuckold.

*Duke.* Upon mine honour, thou shalt  
marry her.

Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal  
Remit thy other forfeits. Take him to  
prison,

And see our pleasure herein executed.

*Lucio.* Marrying a punk, my lord, is  
pressing to death, whipping and hanging.

*Duke.* Slandering a prince deserves it. 530

*Exeunt Officers with LUCIO.*

She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you  
restore.

Joy to you, Mariana! love her, Angelo:  
I have confess'd her and I know her virtue.

Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much  
goodness:

There's more behind that is more gratefully  
Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy:

We shall employ thee in a worthier place.  
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home  
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's: 539

The offence pardons itself. Dear Isabel,  
I have a motion much imports your good;

Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,  
What's mine is yours and what is yours is  
mine.

So, bring us to our palace; where we'll  
show

What's yet behind, that's meet you all  
should know. *Exeunt.*

## THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

THE fun in *The Comedy of Errors* begins at that point in the second scene of the play where Dromio of Ephesus mistakes Antipholus of Syracuse for his own master and is in turn mistaken by him for Dromio of Syracuse. From this point on to the entrance of the Duke, Ægeon, and the Headsman in the last Act the audience is kept in a state of almost convulsive mirth by the complexities which develop through mistaken identity. If Shakespeare's purpose in writing this play was none other than to stir laughter, he achieved in this, probably his second complete play, as great a success as in any of his later comedies. If skillfully presented even to-day, it cannot fail, in spite of its obvious crudities, to evoke unstinted laughter.

Even a casual reading of the play, however, leads one to question whether Shakespeare in writing it was not actuated by some higher purpose than that of provoking mirth. One cannot help feeling, for instance, that in draping the door to this comedy in a tragic pall he aimed at something more than merely to satisfy the craving of his audience for violent contrasts. And when one observes, furthermore, the skill with which he has interwoven the many threads of his story into a complete fabric, one cannot escape the conviction that, whatever may be said of doggerel verse and rhyme, this play is not the product of an immature or youthful mind, or of a man feeling an uncertain way to higher things.

Shakespeare got his clue to this play from *Menechmus*, a comedy by Plautus. In the Latin play there is but a single pair of twins, one of whom has a servant. By adding another twin servant Shakespeare has greatly increased both the complexities and the improbabilities of the story. More than that, he has practically transformed the story by adding characters and incidents of his own not even remotely suggested in Plautus. The play as it stands is therefore practically original. Among the characters of his own creation are the Duke Solinus, Ægeon, Angelo, Balthassar, Amelia, Luciana, and the second Dromio.

The play opens with "the doom of death" pronounced upon Ægeon of Syracuse who, coasting homeward after five years' roaming in search of his younger son, has come to Ephesus ignorant of the law forbidding Syracusans on pain of death—unless ransomed at a thousand marks—to enter Ephesus. From him we hear the story of his twin sons, their mother and the two Dromios. On the very day of his arrival his younger son, Antipholus of Syracuse, with his servant Dromio, after seven years' wandering in search of his elder brother and his mother, has also landed at Ephesus. He also is ignorant of the law; but he is well supplied with money, which would have been confiscated had not a friendly Merchant cautioned him to give out that he came from Epidamnus, and told him of the Syracusan merchant who has just arrived and who,

"Not being able to buy out his life,

According to the statute of the town,

Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.

*There is your money that I had to keep."*

Antipholus, without a word of inquiry for his condemned countryman, orders Dromio to bear the money to their inn while he, having nothing else to do, proceeds to look about the town. Left alone he reflects:

"I to the world am like a drop of water

That in the ocean seeks another drop,

Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,

Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself;

So I, to find a mother and a brother,

In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself."

At this point enter Dromio of Ephesus and the fun begins. We know, of course, from the first words of Dromio that Antipholus has at last arrived in the town where his long-sought brother dwells. But we know, too, that Ægeon, their father, will die at sunset unless ransomed. How is it then that we enter instantly into full enjoyment of the comic, or rather farcical, situations which follow?

The answer seems to be that with the entrance of Dromio the play is transferred instantly into the realm of the improbable. That improbability springs from the certainty with which both master and servant rely upon the outward appearance each of the other. The slightest exercise of common sense, a single well-directed question, would have brought the long-separated brothers at once together. The audience knows that such certainty, based upon mere external appearance, has no place in a real world. The world in which they now find themselves is unreal, hence they lose all sense of impending tragedy. They enter now into the fun of the situation, anxious only lest the solution come too soon; for as long as the errors last, the audience can indulge in a sense of its own omniscience. The fact that they have to be on the alert to keep themselves from being fooled only adds to their satisfaction. What a mad world they are witnessing! How thoroughly preposterous that no one in it can make a sensible inquiry! Balthazar indeed speaks for us when he protests with Antipholus of Ephesus against battering down his own door and insists that his wife's wisdom,

"Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,  
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown."

He speaks common sense; that we all recognize. And yet we enjoy the continued errors; first, because they are so improbable that for the time we are in an unreal world and are relieved from all sense of responsibility; but secondly, because in some way they are so like all the errors that befall us in life. For after all, life's comedies and tragedies all spring from the same source—ignorance and certainty. Who has not cried: If I had known! If I had not been so sure!

In the midst of these confusions enter the Duke and Ægeon with the Headsman. This fooling has now gone far enough; 't is time for some inquiry. This inquiry pricks error like a bubble. Antipholus has found not only his mother and his brother; he has found also his father. But they were there all the time. That Syracusan merchant condemned to death; he who

"Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.  
There is your money that I had to keep."

He sought his mother and his brother. "Who is my mother; and who are my brethren?"

If, in the ocean of this world, we seek to distinguish father, mother, or brother merely through outward form, we fall into error and lose ourselves. Wherever there is a Syracusan merchant condemned to death, there is our father. In the city where we are stands the holy edifice in which our mother dwells. Inquire, inquire anywhere, and they will be found.



For what obscured light the heavens did grant  
Did but convey unto our fearful minds  
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;  
Which, though myself would gladly have  
embrac'd, 70  
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,  
Weeping before for what she saw must  
come,

And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,  
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to  
fear,

Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.  
And this it was, for other means was none:  
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,  
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:  
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,  
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,  
Such as seafaring men provide for storms; 81  
To him one of the other twins was bound,  
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.  
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,  
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,  
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;  
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,  
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.  
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,  
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us,  
And by the benefit of his wished light 91  
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered  
Two ships from far making amain to us;  
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:  
But ere they came,—O! let me say no more;  
Gather the sequel by that went before.

*Duke.* Nay, forward, old man; do not  
break off so;

For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

*Æge.* O! had the gods done so, I had not  
now

Worthily term'd them merciless to us, 100  
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five  
leagues,

We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;  
Which being violently borne upon,  
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst;  
So that in this unjust divorce of us  
Fortune had left to both of us alike  
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.  
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened  
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,  
Was carried with more speed before the  
wind, 110

And in our sight they three were taken up  
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.  
At length another ship had seized on us;  
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,  
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck'd  
guests;

And would have reft the fishers of their prey,  
Had not their bark been very slow of sail;  
And therefore homeward did they bend their  
course.

Thus have you heard me sever'd from my  
bliss,

That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,  
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps. 121

*Duke.* And, for the sake of them thou  
sorrowest for,

Do me the favour to dilate at full  
What hath befall'n of them and thee till now.

*Æge.* My youngest boy, and yet my eldest  
care,

At eighteen years became inquisitive  
After his brother; and importun'd me  
That his attendant—so his case was like,  
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name—  
Might bear him company in the quest of  
him; 130

Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,  
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.  
Five summers have I spent in furthest  
Greece,

Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,  
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus,  
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought  
Or that or any place that harbours men.  
But there must end the story of my life;  
And happy were I in my timely death,  
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

*Duke.* Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates  
have mark'd 141

To bear the extremity of dire mishap!  
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,  
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,  
Which princes, would they, may not dis-  
annul,

My soul should sue as advocate for thee.  
But though thou art adjudged to the death,  
And passed sentence may not be recall'd  
But to our honour's great disparagement,  
Yet will I favour thee in what I can: 150  
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this  
day

To seek thy life by beneficial help:  
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;  
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,  
And live; if no, then thou art doom'd to die.  
Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

*Gaol.* I will, my lord.

*Æge.* Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon  
wend,

But to procrastinate his lifeless end.

*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—The Mart.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, DROMIO of  
Syracuse, and a Merchant.*

*Mer.* Therefore, give out you are of Epi-  
damnum,

Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.  
This very day, a Syracusan merchant  
Is apprehended for arrival here;  
And not being able to buy out his life,  
According to the statute of the town,  
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.  
There is your money that I had to keep.

*Ant. S.* Go bear it to the Centaur, where  
we host,

And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee. 10  
Within this hour it will be dinner-time:

Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,  
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,  
And then return and sleep within mine inn,  
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.  
Get thee away.

*Dro. S.* Many a man would take you at  
your word,

And go indeed, having so good a mean. *Exit.*  
*Ant. S.* A trusty villain, sir, that very oft,

When I am dull with care and melancholy, 20  
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.  
What, will you walk with me about the town,  
And then go to my inn and dine with me?

*Mer.* I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,

Of whom I hope to make much benefit;  
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,  
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,  
And afterwards consort you till bed-time:  
My present business calls me from you now.

*Ant. S.* Farewell till then: I will go lose myself, 30

And wander up and down to view the city.

*Mer.* Sir, I commend you to your own content. *Exit.*

*Ant. S.* He that commends me to mine own content

Commends me to the thing I cannot get.  
I to the world am like a drop of water

That in the ocean seeks another drop;  
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,  
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:

So I, to find a mother and a brother,  
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself. 40

*Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.*

Here comes the almanac of my true date.  
What now? How chance thou art return'd

so soon?

*Dro. E.* Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late.

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit,  
The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell;

My mistress made it one upon my cheek:  
She is so hot because the meat is cold;

The meat is cold because you come not home;

You come not home because you have no stomach;

You have no stomach having broke your fast; 50

But we that know what 't is to fast and pray  
Are penitent for your default to-day.

*Ant. S.* Stop in your wind, sir. Tell me this, I pray:

Where have you left the money that I gave you?

*Dro. E.* O!—sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last

To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper;  
The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.

*Ant. S.* I am not in a sportive humour now.  
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?

We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust 80

So great a charge from thine own custody?

*Dro. E.* I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner.

I from my mistress come to you in post;  
If I return, I shall be post indeed,

For she will score your fault upon my pate.  
Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be

your clock  
And strike you home without a messenger.

*Ant. S.* Come, Dromio, come; these jests  
are out of season:

Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.  
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee? 70

*Dro. E.* To me, sir? why, you gave no gold to me.

*Ant. S.* Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness,

And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

*Dro. E.* My charge was but to fetch you from the mart

Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner.

My mistress and her sister stay for you.

*Ant. S.* Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,

In what safe place you have bestow'd my money;

Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours  
That stands on tricks when I am undis-

pos'd. 80

Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

*Dro. E.* I have some marks of yours upon my pate,

Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,

But not a thousand marks between you both.  
If I should pay your worship those again,

Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

*Ant. S.* Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave, hast thou?

*Dro. E.* Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phoenix;

She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,

And prays that you will hie you home to dinner. 90

*Ant. S.* What! wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,

Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave. *Strikes him.*

*Dro. E.* What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold your hands.

Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels. *Exit.*

*Ant. S.* Upon my life, by some device or other

The villain is o'erraught of all my money.  
They say this town is full of cozenage;

As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,  
Dark-working sorcerers that change the

mind,  
Soul-killing witches that deform the body, 100

Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,  
And many such like liberties of sin:

If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.  
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave:

I greatly fear my money is not safe. *Exit.*

ACT II

SCENE I.—*The House of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus.*

*Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.*

*Adr.* Neither my husband nor the slave return'd,

That in such haste I sent to seek his master!  
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

*Luc.* Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,  
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.

Good sister, let us dine and never fret:

A man is master of his liberty:

Time is their master, and, when they see time,

They'll go or come: if so, be patient, sister.

*Adr.* Why should their liberty than ours be more?

*Luc.* Because their business still lies out o' door.

*Adr.* Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

*Luc.* O! know he is the bridle of your will.

*Adr.* There's none but asses will be bridled so.

*Luc.* Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.

There's nothing situate under heaven's eye  
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:  
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,  
Are their males' subjects and at their controls.

Men, more divine, the masters of all these, 20  
Lords of the wide world, and wild wat'ry seas,

Indued with intellectual sense and souls,  
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,  
Are masters to their females, and their lords;

Then let your will attend on their accords.

*Adr.* This servitude makes you to keep unweid.

*Luc.* Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

*Adr.* But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

*Luc.* Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

*Adr.* How if your husband start some other where?

*Luc.* Till he come home again, I would forbear.

*Adr.* Patience unmov'd! no marvel though she pause;

They can be meek that have no other cause.

A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,  
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;

But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,

As much or more we should ourselves complain;

So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,

With urging helpless patience would'st relieve me:

But if thou live to see like right bereft, 40  
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

*Luc.* Well, I will marry one day, but to try.

Here comes your man: now is your husband nigh.

*Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.*

*Adr.* Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

*Dro. E.* Nay, he is at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

*Adr.* Say, didst thou speak with him? Know'st thou his mind?

*Dro. E.* Ay, ay; he told his mind upon mine ear. Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

*Luc.* Spake he so doubtfully, thou could'st not feel his meaning?

*Dro. E.* Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.

*Adr.* But say, I prithee, is he coming home?

It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

*Dro. E.* Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

*Adr.* Horn-mad, thou villain!

*Dro. E.* I mean not cuckold-mad; but, sure, he is stark mad.

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,

He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold: 'Tis dinner-time,' quoth I; 'my gold!' quoth he:

'Your meat doth burn,' quoth I; 'my gold!' quoth he:

'Will you come home?' quoth I; 'my gold!' quoth he:

'Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?'

'The pig,' quoth I, 'is burn'd;' 'my gold!' quoth he:

'My mistress, sir,' quoth I; 'hang up thy mistress!'

I know not thy mistress: out on thy mistress!

*Luc.* Quoth who?

*Dro. E.* Quoth my master: 'I know,' quoth he, 'no house, no wife, no mistress.'

So that my errand, due unto my tongue,  
I thank him, I bear home upon my shoulders;

For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

*Adr.* Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

*Dro. E.* Go back again, and be new beaten home?

For God's sake, send some other messenger.

*Adr.* Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

*Dro. E.* And he will bless that cross with other beating:

Between you I shall have a holy head. 80

*Adr.* Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master home.

*Dro. E.* Am I so round with you as you with me,

That like a football you do spurn me thus? You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:

If I last in this service, you must case me in leather. *Exit.*

*Luc.* Fie, how impatience lowereth in your face!

*Adr.* His company must do his minions grace.

Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.  
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took  
From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted  
it: 90

Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?  
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,  
Unkindness blunts it more than marble  
hard:

Do their gay vestments his affections bait?  
That's not my fault; he's master of my  
state:

What ruins are in me that can be found  
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground  
Of my defeatures. My decayed fair  
A sunny look of his would soon repair;  
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale 100  
And feeds from home: poor I am but his  
stale.

*Luc.* Self-harming jealousy! fie! beat it  
hence.

*Adr.* Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs  
dispense.

I know his eye doth homage otherwhere,  
Or else what lets it but he would be here?  
Sister, you know, he promis'd me a chain:  
Would that alone, alone he would detain,  
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!  
I see, the jewel best enamelled  
Will lose his beauty: and though gold bides  
still, 110

That others touch, yet often touching will  
Wear gold; and so a man that hath a name,  
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.  
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,  
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

*Luc.* How many fond fools serve mad  
jealousy! *Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—A public Place.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.*

*Ant. S.* The gold I gave to Dromio is  
laid up

Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave  
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.  
By computation, and mine host's report,  
I could not speak with Dromio since at first  
I sent him from the mart. See, here he  
comes.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

How now, sir! is your merry humour  
alter'd?

As you love strokes, so jest with me again.  
You know no Centaur? You receiv'd no  
gold?

Your mistress sent to have me home to  
dinner? 10

My house was at the Phœnix? Wast thou  
mad,

That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

*Dro. S.* What answer, sir? when spake I  
such a word?

*Ant. S.* Even now, even here, not half an  
hour since.

*Dro. S.* I did not see you since you sent  
me hence,

Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave  
me.

*Ant. S.* Villain, thou didst deny the gold's  
receipt,

And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner;  
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was dis-  
pleas'd.

*Dro. S.* I am glad to see you in this merry  
vein: 20

What means this jest? I pray you, master,  
tell me.

*Ant. S.* Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me  
in the teeth?

Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that,  
and that. *Beating him.*

*Dro. S.* Hold, sir, for God's sake! now  
your jest is earnest:

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

*Ant. S.* Because that I familiarly some-  
times

Do use you for my fool and chat with you,  
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,  
And make a common of my serious hours.

When the sun shines let foolish gnats make  
sport, 30

But creep in crannies when he hides his  
beams,

If you will jest with me, know my aspect,  
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,  
Or I will beat this method in your scone.

*Dro. S.* Sconce call you it? so you would  
leave battering, I had rather have it a head:  
an you use these blows long, I must get a  
sconce for my head and ensconce it too; or  
else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders.  
But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten? 40

*Ant. S.* Dost thou not know?

*Dro. S.* Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.

*Ant. S.* Shall I tell you why?

*Dro. S.* Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they  
say, every why hath a wherefore.

*Ant. S.* Why, first,—for flouting me;  
and, then, wherefore,—

For urging it the second time to me.

*Dro. S.* Was there ever any man thus  
beaten out of season,

When, in the why and the wherefore is  
neither rime nor reason?

Well, sir, I thank you. 50

*Ant. S.* Thank me, sir! for what?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, for this something,  
that you gave me for nothing.

*Ant. S.* I'll make you amends next, to  
give you nothing for something. But say,  
sir, is it dinner-time?

*Dro. S.* No, sir: I think the meat wants  
that I have.

*Ant. S.* In good time, sir; what's that?

*Dro. S.* Basting.

*Ant. S.* Well, sir, then 't will be dry. 60

*Dro. S.* If it be, sir, I pray you eat none  
of it.

*Ant. S.* Your reason?

*Dro. S.* Lest it make you choleric, and  
purchase me another dry basting.

*Ant. S.* Well, sir, learn to jest in good  
time: there's a time for all things.

*Dro. S.* I durst have denied that, before  
you were so choleric.

*Ant. S.* By what rule, sir? 69

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, by a rule as plain

as the plain bald pate of Father Time himself.

*Ant. S.* Let's hear it.

*Dro. S.* There's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.

*Ant. S.* May he not do it by fine and recovery?

*Dro. S.* Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig and recover the lost hair of another man.

*Ant. S.* Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement? 79

*Dro. S.* Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scantied men in hair he hath given them in wit.

*Ant. S.* Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

*Dro. S.* Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

*Ant. S.* Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

*Dro. S.* The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity. 90

*Ant. S.* For what reason?

*Dro. S.* For two; and sound ones too.

*Ant. S.* Nay, not sound, I pray you.

*Dro. S.* Sure ones then.

*Ant. S.* Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.

*Dro. S.* Certain ones then.

*Ant. S.* Name them.

*Dro. S.* The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge. 100

*Ant. S.* You would all this time have proved there is no time for all things.

*Dro. S.* Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

*Ant. S.* But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

*Dro. S.* Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore to the world's end will have bald followers.

*Ant. S.* I knew 't would be a bald conclusion:

But soft! who wafts us yonder? 111

*Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.*

*Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown:*

Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects, I am not Adriana nor thy wife.

The time was once when thou unurg'd would'st vow

That never words were music to thine ear, That never object pleasing in thine eye,

That never touch well welcome to thy hand, That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,

Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee. 120

How comes it now, my husband, O! how comes it,

That thou art thus estranged from thyself? Thyself I call it, being strange to me,

That, undividable, incorporate,

Am better than thy dear self's better part.

Ah! do not tear away thyself from me,

For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall

A drop of water in the breaking gulf,

And take unmingled thence that drop again, Without addition or diminishing. 130

As take from me thyself and not me too.

How dearly would it touch thee to the quick, Should'st thou but hear I were licentious,

And that this body, consecrate to thee, By ruffian lust should be contaminate!

Would'st thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,

And hurl the name of husband in my face, And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow,

And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring, 139

And break it with a deep-divorcing vow? I know thou canst; and therefore see thou do it.

I am possess'd with an adulterate blot; My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:

For if we two be one and thou play false, I do digest the poison of thy flesh,

Being strumpeted by thy contagion. Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;

I live disdain'd, thou undishonoured.

*Ant. S.* Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not.

In Ephesus I am but two hours old, 150

As strange unto your town as to your talk; Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,

Want wit in all one word to understand.

*Luc. Fie, brother: how the world is chang'd with you!*

When were you wont to use my sister thus? She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

*Ant. S.* By Dromio?

*Dro. S.* By me?

*Adr. By thee; and this thou didst return from him, 159*

That he did buffet thee, and in his blows Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

*Ant. S.* Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?

What is the course and drift of your compact?

*Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.*

*Ant. S.* Villain, thou liest; for even her very words

Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

*Dro. S.* I never spake with her in all my life.

*Ant. S.* How can she thus then call us by our names,

Unless it be by inspiration? 169

*Adr.* How ill agrees it with your gravity To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,

Abetting him to thwart me in my mood! Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,

But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.

Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine; Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,

Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state, Makes me with thy strength to communicate: 190

If aught possess thee from me, it is dross, Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss;

Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion  
Infect thy sap and live on thy confusion.

*Ant. S.* To me she speaks; she moves  
me for her theme!

What! was I married to her in my dream,  
Or sleep I now and think I hear all this?

What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?  
Until I know this sure uncertainty,  
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

*Luc. Dromio,* go bid the servants spread  
for dinner.

*Dro. S. O,* for my beads! I cross me for  
a sinner.

This is the fairy land: O! spite of spites,  
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish  
sprites.

If we obey them not, this will ensue,  
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black  
and blue.

*Luc.* Why prat'st thou to thyself and  
answer'st not?

*Dromio,* thou drone, thou snail, thou slug,  
thou sot!

*Dro. S. I* am transformed, master, am I  
not?

*Ant. S. I* think thou art, in mind, and so  
am I.

*Dro. S. Nay,* master, both in mind and  
in my shape.

*Ant. S. Thou* hast thine own form.

*Dro. S.* No, I am an ape.

*Luc.* If thou art chang'd to aught, 't is to  
an ass.

*Dro. S. 'T* is true; she rides me and I  
long for grass.

'T is so, I am an ass; else it could never be  
But I should know her as well as she knows  
me.

*Adr. Come,* come; no longer will I be a  
fool,

To put the finger in the eye and weep,  
Whilst man and master laugh my woes to  
scorn.

Come, sir, to dinner. *Dromio,* keep the gate.  
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,

And shrieve you of a thousand idle pranks.  
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,

Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter.  
Come, sister. *Dromio,* play the porter well.

*Ant. S. Am I* in earth, in heaven, or in hell?  
Sleeping or waking? mad or well-advis'd?

Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!  
I'll say as they say, and persevere so,

And in this mist at all adventures go.  
*Dro. S. Master,* shall I be porter at the  
gate?

*Adr. Ay;* and let none enter, lest I break  
your pate.

*Luc. Come,* come, *Antipholus;* we dine  
too late.

*Exeunt.*

### ACT III

#### SCENE I.—A public Place.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of  
Ephesus, ANGELO, and BALTHAZAR.*

*Ant. E. Good Signior Angelo,* you must  
excuse us all;

My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours.

Say that I linger'd with you at your shop  
To see the making of her carcanet,  
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.  
But here's a villain that would face me down  
He met me on the mart, and that I beat him,  
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in  
gold,

And that I did deny my wife and house.  
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean  
by this?

*Dro. E. Say* what you will, sir, but I  
know what I know;

That you beat me at the mart, I have your  
hand to show:

If the skin were parchment and the blows  
you gave were ink,

Your own handwriting would tell you what I  
think.

*Ant. E. I* think thou art an ass.

*Dro. E. Marry,* so it doth appear  
By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear.  
I should kick, being kick'd; and being at  
that pass,

You would keep from my heels and beware  
of an ass.

*Ant. E. You* are sad, Signior Balthazar:  
pray God, our cheer

May answer my good will and your good  
welcome here.

*Bal. I* hold your dainties cheap, sir, and  
your welcome dear.

*Ant. E. O* Signior Balthazar, either at  
flesh or fish,

A table-full of welcome makes scarce one  
dainty dish.

*Bal. Good* meat, sir, is common; that  
every churl affords.

*Ant. E. And* welcome more common, for  
that's nothing but words.

*Bal. Small* cheer and great welcome  
makes a merry feast.

*Ant. E. Ay,* to a niggardly host and more  
sparing guest:

But though my cates be mean, take them in  
good part;

Better cheer may you have, but not with  
better heart.

But soft! my door is lock'd. Go bid them  
let us in.

*Dro. E. Maud,* Bridget, Marian, Cicely,  
Gillian, Jen!

*Dro. S. Within.* Mome, malt-horse,  
capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!

Either get thee from the door or sit down at  
the hatch.

Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou  
call'st for such store,

When one is one too many? Go get thee  
from the door.

*Dro. E. What* patch is made our porter?  
My master stays in the street.

*Dro. S. Within.* Let him walk from whence  
he came, lest he catch cold on 's feet.

*Ant. E. Who* talks within there? ho!  
open the door.

*Dro. S. Within.* Right, sir: I'll tell you  
when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

*Ant. E. Wherefore?* for my dinner: I  
have not din'd to-day.

*Dro. S. Within.* Nor to-day here you must not; come again when you may.  
*Ant. E.* What art thou that keep'st me out from the house I owe?  
*Dro. S. Within.* The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.  
*Dro. E.* O villain! thou hast stolen both mine office and my name:  
 The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.  
 If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,  
 Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.  
*Luce. Within.* What a coil is there, Dromio! who are those at the gate?  
*Dro. E.* Let my master in, Luce.  
*Luce. Within.* Faith, no; he comes too late;  
 And so tell your master.  
*Dro. E.* O Lord! I must laugh. Have at you with a proverb: Shall I set in my staff?  
*Luce. Within.* Have at you with another: that's—When? can you tell?  
*Dro. S. Within.* If thy name be called Luce,—Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.  
*Ant. E.* Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope?  
*Luce. Within.* I thought to have ask'd you.  
*Dro. S. Within.* And you said, no.  
*Dro. E.* So; come, help: well struck! there was blow for blow.  
*Ant. E.* Thou baggage, let me in.  
*Luce. Within.* Can you tell for whose sake?  
*Dro. E.* Master, knock the door hard.  
*Luce. Within.* Let him knock till it ache.  
*Ant. E.* You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.  
*Luce. Within.* What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?  
*Adr. Within.* Who is that at the door that keeps all this noise?  
*Dro. S. Within.* By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.  
*Ant. E.* Are you there, wife? you might have come before.  
*Adr. Within.* Your wife, sir knave! go get you from the door.  
*Dro. E.* If you went in pain, master, this 'knave' would go sore.  
*Ang.* Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome: we would fain have either.  
*Bal.* In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.  
*Dro. E.* They stand at the door, master: bid them welcome hither.  
*Ant. E.* There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.  
*Dro. E.* You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.  
 Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold:  
 It would make a man mad as a buck to be so bought and sold.

*Ant. E.* Go fetch me something: I'll break ope the gate.  
*Dro. S. Within.* Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.  
*Dro. E.* A man may break a word with you, sir, and words are but wind;  
 Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.  
*Dro. S. Within.* It seems thou wantest breaking; out upon thee, hind!  
*Dro. E.* Here's too much 'out upon thee!' I pray thee, let me in.  
*Dro. S. Within.* Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.  
*Ant. E.* Well, I'll break in. Go borrow me a crow.  
*Dro. E.* A crow without feather? master, mean you so?  
 For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:  
 If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.  
*Ant. E.* Go get thee gone: fetch me an iron crow.  
*Bal.* Have patience, sir; O! let it not be so;  
 Herein you war against your reputation, And draw within the compass of suspect The unviolated honour of your wife. Once this,—your long experience of her wisdom,  
 Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,  
 Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;  
 And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse Why at this time the doors are made against you.  
 Be rul'd by me: depart in patience, And let us to the Tiger all to dinner; And about evening come yourself alone, To know the reason of this strange restraint. If by strong hand you offer to break in Now in the stirring passage of the day, A vulgar comment will be made of it, And that supposed by the common rout Against your yet ungalled estimation, That may with foul intrusion enter in And dwell upon your grave when you are dead;  
 For slander lives upon succession, For ever housed where it gets possession.  
*Ant. E.* You have prevail'd: I will depart in quiet,  
 And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry. I know a wench of excellent discourse, Pretty and witty, wild and yet, too, gentle: There will we dine: this woman that I mean,  
 My wife,—but, I protest, without desert,—Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal: To her will we to dinner. To ANGELO.  
 Get you home  
 And fetch the chain; by this I know 't is made;  
 For there's the house: that chain will I bestow,  
 Be it for nothing but to spite my wife, Upon mine hostess there. Good sir, make haste.

Since mine own doors refuse to entertain  
me, 120  
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain  
me.  
*Ang.* I'll meet you at that place some hour  
hence.  
*Ant. E.* Do so. This jest shall cost me  
some expense. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same.*

*Enter LUCIANA and ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.*

*Luc.* And may it be that you have quite  
forgot  
A husband's office? Shall, Antipholus,  
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs  
rot?  
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?  
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,  
Then for her wealth's sake use her with  
more kindness:  
Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;  
Muffle your false love with some show of  
blindness;  
Let not my sister read it in your eye;  
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's  
orator; 10  
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;  
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger;  
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be  
tainted:  
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;  
Be secret-false: what need she be ac-  
quainted?  
What simple thief brags of his own  
attain?  
'T is double wrong, to truant with your bed,  
And let her read it in thy looks at board:  
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;  
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word. 20  
Alas! poor women, make us but believe,  
Being compact of credit, that you love us;  
Though others have the arm, show us the  
sleeve;  
We in your motion turn, and you may  
move us:  
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;  
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her  
wife:  
'T is holy sport to be a little vain,  
When the sweet breath of flattery con-  
quers strife.  
*Ant. S.* Sweet mistress,—what your name  
is else, I know not,  
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine, — 30  
Less in your knowledge and your grace you  
show not  
Than our earth's wonder; more than  
earth divine.  
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and  
speak:  
Lay open to my earthy-gross conceit,  
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,  
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.  
Against my soul's pure truth why labour  
you  
To make it wander in an unknown field?  
Are you a god? would you create me new?

Transform me then, and to your power I'll  
yield. 40  
But if that I am I, then well I know  
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,  
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe:  
Far more, far more, to you do I decline.  
O! train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy  
note,  
To drown me in thy sister flood of tears:  
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:  
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden  
hairs,  
And as a bed I'll take them and there lie;  
And in that glorious supposition think 50  
He gains by death that hath such means to  
die.  
Let Love, being light, be drowned if she  
sink.  
*Luc.* What! are you mad, that you do  
reason so?  
*Ant. S.* Not mad, but mated; how, I do  
not know.  
*Luc.* It is a fault that springeth from your  
eye.  
*Ant. S.* For gazing on your beams, fair  
sun, being by.  
*Luc.* Gaze where you should, and that  
will clear your sight.  
*Ant. S.* As good to wink, sweet love, as  
look on night.  
*Luc.* Why call you me love? call my  
sister so.  
*Ant. S.* Thy sister's sister.  
*Luc.* That's my sister.  
*Ant. S.* No;  
It is thyself, mine own self's better part; 60  
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer  
heart;  
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's  
aim,  
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's  
claim.  
*Luc.* All this my sister is, or else should  
be.  
*Ant. S.* Call thyself sister, sweet, for I  
aim thee.  
Thee will I love and with thee lead my life:  
Thou hast no husband yet nor I no wife.  
Give me thy hand.  
*Luc.* O! soft, sir; hold you still:  
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. 70  
*Exit.*

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse hastily.*

*Ant. S.* Why, how now, Dromio! where  
runnest thou so fast?  
*Dro. S.* Do you know me, sir? am I  
Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?  
*Ant. S.* Thou art Dromio, thou art my  
man, thou art thyself.  
*Dro. S.* I am an ass, I am a woman's  
man and besides myself.  
*Ant. S.* What woman's man? and how  
besides thyself? 80  
*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, besides myself, I am  
due to a woman; one that claims me, one  
that haunts me, one that will have me.  
*Ant. S.* What claim lays she to thee?  
*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, such claim as you

would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

*Ant. S.* What is she? 90

*Dro. S.* A very reverend body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of without he say 'sir-reverence.' I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

*Ant. S.* How dost thou mean a fat marriage?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to but to make a lamp of her and run from her by her own light. I warrant her rags and the tallow in them will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world. 102

*Ant. S.* What complexion is she of?

*Dro. S.* Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept: for why, she sweats; a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

*Ant. S.* That's a fault that water will mend.

*Dro. S.* No, sir, 't is in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

*Ant. S.* What's her name? 110

*Dro. S.* Nell, sir; but her name and three quarters, that's an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

*Ant. S.* Then she bears some breadth?

*Dro. S.* No longer from head to foot than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

*Ant. S.* In what part of her body stands Ireland?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, in her buttocks: I found it out by the bogs. 121

*Ant. S.* Where Scotland?

*Dro. S.* I found it by the barrenness; hard in the palm of the hand.

*Ant. S.* Where France?

*Dro. S.* In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war against her heir.

*Ant. S.* Where England?

*Dro. S.* I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them: but I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it. 132

*Ant. S.* Where Spain?

*Dro. S.* Faith, I saw not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

*Ant. S.* Where America, the Indies?

*Dro. S.* O, sir! upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain, who sent whole armadoes of caracks to be ballast at her nose. 141

*Ant. S.* Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

*Dro. S.* O, sir! I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; called me Dromio; swore I was assured to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark of my

shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch.

And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith and my heart of steel, 150  
She had transform'd me to a curtal dog and made me turn i' the wheel.

*Ant. S.* Go hie thee presently post to the road:

And if the wind blow any way from shore, I will not harbour in this town to-night: If any bark put forth, come to the mart, Where I will walk till thou return to me. If every one knows us and we know none, 'T is time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

*Dro. S.* As from a bear a man would run for life,

So fly I from her that would be my wife. *Exit.*

*Ant. S.* There's none but witches do inhabit here, 161

And therefore 't is high time that I were hence.

She that doth call me husband, even my soul Doth for a wife abhor; but her fair sister, Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,

Of such enchanting presence and discourse, Hath almost made me traitor to myself:

But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong, I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

*Enter ANGELO.*

*Ang.* Master Antipholus!

*Ant. S.* Ay, that's my name.

*Ang.* I know it well, sir: lo, here is the chain. 171

I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine;

The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

*Ant. S.* What is your will that I shall do with this?

*Ang.* What please yourself, sir: I have made it for you.

*Ant. S.* Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

*Ang.* Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have.

Go home with it and please your wife withal; And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,

And then receive my money for the chain.

*Ant. S.* I pray you, sir, receive the money now, 181

For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.

*Ang.* You are a merry man, sir: fare you well. *Exit.*

*Ant. S.* What I should think of this, I cannot tell;

But this I think, there's no man is so vain That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.

I see a man here needs not live by shifts, When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.

I'll to the mart and there for Dromio stay; 189

If any ship put out, then straight away. *Exit.*

## ACT IV

## SCENE I.—A public Place.

*Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, and an Officer.*

*Mer.* You know since Pentecost the sum is due,

And since I have not much importun'd you;  
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound  
To Persia, and want guilders for my voyage:  
Therefore make present satisfaction,  
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

*Ang.* Even just the sum that I do owe to you

Is growing to me by Antipholus;  
And in the instant that I met with you  
He had of me a chain: at five o'clock  
I shall receive the money for the same.  
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,

I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and DROMIO of Ephesus.*

*Off.* That labour may you save: see where he comes.

*Ant. E.* While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou

And buy a rope's end, that will I bestow  
Among my wife and her confederates,  
For locking me out of my doors by day.  
But soft! I see the goldsmith. Get thee gone;

Buy thou a rope and bring it home to me. 20

*Dro. E.* I buy a thousand pound a year:  
I buy a rope! *Exit.*

*Ant. E.* A man is well help up that trusts to you:

I promised your presence and the chain;  
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me.  
Belike you thought our love would last too long,

If it were chain'd together, and therefore came not.

*Ang.* Saving your merry humour, here's the note

How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,

The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion,

Which doth amount to three odd ducats more 30

Than I stand debted to this gentleman:  
I pray you see him presently discharg'd,

For he is bound to sea and stays but for it.

*Ant. E.* I am not furnish'd with the present money;

Besides, I have some business in the town.  
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,

And with you take the chain, and bid my wife

Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof:  
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

*Ang.* Then you will bring the chain to her yourself? 40

*Ant. E.* No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

*Ang.* Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about you?

*Ant. E.* An if I have not, sir, I hope you have,

Or else you may return without your money.

*Ang.* Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain:

Both wind and tide stay for this gentleman,  
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

*Ant. E.* Good Lord! you use this dalliance to excuse

Your breach of promise to the Porpentine.  
I should have chid you for not bringing it, 50

But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

*Mer.* The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, dispatch.

*Ang.* You hear how he importunes me; the chain!

*Ant. E.* Why, give it to my wife and fetch your money.

*Ang.* Come, come; you know I gave it you even now.

Either send the chain or send me by some token.

*Ant. E.* Fie! now you run this humour out of breath.

Come, where's the chain? I pray you let me see it.

*Mer.* My business cannot brook this dalliance.

Good sir, say whe'r you'll answer me or no; 60

If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

*Ant. E.* I answer you! what should I answer you?

*Ang.* The money that you owe me for the chain.

*Ant. E.* I owe you none till I receive the chain.

*Ang.* You know I gave it you half an hour since.

*Ant. E.* You gave me none: you wrong me much to say so.

*Ang.* You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:

Consider how it stands upon my credit.

*Mer.* Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.  
*Off.* I do;

And charge you in the duke's name to obey me. 70

*Ang.* This touches me in reputation.  
Either consent to pay this sum for me,  
Or I attach you by this officer.

*Ant. E.* Consent to pay thee that I never had!

Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

*Ang.* Here is thy fee: arrest him, officer:  
I would not spare my brother in this case,  
If he should scorn me so apparently.

*Off.* I do arrest you, sir: you hear the suit. 79

*Ant. E.* I do obey thee till I give thee bail.  
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear  
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

*Ang.* Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,  
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Dro. S.* Master, there is a bark of Epidamnium

That stays but till her owner comes aboard,  
And then, sir, she bears away. Our freight-  
age, sir,

I have convey'd aboard, and I have bought  
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.  
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind  
Blows fair from land; they stay for nought  
at all

But for their owner, master, and yourself.

*Ant. E.* How now! a madman! Why,  
thou peevish sheep,

What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

*Dro. S.* A ship you sent me to, to hire  
waftage.

*Ant. E.* Thou drunken slave, I sent thee  
for a rope;

And told thee to what purpose and what end.

*Dro. S.* You sent me for a rope's end as  
soon:

You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

*Ant. E.* I will debate this matter at more  
leisure, 100

And teach your ears to list me with more  
heed.

To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight;

Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk  
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,

There is a purse of ducats: let her send it.  
Tell her I am arrested in the street,

And that shall bail me. Hie thee, slave, be  
gone!

On, officer, to prison till it come.

*Exeunt Merchant, ANGELO, Officer, and  
ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus.*

*Dro. S.* To Adriana! that is where we  
din'd,

Where Dowsabel did claim me for her hus-  
band: 110

She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.

Thither I must, although against my will,

For servants must their masters' minds  
fulfil. *Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The House of ANTIPHOLUS of  
Ephesus.*

*Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.*

*Adr.* Ah! Luciana, did he tempt thee so?

Mightst thou perceive austerely in his eye

That he did plead in earnest? yea or no?

Look'd he or red or pale? or sad or  
merrily?

What observation mad'st thou in this case  
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

*Luc.* First he denied you had in him no  
right.

*Adr.* He meant he did me none; the  
more my spite.

*Luc.* Then swore he that he was a  
stranger here.

*Adr.* And true he swore, though yet for-  
sworn he were. 111

*Luc.* Then pleaded I for you.

*Adr.* And what said he?

*Luc.* That love I begg'd for you he begg'd  
of me.

*Adr.* With what persuasion did he tempt  
thy love?

*Luc.* With words that in an honest suit  
might move.

First he did praise my beauty, then my  
speech.

*Adr.* Didst speak him fair?

*Luc.* Have patience, I beseech.

*Adr.* I cannot, nor I will not hold me  
still:

My tongue, though not my heart, shall have  
his will.

He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,  
Ill-fac'd, worse bodied, shapeless every-  
where; 20

Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind,  
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

*Luc.* Who would be jealous then of such  
a one?

No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

*Adr.* Ah! but I think him better than I  
say,

And yet would herein others' eyes were  
worse.

Far from her nest the lapwing cries away:  
My heart prays for him, though my tongue  
do curse.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Dro. S.* Here, go: the desk! the purse!  
sweet now, make haste.

*Luc.* How hast thou lost thy breath?

*Dro. S.* By running fast.

*Adr.* Where is thy master, Dromio? is  
he well? 31

*Dro. S.* No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse  
than hell:

A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,  
One whose hard heart is button'd up with  
steel;

A fiend, a fury, pitiless and rough;  
A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;

A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that  
countermands

The passages of alleys, creeks and narrow  
lands:

A hound that runs counter and yet draws  
dry-foot well;

One that, before the judgment, carries poor  
souls to hell. 40

*Adr.* Why, man, what is the matter?

*Dro. S.* I do not know the matter: he is  
'rested on the case.

*Adr.* What, is he arrested? tell me at  
whose suit.

*Dro. S.* I know not at whose suit he is  
arrested well;

But is in a suit of buff which 'rested him,  
that can I tell.

Will you send him, mistress, redemption,  
the money in his desk?

*Adr.* Go fetch it, sister. *Exit LUCIANA.*

This I wonder at,  
That he, unknown to me, should be in debt:

Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

*Dro. S.* Not on a band, but on a stronger  
thing; 50

A chain, a chain. Do you not hear it ring?

*Adr.* What, the chain?

*Dro. S.* No, no, the bell: 't is time that I  
were gone:

It was two ere I left him, and now the clock  
strikes one.

*Adr.* The hours come back! that did I never hear.  
*Dro. S.* O yes; if any hour meet a sergeant, a' turns back for very fear.  
*Adr.* As if Time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason!  
*Dro. S.* Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he's worth to season. Nay, he's a thief too: have you not heard men say,  
 That Time comes stealing on by night and day?  
 If Time be in debt and theft, and a sergeant in the way,  
 Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

*Re-enter LUCIANA.*

*Adr.* Go, Dromio: there's the money, bear it straight,  
 And bring thy master home immediately. Come, sister; I am press'd down with conceit;  
 Conceit, my comfort and my injury.  
*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A public Place.*

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.*

*Ant. S.* There's not a man I meet but doth salute me  
 As if I were their well-acquainted friend;  
 And every one doth call me by my name. Some tender money to me; some invite me; Some other give me thanks for kindnesses; Some offer me commodities to buy; Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,  
 And, therewithal, took measure of my body. Sure these are but imaginary wiles,  
 And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Dro. S.* Master, here's the gold you sent me for. What! have you got the picture of old Adam new-apparelled?  
*Ant. S.* What gold is this? What Adam dost thou mean?  
*Dro. S.* Not that Adam that kept the Paradise, but that Adam that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf's skin that was killed for the Prodigal: he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.  
*Ant. S.* I understand thee not.  
*Dro. S.* No? why, 't is a plain case: he that went, like a bass-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a sob and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace than a morris-pike.  
*Ant. S.* What, thou meanest an officer?  
*Dro. S.* Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he that brings any man to answer it that breaks his band; one that thinks a man

always going to bed, and says 'God give you good rest!'  
*Ant. S.* Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?  
*Dro. S.* Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the sergeant to tarry for the hoy Delay. Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you.  
*Ant. S.* The fellow is distract, and so am I;  
 And here we wander in illusions:  
 Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

*Enter a Courtesan.*

*Cour.* Well met, well met, Master Antipholus.  
 I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:  
 Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day?  
*Ant. S.* Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not!  
*Dro. S.* Master, is this Mistress Satan?  
*Ant. S.* It is the devil.  
*Dro. S.* Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam, and here she comes in the habit of a light wench; and thereof comes that the wenches say 'God damn me'; that's as much as to say 'God make me a light wench.' It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn. Come not near her.  
*Cour.* Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir. Will you go with me? we'll mend our dinner here.  
*Dro. S.* Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon.  
*Ant. S.* Why, Dromio?  
*Dro. S.* Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.  
*Ant. S.* Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?  
 Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress: I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.  
*Cour.* Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,  
 Or for my diamond the chain you promis'd, And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.  
*Dro. S.* Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail,  
 A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin, A nut, a cherry-stone;  
 But she, more covetous, would have a chain. Master, be wise: an if you give it her, The devil will shake her chain and fright us with it.  
*Cour.* I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain:  
 I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.  
*Ant. S.* Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.  
*Dro. S.* 'Fly pride,' says the peacock; mistress, that you know.  
*Exeunt ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse and DROMIO of Syracuse.*  
*Cour.* Now, out of doubt Antipholus is mad,

Else would he never so demean himself.  
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,  
And for the same he promis'd me a chain:  
Both one and other he denies me now.  
The reason that I gather he is mad,  
Besides this present instance of his rage,  
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,  
Of his own doors being shut against his  
entrance.

Belike his wife, acquainted with his fits,  
On purpose shut the doors against his way.  
My way is now to hie home to his house,  
And tell his wife, that, being lunatic,  
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce  
My ring away. This course I fittest choose,  
For forty ducats is too much to lose. *Exit.*

## SCENE IV.—A Street.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and the Officer.*

*Ant. E.* Fear me not, man; I will not  
break away:  
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much  
money,

To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.  
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,  
And will not lightly trust the messenger.  
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus.  
I tell you, 't will sound harshly in her ears.

*Enter DROMIO of Ephesus with a rope's end.*

Here comes my man: I think he brings the  
money.

How now, sir! have you that I sent you for?  
*Dro. E.* Here's that, I warrant you, will  
pay them all.

*Ant. E.* But where's the money?

*Dro. E.* Why, sir, I gave the money for  
the rope.

*Ant. E.* Five hundred ducats, villain, for  
a rope?

*Dro. E.* I'll serve you, sir, five hundred  
at the rate.

*Ant. E.* To what end did I bid thee hie  
thee home?

*Dro. E.* To a rope's end, sir; and to that  
end am I returned.

*Ant. E.* And to that end, sir, I will wel-  
come you. *Beats him.*

*Off.* Good sir, be patient.

*Dro. E.* Nay, 't is for me to be patient; I  
am in adversity.

*Off.* Good now, hold thy tongue.

*Dro. E.* Nay, rather persuade him to  
hold his hands.

*Ant. E.* Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

*Dro. E.* I would I were senseless, sir,  
that I might not feel your blows.

*Ant. E.* Thou art sensible in nothing but  
blows, and so is an ass.

*Dro. E.* I am an ass, indeed; you may  
prove it by my long ears. I have served  
him from the hour of my nativity to this  
instant, and have nothing at his hands for  
my service but blows. When I am cold, he  
heats me with beating; when I am warm,  
he cools me with beating; I am waked with  
it when I sleep; raised with it when I sit;

driven out of doors with it when I go from  
home; welcomed home with it when I  
return; nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as  
a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when  
he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from  
door to door.

*Ant. E.* Come, go along: my wife is  
coming yonder.

*Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, the Courtesan,  
and PINCH.*

*Dro. E.* Mistress, respice finem, respect  
your end; or rather, the prophecy like the  
parrot, 'Beware the rope's end.'

*Ant. E.* Wilt thou still talk? *Beats him.*  
*Cour.* How say you now? is not your  
husband mad?

*Adr.* His incivility confirms no less.  
Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer; 50  
Establish him in his true sense again,  
And I will please you what you will demand.

*Luc.* Alas! how fiery and how sharp he  
looks.

*Cour.* Mark how he trembles in his  
ecstasy!

*Pinch.* Give me your hand and let me  
feel your pulse.

*Ant. E.* There is my hand, and let it feel  
your ear. *Strikes him.*

*Pinch.* I charge thee, Satan, hous'd  
within this man,

To yield possession to my holy prayers,  
And to thy state of darkness hie thee  
straight: 59

I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

*Ant. E.* Peace, doting wizard, peace! I  
am not mad.

*Adr.* O! that thou wert not, poor dis-  
tressed soul.

*Ant. E.* You minion, you, are these your  
customers?

Did this companion with the saffron face  
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,

Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut  
And I denied to enter in my house?

*Adr.* O husband, God doth know you  
din'd at home;

Where would you had remain'd until this  
time,

Free from these slanders and this open  
shame! 70

*Ant. E.* Dined at home! Thou villain,  
what say'st thou?

*Dro. E.* Sir, sooth to say, you did not  
dine at home.

*Ant. E.* Were not my doors lock'd up and  
I shut out?

*Dro. E.* Perdy, your doors were lock'd  
and you shut out.

*Ant. E.* And did not she herself revile  
me there?

*Dro. E.* Sans fable, she herself revil'd  
you there.

*Ant. E.* Did not her kitchen-maid rail,  
taunt, and scorn me?

*Dro. E.* Certes, she did; the kitchen-  
vestal scorn'd you.

*Ant. E.* And did not I in rage depart  
from thence?

*Dro. E.* In verity you did: my bones bear witness, 80  
 That since have felt the vigour of his rage.  
*Adr.* Is't good to soothe him in these contraries?  
*Pinch.* It is no shame: the fellow finds his vein,  
 And yielding to him humours well his frenzy.  
*Ant. E.* Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.  
*Adr.* Alas! I sent you money to redeem you,  
 By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.  
*Dro. E.* Money by me! heart and good-will you might;  
 But surely, master, not a rag of money.  
*Ant. E.* Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats? 90  
*Adr.* He came to me, and I delivered it.  
*Luc.* And I am witness with her that she did.  
*Dro. E.* God and the rope-maker bear me witness  
 That I was sent for nothing but a rope!  
*Pinch.* Mistress, both man and master is possessed:  
 I know it by their pale and deadly looks.  
 They must be bound and laid in some dark room.  
*Ant. E.* Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day?  
 And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?  
*Adr.* I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth. 100  
*Dro. E.* And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;  
 But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.  
*Adr.* Dissembling villain! thou speak'st false in both.  
*Ant. E.* Dissembling harlot! thou art false in all,  
 And art confederate with a damned pack  
 To make a loathsome abject scorn of me;  
 But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes  
 That would behold in me this shameful sport.  
*Adr.* O! bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.  
*Pinch.* More company! the fiend is strong within him. 110  
*Luc.* Ay me! poor man, how pale and wan he looks!  
 Enter three or four, and bind ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus.  
*Ant. E.* What, will you murder me? Thou gaoler, thou,  
 I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them To make a rescue?  
*Off.* Masters, let him go:  
 He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.  
*Pinch.* Go bind this man, for he is frantic too. They bind DROMIO of Ephesus.  
*Adr.* What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?  
 Hast thou delight to see a wretched man Do outrage and displeasure to himself?  
*Off.* He is my prisoner: if I let him go,  
 The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

*Adr.* I will discharge thee ere I go from thee: 122  
 Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,  
 And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.  
 Good Master doctor, see him safe convey'd Home to my house. O most unhappy day!  
*Ant. E.* O most unhappy strumpet!  
*Dro. E.* Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.  
*Ant. E.* Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?  
*Dro. E.* Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good master; cry 'the devil!' 131  
*Luc.* God help, poor souls! how idly do they talk.  
*Adr.* Go bear him hence. Sister, go you with me.  
 Exeunt PINCH and Assistants with ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus and DROMIO of Ephesus.  
 Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?  
*Off.* One Angelo, a goldsmith; do you know him?  
*Adr.* I know the man. What is the sum he owes?  
*Off.* Two hundred ducats.  
*Adr.* Say, how grows it due?  
*Off.* Due for a chain your husband had of him.  
*Adr.* He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.  
*Cour.* Whenas your husband all in rage, to-day 140  
 Came to my house, and took away my ring,  
 The ring I saw upon his finger now,  
 Straight after did I meet him with a chain.  
*Adr.* It may be so, but I did never see it.  
 Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is:  
 I long to know the truth hereof at large.  
 Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, with his rapier drawn, and DROMIO of Syracuse.  
*Luc.* God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.  
*Adr.* And come with naked swords. Let's call more help.  
 To have them bound away.  
*Off.* Away! they'll kill us.  
 Exeunt ADRIANA, LUCIANA, and Officer.  
*Ant. S.* I see these witches are afraid of swords. 151  
*Dro. S.* She that would be your wife now ran from you.  
*Ant. S.* Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence:  
 I long that we were safe and sound aboard.  
*Dro. S.* Faith, stay here this night, they will surely do us no harm; you saw they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks they are such a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch. 160  
*Ant. S.* I will not stay to-night for all the town;  
 Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard.  
 Exeunt.

## ACT V

SCENE I.—*A Street before an Abbey.**Enter Merchant and ANGELO.**Ang.* I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;*But,* I protest, he had the chain of me, Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.*Mer.* How is the man esteem'd here in the city?*Ang.* Of very reverend reputation, sir, Of credit infinite, highly belov'd, Second to none that lives here in the city; His word might bear my wealth at any time.*Mer.* Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse and DROMIO of Syracuse.**Ang.* 'T is so; and that self chain about his neck*Which he forswore most monstrously to have.**Good sir,* draw near to me, I'll speak to him. Signior Antipholus, I wonder much*That you would put me to this shame and trouble;**And not without some scandal to yourself, With circumstance and oaths so to deny**This chain which now you wear so openly: Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,**You have done wrong to this my honest friend,**Who, but for staying on our controversy, Had hoisted sail and put to sea to-day.**This chain you had of me: can you deny it?**Ant. S.* I think I had: I never did deny it.*Mer.* Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it too.*Ant. S.* Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?*Mer.* These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee.*Fie on thee, wretch! 't is pity that thou liv'st To walk where any honest men resort.**Ant. S.* Thou art a villain to impeach me thus:*I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.**Mer.* I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.*They draw.**Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtesan, and others.**Adr.* Hold! hurt him not, for God's sake! he is mad.*Some get within him, take his sword away: Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.**Dro. S.* Run, master, run; for God's sake take a house!*This is some priory: in, or we are spoil'd.**Exeunt ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse and DROMIO of Syracuse to the Abbey.**Enter the Abbess.**Abb.* Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?*Adr.* To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.*Let us come in, that we may bind him fast, And bear him home for his recovery.**Ang.* I knew he was not in his perfect wits.*Mer.* I am sorry now that I did draw on him.*Abb.* How long hath this possession held the man?*Adr.* This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,*And much different from the man he was; But till this afternoon his passion**Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.**Abb.* Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea?*Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye**Stray'd his affection in unlawful love? A sin prevailing much in youthful men,**Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing. Which of these sorrows is he subject to?**Adr.* To none of these, except it be the last;*Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.**Abb.* You should for that have reprehended him.*Adr.* Why, so I did.*Abb.* Ay, but not rough enough.*Adr.* As roughly as my modesty would let me.*Abb.* Haply, in private.*Adr.* And in assemblies too.*Abb.* Ay, but not enough.*Adr.* It was the copy of our conference: In bed, he slept not for my urging it;*At board, he fed not for my urging it; Alone, it was the subject of my theme;**In company I often glanced it: Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.**Abb.* And thereof came it that the man was mad:*The venom clamours of a jealous woman Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.**It seems, his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing,**And thereof comes it that his head is light. Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings:**Unquiet meals make ill digestions; Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;**And what 's a fever but a fit of madness? Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:**Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue But moody and dull melancholy,**Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair, And at their heels a huge infectious troop**Of pale distemperatures and foes to life? In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest**To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast: The consequence is then thy jealous fits**Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.**Luc.* She never reprehended him but mildly

When he demean'd himself rough, rude,  
and wildly.

Why bear you these rebukes and answer  
not?

*Adr.* She did betray me to my own re-  
proof. 90

Good people, enter and lay hold on him.

*Abb.* No; not a creature enters in my  
house.

*Adr.* Then let your servants bring my  
husband forth.

*Abb.* Neither: he took this place for  
sanctuary,

And it shall privilege him from your hands  
Till I have brought him to his wits again,  
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

*Adr.* I will attend my husband, be his  
nurse,

Diet his sickness, for it is my office,  
And will have no attorney but myself; 100  
And therefore let me have him home  
with me.

*Abb.* Be patient; for I will not let him  
stir

Till I have us'd the approved means I have,  
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy  
prayers,

To make of him a formal man again.

It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,

A charitable duty of my order;

Therefore depart and leave him here with  
me.

*Adr.* I will not hence and leave my hus-  
band here;

And ill it doth beseem your holiness 110  
To separate the husband and the wife.

*Abb.* Be quiet and depart: thou shalt not  
have him. *Exit.*

*Luc.* Complain unto the duke of this  
indignity.

*Adr.* Come, go: I will fall prostrate at  
his feet,

And never rise until my tears and prayers  
Have won his grace to come in person  
hither,

And take perforce my husband from the  
abbess.

*Mer.* By this, I think, the dial points at  
five:

Anon, I'm sure, the duke himself in person  
Comes this way to the melancholy vale, 120  
The place of death and sorry execution,  
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

*Ang.* Upon what cause?

*Mer.* To see a reverend Syracusian mer-  
chant,

Who put unluckily into this bay  
Against the laws and statutes of this town,  
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

*Ang.* See where they come: we will  
behold his death.

*Luc.* Kneel to the duke before he pass  
the abbey.

*Enter DUKE, attended; ÆGEON bare-  
headed; with the Headsman and other  
Officers.*

*Duke.* Yet once again proclaim it pub-  
licly, 130

If any friend will pay the sum for him,

He shall not die; so much we tender him.

*Adr.* Justice, most sacred duke, against  
the abbess!

*Duke.* She is a virtuous and a reverend  
lady:

It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

*Adr.* May it please your grace, Antiph-  
olus, my husband,

Whom I made lord of me and all I had,

At your important letters, this ill day

A most outrageous fit of madness took him,

That desperately he hurried through the  
street, 140

With him his bondman, all as mad as he,

Doing displeasure to the citizens

By rushing in their houses, bearing thence

Rings, jewels, anything his rage did like.

Once did I get him bound and sent him  
home,

Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went

That here and there his fury had committed.

Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,

He broke from those that had the guard of  
him,

And with his mad attendant and himself, 150

Each one with ireful passion, with drawn  
swords,

Met us again and madly bent on us

Chas'd us away, till raising of more aid

We came again to bind them. Then they  
fled

Into this abbey, whither we pursu'd them;

And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,

And will not suffer us to fetch him out,

Nor send him forth that we may bear him  
hence.

Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy  
command

Let him be brought forth and borne hence  
for help. 160

*Duke.* Long since thy husband serv'd me  
in my wars,

And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,

When thou didst make him master of thy  
bed,

To do him all the grace and good I could.

Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate

And bid the lady abbess come to me.

I will determine this before I stir.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* O mistress, mistress! shift and  
save yourself.

My master and his man are both broke  
loose,

Beaten the maids a-row and bound the  
doctor, 170

Whose beard they have sing'd off with  
brands of fire;

And ever as it blaz'd they threw on him

Great pails of puddl'd mire to quench the  
hair.

My master preaches patience to him, and  
the while

His man with scissors nicks him like a fool;

And sure, unless you send some present  
help,

Between them they will kill the conjurer.

*Adr.* Peace, fool! thy master and his man are here.

And that is false thou dost report to us.

*Serv.* Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true; <sup>180</sup>

I have not breath'd almost, since I did see it. He cries for you and vows, if he can take you,

To scorch your face and to disfigure you.

*Cry within.*

Hark, hark! I hear him, mistress: fly, be gone!

*Duke.* Come, stand by me; fear nothing.

Guard with halberds!

*Adr.* Ay me, it is my husband! Witness you,

That he is borne about invisible:

Even now he hous'd him in the abbey here, And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus and DROMIO of Ephesus.*

*Ant. E.* Justice, most gracious duke! O! grant me justice, <sup>190</sup>

Even for the service that long since I did thee,

When I bestrid thee in the wars and took Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood

That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

*Ege.* Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,

I see my son Antipholus and Dromio.

*Ant. E.* Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there!

She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife, That hath abused and dishonour'd me

Even in the strength and height of injury! 200 Beyond imagination is the wrong

That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

*Duke.* Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

*Ant. E.* This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,

While she with harlots feasted in my house.

*Duke.* A grievous fault! Say, woman, didst thou so?

*Adr.* No, my good lord: myself, he, and my sister,

To-day did dine together. So befall my soul As this is false he burdens me withal!

*Luc.* Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night, <sup>210</sup>

But she tells to your highness' simple truth!

*Ang.* O perjur'd woman! They are both forsworn:

In this the madman justly chargeth them!

*Ant. E.* My liege, I am advised what I say:

Neither disturbed with the effect of wine, Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire, Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.

This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:

The goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,

Could witness it, for he was with me then; 220 Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,

Promising to bring it to the Porpentine, Where Balthazar and I did dine together.

Our dinner done, and he not coming thither, I went to seek him: in the street I met him,

And in his company that gentleman. There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me

down

That I this day of him receiv'd the chain, Which, God he knows, I saw not; for the

which

He did arrest me with an officer. <sup>230</sup> I did obey, and sent my peasant home

For certain ducats: he with none return'd. Then fairly I bespoke the officer

To go in person with me to my house. By the way we met

My wife, her sister, and a rabble more Of vile confederates: along with them

They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,

A mere anatomy, a mountebank, A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-

teller, <sup>239</sup>

A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch, A living-dead man. This pernicious slave,

Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer, And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,

And with no face, as 't were, outfacing me, Cries out I was possess'd. Then all to-

gether

They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,

And in a dark and dankish vault at home There left me and my man, both bound

together;

Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,

I gain'd my freedom, and immediately <sup>250</sup> Ran hither to your grace, whom I beseech

To give me ample satisfaction For these deep shames and great indignities.

*Ang.* My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,

That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

*Duke.* But had he such a chain of thee, or no?

*Ang.* He had, my lord; and when he ran in here,

These people saw the chain about his neck.

*Mer.* Besides, I will be sworn these ears of mine

Heard you confess you had the chain of him <sup>260</sup>

After you first forswore it on the mart; And thereupon I drew my sword on you;

And then you fled into this abbey here, From whence, I think, you are come by

miracle.

*Ant. E.* I never came within these abbey-walls,

Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me: I never saw the chain, so help me heaven! And this is false you burden me withal.

*Duke.* Why, what an intricate impeach is this!

I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup. 270  
 If here you hous'd him, here he would have  
 been;  
 If he were mad, he would not plead so  
 coldly;  
 You say he din'd at home; the goldsmith  
 here  
 Denies that saying. Sirrah, what say you?  
*Dro. E.* Sir, he din'd with her there, at  
 the Porpentine.  
*Cour.* He did, and from my finger snatch'd  
 that ring.  
*Ant. E.* 'Tis true, my liege; this ring I  
 had of her.  
*Duke.* Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey  
 here?  
*Cour.* As sure, my liege, as I do see your  
 grace.  
*Duke.* Why, this is strange. Go call the  
 abbess hither. 280  
 I think you are all mated or stark mad.  
*Exit an Attendant.*  
*Æge.* Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me  
 speak a word.  
 Haply I see a friend will save my life,  
 And pay the sum that may deliver me.  
*Duke.* Speak freely, Syracusian, what  
 thou wilt.  
*Æge.* Is not your name, sir, call'd An-  
 tipholus,  
 And is not that your bondman, Dromio?  
*Dro. E.* Within this hour I was his bond-  
 man, sir;  
 But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords:  
 Now am I Dromio and his man unbound. 290  
*Æge.* I am sure you both of you remem-  
 ber me.  
*Dro. E.* Ourselves we do remember, sir,  
 by you;  
 For lately we were bound, as you are now.  
 You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?  
*Æge.* Why look you strange on me? you  
 know me well.  
*Ant. E.* I never saw you in my life till now.  
*Æge.* O! grief hath chang'd me since  
 you saw me last,  
 And careful hours, with Time's deformed  
 hand,  
 Have written strange defeatures in my  
 face:  
 But tell me yet, dost thou not know my  
 voice? 300  
*Ant. E.* Neither.  
*Æge.* Dromio, nor thou?  
*Dro. E.* No, trust me, sir, nor I.  
*Æge.* I am sure thou dost.  
*Dro. E.* Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not;  
 and whatsoever a man denies, you are now  
 bound to believe him.  
*Æge.* Not know my voice! O time's ex-  
 tremity,  
 Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor  
 tongue  
 In seven short years, that here my only  
 son 309  
 Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?  
 Though now this grained face of mine be hid  
 In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,  
 And all the conduits of my blood froze up,

Yet hath my night of life some memory,  
 My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,  
 My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:  
 All these old witnesses, I cannot err,  
 Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.  
*Ant. E.* I never saw my father in my  
 life.  
*Æge.* But seven years since, in Syracuse,  
 boy, 321  
 Thou know'st we parted: but perhaps, my  
 son,  
 Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.  
*Ant. E.* The duke and all that know me in  
 the city  
 Can witness with me that it is not so:  
 I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.  
*Duke.* I tell thee, Syracusian, twenty  
 years  
 Have I been patron to Antipholus,  
 During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse:  
 I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.  
*Enter Abbess, with ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse  
 and DROMIO of Syracuse.*  
*Abb.* Most mighty duke, behold a man  
 much wrong'd. *All gather to see them.*  
*Adr.* I see two husbands, or mine eyes  
 deceive me. 331  
*Duke.* One of these men is Genius to the  
 other:  
 And so of these. Which is the natural man,  
 And which the spirit? who deciphers them?  
*Dro. S.* I, sir, am Dromio: command him  
 away.  
*Dro. E.* I, sir, am Dromio: pray, let me  
 stay.  
*Ant. S.* Ægeon art thou not? or else his  
 ghost?  
*Dro. S.* O! my old master: who hath  
 bound him here?  
*Abb.* Whoever bound him, I will loose his  
 bonds,  
 And gain a husband by his liberty. 340  
 Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man  
 That hadst a wife once call'd Æmilia,  
 That bore thee at a burden two fair sons.  
 O! if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,  
 And speak unto the same Æmilia.  
*Æge.* If I dream not, thou art Æmilia.  
 If thou art she, tell me where is that son  
 That floated with thee on the fatal raft?  
*Abb.* By men of Epidamnus, he and I,  
 And the twin Dromio, all were taken up: 350  
 But by and by rude fishermen of Corinth  
 By force took Dromio and my son from them,  
 And me they left with those of Epidamnus.  
 What then became of them I cannot tell;  
 I to this fortune that you see me in.  
*Duke.* Why, here begins his morning  
 story right:  
 These two Antipholuses, these two so like,  
 And these two Dromios, one in semblance,  
 Besides her urging of her wreck at sea;  
 These are the parents to these children, 360  
 Which accidentally are met together.  
 Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first?  
*Ant. S.* No, sir, not I; I came from  
 Syracuse.

*Duke.* Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.  
*Ant. E.* I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.  
*Dro. E.* And I with him.  
*Ant. E.* Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,  
*Duke Menaphon*, your most renowned uncle.  
*Adr.* Which of you two did dine with me to-day?  
*Ant. S. I*, gentle mistress.  
*Adr.* And are not you my husband?  
*Ant. E.* No; I say nay to that. 371  
*Ant. S.* And so do I; yet did she call me so;  
 And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,  
 Did call me brother. *To LUCIANA.* What I told you then,  
 I hope I shall have leisure to make good,  
 If this be not a dream I see and hear.  
*Ang.* That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.  
*Ant. S.* I think it be, sir; I deny it not.  
*Ant. E.* And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.  
*Ang.* I think I did, sir: I deny it not. 380  
*Adr.* I sent you money, sir, to be your bail  
 By *Dromio*; but I think he brought it not.  
*Dro. E.* No, none by me.  
*Ant. S.* This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,  
 And *Dromio*, my man, did bring them me.  
 I see we still did meet each other's man,  
 And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,  
 And thereupon these errors all arose.  
*Ant. E.* These ducats pawn I for my father here.  
*Duke.* It shall not need: thy father hath his life. 390  
*Cour.* Sir, I must have that diamond from you.  
*Ant. E.* There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.  
*Abb.* Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains  
 To go with us into the abbey here,  
 And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes;

And all that are assembled in this place,  
 That by this sympathized one day's error  
 Have suffer'd wrong, go keep us company,  
 And we shall make full satisfaction. 399  
 Thirty-three years have I but gone in travail  
 Of you, my sons; and till this present hour  
 My heavy burden ne'er delivered.  
 The duke, my husband, and my children both,  
 And you the calendars of their nativity,  
 Go to a gossips' feast, and go with me;  
 After so long grief, such nativity!  
*Duke.* With all my heart I'll gossip at this feast.  
*Exeunt DUKE, Abbess, ÆGEON, Courtesan, Merchant, ANGELO, and Attendants.*  
*Dro. S.* Master, shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard?  
*Ant. E.* *Dromio*, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?  
*Dro. S.* Your goods that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur. 410  
*Ant. S.* He speaks to me. I am your master, *Dromio*:  
 Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon:  
 Embrace thy brother there; rejoice with him.  
*Exeunt ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, ADRIANA and LUCIANA.*  
*Dro. S.* There is a fat friend at your master's house,  
 That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner:  
 She now shall be my sister, not my wife.  
*Dro. E.* Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother:  
 I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth.  
 Will you walk in to see their gossiping?  
*Dro. S.* Not I, sir; you are my elder. 420  
*Dro. E.* That's a question: how shall we try it?  
*Dro. S.* We'll draw cuts for the senior: till then, lead thou first.  
*Dro. E.* Nay, then thus:  
 We came into the world like brother and brother;  
 And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another. *Exeunt.*

## MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

In a world like this, where error plays such havoc with mortals, it is comforting to the common man to hear Borachio, in *Much Ado About Nothing*, say to the Prince: "What your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light." It is the stupidity of Dogberry and his blundering crew that is responsible for unmasking the error into which these wise ones have fallen and thus preserving the play from a tragic ending. With Shakespeare, nothing that is human is incapable of being put to good uses, and in this play he has shown us how, upon occasion, even the grossest stupidity may operate to save wisdom from the ultimate consequences of error of its own begetting. Dogberrys cannot be spared from the world; we need them in crises. It is to be hoped that at every council board of the world today there sits a Dogberry who sooner or later will arise and insist upon being written down an ass.

We cannot believe that in naming this play Shakespeare had any intention of implying in the title the nature of the action. That is, we cannot think that he meant to suggest by the title that the false accusation which Claudio brings against Hero is the *nothing* about which the *much ado* is made. Surely the accusation, though false, is *something*; and the effects that spring from it are *something*; and few comedies are possible that do not involve *much ado*. Error is the basic stuff upon which Shakespeare builds all his plays, whether comedy or tragedy. Discovered in time, we have comedy; too late, tragedy. But Shakespeare never regards error as nothing. To be sure there are moments and moods in which we can all say "Life 's but a walking shadow," or "We are such stuff as dreams are made on"; but this is not Shakespeare's view. To him life is always real, always in conflict with a most formidable antagonist, error, and destined ultimately to win in that conflict. The title given to this play is simply Shakespeare's assurance to his audience that in spite of its apparently temporary drift toward tragedy they may confidently expect a happy ending. It is but an evidence of his unfailing concern for his audience.

That concern extends, of course, to the construction of the play itself. The almost tragic scene of Hero's accusation is so carefully prepared for that the attentive hearer or reader need have little fear for its ultimate outcome. We all know that the accusation is false; and we know also how completely Claudio and Don Pedro believe it to be true, with what pain Claudio brings it, and with what joy he would welcome its disproof. We know, furthermore, that however much a fool Claudio may be in permitting himself to be thus easily beguiled by the villain Don John, his character is essentially sound, and that this public arraignment is but a manifestation of that romantic idealism so common to youth in a chivalric age. Claudio worships at the shrine of chastity in woman; and for such an offense against womanhood as he believes Hero to be guilty of, nothing less than an open and public revelation can satisfy his conscience. And we know, too, that before he brings his accusation, forces are at work that will bring the truth to light, shame Claudio and Don Pedro, and bring from them instant and complete restitution to the limit of their power. In view of all this knowledge, we need not, if we have been attentive, have for a moment any fear of a tragic outcome; and if we have nodded, we need only recall the title of the play.

It is evident that Shakespeare does not introduce this unpleasant scene between Claudio and Hero for any other purpose than to heighten the pleasure of his audience. He has most carefully seen to it that our chief interest shall center in the development of the love-affair between Beatrice and Benedick. We have a suspicion from the first that they are in love with each other and we are all the more eager to see them brought to the point of acknowledging it because of the pride each takes in scorning the other.

## MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Our suspicions are confirmed by the readiness with which each repudiates pride and scorn following the trick by which each is led to believe in the other's love. But if these two volatile creatures are to remain in character, it is going to require something of a shock to bring them seriously to avow their love. That shock is provided by the swooning of Hero following Claudio's accusation. Alone in the deserted church they face each other, for the first time under the conviction that each is loved by the other. But this is no time for banter. Love must abide the test. "Kill Claudio," cries Beatrice. *Benedick*. Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero? *Beatrice*. Yes, as sure as I have a thought or soul. *Benedick*. Enough, I am engaged; I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so I leave you. And Benedick, for love of Beatrice, a love that admits no doubt of her truth in thought or soul, sets out to seek his former friend. Here is love indeed. And here is a revelation of a depth of character in these lovers whose outward seeming has deceived all their friends and might otherwise have deceived us. Surely our interest in this pair is now at its highest point, intensified indeed by a momentary anxiety lest they too may become the victims of Claudio's error.

But the next moment the scene changes and Dogberry appears, bearing assurance. Borachio and Conrade are undergoing examination. Dogberry sees instantly that they are guilty of "flat perjury" and "flat burglary" and orders them "opinioned." It was a sad day for Conrade when he called Dogberry an ass. With a little persuasion he might otherwise have been released, for Dogberry is a "merciful man." But no man can call him an ass with impunity. These villains cannot now escape the law. Thanks to Dogberry we now breathe easier. Stupidity has outdone wisdom and error stands revealed.

Although *Much Ado* is universally conceded to be one of the most skilfully constructed of all of Shakespeare's comedies, yet opinions differ widely as to its general effect. There are those who profess disappointment that Hero should marry Claudio. Others express a genuine dislike for Beatrice, one critic going so far as to call her "an odious woman" and another to express apprehension lest Benedick after marriage may not escape the "predestinate scratched face." Such varied opinions only testify to the perfection with which Shakespeare has interwoven in this play both plot and character. The art here manifested can withstand the shock of all attacks. Our personal approval or disapproval reveals only our point of view or our own temperament. Shakespeare does not ask us to judge, but to understand, his characters; and such understanding is particularly demanded in this play, where the plot is inseparable from the character, because it springs inevitably from the actions which issue from the characters themselves. For those who fail to understand Claudio, Shakespeare is sufficiently considerate to have Beatrice say that if she were a man she would "eat his heart in the marketplace." To be sure she does not know all that we know, else she could not have said that and retained her character; but really her utterance should give those readers who insist upon disliking Claudio a great deal of satisfaction. Beatrice herself has doubtless some defects. There is some truth in Hero's estimate of her, spoken on purpose for Beatrice to overhear:

"Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,  
Misprising what they look on, and her wit  
Values itself so highly, that to her  
All matter else seems weak."

But Beatrice does not spring from her hiding place and scratch out Hero's eyes. Rather she profits instantly from a better understanding of herself, thus confirming our good opinion of her. Understanding is rarer than wisdom and more difficult to acquire, for as Benedick says: "Man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion."

# MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DON PEDRO, *Prince of Arragon.*  
 DON JOHN, *his bastard Brother.*  
 CLAUDIO, *a young Lord of Florence.*  
 BENEDICK, *a young Lord of Padua.*  
 LEONATO, *Governor of Messina.*  
 ANTONIO, *his Brother.*  
 BALTHAZAR, *Servant to Don Pedro.*  
 BORACHIO, } *Followers of Don John.*  
 CONRADE, }

DOGBERRY, *a Constable.*  
 VERGES, *a Headborough.*  
 FRIAR FRANCIS.  
 A Sexton.  
 A Boy.  
 HERO, *Daughter to Leonato.*  
 BEATRICE, *Niece to Leonato.*  
 MARGARET, } *Gentlewomen attending on*  
 URSULA, } *Hero.*

*Messengers, Watch, Attendants.*

SCENE.—*Messina.*

### ACT I

#### SCENE I.—*Before LEONATO'S House.*

*Enter LEONATO, HERO, BEATRICE, and others, with a Messenger.*

*Leon.* I learn in this letter that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

*Mess.* He is very near by this: he was not three leagues off when I left him.

*Leon.* How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

*Mess.* But few of any sort, and none of name.

*Leon.* A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine called Claudio.

*Mess.* Much deserved on his part and equally remembered by Don Pedro. He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a lamb the feats of a lion: he hath indeed better bettered expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.

*Leon.* He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

*Mess.* I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him: even so much that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

*Leon.* Did he break out into tears?

*Mess.* In great measure.

*Leon.* A kind overflow of kindness. There are no faces truer than those that are so washed: how much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping!

*Beat.* I pray you, is Signior Mountanto returned from the wars or no?

*Mess.* I know none of that name, lady: there was none such in the army of any sort.

*Leon.* What is he that you ask for, niece?

*Hero.* My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

*Mess.* O! he's returned, and as pleasant as ever he was.

*Beat.* He set up his bills here in Messina and challenged Cupid at the flight; and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt. I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for indeed I promised to eat all of his killing.

*Leon.* Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

*Mess.* He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

*Beat.* You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it: he is a very valiant trencherman: he hath an excellent stomach.

*Mess.* And a good soldier too, lady.

*Beat.* And a good soldier to a lady; but what is he to a lord?

*Mess.* A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honourable virtues.

*Beat.* It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuffed man; but for the stuffing,—well, we are all mortal.

*Leon.* You must not, sir, mistake my niece. There is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her: they never meet but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

*Beat.* Alas! he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one; so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath every moment a new sworn brother.

*Mess.* Is't possible?

*Beat.* Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.

*Mess.* I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

*Beat.* No; an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

*Mess.* He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

*Beat.* O Lord! he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured. 111

*Mess.* I will hold friends with you, lady.

*Beat.* Do, good friend.

*Leon.* You will never run mad, niece.

*Beat.* No, not till a hot January.

*Mess.* Don Pedro is approached.

*Enter Don PEDRO, Don JOHN, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR, and others.*

*D. Pedro.* Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

*Leon.* Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace, for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you depart from me, sorrow abides and happiness takes his leave. 102

*D. Pedro.* You embrace your charge too willingly. I think this is your daughter.

*Leon.* Her mother hath many times told me so.

*Bene.* Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

*Leon.* Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child. 109

*D. Pedro.* You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself. Be happy, lady, for you are like an honourable father.

*Bene.* If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

*Beat.* I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick: nobody marks you.

*Bene.* What! my dear Lady Disdain, are you yet living? 120

*Beat.* Is it possible disdain should die while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

*Bene.* Then is courtesy a turncoat. But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

*Beat.* A dear happiness to women: they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me. 133

*Bene.* God keep your ladyship still in that mind; so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

*Beat.* Scratching could not make it worse, an 't were such a face as yours were.

*Bene.* Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

*Beat.* A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours. 141

*Bene.* I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way, i' God's name; I have done.

*Beat.* You always end with a jade's trick: I know you of old.

*D. Pedro.* This is the sum of all, Leonato: Signior Claudio, and Signior Benedick, my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month, and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart. 152

*Leon.* If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn. To Don JOHN. Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

*D. John.* I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

*Leon.* Please it your grace lead on? 160

*D. Pedro.* Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

*Exeunt all but BENEDICK and CLAUDIO.*

*Claud.* Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

*Bene.* I noted her not; but I looked on her.

*Claud.* Is she not a modest young lady?

*Bene.* Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex? 170

*Claud.* No; I pray thee speak in sober judgment.

*Bene.* Why, i' faith, methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome, and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

*Claud.* Thou thinkest I am in sport: I pray thee tell me truly how thou likest her.

*Bene.* Would you buy her, that you inquire after her? 181

*Claud.* Can the world buy such a jewel?

*Bene.* Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow, or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good harefinder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

*Claud.* In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on. 190

*Bene.* I can see yet without spectacles and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

*Claud.* I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife. 198

*Bene.* Is't come to this, i' faith? Hath not the world one man but he will wear his

cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i' faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look! Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

*Re-enter Don PEDRO.*

*D. Pedro.* What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

*Bene.* I would your grace would constrain me to tell. 209

*D. Pedro.* I charge thee on thy allegiance.

*Bene.* You hear, Count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man; I would have you think so; but on my allegiance, mark you this, on my allegiance: he is in love. With who? now that is your grace's part. Mark how short his answer is: with Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

*Claud.* If this were so, so were it uttered.

*Bene.* Like the old tale, my lord: 'it is not so, nor 't was not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.' 220

*Claud.* If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

*D. Pedro.* Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

*Claud.* You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* By my troth, I speak my thought.

*Claud.* And in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

*Bene.* And by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

*Claud.* That I love her, I feel. 230

*D. Pedro.* That she is worthy, I know.

*Bene.* That I neither feel how she should be loved nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me: I will die in it at the stake.

*D. Pedro.* Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

*Claud.* And never could maintain his part but in the force of his will. 239

*Bene.* That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is, for the which I may go the finer, I will live a bachelor.

*D. Pedro.* I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love. 250

*Bene.* With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

*D. Pedro.* Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

*Bene.* If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat and shoot at me; and he that hits me

let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam. 261

*D. Pedro.* Well, as time shall try: 'In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.'

*Bene.* The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns and set them in my forehead; and let me be vilely painted, and in such great letters as they write 'Here is good horse to hire,' let them signify under my sign 'Here you may see Benedick the married man.' 270

*Claud.* If this should ever happen, thou would'st be horn-mad.

*D. Pedro.* Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

*Bene.* I look for an earthquake too then.

*D. Pedro.* Well, you will temporise with the hours. In the meantime, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's: commend me to him and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for indeed he hath made great preparation. 280

*Bene.* I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassy; and so I commit you—

*Claud.* To the tuition of God: from my house, if I had it.—

*D. Pedro.* The sixth of July: your loving friend, Benedick.

*Bene.* Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience: and so I leave you. *Exit.* 291

*Claud.* My liege, your highness now may do me good.

*D. Pedro.* My love is thine to teach: teach it but how,

And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

*Claud.* Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

*D. Pedro.* No child but Hero; she's his only heir.

Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

*Claud.* O! my lord, When you went onward on this ended action, I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye, 300 That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand Than to drive liking to the name of love; But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts

Have left their places vacant, in their rooms Come thronging soft and delicate desires, All prompting me how fair young Hero is, Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

*D. Pedro.* Thou wilt be like a lover presently,

And tire the hearer with a book of words. If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it, 310 And I will break with her, and with her father,

And thou shalt have her. Was't not to this end

That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

*Claud.* How sweetly do you minister to love,

That know love's grief by his complexion!  
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,  
I would have salv'd it with a longer  
treatise.

*D. Pedro.* What need the bridge much  
broader than the flood?

The fairest grant is the necessity.

Look, what will serve is fit: 't is once, thou  
lovest,

And I will fit thee with the remedy.

I know we shall have revelling to-night:

I will assume thy part in some disguise,

And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;

And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,

And take her hearing prisoner with the force

And strong encounter of my amorous tale:

Then after to her father will I break;

And the conclusion is, she shall be thine.

In practice let us put it presently. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Room in LEONATO'S House.

*Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO, meeting.*

*Leon.* How now, brother! Where is my  
cousin, your son? Hath he provided this  
music?

*Ant.* He is very busy about it. But,  
brother, I can tell you strange news that you  
yet dreamt not of.

*Leon.* Are they good?

*Ant.* As the event stamps them; but they  
have a good cover; they show well outward.  
The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a  
thick-pleached alley in mine orchard, were  
thus much overheard by a man of mine: the  
prince discovered to Claudio that he loved  
my niece your daughter, and meant to  
acknowledge it this night in a dance; and  
if he found her accordant, he meant to take  
the present time by the top and instantly  
break with you of it.

*Leon.* Hath the fellow any wit that told  
you this?

*Ant.* A good sharp fellow: I will send for  
him; and question him yourself.

*Leon.* No, no; we will hold it as a dream  
till it appear itself: but I will acquaint my  
daughter withal, that she may be the better  
prepared for an answer, if peradventure this  
be true. Go you, and tell her of it.

*Several persons cross the stage.*  
Cousins, you know what you have to do. O!  
I cry you mercy, friend; go you with me,  
and I will use your skill. Good cousin, have  
a care this busy time. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Another Room in LEONATO'S  
House.

*Enter Don JOHN and CONRADE.*

*Con.* What the good-year, my lord! why  
are you thus out of measure sad?

*D. John.* There is no measure in the oc-  
casion that breeds; therefore the sadness  
is without limit.

*Con.* You should hear reason.

*D. John.* And when I have heard it, what  
blessing brings it?

*Con.* If not a present remedy, at least a  
patient sufferance.

*D. John.* I wonder that thou, being, as  
thou sayest thou art, born under Saturn,  
goest about to apply a moral medicine to a  
mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I  
am: I must be sad when I have cause, and  
smile at no man's jests; eat when I have  
stomach, and wait for no man's leisure;  
sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no  
man's business; laugh when I am merry,  
and claw no man in his humour.

*Con.* Yea; but you must not make the full  
show of this till you may do it without con-  
trolment. You have of late stood out against  
your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly  
into his grace; where it is impossible you  
should take true root but by the fair weather  
that you make yourself: it is needful that  
you frame the season for your own harvest.

*D. John.* I had rather be a canker in a  
hedge than a rose in his grace; and it better  
fits my blood to be disdained of all than to  
fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in  
this, though I cannot be said to be a flatter-  
ing honest man, it must not be denied but  
I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted  
with a muzzle and enfranchised with a clog;  
therefore I have decreed not to sing in my  
cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I  
had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the  
meantime, let me be that I am, and seek not  
to alter me.

*Con.* Can you make no use of your dis-  
content?

*D. John.* I make all use of it, for I use it  
only. Who comes here?

*Enter BORACHIO.*

What news, Borachio?

*Bora.* I came yonder from a great supper:  
the prince, your brother, is royally enter-  
tained by Leonato; and I can give you in-  
telligence of an intended marriage.

*D. John.* Will it serve for any model to  
build mischief on? What is he for a fool  
that betroths himself to unquietness?

*Bora.* Marry, it is your brother's right  
hand.

*D. John.* Who? the most exquisite  
Claudio?

*Bora.* Even he.

*D. John.* A proper squire! And who, and  
who? which way looks he?

*Bora.* Marry, on Hero, the daughter and  
heir of Leonato.

*D. John.* A very forward March-chick!  
How came you to this?

*Bora.* Being entertained for a perfumer,  
as I was smoking a musty room, comes me  
the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad  
conference: I whipt me behind the arras,  
and there heard it agreed upon that the  
prince should woo Hero for himself, and  
having obtained her, give her to Count  
Claudio.

*D. John.* Come, come; let us thither:  
this may prove food to my displeasure.

That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me? 71

*Con.* To the death, my lord.

*D. John.* Let us to the great supper: their cheer is the greater that I am subdued. Would the cook were of my mind! Shall we go prove what's to be done?

*Bora.* We'll wait upon your lordship.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT II

### SCENE I.—A Hall in LEONATO'S House.

*Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, and others.*

*Leon.* Was not Count John here at supper?

*Ant.* I saw him not.

*Beat.* How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him but I am heart-burned an hour after.

*Hero.* He is of a very melancholy disposition.

*Beat.* He were an excellent man that were made just in the midway between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling. 11

*Leon.* Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face,—

*Beat.* With a good leg and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world, if a' could get her good will.

*Leon.* By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue. 21

*Ant.* In faith, she's too curst.

*Beat.* Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way; for it is said, 'God sends a curst cow short horns'; but to a cow too curst he sends none.

*Leon.* So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns?

*Beat.* Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face: I had rather lie in the woollen.

*Leon.* You may light on a husband that hath no beard. 35

*Beat.* What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man; and he that is more than a youth is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-ward, and lead his apes into hell.

*Leon.* Well then, go you into hell? 44

*Beat.* No; but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold,

with horns on his head, and say 'Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids': so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens; he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long. 52

*Ant.* To HERO. Well, niece, I trust you will be ruled by your father.

*Beat.* Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say 'Father, as it please you': but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say 'Father, as it please me.'

*Leon.* Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband. 60

*Beat.* Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

*Leon.* Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer. 71

*Beat.* The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the prince be too important, tell him there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For hear me, Hero: wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave. 82

*Leon.* Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

*Beat.* I have a good eye, uncle: I can see a church by daylight.

*Leon.* The revellers are entering, brother: make good room!

*Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR, DON JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, and others, masked.*

*D. Pedro.* Lady, will you walk about with your friend? 90

*Hero.* So you walk softly and look sweetly and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and especially when I walk away.

*D. Pedro.* With me in your company?

*Hero.* I may say so, when I please.

*D. Pedro.* And when please you to say so?

*Hero.* When I like your favour; for God defend the lute should be like the case!

*D. Pedro.* My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove. 100

*Hero.* Why then, your visor should be thatched.

*D. Pedro.* Speak low, if you speak love.

*Takes her aside.*

*Balth.* Well, I would you did like me.

*Marg.* So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

*Balth.* Which is one?

*Marg.* I say my prayers aloud.

*Balth.* I love you the better: the hearers may cry, Amen. 110

*Marg.* God match me with a good dancer!

*Balth.* Amen.

*Marg.* And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done! Answer, clerk.

*Balth.* No more words: the clerk is answered.

*Urs.* I know you well enough: you are Signior Antonio.

*Ant.* At a word, I am not.

*Urs.* I know you by the wagging of your head. 120

*Ant.* To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

*Urs.* You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man. Here's his dry hand up and down: you are he, you are he.

*Ant.* At a word, I am not.

*Urs.* Come, come; do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end.

*Beat.* Will you not tell me who told you so?

*Bene.* No, you shall pardon me. 131

*Beat.* Nor will you not tell me who you are?

*Bene.* Not now.

*Beat.* That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the 'Hundred Merry Tales.' Well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.

*Bene.* What's he?

*Beat.* I am sure you know him well enough.

*Bene.* Not I, believe me.

*Beat.* Did he never make you laugh? 140

*Bene.* I pray you, what is he?

*Beat.* Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany; for he both pleases men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him. I am sure he is in the fleet: I would he had boarded me!

*Bene.* When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say. 151

*Beat.* Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure not marked or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. *Music within.*

We must follow the leaders.

*Bene.* In every good thing.

*Beat.* Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning. 160

*Dance.* Then exeunt all but Don JOHN, BORACHIO, and CLAUDIO.

*D. John.* Sure my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it. The ladies follow her and but one visor remains.

*Bora.* And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

*D. John.* Are not you Signior Benedick?

*Claud.* You know me well; I am he.

*D. John.* Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamoured on Hero. I pray you, dissuade him from her; she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it. 173

*Claud.* How know you he loves her?

*D. John.* I heard him swear his affection. *Bora.* So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

*D. John.* Come, let us to the banquet.

*Exeunt* Don JOHN and BORACHIO.

*Claud.* Thus answer I in name of Benedick,

But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio. 180

'T is certain so; the prince woos for himself. Friendship is constant in all other things Save in the office and affairs of love: Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues;

Let every eye negotiate for itself And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

This is an accident of hourly proof, Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, therefore, Hero!

*Re-enter* BENEDICK.

*Bene.* Count Claudio? 190

*Claud.* Yea, the same.

*Bene.* Come, will you go with me?

*Claud.* Whither?

*Bene.* Even to the next willow, about your own business, count. What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like an usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

*Claud.* I wish him joy of her. 200

*Bene.* Why, that's spoken like an honest drover: so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus?

*Claud.* I pray you, leave me.

*Bene.* Ho! now you strike like the blind man: 't was the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

*Claud.* If it will not be, I'll leave you, 207

*Exit.*

*Bene.* Alas! poor hurt fowl. Now will he creep into sedges. But that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool! Ha! it may be I go under that title because I am merry. Yea, but so I am apt to do myself wrong; I am not so reputed: it is the base though bitter disposition of Beatrice that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

*Re-enter* Don PEDRO.

*D. Pedro.* Now, Signior, where's the count? Did you see him? 219

*Bene.* Troth, my lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren. I told him, and I think I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

*D. Pedro.* To be whipped! What's his fault?

*Bene.* The flat transgression of a school-boy, who, being overjoyed with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it. 231

*D. Pedro.* Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

*Bene.* Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his bird's nest.

*D. Pedro.* I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner. 240

*Bene.* If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

*D. Pedro.* The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you: the gentleman that danced with her told her she is much wronged by you. 245

*Bene.* O! she misused me past the endurance of a block: an oak but with one green leaf on it would have answered her: my very visor began to assume life and scold with her. She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester; that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest with such impossible conveyance upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turned spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you shall find her the infernal Ate in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would conjure her, for certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose because they would go thither; so indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

*Enter CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, HERO, and LEONATO.*

*D. Pedro.* Look! here she comes. 270

*Bene.* Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes that you can devise to send me on: I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the furthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester

John's foot; fetch you a hair of the Great Cham's beard; do you any embassy to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me? 280

*D. Pedro.* None, but to desire your good company.  
*Bene.* O God, sir, here's a dish I love not: I cannot endure my Lady Tongue. *Exit.*

*D. Pedro.* Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.

*Beat.* Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for his single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say I have lost it. 291

*D. Pedro.* You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

*Beat.* So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought Count Claudio, whom you have sent me to seek.

*D. Pedro.* Why, how now, count! wherefore are you sad?

*Claud.* Not sad, my lord. 300

*D. Pedro.* How then? sick?

*Claud.* Neither, my lord.

*Beat.* The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil count, civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

*D. Pedro.* P' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained; name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy! 312

*Leon.* Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

*Beat.* Speak, count, 't is your cue.

*Claud.* Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you and dote upon the exchange. 320

*Beat.* Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let him not speak neither.

*D. Pedro.* In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

*Beat.* Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care. My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.

*Claud.* And so she doth, cousin. 329

*Beat.* Good Lord, for alliance! Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sunburnt. I may sit in a corner and cry heigh-ho for a husband!

*D. Pedro.* Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

*Beat.* I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

*D. Pedro.* Will you have me, lady? 339  
*Beat.* No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days: your grace is too costly to wear every day. But, I beseech your grace, pardon me; I was born to speak all mirth and no matter.

*D. Pedro.* Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

*Beat.* No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born. Cousins, God give you joy! 350

*Leon.* Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

*Beat.* I cry you mercy, uncle. By your grace's pardon. *Exit.*

*D. Pedro.* By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

*Leon.* There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then, for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of unhappiness and waked herself with laughing. 361

*D. Pedro.* She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

*Leon.* O! by no means: she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

*D. Pedro.* She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

*Leon.* O Lord! my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

*D. Pedro.* Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church? 371

*Claud.* To-morrow, my lord. Time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.

*Leon.* Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind. 376

*D. Pedro.* Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us. I will in the interim undertake one of Hercules' labours, which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

*Leon.* My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

*Claud.* And I, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* And you too, gentle Hero?

*Hero.* I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband. 391

*D. Pedro.* And Benedick is not the un-hopefullest husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain, of approved valour, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick; and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick that, in despite of his quick wit

and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer: his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift.

*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—Another Room in LEONATO'S House.

*Enter Don JOHN and BORACHIO.*

*D. John.* It is so: the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

*Bora.* Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

*D. John.* Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him, and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

*Bora.* Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me. 10

*D. John.* Show me briefly how.

*Bora.* I think I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

*D. John.* I remember.

*Bora.* I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

*D. John.* What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage? 20

*Bora.* The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio, whose estimation do you mightily hold up, to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

*D. John.* What proof shall I make of that?

*Bora.* Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue? 30

*D. John.* Only to despise them, I will endeavour any thing.

*Bora.* Go then; find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio alone: tell them that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as—in love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid—that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances, which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me, at her chamber-window, hear me call Margaret Hero, hear Margaret term me Claudio; and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding; for in the meantime I will so fashion the matter that Hero shall be absent; and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be called assurance, and all the preparation overthrown. 51

*D. John.* Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning

in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

*Bora.* Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame you.

*D. John.* I will presently go learn their day of marriage. *Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.—LEONATO'S Orchard.

*Enter BENEDICK.*

*Bene.* Boy!

*Enter a Boy.*

*Boy.* Signior!

*Bene.* In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.

*Boy.* I am here already, sir.

*Bene.* I know that; but I would have thee hence, and here again. *Exit Boy.*

I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known when he would have walked ten mile afoot to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turned orthography: his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well; but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. *Withdraws.*

*Enter Don PEDRO, LEONATO, and CLAUDIO, followed by BALTHAZAR and Musicians.*

*D. Pedro.* Come, shall we hear this music?

*Claudio.* Yea, my good lord. How still the evening is, 40  
As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

*D. Pedro.* See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

*Claudio.* O! very well, my lord: the music ended,

We'll fit the kid-fox with a penny-worth.

*D. Pedro.* Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

*Balth.* O! good my lord, tax not so bad a voice

To slander music any more than once.

*D. Pedro.* It is the witness still of excellency,

To put a strange face on his own perfection.

I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

*Balth.* Because you talk of wooing, I will sing; 51

Since many a wooer doth commence his suit To her he thinks not worthy; yet he woos, Yet will he swear he loves.

*D. Pedro.* Now, pray thee, come Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,

Do it in notes.

*Balth.* Note this before my notes; There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

*D. Pedro.* Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks;

Note, notes, forsooth, and nothing! *Music.* 59

*Bene.* Now, divine air! now is his soul ravished! Is it not strange that sheep's guts should hale souls out of men's bodies? Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

*Balth.* Sings.

*Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,*

*Men were deceivers ever,*

*One foot in sea, and one on shore,*

*To one thing constant never.*

*Then sigh not so,*

*But let them go,*

*And be you blithe and bonny,*

*Converting all your sounds of woe 70*  
*Into Hey nonny, nonny.*

*Sing no more ditties, sing no mo,*

*Of dumps so dull and heavy;*

*The fraud of men was ever so,*

*Since summer first was leavy.*

*Then sigh not so,*

*But let them go,*

*And be you blithe and bonny,*

*Converting all your sounds of woe*  
*Into Hey nonny, nonny.*

*D. Pedro.* By my troth, a good song.

*Balth.* And an ill singer, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* Ha, no, no; faith, thou singest well enough for a shift. 80

*Bene.* An he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him; and I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief. I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

*D. Pedro.* Yea, marry; dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music, for to-morrow night we would have it at the Lady Hero's chamber-window.

*Balth.* The best I can, my lord. 90

*D. Pedro.* Do so: farewell.

*Exeunt BALTHAZAR and Musicians.*  
Come hither, Leonato: what was it you told me of to-day, that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

*Claud.* O! ay. Stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits. I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

*Leon.* No, nor I neither; but most wonderful that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor. 101

*Bene.* Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

*Leon.* By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it but that she loves him with an enraged affection: it is past the infinite of thought.

*D. Pedro.* May be she doth but counterfeit.

*Claud.* Faith, like enough.

*Leon.* O God! counterfeit. There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it. 111

*D. Pedro.* Why, what effects of passion shows she?

*Claud.* Bait the hook well: this fish will bite.

*Leon.* What effects, my lord? She will sit you; you heard my daughter tell you how.

*Claud.* She did indeed.

*D. Pedro.* How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection. 120

*Leon.* I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

*Bene.* I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

*Claud.* He hath ta'en the infection: hold it up.

*D. Pedro.* Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

*Leon.* No; and swears she never will: that's her torment. 130

*Claud.* 'Tis true indeed; so your daughter says: 'Shall I,' says she, 'that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?'

*Leon.* This says she now when she is beginning to write to him; for she 'll be up twenty times a night, and there will she sit in her smock till she have writ a sheet of paper: my daughter tells us all. 139

*Claud.* Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

*Leon.* O! when she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?

*Claud.* That.

*Leon.* O! she tore the letter into a thousand halpence; railed at herself that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her: 'I measure him,' says she, 'by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.' 151

*Claud.* Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses; 'O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!'

*Leon.* She doth indeed; my daughter says so; and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afraid she will do a desperate outrage to herself. It is very true.

*D. Pedro.* It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it. 161

*Claud.* To what end? He would but make a sport of it and torment the poor lady worse.

*D. Pedro.* An he should, it were an alms to hang him. She's an excellent sweet lady, and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

*Claud.* And she is exceeding wise.

*D. Pedro.* In every thing but in loving Benedick. 169

*Leon.* O! my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

*D. Pedro.* I would she had bestowed this dotage on me; I would have daffed all other respects and made her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what a' will say.

*Leon.* Were it good, think you? 179

*Claud.* Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says she will die if he love her not, and she will die ere she make her love known, and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

*D. Pedro.* She doth well; if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he 'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

*Claud.* He is a very proper man.

*D. Pedro.* He hath indeed a good outward happiness. 191

*Claud.* Before God, and in my mind, very wise.

*D. Pedro.* He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit.

*Leon.* And I take him to be valiant.

*D. Pedro.* As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear. 200

*Leon.* If he do fear God, a' must necessarily keep peace: if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

*D. Pedro.* And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

*Claud.* Never tell him, my lord: let her wear it out with good counsel. 210

*Leon.* Nay, that's impossible: she may wear her heart out first.

*D. Pedro.* Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter: let it cool the while. I love Benedick well, and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

*Leon.* My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

*Claud.* If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation. 220

*D. Pedro.* Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter: that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb-show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner. 226

*Exeunt* DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and LEONATO.

*Bene.* Advancing from the arbour. This can be no trick: the conference was sadly borne. They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady: it seems her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. I did never think to marry: I must not seem proud: happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair: 't is a truth, I can bear them witness; and virtuous: 't is so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me. By my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some old quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have rail'd so long against marriage; but doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humour? No; the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. Here comes Beatrice. By this day! she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her. 255

*Enter* BEATRICE.

*Beat.* Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

*Bene.* Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

*Beat.* I took no more pains for those thanks than you take pains to thank me: if it had been painful, I would not have come. 261

*Bene.* You take pleasure then in the message?

*Beat.* Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal. You have no stomach, signior: fare you well. *Exit.*

*Bene.* Ha! 'Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner;' there's a double meaning in that. 'I took no more pains for those thanks than you took pains to thank me;' that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks. If I do not take pity of her, I am a

villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture. *Exit.* 272

## ACT III

### SCENE I.—LEONATO'S Garden.

*Enter* HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

*Hero.* Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour;

There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice Proposing with the prince and Claudio: Whisper her ear, and tell her I and Ursula Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse Is all of her; say that thou overheard'st us, And bid her steal into the pleached bower, Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the sun, Forbid the sun to enter; like favourites, Made proud by princes, that advance their pride 10

Against that power that bred it. There will she hide her,

To listen our propose. This is thy office; Bear thee well in it and leave us alone.

*Marg.* I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. *Exit.*

*Hero.* Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,

As we do trace this alley up and down, Our talk must only be of Benedick: When I do name him, let it be thy part To praise him more than ever man did merit. My talk to thee must be how Benedick 20 Is sick in love with Beatrice: of this matter Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made, That only wounds by hearsay.

*Enter* BEATRICE, behind.

Now begin; For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

*Urs.* The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish

Cut with her golden oars the silver stream, And greedily devour the treacherous bait: So angle we for Beatrice; who even now Is couched in the woodbine coverture. 30 Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

*Hero.* Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing

Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it. No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful; I know her spirits are as coy and wild As haggards of the rock.

*Urs.* But are you sure That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

*Hero.* So says the prince, and my new-trothed lord.

*Urs.* And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?

*Hero.* They did entreat me to acquaint her of it; 40

But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick, To wish him wrestle with affection, And never to let Beatrice know of it.

*Urs.* Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman

Deserve as full as fortunate a bed As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

*Hero.* O god of love! I know he doth deserve

As much as may be yielded to a man;  
But Nature never fram'd a woman's heart  
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice; 50  
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,  
Misprising what they look on, and her wit  
Values itself so highly, that to her

All matter else seems weak. She cannot love,

Nor take no shape nor project of affection.  
She is so self-endear'd.

*Urs.* Sure, I think so;  
And therefore certainly it were not good  
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

*Hero.* Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man,

How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd, 60

But she would spell him backward: if fair-fac'd,

She would swear the gentleman should be her sister;

If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antick,  
Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;  
If low, an agate very vilely cut;

If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds,

If silent, why, a block moved with none.  
So turns she every man the wrong side out,  
And never gives to truth and virtue that

Which simpleness and merit purchaseth. 70

*Urs.* Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

*Hero.* No; not to be so odd and from all fashions

As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable.  
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,  
She would mock me into air: O! she would laugh me

Out of myself, press me to death with wit.  
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,  
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:

It were a better death than die with mocks,  
Which is as bad as die with tickling. 80

*Urs.* Yet tell her of it: hear what she will say.

*Hero.* No; rather I will go to Benedick,  
And counsel him to fight against his passion.  
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders  
To stain my cousin with. One doth not know

How much an ill word may empoison liking.

*Urs.* O! do not do your cousin such a wrong.

She cannot be so much without true judgment,

Having so swift and excellent a wit  
As she is priz'd to have, as to refuse 90

So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.

*Hero.* He is the only man of Italy,  
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

*Urs.* I pray you; be not angry with me, madam,

Speaking my fancy: Signior Benedick,  
For shape, for bearing, argument and valour,  
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

*Hero.* Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

*Urs.* His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.

When are you married, madam? 100

*Hero.* Why, every day, to-morrow. Come, go in:

I'll show thee some attires, and have thy counsel

Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

*Urs.* She's lim'd, I warrant you: we have caught her, madam.

*Hero.* If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:

Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps. *Exeunt HERO and URSULA.*

*Beat.* Coming forward. What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?

Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?

Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!

No glory lives behind the back of such. 110

And, Benedick, love on; I will requite thee,  
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand:

If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee

To bind our loves up in a holy band;  
For others say thou dost deserve, and I  
Believe it better than reportingly. *Exit.*

SCENE II.—A Room in LEONATO'S House.

*Enter* DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, and LEONATO.

*D. Pedro.* I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

*Claud.* I'll bring you thither, my lord; if you'll vouchsafe me.

*D. Pedro.* Nay; that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it. I will not be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth:

he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him. He hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks.

*Bene.* Gallants, I am not as I have been.

*Leon.* So say I: methinks you are sadder.

*Claud.* I hope he be in love.

*D. Pedro.* Hang him, truant! there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touched with love. If he be sad, he wants money. 20

*Bene.* I have the tooth-ache.

*D. Pedro.* Draw it.

*Bene.* Hang it.

*Claud.* You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

*D. Pedro.* What! sigh for the tooth-ache?

*Leon.* Where is but a humour or a worm.

*Bene.* Well, every one can master a grief but he that has it.

*Claud.* Yet say I, he is in love. 30

*D. Pedro.* There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he

hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman to-morrow, or in the shape of two countries at once, as, a German from the waist downward, all slops, and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet. Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

*Claud.* If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: a' brushes his hat o' mornings; what should that bode?

*D. Pedro.* Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

*Claud.* No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him, and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

*Leon.* Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

*D. Pedro.* Nay, a' rubs himself with civet: can you smell him out by that?

*Claud.* That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love.

*D. Pedro.* The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

*Claud.* And when was he wont to wash his face?

*D. Pedro.* Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

*Claud.* Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now crept into a lute-string, and now governed by stops.

*D. Pedro.* Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him. Conclude, conclude he is in love.

*Claud.* Nay, but I know who loves him.

*D. Pedro.* That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.

*Claud.* Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

*D. Pedro.* She shall be buried with her face upwards.

*Bene.* Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ache. Old signior, walk aside with me: I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

*Exeunt* BENEDICK and LEONATO.

*D. Pedro.* For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

*Claud.* 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice, and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

*Enter* Don JOHN.

*D. John.* My lord and brother, God save you!

*D. Pedro.* Good den, brother.

*D. John.* If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

*D. Pedro.* In private?

*D. John.* If it please you; yet Count Claudio may hear, for what I would speak of concerns him.

*D. Pedro.* What's the matter?

*D. John.* To CLAUDIO. Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

*D. Pedro.* You know he does.

*D. John.* I know not that, when he knows what I know.

*Claud.* If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

*D. John.* You may think I love you not: let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think he holds you well, and in dearthness of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage; surely suit ill spent, and labour ill bestowed!

*D. Pedro.* Why, what's the matter?

*D. John.* I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances shortened, for she has been too long a talking of, the lady is disloyal.

*Claud.* Who? Hero?

*D. John.* Even she: Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

*Claud.* Disloyal?

*D. John.* The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say she were worse: think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered, even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

*Claud.* May this be so?

*D. Pedro.* I will not think it.

*D. John.* If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know. If you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more and heard more, proceed accordingly.

*Claud.* If I see anything to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

*D. Pedro.* And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

*D. John.* I will disparage her no further till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

*D. Pedro.* O day untowardly turned!

*Claud.* O mischief strangely thwarting!

*D. John.* O plague right well prevented! So will you say when you have seen the sequel.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—A Street.

*Enter* DOGBERRY and VERGES, with the Watch.

*Dogb.* Are you good men and true?

*Verg.* Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

*Dogb.* Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

*Verg.* Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

*Dogb.* First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

*First Watch.* Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacal, for they can write and read.

*Dogb.* Come hither, neighbour Seacal.

God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.

*Second Watch.* Both which, Master constable,— 17

*Dogb.* You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge: you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

*Watch.* How if a' will not stand?

*Dogb.* Why, then take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave. 31

*Verg.* If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

*Dogb.* True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects. You shall also make no noise in the streets: for for the watch to babble and talk is most tolerable and not to be endured.

*Watch.* We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a watch. 40

*Dogb.* Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should offend; only have a care that your bills be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the alehouses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

*Watch.* How if they will not?

*Dogb.* Why then, let them alone till they are sober: if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for. 51

*Watch.* Well, sir.

*Dogb.* If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty. 55

*Watch.* If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

*Dogb.* Truly, by your office you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled. The most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is and steal out of your company.

*Verg.* You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

*Dogb.* Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

*Verg.* If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse and bid her still it. 70

*Watch.* How if the nurse be asleep and will not hear us?

*Dogb.* Why, then depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

*Verg.* 'T is very true.

*Dogb.* This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the princes' own person: if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

*Verg.* Nay, by 'r lady, that I think a' cannot.

*Dogb.* Five shillings to one on 't, with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him; marry, not without the prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

*Verg.* By 'r lady, I think it be so. 89

*Dogb.* Ha, ah, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me. Keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night. Come, neighbour.

*Watch.* Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed. 96

*Dogb.* One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you, watch about Signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu; be vigilant, I beseech you.

*Exeunt DOGBERRY and VERGES.*

*Enter BORACHIO and CONRADE.*

*Bora.* What, Conrade! 102

*Watch.* Aside. Peace! stir not.

*Bora.* Conrade, I say!

*Con.* Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

*Bora.* Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought there would a scab follow.

*Con.* I will owe thee an answer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

*Bora.* Stand thee close then under this penthouse, for it drizzles rain, and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee. 112

*Watch.* Aside. Some treason, masters; yet stand close.

*Bora.* Therefore know I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

*Con.* Is it possible that any villany should be so dear?

*Bora.* Thou should'st rather ask if it were possible any villany should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will. 122

*Con.* I wonder at it.

*Bora.* That shows thou art unconfirmed. Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

*Con.* Yes, it is apparel.

*Bora.* I mean, the fashion.

*Con.* Yes, the fashion is the fashion. 129

*Bora.* Tush! I may as well say the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

*Watch.* Aside. I know that Deformed; a' has been a vile thief this seven year; a' goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name. 136

*Bora.* Didst thou not hear somebody?

*Con.* No: 'twas the vane on the house.

*Bora.* Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily a' turns about all the hot bloods between

fourteen and five-and-thirty? sometime fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reeky painting; sometime like god Bel's priests in the old church-window; sometime like the shaven Hercules in the smirched worm-eaten tapestry, where his cod-piece seems as massy as his club?

*Con.* All this I see, and I see the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion? 152

*Bora.* Not so neither; but know that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero: she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night,—I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee how the prince, Claudio, and my master, planted and placed and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter. 161

*Con.* And thought they Margaret was Hero?

*Bora.* Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw over night, and send her home again without a husband.

*First Watch.* We charge you in the prince's name, stand!

*Second Watch.* Call up the right Master constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth. 181

*First Watch.* And one Deformed is one of them: I know him, a' wears a lock.

*Con.* Masters, masters!

*Second Watch.* You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

*Con.* Masters,—

*First Watch.* Never speak; we charge you let us obey you to go with us.

*Bora.* We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills. 191

*Con.* A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—A Room in LEONATO'S House.

*Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.*

*Hero.* Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

*Urs.* I will, lady.

*Hero.* And bid her come hither.

*Urs.* Well.

*Marg.* Troth, I think your other rabato were better.

*Hero.* No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

*Marg.* By my troth, 's not so good; and I warrant, your cousin will say so. 10

*Hero.* My cousin's a fool, and thou art another: I'll wear none but this.

*Marg.* I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the Duchess of Milan's gown that they praise so.

*Hero.* O! that exceeds, they say.

*Marg.* By my troth, 's but a night gown in respect of yours: cloth o' gold, and cuts, and laced with silver, set with pearls down sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts round, underborne with a bluish tinsel; but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on 't.

*Hero.* God give me joy to wear it! for my heart is exceeding heavy.

*Marg.* 'T will be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

*Hero.* Fie upon thee! art not ashamed? 28

*Marg.* Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say, 'saving your reverence, a husband': an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody. Is there any harm in 'the heavier for a husband?' None, I think, an it be the right husband and the right wife; otherwise 'tis light, and not heavy: ask my Lady Beatrice else; here she comes.

*Enter BEATRICE.*

*Hero.* Good morrow, coz.

*Beat.* Good morrow, sweet Hero. 40

*Hero.* Why, how now? do you speak in the sick tune?

*Beat.* I am out of all other tune, methinks.

*Marg.* Clap us into 'Light o' love': that goes without a burthen: do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

*Beat.* Ye light o' love, with your heels! then, if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns.

*Marg.* O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels. 51

*Beat.* 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin: 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill. Heigh-ho!

*Marg.* For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

*Beat.* For the letter that begins them all, H.

*Marg.* Well, an you be not turned Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.

*Beat.* What means the fool, trow?

*Marg.* Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire! 61

*Hero.* These gloves the count sent me; they are an excellent perfume.

*Beat.* I am stuffed, cousin, I cannot smell.

*Marg.* A maid, and stuffed! there's goodly catching of cold.

*Beat.* O, God help me! God help me! how long have you professed apprehension.

*Marg.* Ever since you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely? 70

*Beat.* It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap. By my troth, I am sick.

*Marg.* Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart: it is the only thing for a qualm.

*Hero.* There thou prickest her with a thistle.

*Beat.* Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus. 78

*Marg.* Moral! no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love; nay, by 'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love. Yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted, I know not, but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do. 92

*Beat.* What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

*Marg.* Not a false gallop.

*Re-enter URSULA.*

*Urs.* Madam, withdraw: the prince, the count, Signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

*Hero.* Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another Room in LEONATO'S House.*

*Enter LEONATO, with DOGBERRY and VERGES.*

*Leon.* What would you with me, honest neighbour?

*Dogb.* Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

*Leon.* Brief, I pray you; for you see it is a busy time with me.

*Dogb.* Marry, this it is, sir.

*Verg.* Yes, in truth it is, sir.

*Leon.* What is it, my good friends? 9

*Dogb.* Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

*Verg.* Yes, I thank God I am as honest as any man living that is an old man and no honestier than I.

*Dogb.* Comparisons are odorous: palabras, neighbour Verges.

*Leon.* Neighbours, you are tedious. 20

*Dogb.* It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

*Leon.* All thy tediousness on me? ha!

*Dogb.* Yea, an 'twere a thousand pound more than 'tis; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city, and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it. 30

*Verg.* And so am I.

*Leon.* I would fain know what you have to say.

*Verg.* Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina. 35

*Dogb.* A good old man, sir; he will be talking: as they say, 'When the age is in, the wit is out.' God help us! it is a world to see! Well said, i' faith, neighbour Verges: well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind. An honest soul, i' faith, sir: by my troth he is, as ever broke bread; but God is to be worshipped: all men are not alike; alas! good neighbour. 44

*Leon.* Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

*Dogb.* Gifts that God gives.

*Leon.* I must leave you.

*Dogb.* One word, sir. Our watch, sir, have indeed comprehended two auspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship. 52

*Leon.* Take their examination yourself, and bring it me: I am now in great haste, as may appear unto you.

*Dogb.* It shall be suffigance.

*Leon.* Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband. 60

*Leon.* I'll wait upon them: I am ready.

*Exeunt LEONATO and Messenger.*

*Dogb.* Go, good partner, go; get you to Francis Seacoal; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol: we are now to examination these men.

*Verg.* And we must do it wisely.

*Dogb.* We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that shall drive some of them to a non-come: only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication and meet me at the gaol. *Exeunt.*

## ACT IV

SCENE I.—*The Inside of a Church.*

*Enter Don PEDRO, Don JOHN, LEONATO, Friar FRANCIS, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, BEATRICE, etc.*

*Leon.* Come, Friar Francis, be brief: only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

*Fri.* You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

*Claud.* No.

*Leon.* To be married to her, friar; you come to marry her.

*Fri.* Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?

*Hero.* I do.

*Fri.* If either of you know any inward impediment, why you should not be conjoined, I charge you on your souls to utter it.

*Claud.* Know you any, Hero?

*Hero.* None, my lord.

*Fri.* Know you any, count?

*Leon.* I dare make his answer; none.

*Claud.* O! what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do!

*Bene.* How now! Interjections? Why then, some be of laughing, as, ah! ha! he!

*Claud.* Stand thee by, friar. Father, by your leave:

Will you with free and unconstrained soul Give me this maid, your daughter?

*Leon.* As freely, son, as God did give her me.

*Claud.* And what have I to give you back, whose worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

*D. Pedro.* Nothing, unless you render her again.

*Claud.* Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.

There, Leonato, take her back again: Give not this rotten orange to your friend; She's but the sign and semblance of her honour.

Behold! how like a maid she blushes here. O! what authority and show of truth Can cunning sin cover itself withal.

Comes not that blood as modest evidence To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,

All you that see her, that she were a maid, By these exterior shows? But she is none: 41

She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;

Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

*Leon.* What do you mean, my lord?

*Claud.* Not to be married.

Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton. *Leon.* Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof,

Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth, And made defeat of her virginity,—

*Claud.* I know what you would say: if I have known her,

You'll say she did embrace me as a husband, 50

And so extenuate the 'forehand sin:

No, Leonato.

I never tempted her with word too large;

But, as a brother to his sister, show'd

Bashful sincerity and comely love.

*Hero.* And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

*Claud.* Out on thee! Seeming! I will write against it:

You seem to me as Dian in her orb,

As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;

But you are more immoderate in your blood Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals 61

That rage in savage sensuality.

*Hero.* Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?

*Leon.* Sweet prince, why speak not you?

*D. Pedro.* What should I speak?

I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about To link my dear friend to a common stale.

*Leon.* Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

*D. John.* Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

*Bene.* This looks not like a nuptial.

*Hero.* True! O God!

*Claud.* Leonato, stand I here? 70

Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?

Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?

*Leon.* All this is so; but what of this, my lord?

*Claud.* Let me but move one question to your daughter,

And, by that fatherly and kindly power That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

*Leon.* I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

*Hero.* O God defend me! how am I beset!

What kind of catechising call you this?

*Claud.* To make you answer truly to your name. 80

*Hero.* Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name

With any just reproach?

*Claud.* Marry, that can Hero: Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight

Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one? Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

*Hero.* I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* Why, then are you no maiden. Leonato,

I am sorry you must hear: upon mine honour,

Myself, my brother, and this grieved count, Did see her, hear her, at that hour last

night, 91

Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window; Who hath indeed, most like a liberal villain,

Confess'd the vile encounters they have had A thousand times in secret.

*D. John.* Fie, fie! they are not to be nam'd, my lord,

Not to be spoke of; There is not chastity enough in language

Without offence to utter them. Thus, pretty lady,

I am sorry for thy much misgovernment. 100

*Claud.* O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been,

If half thy outward graces had been placed About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart.

But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,

Thou pure impiety, and impious purity! For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,

And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang, To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,

And never shall it more be gracious.

*Leon.* Hath no man's dagger here a point for me? *HERO swoons.*

*Beat.* Why, how now, cousin! wherefore sink you down? 111

*D. John.* Come, let us go. These things, come thus to light,  
Smother her spirits up.

*Exeunt Don PEDRO, Don JOHN, and CLAUDIO.*

*Bene.* How doth the lady?

*Beat.* Dead, I think; help, uncle!  
*Hero!* why *Hero!* Uncle! Signior Benedick! Friar!

*Leon.* O Fate! take not away thy heavy hand:

Death is the fairest cover for her shame  
That may be wish'd for.

*Beat.* How now, cousin *Hero!*

*Fri.* Have comfort, lady.

*Leon.* Dost thou look up? 120

*Fri.* Yea; wherefore should she not?

*Leon.* Wherefore! Why, doth not every earthly thing

Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny  
The story that is printed in her blood?

Do not live, *Hero*; do not ope thine eyes;  
For, did I think thou would'st not quickly die,

Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,

Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,  
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?

Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame? 130  
O! one too much by thee. Why had I one?

Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?

Why had I not with charitable hand

Took up a beggar's issue at my gates,

Who smirched thus, and mir'd with infamy,

I might have said, 'No part of it is mine, 140

This shame derives itself from unknown loins?'

But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,

And mine that I was proud on, mine so much

That I myself was to myself not mine,

Valuing of her; why, she—O! she is fallen

Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea

Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,

And salt too little which may season give

To her foul-tainted flesh.

*Bene.* Sir, sir, be patient.

For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,  
I know not what to say.

*Beat.* O! on my soul, my cousin is belied.

*Bene.* Lady, were you her bedfellow last night? 150

*Beat.* No, truly not; although, until last night,

I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

*Leon.* Confirm'd, confirm'd! O! that is

stronger made

Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron.

Would the two princes lie? and *Claudio* lie,

Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her

foulness,

Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her, let

her die.

*Fri.* Hear me a little;

For I have only been silent so long,

And given way unto this course of fortune,  
By noting of the lady: I have mark'd 160

A thousand blushing apparitions

To start into her face; a thousand innocent

shames

In angel whiteness beat away those blushes;

And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,

To burn the errors that these princes hold

Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool;

Trust not my reading nor my observations,

Which with experimental seal doth warrant

The tenour of my book; trust not my age,

My reverence, calling, nor divinity, 170

If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here

Under some biting error.

*Leon.* Friar, it cannot be.

Thou seest that all the grace that she hath left

Is that she will not add to her damnation

A sin of perjury: she not denies it.

Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse

That which appears in proper nakedness?

*Fri.* Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?

*Hero.* They know that do accuse me, I know none.

If I know more of any man alive 180

Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,

Let all my sins lack mercy! O my father!

Prove you that any man with me convers'd

At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight

Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,

Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

*Fri.* There is some strange misprision in the princes.

*Bene.* Two of them have the very bent of honour;

And if their wisdoms be misled in this,

The practice of it lives in John the bastard,

Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies. 191

*Leon.* I know not. If they speak but

truth of her,

These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,

The proudest of them shall well hear of it.

Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,

Nor age so eat up my invention,

Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,

Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,

But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,

Both strength of limb and policy of mind,

Ability in means and choice of friends, 201

To quit me of them thoroughly.

*Fri.* Pause awhile,

And let my counsel sway you in this case.

Your daughter here the princes left for dead;

Let her awhile be secretly kept in,

And publish it that she is dead indeed:

Maintain a mourning ostentation;

And on your family's old monument

Hang mournful epitaphs and do all rites

That appertain unto a burial. 210

*Leon.* What shall become of this? what will this do?

*Fri.* Marry, this well carried shall on her behalf

Change slander to remorse; that is some good:

But not for that dream I on this strange course,

But on this travail look for greater birth.

She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,

Upon the instant that she was accus'd,

Shall be lamented, pitied and excus'd

Of every hearer; for it so falls out

That what we have we prize not to the worth

Whiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost,

Why, then we rack the value, then we find

The virtue that possession would not show us

Whiles it was ours. So will it fare with

Claudio:

When he shall hear she died upon his words,

The idea of her life shall sweetly creep

Into his study of imagination,

And every lovely organ of her life

Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,

More moving-delicate and full of life,

Unto the eye and prospect of his soul,

Than when she liv'd indeed: then shall he mourn,

If ever love had interest in his liver,

And wish he had not so accus'd her,

No, though he thought his accusation true.

Let this be so, and doubt not but success

Will fashion the event in better shape

Than I can lay it down in likelihood.

But if all aim but this be levell'd false,

The supposition of the lady's death

Will quench the wonder of her infamy:

And if it sort not well, you may conceal her,

As best befits her wounded reputation,

In some reclusive and religious life,

Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

*Bene.* Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:

And though you know my inwardness and love

Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,

Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this

As secretly and justly as your soul

Should with your body.

*Leon.* Being that I flow in grief,

The smallest twine may lead me.

*Fri.* 'T is well consented: presently away,

For to strange sores strangely they strain

the cure.

Come, lady, die to live: this wedding-day

Perhaps is but prolong'd: have patience

and endure.

*Exeunt Friar, HERO, and LEONATO.*

*Bene.* Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

*Beat.* Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

*Bene.* I will not desire that.

*Beat.* You have no reason; I do it freely.

*Bene.* Surely I do believe your fair cousin

is wronged.

*Beat.* Ah! how much might the man deserve of me that would right her.

*Bene.* Is there any way to show such

friendship?

*Beat.* A very even way, but no such

friend.

*Bene.* May a man do it?

*Beat.* It is a man's office, but not yours.

*Bene.* I do love nothing in the world so well as you: is not that strange?

*Beat.* As strange as the thing I know not. It were as possible for me to say I loved nothing so well as you; but believe me not, and yet I lie not: I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am sorry for my cousin.

*Bene.* By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

*Beat.* Do not swear by it, and eat it.

*Bene.* I will swear by it that you love me; and I will make him eat it that says I love not you.

*Beat.* Will you not eat your word?

*Bene.* With no sauce that can be devised to it. I protest I love thee.

*Beat.* Why then, God forgive me!

*Bene.* What offence, sweet Beatrice?

*Beat.* You have stay'd me in a happy hour: I was about to protest I loved you.

*Bene.* And do it with all thy heart.

*Beat.* I love you with so much of my heart that none is left to protest.

*Bene.* Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

*Beat.* Kill Claudio.

*Bene.* Ha! not for the wide world.

*Beat.* You kill me to deny it. Farewell.

*Bene.* Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

*Beat.* I am gone, though I am here: there is no love in you: nay, I pray you, let me go.

*Bene.* Beatrice,—

*Beat.* In faith, I will go.

*Bene.* We'll be friends first.

*Beat.* You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy.

*Bene.* Is Claudio thine enemy?

*Beat.* Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O! that I were a man. What! bear her in hand until they come to take hands, and then with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour,—O God! that I were a man. I would eat his heart in the market-place.

*Bene.* Hear me, Beatrice,—

*Beat.* Talk with a man out at a window! A proper saying!

*Bene.* Nay, but Beatrice,—

*Beat.* Sweet Hero! She is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

*Bene.* Beat—

*Beat.* Princes and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count, Count Comfect; a sweet gallant, surely! O! that I were a man for his sake, or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie and swears it. I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

*Bene.* Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

*Beat.* Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

*Bene.* Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero?

*Beat.* Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

*Bene.* Enough! I am engaged, I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so I leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say she is dead; and so, farewell.

*Exeunt.* 340

SCENE II.—A Prison.

*Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and Sexton, in gowns; and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.*

*Dogb.* Is our whole dissembly appeared?

*Verg.* O! a stool and a cushion for the sexton.

*Sexton.* Which be the malefactors?

*Dogb.* Marry, that am I and my partner.

*Verg.* Nay, that's certain: we have the exhibition to examine.

*Sexton.* But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before Master constable.

*Dogb.* Yea, marry, let them come before me. What is your name, friend? 11

*Bora.* Borachio.

*Dogb.* Pray, write down Borachio. Yours, sirrah?

*Con.* I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

*Dogb.* Write down Master gentleman Conrade. Masters, do you serve God? 19

*Con., Bora.* Yea, sir, we hope.  
*Dogb.* Write down, that they hope they serve God; and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains! Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves? 25

*Con.* Marry, sir, we say we are none.

*Dogb.* A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him. Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear: sir, I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves. 30

*Bora.* Sir, I say to you we are none.

*Dogb.* Well, stand aside. 'Fore God, they are both in a tale. Have you writ down, that they are none?

*Sexton.* Master constable, you go not the way to examine: you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

*Dogb.* Yea, marry, that's the effest way. Let the watch come forth. Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men. 40

*First Watch.* This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

*Dogb.* Write down Prince John a villain. Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

*Bora.* Master constable,—

*Dogb.* Pray thee, fellow, peace: I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

*Sexton.* What heard you him say else?

*Second Watch.* Marry, that he had re-

ceived a thousand ducats of Don John for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully. 51

*Dogb.* Flat burglary as ever was committed.

*Verg.* Yea, by the mass, that it is.

*Sexton.* What else, fellow?

*First Watch.* And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

*Dogb.* O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

*Sexton.* What else? 60

*Second Watch.* This is all.

*Sexton.* And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away: Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this suddenly died. Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's: I will go before and show him their examination.

*Exit.*

*Dogb.* Come, let them be opinioned.

*Verg.* Let them be in the hands of— 70

*Con.* Coxcomb!

*Dogb.* God's my life! where's the sexton? let him write down the prince's officer coxcomb. Come, bind them. Thou naughty varlet!

*Con.* Away! you are an ass; you are an ass. 75

*Dogb.* Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years? O that he were here to write me down an ass! but masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass. No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him. Bring him away. O that I had been writ down an ass! *Exeunt.* 93

ACT V

SCENE I.—Before LEONATO'S House.

*Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.*

*Ant.* If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;

And 't is not wisdom thus to second grief Against yourself.

*Leon.* I pray thee, cease thy counsel, Which falls into mine ears as profitless As water in a sieve: give not me counsel; Nor let no comforter delight mine ear But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine:

Bring me a father that so lov'd his child, Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine, And bid him speak of patience; 19 Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,

And let it answer every strain for strain,  
As thus for thus and such a grief for such,  
In every lineament, branch, shape, and  
form:

If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard,  
Bid sorrow wag, cry 'hem!' when he should  
groan,

Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune  
drunk

With candle-wasters; bring him yet to me,  
And I of him will gather patience.

But there is no such man; for, brother,  
men

Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief  
Which they themselves not feel; but,  
tasting it,

Their counsel turns to passion, which before  
Would give preceptual medicine to rage,  
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,  
Charm ache with air and agony with words.  
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience  
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,  
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency  
To be so moral when he shall endure 30  
The like himself. Therefore give me no  
counsel:

My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

*Ant.* Therein do men from children nothing  
differ.

*Leon.* I pray thee, peace! I will be flesh  
and blood;

For there was never yet philosopher  
That could endure the tooth-ache patiently,  
However they have writ the style of gods  
And made a push at chance and suzerance.

*Ant.* Yet bend not all the harm upon  
yourself;

Make those that do offend you suffer too. 40  
*Leon.* There thou speak'st reason: nay,  
I will do so.

My soul doth tell me Hero is belied;  
And that shall Claudio know; so shall the  
prince,  
And all of them that thus dishonour her.

*Enter Don PEDRO and CLAUDIO.*

*Ant.* Here comes the prince and Claudio  
hastily.

*D. Pedro.* Good den, good den.

*Claud.* Good day to both of you.

*Leon.* Hear you, my lords,—

*D. Pedro.* We have some haste, Leonato.

*Leon.* Some haste, my lord! well, fare  
you well, my lord:

Are you so hasty now? well, all is one.

*D. Pedro.* Nay, do not quarrel with us,  
good old man. 50

*Ant.* If he could right himself with quar-  
relling,

Some of us would lie low.

*Claud.* Who wrongs him?

*Leon.* Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou,  
dissembler, thou.

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword;  
I fear thee not.

*Claud.* Marry, beshrew my hand,  
If it should give your age such cause of fear.  
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my  
sword.

*Leon.* Tush, tush, man! never flee and  
jest at me:

I speak not like a dotard nor a fool,  
As, under privilege of age, to brag 60  
What I have done being young, or what  
would do,

Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,  
Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child  
and me

That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by,  
And, with grey hairs and bruise of many  
days,

Do challenge thee to trial of a man.

I say thou hast belied mine innocent child:  
Thy slander hath gone through and through  
her heart,

And she lies buried with her ancestors;  
O! in a tomb where never scandal slept, 70  
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villany.

*Claud.* My villany?

*Leon.* Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.

*D. Pedro.* You say not right, old man.

*Leon.* My lord, my lord.

I'll prove it on his body, if he dare,  
Despite his nice fence and his active prac-  
tice,

His May of youth and bloom of lustihood.

*Claud.* Away! I will not have to do with  
you.

*Leon.* Canst thou so daff me? Thou hast  
kill'd my child:

If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

*Ant.* He shall kill two of us, and men  
indeed: 80

But that's no matter; let him kill one first;  
Win me and wear me; let him answer me.

Come, follow me, boy; come, sir boy, come,  
follow me.

Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining  
fence;

Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

*Leon.* Brother,—

*Ant.* Content yourself. God knows I  
lov'd my niece;

And she is dead, slander'd to death by  
villains,

That dare as well answer a man indeed  
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue. 90

Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!

*Leon.* Brother Anthony,—

*Ant.* Hold you content. What, man! I  
know them, yea,

And what they weigh, even to the utmost  
scruple:

Scambling, outfacing, fashion-mong'ring  
boys,

That lie and cog and flout, deprave and  
slander,

Go speak, show outward hideousness,  
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,

How they might hurt their enemies, if they  
durst;

And this is all!

*Leon.* But, brother Anthony,—

*Ant.* Come, 'tis no matter:  
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this. 101

*D. Pedro.* Gentlemen both, we will not  
wake your patience.

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death;

But, on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing

But what was true and very full of proof.

*Leon.* My lord, my lord,—

*D. Pedro.* I will not hear you.

*Leon.* No?

Come, brother, away. I will be heard.

*Ant.* And shall, or some of us will smart for it.

*Exeunt LEONATO and ANTONIO.*

*Enter BENEDICK.*

*D. Pedro.* See, see; here comes the man we went to seek. 110

*Claud.* Now, signior, what news?

*Bene.* Good day, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* Welcome, signior: you are almost come to part almost a fray.

*Claud.* We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.

*D. Pedro.* Leonato and his brother. What thinkest thou? Had we fought, I doubt we should have been too young for them.

*Bene.* In a false quarrel there is no true valour. I came to seek you both. 121

*Claud.* We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit?

*Bene.* It is in my scabbard; shall I draw it?

*D. Pedro.* Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

*Claud.* Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.

*D. Pedro.* As I am an honest man, he looks pale. Art thou sick, or angry? 131

*Claud.* What, courage, man! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

*Bene.* Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me. I pray you choose another subject.

*Claud.* Nay then, give him another staff: this last was broke cross.

*D. Pedro.* By this light, he changes more and more: I think he be angry indeed. 141

*Claud.* If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

*Bene.* Shall I speak a word in your ear?

*Claud.* God bless me from a challenge!

*Bene.* You are a villain. I jest not. I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you. 151

*Claud.* Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

*D. Pedro.* What! a feast, a feast?

*Claud.* I' faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's-head and a capon, the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught. Shall I not find a woodcock too?

*Bene.* Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily. 155

*D. Pedro.* I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day. I said, thou hadst a fine wit. 'True,' said she, 'a fine little one.' 'No,' said I, 'a great wit.' 'Right,' says she, 'a great gross one.' 'Nay,' said I, 'a good wit.' 'Just,' said she, 'it hurts nobody.' 'Nay,' said I, 'the gentleman is wise.' 'Certain,' said she, 'a wise gentleman.' 'Nay,' said I, 'he hath the tongues.' 'That I believe,' said she, 'for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning: there's a double tongue; there's two tongues.' Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues; yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy. 174

*Claud.* For the which she wept heartily and said she cared not.

*D. Pedro.* Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly. The old man's daughter told us all. 180

*Claud.* All, all; and moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.

*D. Pedro.* But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

*Claud.* Yea, and text underneath, 'Here dwells Benedick the married man!' 186

*Bene.* Fare you well, boy: you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not. My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you: I must discontinue your company. Your brother the bastard is fled from Messina: you have, among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my Lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet; and till then, peace be with him. *Exit.*

*D. Pedro.* He is in earnest.

*Claud.* In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

*D. Pedro.* And hath challenged thee? 200

*Claud.* Most sincerely.

*D. Pedro.* What a pretty thing man is when he goes in his doublet and hose and leaves off his wit!

*Claud.* He is then a giant to an ape; but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

*D. Pedro.* But, soft you; let me be: pluck up, my heart, and be sad! Did he not say my brother was fled? 209

*Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.*

*Dogb.* Come you, sir; if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance. Nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

*D. Pedro.* How now! two of my brother's men bound! Borachio one!

*Claud.* Hearken after their offence, my lord!

*D. Pedro.* Officers, what offence have these men done? 219

*Dogb.* Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves. 224

*D. Pedro.* First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

*Claud.* Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited. 231

*D. Pedro.* Who have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood. What's your offence?

*Bora.* Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer: do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who in the night overheard me confessing to this man how Don John your brother incensed me to slander the Lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you disgraced her, when you should marry her. My villany they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain. 251

*D. Pedro.* Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

*Claud.* I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.

*D. Pedro.* But did my brother set thee on to this?

*Bora.* Yea; and paid me richly for the practice of it.

*D. Pedro.* He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery:

And fled he is upon this villany.

*Claud.* Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear

In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first. 260

*Dogb.* Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this time our sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the matter. And, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

*Verg.* Here, here comes Master Signior Leonato, and the sexton too.

*Re-enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, and the Sexton.*

*Leon.* Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes.

That when I note another man like him, 270 I may avoid him: which of these is he?

*Bora.* If you would know your wronger, look on me.

*Leon.* Art thou the slave that with thy breath hast kill'd

Mine innocent child?

*Bora.* Yea, even I alone.

*Leon.* No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself:

Here stand a pair of honourable men; A third is fled, that had a hand in it.

I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death:

Record it with your high and worthy deeds. 'T was bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

*Claud.* I know not how to pray your patience; 281

Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself;

Impose me to what penance your invention Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not But in mistaking.

*D. Pedro.* By my soul, not I; And yet, to satisfy this good old man, I would bend under any heavy weight That he'll enjoin me to.

*Leon.* I cannot bid you bid my daughter live;

That were impossible: but, I pray you both, Possess the people in Messina here. 291

How innocent she died; and, if your love Can labour aught in sad invention,

Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb, And sing it to her bones: sing it to-night.

To-morrow morning come you to my house, And since you could not be my son-in-law,

Be yet my nephew. My brother hath a daughter,

Almost the copy of my child that's dead, And she alone is heir to both of us: 300

Give her the right you should have given her cousin,

And so dies my revenge.

*Claud.* O noble sir!

Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me.

I do embrace your offer; and dispose For henceforth of poor Claudio.

*Leon.* To-morrow then I will expect your coming;

To-night I take my leave. This naughty man

Shall face to face be brought to Margaret, Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,

Hir'd to it by your brother.

*Bora.* No, by my soul, she was not; Nor knew not what she did when she spoke

to me; But always hath been just and virtuous 311

In any thing that I do know by her.

*Dogb.* Moreover, sir, which indeed is not under white and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass: I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment. And also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they say he wears a key in his ear and a lock hanging by it, and borrows money in God's name; the which he hath used so long and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake. Pray you, examine him upon that point. 322

*Leon.* I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

*Dogb.* Your worship speaks like a most

thankful and reverend youth, and I praise God for you.

*Leon.* There's for thy pains.

*Dogb.* God save the foundation!

*Leon.* Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee. 330

*Dogb.* I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which I beseech your worship to correct yourself for the example of others. God keep your worship! I wish your worship well: God restore you to health! I humbly give you leave to depart, and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it! Come, neighbour.

*Exeunt DOGBERRY and VERGES.*

*Leon.* Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

*Ant.* Farewell, my lords: we look for you tomorrow.

*D. Pedro.* We will not fail.

*Claud.* To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

*Exeunt DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO.*

*Leon.* To the Watch. Bring you these fellows on. We'll talk with Margaret, 341  
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow. *Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—LEONATO'S Garden.

*Enter BENEDICK and MARGARET, meeting.*

*Bene.* Pray thee, sweet Mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

*Marg.* Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

*Bene.* In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

*Marg.* To have no man come over me! why, shall I always keep below stairs? 10

*Bene.* Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth; it catches.

*Marg.* And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

*Bene.* A most manly wit, Margaret; it will not hurt a woman: and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice. I give thee the bucklers.

*Marg.* Give us the swords, we have bucklers of our own.

*Bene.* If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids. 22

*Marg.* Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who I think hath legs.

*Bene.* And therefore will come.

*Exit MARGARET.*

*The god of love,*

*That sits above,*

*And knows me, and knows me,*

*How pitiful I deserve,—* 29

I mean in singing; but in loving, Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of pandars, and a whole bookful of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rime; I

have tried: I can find out no rime to 'lady' but 'baby,' an innocent rime; for 'scorn,' 'horn,' a hard rime; for 'school,' 'fool,' a babbling rime; very ominous endings. No, I was not born under a riming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms. 41

*Enter BEATRICE.*

Sweet Beatrice, would'st thou come when I called thee?

*Beat.* Yea, signior; and depart when you bid me.

*Bene.* O! stay but till then.

*Beat.* 'Then' is spoken; fare you well now: and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came; which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

*Bene.* Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee. 51

*Beat.* Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unknissed.

*Bene.* Thou hast frightened the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But, I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge, and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me? 61

*Beat.* For them all together; which maintained so politic a state of evil that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

*Bene.* Suffer love! a good epithet. I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

*Beat.* In spite of your heart, I think. Alas! poor heart. If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates. 72

*Bene.* Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

*Beat.* It appears not in this confession: there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

*Bene.* An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours. If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps. 82

*Beat.* And how long is that, think you?

*Bene.* Question: why, an hour in clamour and a quarter in rheum: therefore is it most expedient for the wise, if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy. And now tell me, how doth your cousin? 91

*Beat.* Very ill.

*Bene.* And how do you?

*Beat.* Very ill too.

*Bene.* Serve God, love me, and mend. There will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter URSULA.

*Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle. Yonder's old coil at home: it is proved my Lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone. Will you come presently?* 102

*Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior?*

*Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and moreover I will go with thee to thy uncle's.*

*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Inside of a Church.*

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and Attendants, with music and tapers.

*Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?*

*A Lord. It is, my lord.*

*Claud. Reads from a scroll.*

*Done to death by slanderous tongues*

*Was the Hero that here lies:*

*Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,*

*Gives her fame which never dies.*

*So the life that died with shame*

*Lives in death with glorious fame.*

*Hang thou there upon the tomb,*

*Praising her when I am dumb.* 10

*Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.*

SONG.

*Pardon, goddess of the night,*

*Those that slew thy virgin knight;*

*For the which, with songs of woe*

*Round about her tomb they go.*

*Midnight, assist our moan;*

*Help us to sigh and groan,*

*Heavily, heavily.*

*Graves, yawn and yield your dead,*

*Till death be uttered,* 20

*Heavily, heavily.*

*Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night!*

*Yearly will I do this rite.*

*D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters: put your torches out.*

*The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,*

*Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about*

*Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.*

*Thanks to you all, and leave us: fare you well.*

*Claud. Good morrow, masters: each his several way.*

*D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;* 30

*And then to Leonato's we will go.*

*Claud. And Hymen now with luckier issue speed's,*

*Than this for whom we render'd up this woe!* *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in LEONATO'S House.*

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE, MARGARET, URSULA, Friar FRANCIS, and HERO.

*Fri. Did I not tell you she was innocent?*

*Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who accus'd her*

*Upon the error that you heard debated: But Margaret was in some fault for this, Although against her will, as it appears in the true course of all the question.*

*Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.*

*Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd*

*To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.*

*Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,* 10

*Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves, And when I send for you, come hither mask'd:*

*The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour*

*To visit me. Exeunt Ladies.*

*You know your office, brother: You must be father to your brother's*

*daughter, And give her to young Claudio.*

*Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.*

*Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.*

*Fri. To do what, signior?*

*Bene. To bind me, or undo me; one of them.* 20

*Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior, Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.*

*Leon. That eye my daughter lent her: 't is most true.*

*Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.*

*Leon. The sight whereof I think you had from me,*

*From Claudio, and the prince. But what's your will?*

*Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical: But, for my will, my will is your good will*

*May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd* 30

*In the state of honourable marriage: In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.*

*Leon. My heart is with your liking. Fri. And my help.*

*Here come the prince and Claudio.*

*Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO, with Attendants.*

*D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.*

*Leon. Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio:*

*We here attend you. Are you yet determin'd*

*To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?*

*Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiop.*

*Leon. Call her forth, brother; here's the friar ready. Exit ANTONIO.*

*D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick. Why, what's the matter,* 40

*That you have such a February face, So full of frost, of storm and cloudiness?*

*Claud. I think he thinks upon the savage bull.*

Tush! fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns  
with gold,  
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee,  
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,  
When he would play the noble beast in love.  
*Bene.* Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low;  
And some such strange bull leap'd your  
father's cow,  
And got a calf in that same noble feat, 50  
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

*Re-enter ANTONIO, with the Ladies  
masked.*

*Claud.* For this I owe you: here come  
other reckonings.

Which is the lady I must seize upon?

*Ant.* This same is she, and I do give you  
her.

*Claud.* Why, then she's mine. Sweet,  
let me see your face.

*Leon.* No, that you shall not, till you take  
her hand

Before this friar, and swear to marry her.

*Claud.* Give me your hand; before this  
holy friar,

I am your husband, if you like of me.

*Hero.* And when I liv'd, I was your other  
wife: *Unmasking.* 60

And when you lov'd, you were my other  
husband.

*Claud.* Another Hero!

*Hero.* Nothing certainer:

One Hero died defil'd, but I do live,

And, surely as I live, I am a maid.

*D. Pedro.* The former Hero! Hero that  
is dead!

*Leon.* She died, my lord, but whiles her  
slander liv'd.

*Fri.* All this amazement can I qualify:

When after that the holy rites are ended,

I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:

Meantime, let wonder seem familiar, 70  
And to the chapel let us presently.

*Bene.* Soft and fair, friar. Which is  
Beatrice?

*Beat.* I answer to that name.

*Unmasking.*

What is your will?

*Bene.* Do not you love me?

*Beat.* Why, no; no more than reason.

*Bene.* Why then, your uncle and the  
prince and Claudio

Have been deceiv'd; they swore you  
did.

*Beat.* Do not you love me?

*Bene.* Troth, no; no more than reason.

*Beat.* Why then, my cousin, Margaret,  
and Ursula,

Are much deceiv'd; for they did swear you  
did.

*Bene.* They swore that you were almost  
sick for me. 80

*Beat.* They swore that you were well-  
nigh dead for me.

*Bene.* 'Tis no such matter. Then you do  
not love me?

*Beat.* No, truly, but in friendly recom-  
pense.

*Leon.* Come, cousin, I am sure you love  
the gentleman.

*Claud.* And I'll be sworn upon 't that he  
loves her;

For here's a paper written in his hand,  
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,  
Fashion'd to Beatrice.

*Hero.* And here's another  
Writ in my cousin's hand, stol'n from her  
pocket,

Containing her affection unto Benedick. 90

*Bene.* A miracle! here's our own hands  
against our hearts. Come, I will have thee;  
but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

*Beat.* I would not deny you; but, by this  
good day, I yield upon great persuasion, and  
partly to save your life, for I was told you  
were in a consumption.

*Bene.* Peace! I will stop your mouth.

*Kisses her.*

*D. Pedro.* How dost thou, Benedick, the  
married man? 100

*Bene.* I'll tell thee what, prince; a college  
of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my  
humour. Dost thou think I care for a satire  
or an epigram? No; if a man will be beaten  
with brains, a' shall wear nothing handsome  
about him. In brief, since I do purpose to  
marry, I will think nothing to any purpose  
that the world can say against it; and there-  
fore never flout at me for what I have said  
against it, for man is a giddy thing, and this  
is my conclusion. For thy part, Claudio, I  
did think to have beaten thee; but, in that  
thou art like to be my kinsman, live un-  
bruised, and love my cousin. 112

*Claud.* I had well hoped thou would'st  
have denied Beatrice, that I might have  
cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make  
thee a double-dealer; which, out of ques-  
tion, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look  
exceeding narrowly to thee.

*Bene.* Come, come, we are friends. Let's  
have a dance ere we are married, that we  
may lighten our own hearts and our wives'  
heels. 121

*Leon.* We'll have dancing afterward.

*Bene.* First, of my word; therefore play,  
music! Prince, thou art sad; get thee a  
wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more  
reverend than one tipped with horn.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, your brother John is ta'en  
in flight,

And 'brought with armed men back to  
Messina.

*Bene.* Think not on him till to-morrow:  
I'll devise thee brave punishments for him.  
Strike up, pipers. 131

*Dance. Exeunt.*

## LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST

It is unfortunate that whenever Shakespeare's early work is under discussion he should be so commonly referred to as "the youthful Shakespeare." It gives a false impression; establishes a wrong viewpoint. It suggests for him not only an unformed dramatic technique, but also immaturity and an inexperience with the real facts of life. To approach any known play of Shakespeare's, even his earliest, from such a viewpoint, is to ignore, so it would seem, one of the most important clues to his development.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, which is generally regarded as the first play from Shakespeare's unaided hand, was written when the poet was twenty-eight years old—a ripe age when men were considered old at forty. He had been married ten years and had three children, the youngest of school age. He had already faced some of the most serious facts and responsibilities of life and there is every reason to suppose that he had reflected seriously on his own life's purpose. With apparent deliberation he had chosen a field of work already occupied by many of the most brilliant university wits of the time, a work involving an exceedingly difficult technique and one in which a man of his limited scholastic training seemed destined to utter failure. Can it be possible that the man who wrote *Love's Labour's Lost* had deliberately faced such odds without full confidence in his own powers and without having formed, in a general way at least, a plan for the accomplishment of a somewhat definite purpose? Is it not probable that we shall find in this, his first wholly original play, some revelation of his philosophy, some indication of the path he had chosen to lead him to a purposed goal?

No one who reads the first scene of this play can fail to recognize it as the product of a mature mind. The early speeches of Berowne indicate that the writer was no mere youthful enthusiast, but that he had already thought seriously on problems fundamental to the drama and had arrived at certain fairly definite conclusions. These conclusions are suggested in Berowne's phrase, "Necessity will make us all forsworn." Berowne, although he has entered into the compact with King Ferdinand, Dumain, and Longaville to live in retirement for three years and to seek eternal fame through study, fasting, foregoing sleep and the companionship of women, yet protests that they have imposed upon themselves an impossible task, because

"Every man with his affects (passions) is born,  
Not by might master'd, but by special grace."

He argues that any scheme of study that does not take into account the limitations which Nature has imposed upon us is profitless. Books are to be supplemented by observation and experience:

"Small have continual plodders ever won,  
Save base authority from others' books."

Now these observations of Berowne's have a particular bearing upon any theory of the drama. Shall the drama be governed by set rules, by conventions revered because they have been handed down in books through the ages, or can it develop only as it subordinates all such artificial restrictions to the actual facts of life? It must be apparent, especially to those who have any familiarity with the course of Shakespeare's later development, that he had already answered these questions and that his answer was in harmony with the ideas expressed by Berowne. In other words, he had in this, his first play, determined upon the principles which should guide him in his future work.

Why, then, it may be asked, has he given us, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, a play so utterly artificial? Indeed, it can scarcely be called a play. It is almost devoid of story and action, its characters are bloodless and their speech so affected as to be almost unintelligible to any one not initiated into the mysteries of their jargon. Was Shakespeare experimenting here in dramatic technique? Are the defects of this play the result of his youthfulness and inexperience? How can one who reads the speeches of Berowne

believe that? No; Shakespeare has done here, and done excellently, just what he set out to do. The schoolmaster has disguised himself as the dramatist and, giving his lecture the mere semblance of drama, has undertaken to sweep the way to his later work by educating his public—a task that every great dramatist must face. The dramatic genius always finds his public under the influence of others whose methods and purposes differ from his own; and it is the work of genius to discover just where and how to strike to break down the walls of opposition or indifference. Shakespeare was working alongside a group of university wits, steeped in the classics and skilled in all the tricks of language. At just about the time he wrote this play he was openly attacked by one of them as an “upstart crow, beautified with our feathers.” He faced the alternative of adopting their methods and catering to their public, or of educating both them and the public to accept the principles upon which he meant to develop a drama that would live beyond his age. He chose to educate; and he began with this play by meeting the wits on their own ground and beating them at their own game. There is little to the play but words. He juggles with words, plays with words, revels in words. He laughs at his contemporaries, but what is more he laughs with them; for he had acted the part of the schoolmaster before and knew good pedagogy and good psychology. The only characters that approach reality, that speak without affectation—though they, too, are slightly infected—are Dull, the constable, Costard, the clown, and the Forester, and we always welcome their approach. Shakespeare is not content to stop with mere verbal quibbles; he invents special dishes of words and serves them up through Don Adriano de Armado, the fantastic Spaniard with “the fire-new words,” who “draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument”; through Nathaniel, the curate, and Holofernes, the pedant, who “have been at a great feast of languages and stolen the scraps.” He floods his hearers with words, and when they rise for air he steps into his pedant’s disguise and says:

“This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms; figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions; these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of pia mater, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.”

Bernard Shaw has recently said that his method of education is to teach people how to laugh at themselves. *Love's Labour's Lost* was not a piece of dramatic experimentation with Shakespeare; it was an attempt to laugh out through good-humored satire the foibles of his time, particularly those affecting the stage. He wrote it with confidence, not to feel, but to prepare, his way.

# LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

FERDINAND, *King of Navarre.*  
 BEROWNE, } *Lords attending on the*  
 LONGAVILLE, } *King.*  
 DUMAINE, }  
 BOYET, } *Lords attending on the*  
 MARCADE, } *Princess of France.*  
 DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, *a fantastical*  
*Spaniard.*  
 SIR NATHANIEL, *a Curate.*  
 HOLOFERNES, *a Schoolmaster.*

DULL, *a Constable.*  
 COSTARD, *a Clown.*  
 MOTHE, *Page to Armado.*  
 A Forester.  
 THE PRINCESS OF FRANCE.  
 ROSALINE, } *Ladies attending on the*  
 MARIA, } *Princess.*  
 KATHARINE, }  
 JAQUENETTA, *a country Wench.*

*Officers and Others, Attendants on the King and Princess.*

SCENE.—*Navarre.*

## ACT I

### SCENE I.—*The King of Navarre's Park.*

*Enter the KING, BEROWNE, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAINE.*

*King.* Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,  
 Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,  
 And then grace us in the disgrace of death;  
 When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,  
 The endeavour of this present breath may buy

That honour which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,  
 And make us heirs of all eternity.

Therefore, brave conquerors, for so you are,  
 That war against your own affections  
 And the huge army of the world's desires, 10  
 Our late edict shall strongly stand in force;  
 Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;  
 Our court shall be a little academe,  
 Still and contemplative in living art.

You three, Berowne, Dumaine, and Longaville,

Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,

My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes

That are recorded in this schedule here:  
 Your oaths are pass'd; and now subscribe your names,

That his own hand may strike his honour down 20

That violates the smallest branch herein.  
 If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,  
 Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.

*Long.* I am resolv'd; 'tis but a three years' fast:

The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:

Fat paunches have lean pates, and dainty bits

Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.

*Dum.* My loving lord, Dumaine is mortified:

The grosser manner of these world's delights

He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves: 30

To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;  
 With all these living in philosophy.

*Berowne.* I can but say their protestation over;

So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,  
 That is, to live and study here three years.

But there are other strict observances;  
 As, not to see a woman in that term,

Which I hope well is not enrolled there:  
 And one day in a week to touch no food,

And but one meal on every day beside; 40  
 The which I hope is not enrolled there:

And then, to sleep but three hours in the night

And not be seen to wink of all the day,  
 When I was wont to think no harm all night.

And make a dark night too of half the day,  
 Which I hope well is not enrolled there.

O! these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,  
 Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep.

*King.* Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

*Berowne.* Let me say no, my liege, an if you please. 50

I only swore to study with your grace,  
 And stay here in your court for three years'

space.

*Long.* You swore to that, Berowne, and to the rest.

*Berowne.* By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.

What is the end of study? let me know.

*King.* Why, that to know which else we should not know.

*Berowne.* Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?

*King.* Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.

*Berowne.* Come on then; I will swear to study so.

To know the thing I am forbid to know; 60  
As thus: to study where I well may dine,  
When I to feast expressly am forbid;

Or study where to meet some mistress fine,  
When mistresses from common sense are hid;

Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,  
Study to break it, and not break my troth.

If study's gain be thus, and this be so,  
Study knows that which yet it doth not know.

Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.

*King.* These be the stops that hinder study quite, 70

And train our intellects to vain delight.

*Berowne.* Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,

Which with pain purchas'd doth inherit pain:

As, painfully to pore upon a book,  
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while

Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look:  
Light seeking light doth light of light beguile;

So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,  
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.

Study me how to please the eye indeed, 80  
By fixing it upon a fairer eye,

Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,  
And give him light that it was blinded by.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,  
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks;

Small have continual plodders ever won,  
Save base authority from others' books.

These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights  
That give a name to every fixed star,

Have no more profit of their shining nights 90  
Than those that walk and wot not what they are.

Too much to know is to know nought but fame;

And every godfather can give a name.

*King.* How well he's read, to reason against reading!

*Dum.* Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!

*Long.* He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.

*Berowne.* The spring is near, when green geese are a-breeding.

*Dum.* How follows that?

*Berowne.* Fit in his place and time.

*Dum.* In reason nothing.

*Berowne.* Something then in rime.

*King.* Berowne is like an envious sneaping frost 100

That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

*Berowne.* Well, say I am: why should proud summer boast

Before the birds have any cause to sing?  
Why should I joy in an abortive birth?

At Christmas I no more desire a rose

Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled mirth;

But like of each thing that in season grows.

So you, to study now it is too late,  
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

*King.* Well, sit you out: go home,  
*Berowne:* adieu! 110

*Berowne.* No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay with you:

And though I have for barbarism spoke more

Than for that angel knowledge you can say,  
Yet confident I'll keep what I have sworn,

And hide the penance of each three years' day.

Give me the paper; let me read the same;  
And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.

*King.* How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!

*Berowne.* *Item, That no woman shall come within a mile of my court.* Hath this been proclaimed? 120

*Long.* Four days ago.

*Berowne.* Let's see the penalty. *On pain of losing her tongue.* Who devised this penalty?

*Long.* Marry, that did I.

*Berowne.* Sweet lord, and why?

*Long.* To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

*Berowne.* A dangerous law against gentility! 129

*Item, If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise.*

This article, my liege, yourself must break;

For well you know here comes in embassy  
The French king's daughter with yourself to speak—

A maid of grace and complete majesty—  
About surrender up of Aquitaine

To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father:  
Therefore this article is made in vain, 140

Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.

*King.* What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

*Berowne.* So study evermore is overshot:  
While it doth study to have what it would,

It doth forget to do the thing it should;  
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,

'T is won as towns with fire; so won, so lost.

*King.* We must of force dispense with this decree;

She must lie here on mere necessity.

*Berowne.* Necessity will make us all forsworn 150

Three thousand times within this three years' space;

For every man with his affects is born,  
Not by might master'd, but by special grace.

If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,  
I am forsworn on 'mere necessity.'

So to the laws at large I write my name;  
*Subscribes.*

And he that breaks them in the least  
 degree

Stands in attainder of eternal shame:

Suggestions are to others as to me;

But I believe, although I seem so loath, 160

I am the last that will last keep his oath.

But is there no quick recreation granted?

*King.* Ay, that there is. Our court, you

know, is haunted

With a refined traveller of Spain;

A man in all the world's new fashion planted,

That hath a mint of phrases in his brain;

One whom the music of his own vain tongue

Doth ravish like enchanting harmony;

A man of complements, whom right and

wrong 169

Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:

This child of fancy, that Armado hight,

For interim to our studies shall relate

In high-born words the worth of many a

knight

From tawny Spain lost in the world's

debate.

How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;

But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,

And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

*Berowne.* Armado is a most illustrious

wight,

A man of fire-new words, fashion's own

knight.

*Long.* Costard the swain and he shall be

our sport; 180

And so to study, three years is but short.

*Enter DULL with a letter, and COSTARD.*

*Dull.* Which is the duke's own person?

*Berowne.* This, fellow. What would'st?

*Dull.* I myself reprehend his own person,

for I am his grace's tharborough: but I

would see his own person in flesh and blood.

*Berowne.* This is he.

*Dull.* Signior Arm — Arm — commends

you. There's villany abroad: this letter

will tell you more. 190

*Cost.* Sir, the contempts thereof are as

touching me.

*King.* A letter from the magnificent

Armado.

*Berowne.* How low soever the matter, I

hope in God for high words.

*Long.* A high hope for a low heaven: God

grant us patience!

*Berowne.* To hear? or forbear laughing?

*Long.* To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh

moderately; or to forbear both. 200

*Berowne.* Well, sir, be it as the style shall

give us cause to climb in the merriness.

*Cost.* The matter is to me, sir, as con-

cerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is,

I was taken with the manner.

*Berowne.* In what manner?

*Cost.* In manner and form following, sir;

all those three: I was seen with her in the

manor-house, sitting with her upon the form,

and taken following her into the park;

which, put together, is in manner and form

following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is

the manner of a man to speak to a woman;  
 for the form,—in some form. 212

*Berowne.* For the following, sir?

*Cost.* As it shall follow in my correction;

and God defend the right!

*King.* Will you hear this letter with atten-

tion?

*Berowne.* As we would hear an oracle.

*Cost.* Such is the simplicity of man to

hearken after the flesh. 220

*King.* Great deputy, the welkin's vicege-

rent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my

soul's earth's God, and body's fostering

patron.

*Cost.* Not a word of Costard yet.

*King.* So it is,—

*Cost.* It may be so; but if he say it is so,

he is, in telling true, but so,—

*King.* Peace!

*Cost.* Be to me and every man that dares

not fight. 230

*King.* No words!

*Cost.* Of other men's secrets, I beseech

you.

*King.* So it is, besieged with sable-

coloured melancholy, I did commend the

black-oppressing humour to the most whole-

some phisic of thy health-giving air; and,

as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk.

The time when. About the sixth hour;

when beasts most graze, birds best peck,

and men sit down to that nourishment

which is called supper: so much for the

time when. Now for the ground which;

which, I mean, I walked upon: it is cycled

thy park. Then for the place where;

where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene

and most preposterous event, that draweth

from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured

ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest,

survest, or seest. But to the place where;

it standeth north-north-east and by east

from the west corner of thy curious-knotted

garden: there did I see that low-spirited

swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,— 251

*Cost.* Me.

*King.* that unlettered small-knowing

soul,—

*Cost.* Me.

*King.* that shallow vassal,—

*Cost.* Still me.

*King.* which, as I remember, hight Cos-

tard,—

*Cost.* O! me. 260

*King.* sorted and consorted, contrary to

thy established proclaimed edict and con-

tinent canon, with—with—O! with—but with

this I passion to say wherewith,—

*Cost.* With a wench.

*King.* With a child of our grandmother

Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet

understanding, a woman. Him I, as my ever-

esteemed duty pricks me on, have sent to

thee, to receive the meed of punishment,

by thy sweet grace's officer, Anthony Dull,

a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and

estimation. 271

*Dull.* Me, an 't shall please you; I am

Anthony Dull,

King. For Jaquenetta,—so is the weaker vessel called which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain,—I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty. 280

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Berowne. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment to be taken with a wench. 290

Cost. I was taken with none, sir: I was taken with a damosel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed 'damosel.'

Cost. This was no damosel neither, sir: she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too, for it was proclaimed 'virgin.'

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity: I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir. 300

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: you shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.

My lord Berowne, see him deliver'd o'er: And go we, lords, to put in practice that

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

Exeunt KING, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAINE.

Berowne. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat, 310

These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.

Sirrah, come on.

Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir: for true it is I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again; and till then, sit thee down, sorrow! Exeunt.

## SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter ARMADO and MOTH.

Arm. Boy, what sign is it when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

Moth. No, no; O Lord, sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior. 10

Arm. Why tough senior? why tough senior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty, and apt. 19

Moth. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What! that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick. 30

Arm. I do say thou art quick in answers: thou heatest my blood.

Moth. I am answered, sir.

Arm. I love not to be crossed.

Moth. Aside. He speaks the mere contrary: crosses love not him.

Arm. I have promised to study three years with the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible. 40

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning; it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir.

Arm. I confess both: they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am sure you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two. 50

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now, here is three studied, ere ye'll thrice wink; and how easy it is to put 'years' to the word 'three,' and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. To prove you a cipher. 59

Arm. I will hereupon confess I am in love; and as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new-devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh: methinks I should outswear Cupid. Comfort me, boy. What great men have been in love? 67

*Moth.* Hercules, master.

*Arm.* Most sweet Hercules! More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

*Moth.* Samson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage, for he carried the town-gates on his back like a porter; and he was in love.

*Arm.* O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth? 80

*Moth.* A woman, master.

*Arm.* Of what complexion?

*Moth.* Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

*Arm.* Tell me precisely of what complexion.

*Moth.* Of the sea-water green, sir.

*Arm.* Is that one of the four complexions?

*Moth.* As I have read, sir; and the best of them too. 89

*Arm.* Green indeed is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Samson had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

*Moth.* It was so, sir, for she had a green wit.

*Arm.* My love is most immaculate white and red.

*Moth.* Most maculate thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.

*Arm.* Define, define, well-educated infant.

*Moth.* My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me! 101

*Arm.* Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty and pathological!

*Moth.* If she be made of white and red, Her faults will ne'er be known.

For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,

And fears by pale white shown:

Then if she fear, or be to blame,

By this you shall not know.

For still her cheeks possess the same 110

Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rime, master, against the reason of white and red.

*Arm.* Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

*Moth.* The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since; but I think now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing nor the tune. 118

*Arm.* I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard: she deserves well.

*Moth.* *Aside.* To be whipped; and yet a better love than my master.

*Arm.* Sing, boy: my spirit grows heavy in love.

*Moth.* And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

*Arm.* I say, sing. 130

*Moth.* Forbear till this company be past.

*Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA.*

*Dull.* Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight nor no penance, but a' must fast three days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allowed for the day-woman. Fare you well.

*Arm.* I do betray myself with blushing. Maid!

*Jaq.* Man?

*Arm.* I will visit thee at the lodge. 140

*Jaq.* That's hereby.

*Arm.* I know where it is situate.

*Jaq.* Lord, how wise you are!

*Arm.* I will tell thee wonders.

*Jaq.* With that face?

*Arm.* I love thee.

*Jaq.* So I heard you say.

*Arm.* And so farewell.

*Jaq.* Fair weather after you!

*Dull.* Come, Jaquenetta, away! 150

*Exeunt DULL and JAQUENETTA.*

*Arm.* Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

*Cost.* Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

*Arm.* Thou shalt be heavily punished.

*Cost.* I am more bound to you than your fellows; for they are but lightly rewarded.

*Arm.* Take away this villain: shut him up.

*Moth.* Come, you transgressing slave: away!

*Cost.* Let me not be pent up, sir: I will fast, being loose. 160

*Moth.* No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

*Cost.* Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

*Moth.* What shall some see?

*Cost.* Nay, nothing, Master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words; and therefore I will say nothing: I thank God I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet. 171

*Exeunt MOTH and COSTARD.*

*Arm.* I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn, which is a great argument of falsehood, if I love. And how can that be true love which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; Love is a devil: there is no evil angel but Love. Yet was Samson so tempted, and he had an excellent strength; yet was Solomon so seduced, and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn: the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not:

his disgrace is to be called boy, but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me, some extemporal god of rime, for I am sure I shall turn sonnetter. Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio. *Exit.* 191

## ACT II

SCENE I.—*The King of Navarre's Park. A Pavilion and Tents at a distance.*

*Enter the PRINCESS of France, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, and other Attendants.*

*Boyet.* Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits:

Consider whom the king your father sends,  
To whom he sends, and what's his embassy:  
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,

To parley with the sole inheritor  
Of all perfections that a man may owe,  
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight

Than Aquitaine, a dowry for a queen.  
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace  
As Nature was in making graces dear 10  
When she did starve the general world beside,

And prodigally gave them all to you.

*Prin.* Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,  
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:

Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,  
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues.

I am less proud to hear you tell my worth  
Than you much willing to be counted wise  
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.  
But now to task the tasker: good Boyet, 20  
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame  
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,

Till painful study shall outwear three years,  
No woman may approach his silent court:  
Therefore to us seemeth it a needful course,  
Before we enter his forbidden gates,  
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,  
Bold of your worthiness, we single you  
As our best-moving fair solicitor.

Tell him, the daughter of the King of France, 30

On serious business, craving quick dispatch,  
Importunes personal conference with his grace.

Haste, signify so much; while we attend,  
Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will.

*Boyet.* Proud of employment, willingly I go.

*Prin.* All pride is willing pride, and yours is so. *Exit BOYET.*

Who are the votaries, my loving lords,  
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

*First Lord.* Lord Longaville is one.

*Prin.* Know you the man?

*Mar.* I know him, madam: at a marriage-feast, 40

Between Lord Perigot and the beauteous heir

Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemnized  
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville.

A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;  
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms:  
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.

The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,  
If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,  
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;  
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will 50  
still wills

It should none spare that come within his power.

*Prin.* Some merry mocking lord, belike; is 't so?

*Mar.* They say so most that most his humours know.

*Prin.* Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.

Who are the rest?

*Kath.* The young Dumaine, a well-accomplish'd youth,

Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd:  
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill,

For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,  
And shape to win grace though he had no wit. 60

I saw him at the Duke Alençon's once;  
And much too little of that good I saw  
Is my report to his great worthiness.

*Ros.* Another of these students at that time

Was there with him, if I have heard a truth:  
Berowne they call him; but a merrier man,  
Within the limit of becoming mirth,  
I never spent an hour's talk withal.

His eye begets occasion for his wit;

For every object that the one doth catch 70

The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,

Which his fair tongue, conceit's expositor,

Delivers in such apt and gracious words,

That aged ears play truant at his tales,  
And younger hearings are quite ravished;

So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

*Prin.* God bless my ladies! are they all in love,

That every one her own hath garnished

With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

*First Lord.* Here comes Boyet.

*Re-enter BOYET.*

*Prin.* Now, what admittance, lord?  
*Boyet.* Navarre had notice of your fair approach; 81

And he and his competitors in oath

Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,  
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt;

He rather means to lodge you in the field,  
Like one that comes here to besiege his court,

Than seek a dispensation for his oath,  
To let you enter his unpeopled house.

Here comes Navarre. *The Ladies mask.*

Enter KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAINE,  
BEROWNE, and Attendants.

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court  
of Navarre. 90

Prin. 'Fair' I give you back again; and  
'welcome' I have not yet: the roof of this  
court is too high to be yours, and welcome  
to the wide fields too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to  
my court.

Prin. I will be welcome then: conduct  
me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady; I have sworn  
an oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my lord! he'll be  
forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by  
my will.

Prin. Why, will shall break it; will, and  
nothing else. 103

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance  
were wise,

Where now his knowledge must prove  
ignorance.

I hear your grace hath sworn out house-  
keeping:

'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,  
And sin to break it.

But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold:  
To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,  
And suddenly resolve me in my suit. 110

*Gives a paper.*

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner that I were  
away,

For you'll prove perjur'd if you make me  
stay.

Berowne. Did not I dance with you in  
Brabant once?

Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant  
once?

Berowne. I know you did.

Ros. How needless was it then  
To ask the question!

Berowne. You must not be so quick.

Ros. 'Tis long of you that spur me with  
such questions.

Berowne. Your wit's too hot, it speeds  
too fast, 't will tire. 123

Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

Berowne. What time o' day?

Ros. The hour that fools should ask.

Berowne. Now fair befall your mask!

Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!

Berowne. And send you many lovers!

Ros. Amen, so you be none.

Berowne. Nay, then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth  
intimate

The payment of a hundred thousand  
crowns; 130

Being but the one half of an entire sum  
Disbursed by my father in his wars.

But say that he, or we, as neither have,  
Receiv'd that sum, yet there remains unpaid  
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the  
which,

One part of Aquitaine is bound to us,  
Although not valued to the money's worth.  
If then the king your father will restore  
But that one half which is unsatisfied,  
We will give up our right in Aquitaine, 140  
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.  
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,  
For here he doth demand to have repaid  
A hundred thousand crowns; and not  
demands,

On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,  
To have his title live in Aquitaine;  
Which we much rather had depart withal,  
And have the money by our father lent,  
Than Aquitaine, so gelded as it is.  
Dear princess, were not his requests so far  
From reason's yielding, your fair self should  
make 151  
A yielding 'gainst some reason in my breast,  
And go well satisfied to France again.

Prin. You do the king my father too much  
wrong

And wrong the reputation of your name,  
In so unseemingly to confess receipt  
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest I never heard of it;

And if you prove it, I'll repay it back  
Or yield up Aquitaine.

Prin. We arrest your word.

Boyet, you can produce acquittances 161  
For such a sum from special officers  
Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so.

Boyet. So please your grace, the packet  
is not come

Where that and other specialties are bound:  
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me: at which inter-  
view

All liberal reason I will yield unto.  
Meantime, receive such welcome at my  
hand.

As honour, without breach of honour, may  
Make tender of to thy true worthiness. 171

You may not come, fair princess, in my  
gates;

But here without you shall be so receiv'd,  
As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my  
heart.

Though so denied fair harbour in my house,  
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and  
farewell:

To-morrow shall we visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires con-  
sort your grace!

King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every  
place! *Exit.*

Berowne. Lady, I will commend you to  
mine own heart. 180

Ros. Pray you, do my commendations:

I would be glad to see it.

Berowne. I would you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick?

Berowne. Sick at the heart.

Ros. Alack! let it bleed.

Berowne. Would that it do good?

Ros. My physic says 'ay.'

Berowne. Will you prick 't with your eye?  
Ros. No point, with my knife. 190

*Berowne.* Now, God save thy life!

*Ros.* And yours from long living!

*Berowne.* I cannot stay thanksgiving.

*Retiring.*

*Dum.* Sir, I pray you, a word: what lady is that same?

*Boyet.* The heir of Alençon, Katharine her name.

*Dum.* A gallant lady. Monsieur, fare you well. *Exit.*

*Long.* I beseech you a word: what is she in the white?

*Boyet.* A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.

*Long.* Perchance light in the light. I desire her name.

*Boyet.* She hath but one for herself; to desire that were a shame. 200

*Long.* Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

*Boyet.* Her mother's, I have heard.

*Long.* God's blessing on your beard!

*Boyet.* Good sir, be not offended.

She is an heir of Falconbridge.

*Long.* Nay, my choler is ended.

She is a most sweet lady.

*Boyet.* Not unlike, sir; that may be.

*Exit LONGAVILLE.*

*Berowne.* What's her name in the cap?

*Boyet.* Rosaline, by good hap. 210

*Berowne.* Is she wedded or no?

*Boyet.* To her will, sir, or so.

*Berowne.* You are welcome, sir. Adieu.

*Boyet.* Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.

*Exit BEROWNE. Ladies unmask.*

*Mar.* That last is Berowne, the merry madcap lord:

Not a word with him but a jest.

*Boyet.* And every jest but a word.

*Prin.* It was well done of you to take him at his word.

*Boyet.* I was as willing to grapple as he was to board.

*Mar.* Two hot sheeps, marry!

*Boyet.* And wherefore not ships?

No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips. 220

*Mar.* You sheep, and I pasture: shall that finish the jest?

*Boyet.* So you grant pasture for me.

*Offering to kiss her.*

*Mar.* Not so, gentle beast. My lips are not common, though several they be.

*Boyet.* Belonging to whom?

*Mar.* To my fortunes and me.

*Prin.* Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles, agree.

This civil war of wits were much better us'd On Navarre and his book-men, for here 'tis abus'd.

*Boyet.* If my observation, which very seldom lies,

By the heart's still rhetoric disclosed with eyes,

Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

*Prin.* With what? 231

*Boyet.* With that which we lovers entitle affected.

*Prin.* Your reason?

*Boyet.* Why, all his behaviours did make their retire

To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:

His heart, like an agate, with your print impress'd,

Proud with his form, in his eye pride express'd:

His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,

Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be; All senses to that sense did make their repair, 240

To feel only looking on fairest of fair. Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,

As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy; Who, tend'ring their own worth from where they were glass'd,

Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd.

His face's own margent did quote such amazes,

That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.

I'll give you Aquitaine, and all that is his, An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

*Prin.* Come to our pavilion: Boyet is dispos'd. 250

*Boyet.* But to speak that in words which his eye hath disclos'd.

I only have made a mouth of his eye, By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

*Ros.* Thou art an old love-monger, and speak'st skilfully.

*Mar.* He is Cupid's grandfather and learns news of him.

*Ros.* Then was Venus like her mother, for her father is but grim.

*Boyet.* Do you hear, my mad wenches?

*Mar.* No. What then, do you see?

*Boyet.* Ay, our way to be gone.

*Boyet.* You are too hard for me. *Exeunt.*

### ACT III

#### SCENE I.—The King of Navarre's Park.

*Enter ARMADO and MOTH.*

*Arm.* Warble, child: make passionate my sense of hearing.

*Moth.* *Singing.*

*Concolinel—*

*Arm.* Sweet air! Go, tenderness of years; take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately hither; I must employ him in a letter to my love.

*Moth.* Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?

*Arm.* How meanest thou? brawling in French? 10

*Moth.* No, my complete master; but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids, sigh a note and sing a note, sometime through the throat, as if you

swallowed love with singing love, sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin belly-doublet like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away. These are complements, these are humours, these betray nice wenchings, that would be betrayed without these; and make them men of note,—do you note me?—that most are affected to these.

*Arm.* How hast thou purchased this experience?

*Moth.* By my penny of observation.

*Arm.* But O,—but O,—

*Moth.* 'The hobby-horse is forgot.' <sup>30</sup>

*Arm.* Callest thou my love 'hobby-horse'?

*Moth.* No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt; and your love perhaps a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

*Arm.* Almost I had.

*Moth.* Negligent student! learn her by heart.

*Arm.* By heart, and in heart, boy.

*Moth.* And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

*Arm.* What wilt thou prove? <sup>40</sup>

*Moth.* A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: by heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her; in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

*Arm.* I am all these three.

*Moth.* And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

*Arm.* Fetch hither the swain: he must carry me a letter. <sup>50</sup>

*Moth.* A message well sympathized: a horse to be ambassador for an ass.

*Arm.* Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

*Moth.* Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited. But I go.

*Arm.* The way is but short: away!

*Moth.* As swift as lead, sir.

*Arm.* Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?

Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow? <sup>60</sup>

*Moth.* Minime, honest master; or rather, master, no.

*Arm.* I say lead is slow.

*Moth.* You are too swift, to say so: Is that lead slow which is fir'd from a gun?

*Arm.* Sweet smoke of rhetoric!

He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:

I shoot thee at the swain.

*Moth.* Thump then, and I flee.

*Exit.*

*Arm.* A most acute juvenal; voluble and free of grace!

By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face:

Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.

My herald is return'd. <sup>70</sup>

*Re-enter* MOTH with COSTARD.

*Moth.* A wonder, master! here's a costard broken in a shin.

*Arm.* Some enigma, some riddle: come, thy *l'envoy*; begin.

*Cost.* No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*! no salve in the mail, sir. O! sir, plantain, a plain plantain: no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*: no salve, sir, but a plantain.

*Arm.* By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling: O! pardon me, my stars. Doth the inconsiderate take salve for *l'envoy*, and the word *l'envoy* for a salve? <sup>80</sup>

*Moth.* Do the wise think them other? is not *l'envoy* a salve?

*Arm.* No, page: it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain

Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.

I will example it:

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,

Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral. Now the *l'envoy*.

*Moth.* I will add the *l'envoy*. Say the moral again. <sup>89</sup>

*Arm.* The fox, the ape, the humble-bee,

Were still at odds, being but three.

*Moth.* Until the goose came out of door,

And stay'd the odds by adding

four.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy*.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,

Were still at odds, being but three.

*Arm.* Until the goose came out of door,

Staying the odds by adding four.

*Moth.* A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose. Would you desire more? <sup>100</sup>

*Cost.* The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that's flat.

Sir, your pennyworth is good an your goose be fat.

To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose:

Let me see; a fat *l'envoy*; ay, that's a fat goose.

*Arm.* Come hither, come hither. How did this argument begin?

*Moth.* By saying that a costard was broken in a shin.

Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*.

*Cost.* True, and I for a plantain: thus came your argument in;

Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought; <sup>110</sup>

And he ended the market.

*Arm.* But tell me; how was there a costard broken in a shin?

*Moth.* I will tell you sensibly.

*Cost.* Thou hast no feeling of it, *Moth*: I will speak that *l'envoy*:

I, Costard, running out, that was safely within,

Fell over the threshold and broke my shin.

*Arm.* We will talk no more of this matter.

*Cost.* Till there be more matter in the shin. 120

*Arm.* Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

*Cost.* O! marry me to one Frances: I smell some *l'envoy*, some goose, in this.

*Arm.* By my sweet soul, I mean setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person: thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

*Cost.* True, true, and now you will be my purgation and let me loose. 127

*Arm.* I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: bear this significant

*Gives a letter*  
to the country maid Jaquenetta. There is remuneration; for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my dependents. *Moth.* follow.

*Exit.*  
*Moth.* Like the sequel, I. Signior Costard, adieu. 135

*Cost.* My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my inconvy Jew! *Exit* *MOTH.*

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O! that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings, remuneration. 'What's the price of this inkle?' 'One penny': 'No, I'll give you a remuneration': why, it carries it. Remuneration! why it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

*Enter BEROWNE.*

*Berowne.* O! my good knave Costard, exceedingly well met.

*Cost.* Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

*Berowne.* What is a remuneration?

*Cost.* Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.

*Berowne.* Why then, three farthing worth of silk. 150

*Cost.* I thank your worship. God be wi' you!

*Berowne.* Stay, slave; I must employ thee:

As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave, Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

*Cost.* When would you have it done, sir?

*Berowne.* This afternoon.

*Cost.* Well, I will do it, sir. Fare you well.

*Berowne.* Thou knowest not what it is.

*Cost.* I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

*Berowne.* Why, villain, thou must know first. 160

*Cost.* I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

*Berowne.* It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this:

The princess comes to hunt here in the park, And in her train there is a gentle lady;

When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,

And Rosaline they call her: ask for her, And to her white hand see thou do commend

This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon: go. *Gives him a shilling.* 170

*Cost.* Gardon, O sweet gardon! better than remuneration; a'leven-pence farthing better. Most sweet gardon! I will do it, sir, in print. Gardon! Remuneration! *Exit.*

*Berowne.* And I—  
Forsooth in love! I, that have been love's whip;

A very beadle to a humorous sigh;  
A critic, nay, a night-watch constable,  
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,

Than whom no mortal so magnificent! 180  
This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy,

This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;  
Regent of love-rimes, lord of folded arms,

The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,  
Liege of all loiterers and malecontents,

Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,  
Sole imperator and great general

Of trotting paritors: O my little heart!  
And I to be a corporal of his field, 189

And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!  
What, I! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!

A woman, that is like a German clock,  
Still a-repairing, ever out of frame,

And never going aright, being a watch,  
But being watch'd that it may still go right!

Nay, to be perjurd, which is worst of all;  
And, among three, to love the worst of all;

A wighty wanton with a velvet brow,  
With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for

eyes;  
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the

deed 200  
Though Argus were her eunuch and her

guard:  
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!

To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague  
That Cupid will impose for my neglect

Of his almighty dreadful little might.  
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and

groan:  
Some men must love my lady, and some

Joan. *Exit.*

## ACT IV

### SCENE I.—*The King of Navarre's Park.*

*Enter the PRINCESS, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.*

*Prin.* Was that the king, that spurr'd his horse so hard

Against the steep uprising of the hill?

*Boyet.* I know not; but I think it was not he.

*Prin.* Whoe'er a' was, a' show'd a mounting mind.

Well, lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch;

On Saturday we will return to France.  
Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush

That we must stand and play the murderer in?

*For.* Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice;

A stand where you may make the fairest shoot. 17

*Prin.* I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,  
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.

*For.* Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

*Prin.* What, what? first praise me, and again say no?

O short-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!

*For.* Yes, madam, fair.

*Prin.* Nay, never paint me now: Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.

Here, good my glass, take this for telling true: *Gives money.*

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

*For.* Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

*Prin.* See, see! my beauty will be sav'd by merit.

O heresy in fair, fit for these days!

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.

But come, the bow: now mercy goes to kill, And shooting well is then accounted ill.

Thus will I save my credit in the shoot: Not wounding, pity would not let me do 't; If wounding, then it was to show my skill, That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.

And out of question so it is sometimes, 30  
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,

When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,

We bend to that the working of the heart: As I for praise alone now seek to spill

The poor deer's blood, that my heart means not ill.

*Boyet.* Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty

Only for praise sake, when they strive to be Lords o'er their lords?

*Prin.* Only for praise; and praise we may afford

To any lady that subdues a lord. 40

*Enter COSTARD.*

*Boyet.* Here comes a member of the commonwealth.

*Cost.* God dig-you-den all! Pray you, which is the head lady?

*Prin.* Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.

*Cost.* Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

*Prin.* The thickest and the tallest.

*Cost.* The thickest and the tallest! it is so; truth is truth.

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,

One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit. 50

Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.

*Prin.* What's your will, sir? what's your will?

*Cost.* I have a letter from Monsieur Berowne to one Lady Rosaline.

*Prin.* O! thy letter, the letter; he's a good friend of mine.

Stand aside, good bearer. Boyet, you can carve;

Break up this capon.

*Boyet.* I am bound to serve. This letter is mistook; it importeth none here: It is writ to Jaquenetta.

*Prin.* We will read it, I swear. Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

*Boyet.* By heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible; true, that thou art beautiful; truth itself, that thou art lovely. More fairer than fair, beautiful than beautiful, truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrious king Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenelophon, and he it was that might rightly say, *veni, vidi, vici*; which to anatomize in the vulgar—O base and obscure vulgar!—videlicet, he came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king: why did he come? to see: why did he see? to overcome. To whom came he? to the beggar: what saw he? the beggar: who overcame he? the beggar. The conclusion is victory: on whose side? the king's. The captive is enriched: on whose side? the beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial: on whose side? the king's? no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king, for so stands the comparison; thou the beggar, for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may. Shall I enforce thy love? I could. Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes: for tittles? titles: for thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

Thine, in the dearest design of industry,  
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar 'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey; 91

Submissive fall his princely feet before, And he from forage will incline to play.

But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?

Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

*Prin.* What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?

What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear better?

*Boyet.* I am much deceiv'd but I remember the style.

*Prin.* Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.

*Boyet.* This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court; 100

A phantasime, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport

To the prince and his book-mates.

*Prin.* Thou, fellow, a word. Who gave thee this letter?

*Cost.* I told you; my lord.  
*Prin.* To whom should'st thou give it?  
*Cost.* From my lord to my lady.  
*Prin.* From which lord to which lady?  
*Cost.* From my lord Berowne, a good master of mine,  
 To a lady of France that he call'd Rosaline.  
*Prin.* Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away.  
 To ROSALINE. Here, sweet, put up this: 't will be thine another day.  
*Exeunt PRINCESS and Train.*  
*Boyet.* Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?  
*Ros.* Shall I teach you to know? 110  
*Boyet.* Ay, my continent of beauty.  
*Ros.* Why, she that bears the bow.  
 Finely put off!  
*Boyet.* My lady goes to kill horns; but if thou marry,  
 Hang me by the neck if horns that year miscarry.  
 Finely put on!  
*Ros.* Well then, I am the shooter.  
*Boyet.* And who is your deer?  
*Ros.* If we choose by the horns, yourself: come not near.  
 Finely put on, indeed!  
*Mar.* You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.  
*Boyet.* But she herself is hit lower: have I hit her now? 120  
*Ros.* Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when King Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the 'hit it'?  
*Boyet.* So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when Queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench, as touching the 'hit it.'  
*Ros.* Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it, Thou canst not hit it, my good man.  
*Boyet.* An I cannot, cannot, cannot, An I cannot, another can. 130  
*Exeunt ROSALINE and KATHARINE.*  
*Cost.* By my troth, most pleasant: how both did fit it!  
*Mar.* A mark marvellous well shot, for they both did hit it.  
*Boyet.* A mark! O! mark but that mark; a mark, says my lady.  
 Let the mark have a prick in 't, to mete at, if it may be.  
*Mar.* Wide o' the bow-hand! i' faith, your hand is out.  
*Cost.* Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.  
*Boyet.* An if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.  
*Cost.* Then will she get the upshoot by cleaving the pin.  
*Mar.* Come, come, you talk greasily; your lips grow foul.  
*Cost.* She's too hard for you at pricks, sir: challenge her to bowl. 140  
*Boyet.* I fear too much rubbing. Good night, my good owl.  
*Exeunt BOYET and MARIA.*

*Cost.* By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!  
 Lord, Lord, how the ladies and I have put him down!  
 O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!  
 When it comes so smoothly off, so ob-scenely, as it were, so fit.  
 Armado o' the one side, O! a most dainty man.  
 To see him walk before a lady and to bear her fan!  
 To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear!  
 And his page o' t' other side, that handful of wit!  
 Ah! heavens, it is a most patheticall nit. 150  
*Sola, sola!*  
*Shouting within.*  
*Exit COSTARD, running.*

## SCENE II.—The Same.

*Enter HOLOFERNES, Sir NATHANIEL, and DULL.*

*Nath.* Very reverend sport, truly: and done in the testimony of a good conscience.  
*Hol.* The deer was, as you know, *sanguis*, in blood; ripe as the pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *caelo*, the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon fall-eth like a crab on the face of *terra*, the soil, the land, the earth.  
*Nath.* Truly, Master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: but, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head. 10  
*Hol.* Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*.  
*Dull.* 'T was not a *haud credo*, 't was a pricket.  
*Hol.* Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication, or, rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination,—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,—to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer. 20  
*Dull.* I said the deer was not a *haud credo*; 't was a pricket.  
*Hol.* Twice-sod simplicity, *bis coctus*! O! thou monster Ignorance, how deform'd dost thou look.  
*Nath.* Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts;  
 And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be, 29  
 Which we of taste and feeling are, for those parts that do fructify in us more than he;  
 For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,  
 So, were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school;

But, *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind.

Many can brook the weather that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men: can you tell me by your wit

What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna, Goodman Dull; Dictynna, Goodman Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old when Adam was no more;

And taught not to five weeks when he came to five-score.

The allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'Tis true indeed: the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say the collusion holds in the exchange, for the moon is never but a month old; and I say beside that, 'twas a pricket that the princess killed.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, call I the deer the princess killed, a pricket.

Nath. *Perge*, good Master Holofernes, *perge*; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter; for it argues facility.

The preylful princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;

Some say a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.

The dogs did yell; but *L* to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket;

Or pricket sore, or else sorel; the people fall a-hooting.

If sore be sore, then *L* to sore makes fifty sores one sorel.

Of one sore I an hundred make, by adding but one more *L*.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutored by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. *Mehercle*! if their sons be ingenuous, they shall want no instruction; if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But *vir sapit qui pauca loquitur*. A soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaqu. God give you good morrow, Master parson.

Hol. Master parson, *quasi pers-on*. An if one should be pierced, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, Master schoolmaster, he that is likeliest to a hogshead.

Hol. Piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty; it is well.

Jaqu. Good Master parson, be so good as read me this letter: it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armado: I beseech you, read it.

Hol. *Fauste, precor gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra Ruminat*, and so forth. Ah! good old Mantuan. I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:

*Venetia, Venetia,*

*Chi non ti vede, non ti pretia.* 100

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! who understandeth thee not, loves thee not. *Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa*. Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or, rather, as Horace says in his—What may my soul, verses?

Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse: *lege, domine*.

Nath. If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?

Ah! never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd;

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;

Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.

Study his bias leaves and makes his book thine eyes,

Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend:

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice.

Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend;

All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;

Which is to me some praise that I thy parts admire.

Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice is dreadful thunder,

Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.

Celestial as thou art, O! pardon love this wrong,

That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.

Hol. You find not the apostrophas, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret*. Ovidius Naso was the man; and why, indeed, Naso, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari* is nothing; so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider.

But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you? 132

*Jaq.* Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Berowne, one of the strange queen's lords.

*Hol.* I will overglance the superscript. To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline. I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto: Your ladyship's in all desired employment, Berowne. Sir Nathaniel, this Berowne is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king; it may concern much. Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty: adieu.

*Jaq.* Good Costard, go with me. Sir, God save your life! 150

*Cost.* Have with thee, my girl.

*Exeunt COSTARD and JAQUENETTA.*

*Nath.* Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith,—

*Hol.* Sir, tell not me of the father; I do fear colourable colours. But to return to the verses: did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

*Nath.* Marvellous well for the pen. 158

*Hol.* I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where, if before repast it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto*; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention. I beseech your society.

*Nath.* And thank you too; for society, saith the text, is the happiness of life. 169

*Hol.* And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it. To DULL. Sir, I do invite you too; you shall not say me nay: *pauca verba*. Away! the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.—The Same.

*Enter BEROWNE, with a paper.*

*Berowne.* The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself; they have pitched a toil; I am toiling in a pitch,—pitch that defiles: defile! a foul word. Well, sit thee down, sorrow! for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool: well proved, wit! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep: well proved again o' my side! I will not love; if I do, hang me; if faith, I will not. O! but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love, and it hath taught me to rime, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rime, and here my

melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already: the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper: God give him grace to groan! 21

*Gets up into a tree.*

*Enter the KING, with a paper.*

*King.* Ay me!

*Berowne.* Shot, by heaven! Proceed, sweet Cupid: thou hast thumped him with thy birdbolt under the left pap. In faith, secrets!

*King.*

*So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not  
To those fresh morning drops upon the  
rose,*

*As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays  
have smote*

*The night of dew that on my cheeks  
down flows:*

*Nor shines the silver moon one half so  
bright* 30

*Through the transparent bosom of the  
deep,*

*As doth thy face through tears of mine  
give light;*

*Thou shin'st in every tear that I do  
weep:*

*No drop but as a coach doth carry thee;  
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe,*

*Do but behold the tears that swell in me,  
And they thy glory through my grief  
will show:*

*But do not love thyself; then thou wilt  
keep*

*My tears for glasses, and still make me  
weep.*

*O queen of queens! how far dost thou  
excel,* 40

*No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal  
tell.*

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper:

Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here? *Steps aside.*

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

*Enter LONGAVILLE, with a paper.*

*Berowne.* Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear!

*Long.* Ay me! I am forsworn.

*Berowne.* Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers.

*King.* In love, I hope: sweet fellowship in shame!

*Berowne.* One drunkard loves another of the name. 55

*Long.* Am I the first that have been perjur'd so?

*Berowne.* I could put thee in comfort: not by two that I know.

Thou mak'st the triumvir, the corner-cap of society,

The shape of love's Tyburn, that hangs up simplicity.

*Long.* I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move.

O sweet Maria, empress of my love!  
These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

*Berowne.* O! rimes are guards on wanton

Cupid's hose;

Disfigure not his slop.

*Long.* This same shall go.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye, 60  
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,

Persuade my heart to this false perjury?

Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.

A woman I forswore; but I will prove,

Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee;

My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;  
Thy grace, being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:  
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,

Exhal'st this vapour-vow; in thee it is: 70  
If broken, then it is no fault of mine:

If by me broke, what fool is not so wise  
To lose an oath to win a paradise?

*Berowne.* This is the liver-vein, which makes flesh a deity;

A green goose a goddess; pure, pure idolatry.

God amend us, God append! we are much out o' the way.

*Long.* By whom shall I send this?—  
Company! stay. *Steps aside.*

*Berowne.* All hid, all hid; an old infant play.

Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky,  
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-  
eye. 80

More sacks to the mill! O heavens! I have my wish:

*Enter DUMAINE, with a paper.*

Dumaine transform'd: four woodcocks in a dish!

*Dum.* O most divine Kate!

*Berowne.* O most profane coxcomb!

*Dum.* By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!

*Berowne.* By earth, she is but corporal; there you lie.

*Dum.* Her amber hairs for foul have amber quoted.

*Berowne.* An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.

*Dum.* As upright as the cedar.

*Berowne.* Stoop, I say;

Her shoulder is with child.

*Dum.* As fair as day. 90

*Berowne.* Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine.

*Dum.* O! that I had my wish.

*Long.* And I had mine!

*King.* And I mine too, good Lord!

*Berowne.* Amen, so I had mine. Is not that a good word?

*Dum.* I would forget her; but a fever she Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.

*Berowne.* A fever in your blood! why, then incision

Would let her out in saucers: sweet mis-  
prison!

*Dum.* Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

*Berowne.* Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit. 100

*Dum.* On a day, alack the day!

Love, whose month is ever May,

Spied a blossom passing fair

Playing in the wanton air:

Through the velvet leaves the wind,

All unseen, 'gan passage find;

That the lover, sick to death,

Wish'd himself the heaven's  
breath.

Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may  
blow;

Air, would I might triumph so! 110

But alack! my hand is sworn

Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:

Vow, alack! for youth unmeet,

Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.

Do not call it sin in me,

That I am forsworn for thee;

Thou for whom e'en Jove would  
swear

Juno but an Ethiop were;

And deny himself for Jove,

Turning mortal for thy love. 120

This will I send, and something else more plain,

That shall express my true love's fasting pain.

O! would the king, Berowne, and Longa-  
ville,

Were lovers too. Ill, to example ill,

Would from my forehead wipe a perjurd  
note;

For none offend where all alike do dote.

*Long. Advancing.* Dumaine, thy love is far from charity,

That in love's grief desir'st society:

You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,

To be o'erheard and taken napping so. 130

*King. Advancing.* Come, sir, you blush: as his your case is such;

You chide at him, offending twice as much: You do not love Maria; Longaville

Did never sonnet for her sake compile,

Nor never lay his wretched arms athwart

His loving bosom to keep down his heart. His loving bosom to keep down his heart.

And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.

I heard your guilty rimes, observ'd your fashion,

Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion: 140

Ay me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;

One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes;

To LONGAVILLE. You would for paradise  
break faith and troth;

To DUMAINE. And Jove, for your love,  
would infringe an oath.

What will Berowne say when that he shall  
hear

A faith infringed, which such zeal did swear?  
How will he scorn! how will he spend his  
wit!

How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it!  
For all the wealth that ever I did see,

I would not have him know so much by  
me. 150

Berowne. Now step I forth to whip  
hypocrisy. *Descends from the tree.*

Ah! good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me:  
Good heart! what grace hast thou, thus to  
reprove

These worms for loving, that art most in  
love?

Your eyes do make no coaches; in your  
tears

There is no certain princess that appears:  
You'll not be perjur'd, 't is a hateful thing:

Tush! none but minstrels like of sonnetting.  
But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not,

All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot? 160  
You found his mote; the king your mote

did see;

But I a beam do find in each of three.  
O! what a scene of foolery have I seen,

Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen;  
O me! with what strict patience have I sat,

To see a king transformed to a gnat;  
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,

And profound Solomon to tune a jig,  
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,

And critic Timon laugh at idle toys! 170  
Where lies thy grief? O! tell me, good

Dumaine,

And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?  
And where my liege's? all about the breast:

A caudle, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.  
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

Berowne. Not you to me, but I betray'd  
by you:

I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin  
To break the vow I am engaged in;

I am betray'd, by keeping company  
With men like you, men of inconstancy. 180

When shall you see me write a thing in  
rime?

Or groan for Joan? or spend a minute's time  
In pruning me? When shall you hear that I

Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,  
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,

A leg, a limb?

King. Soft! Whither away so fast?  
A true man or a thief that gallops so?

Berowne. I post from love; good lover,  
let me go.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Ja. God bless the king!

King. What present hast thou there?

Cost. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here? 190

Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,  
The treason and you go in peace away  
together.

Ja. I beseech your grace, let this letter  
be read:

Our parson misdoubts it; 't was treason, he  
said.

King. Berowne, read it over.  
*Gives him the paper.*

Where hadst thou it?

Ja. Of Costard.

King. Where hadst thou it?

Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adra-  
madio. *Berowne tears the letter.*

King. How now! what is in you? why  
dost thou tear it? 200

Berowne. A toy, my liege, a toy: your  
grace needs not fear it.

Long. It did move him to passion, and  
therefore let's hear it.

Dum. *Picking up the pieces.* It is  
Berowne's writing, and here is his  
name.

Berowne. To COSTARD. Ah! you whor-  
son loggerhead, you were born to do  
me shame.

Guilty, my lord, guilty! I confess, I confess.

King. What?

Berowne. That you three fools lack'd me,  
fool, to make up the mess;

He, he, and you, and you, my liege, and I,  
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to  
die.

O! dismiss this audience, and I shall tell  
you more. 210

Dum. Now the number is even.

Berowne. True, true; we are four.

Will these turtles be gone?

King. Hence, sirs; away!

Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let  
the traitors stay.

Exeunt COSTARD and JAQUENETTA.

Berowne. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O!  
let us embrace.

As true we are as flesh and blood can be:  
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his  
face;

Young blood doth not obey an old decree:  
We cannot cross the cause why we are born;

Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn.

King. What! did these rent lines show  
some love of thine? 220

Berowne. 'Did they?' quoth you. Who  
sees the heavenly Rosaline,

That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,  
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,

Bows not his vassal head, and, stricken  
blind,

Kisses the base ground with obedient  
breast?

What peremptory eagle-sighted eye  
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,

That is not blinded by her majesty?

King. What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd  
thee now?

My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon; 230  
She an attending star, scarce seen a light.

Berowne. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I  
Berowne:

O! but for my love, day would turn to night.  
 Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty  
 Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;  
 Where several worthies make one dignity,  
 Where nothing wants that want itself  
 doth seek.  
 Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—  
 Flie, painted rhetoric! O! she needs it not:  
 To things of sale a seller's praise belongs; 240  
 She passes praise; then praise too short  
 doth blot.  
 A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,  
 Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:  
 Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,  
 And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.  
 O! 't is the sun that maketh all things shine.  
*King.* By heaven, thy love is black as  
 ebony.  
*Berowne.* Is ebony like her? O wood  
 divine!  
 A wife of such wood were felicity.  
 O! who can give an oath? where is a  
 book? 250  
 That I may swear beauty doth beauty  
 lack,  
 If that she learn not of her eye to look:  
 No face is fair that is not full so black.  
*King.* O paradox! Black is the badge of  
 hell,  
 The hue of dungeons and the scowl of  
 night;  
 And beauty's crest becomes the heavens  
 well.  
*Berowne.* Devils soonest tempt, resem-  
 bling spirits of light.  
 O! if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,  
 It mourns that painting and usurping hair  
 Should ravish doters with a false aspect; 260  
 And therefore is she born to make black  
 fair.  
 Her favour turns the fashion of the days,  
 For native blood is counted painting now;  
 And therefore red, that would avoid dis-  
 praise,  
 Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.  
*Dum.* To look like her are chimney-  
 sweepers black.  
*Long.* And since her time are colliers  
 counted bright.  
*King.* And Ethiops of their sweet complex-  
 ion crack.  
*Dum.* Dark needs no candles now, for  
 dark is light.  
*Berowne.* Your mistresses dare never come  
 in rain, 270  
 For fear their colours should be wash'd  
 away.  
*King.* 'T were good, yours did; for, sir, to  
 tell you plain,  
 I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.  
*Berowne.* I'll prove her fair, or talk till  
 doomsday here.  
*King.* No devil will fright thee then so  
 much as she.  
*Dum.* I never knew man hold vile stuff so  
 dear.  
*Long.* Showing his shoe. Look, here 's thy  
 love: my foot and her face see.

*Berowne.* O! if the streets were paved with  
 thine eyes,  
 Her feet were much too dainty for such  
 tread.  
*Dum.* O vile! then, as she goes, what up-  
 ward lies 280  
 The street should see as she walk'd over-  
 head.  
*King.* But what of this? Are we not all in  
 love?  
*Berowne.* Nothing so sure; and thereby  
 all forsworn.  
*King.* Then leave this chat; and, good  
 Berowne, now prove  
 Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.  
*Dum.* Ay, marry, there; some flattery for  
 this evil.  
*Long.* O! some authority how to proceed;  
 Some tricks, some quillets, how to cheat the  
 devil.  
*Dum.* Some salve for perjury.  
*Berowne.* 'T is more than need.  
 Have at you then, affection's men-at-arms:  
 Consider what you first did swear unto. 291  
 To fast, to study, and to see no woman;  
 Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.  
 Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too  
 young,  
 And abstinence engenders maladies.  
 And where that you have vow'd to study,  
 lords,  
 In that each of you have forsworn his book,  
 Can you still dream and pore and thereon  
 look?  
 For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,  
 Have found the ground of study's excel-  
 lence 300  
 Without the beauty of a woman's face?  
 From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:  
 They are the ground, the books, the aca-  
 demes,  
 From whence doth spring the true Prome-  
 thean fire.  
 Why, universal plodding prisons up  
 The nimble spirits in the arteries,  
 As motion and long-during action tires  
 The sinewy vigour of the traveller.  
 Now, for not looking on a woman's face,  
 You have in that forsworn the use of eyes, 310  
 And study too, the causer of your vow;  
 For where is any author in the world  
 Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?  
 Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,  
 And where we are our learning likewise is:  
 Then when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,  
 Do we not likewise see our learning there?  
 O! we have made a vow to study, lords,  
 And in that vow we have forsworn our books:  
 For when would you, my liege, or you, or  
 you, 320  
 In leaden contemplation have found out  
 Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes  
 Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?  
 Other slow arts entirely keep the brain,  
 And therefore, finding barren practisers,  
 Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil;  
 But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,  
 Lives not alone immured in the brain,  
 But, with the motion of all elements,

Courses as swift as thought in every power, 330  
 And gives to every power a double power,  
 Above their functions and their offices.  
 It adds a precious seeing to the eye;  
 A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;  
 A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,  
 When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd:  
 Love's feeling is more soft and sensible  
 Than are the tender horns of cockled snails:  
 Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross  
 in taste.

For valour, is not Love a Herculés, 340  
 Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?  
 Subtle as Sphinx; as sweet and musical  
 As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;  
 And when Love speaks, the voice of all the  
 gods

Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.  
 Never durst poet touch a pen to write  
 Until his ink were temper'd with Love's  
 sighs;

O! then his lines would ravish savage ears,  
 And plant in tyrants mild humility.  
 From women's eyes this doctrine I derive: 350  
 They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;  
 They are the books, the arts, the academes,  
 That show, contain, and nourish all the  
 world;

Else none at all in aught proves excellent.  
 Then fools you were these women to for-  
 swear,

Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove  
 fools.

For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love,  
 Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men,  
 Or for men's sake, the authors of these  
 women,

Or women's sake, by whom we men are  
 men, 360

Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,  
 Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.  
 It is religion to be thus forsworn;

For charity itself fulfils the law;  
 And who can sever love from charity?

King. Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers,  
 to the field!

Berowne. Advance your standards, and  
 upon them, lords!

Pell-mell, down with them! but be first  
 advis'd,

In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing; lay these  
 glozes by; 370

Shall we resolve to woo these girls of  
 France?

King. And win them too: therefore let us  
 devise

Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Berowne. First, from the park let us con-  
 duct them thither;

Then homeward every man attach the hand  
 Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon

We will with some strange pastime solace  
 them,

Such as the shortness of the time can shape;  
 For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,  
 Forerun fair Love, strewing her way with  
 flowers. 380

King. Away, away! no time shall be  
 omitted,  
 That will betime, and may by us be fitted.  
 Berowne. Allons! Allons! Sow'd cockle  
 reap'd no corn;  
 And justice always whirls in equal meas-  
 ure:

Light wenches may prove plagues to men  
 forsworn;

If so, our copper buys no better treasure.  
*Exeunt.*

## ACT V

SCENE I.—*The King of Navarre's Park.*

Enter HOLOFERNES, Sir NATHANIEL, and  
 DULL.

Hol. *Satis quod sufficit.*

Nath. I praise God for you, sir: your  
 reasons at dinner have been sharp and sen-  
 tentious; pleasant without scurrility, witty  
 without affection, audacious without impu-  
 dency, learned without opinion, and strange  
 without heresy. I did converse this quon-  
 dam day with a companion of the king's,  
 who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don  
 Adriano de Armado.

Hol. *Novi hominem tanquam te:* his  
 humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory,  
 his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait  
 majestical, and his general behaviour vain,  
 ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is too  
 picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd,  
 as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.  
*Draws out his table-book.*

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his  
 verbosity finer than the staple of his argu-  
 ment. I abhor such fanatical phantasies,  
 such insociable and point-device compan-  
 ions; such rackers of orthography, as to  
 speak duth, fine, when he should say doubt;  
 det, when he should pronounce debt,—  
 d, e, b, t, not d, e, t; he clepeth a calf, cauf;  
 half, hauf; neighbour *vocatur* nebour;  
 neigh abbreviated ne. This is abhominable,  
 which he would call abominable, it  
 insinuateth me of insanire: *anne intelligis,*  
*domine?* to make frantic, lunatic.

Nath. *Laus Deo, bone intelligo.* 30

Hol. Bone? bone for bene: Priscian a  
 little scratched; 'twill serve.

Enter ARMADO, MOTH, and COSTARD.

Nath. *Videsne quis venit?*

Hol. *Video, et gaudeo.*

Arm. To MOTH. Chirrah!

Hol. *Quare chirrah, not sirrah?*

Arm. Men of peace, well encountered.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feast of  
 languages, and stolen the scraps. 40

Cost. O! they have lived long on the  
 alms-basket of words. I marvel thy master  
 hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou  
 art not so long by the head as *honorifica-*  
*bilitudininitibus:* thou art easier swallowed  
 than a flap-dragon.

Moth. Peace! the peal begins.

*Arm.* To HOLOFERNES. Monsieur, are you not lettered?

*Moth.* Yes, yes, he teaches boys the horn-book. What is a, b, spelt backward with the horn on his head? 50

*Hol.* Ba, pueritia, with a horn added.

*Moth.* Ba! most silly sheep with a horn. You hear his learning.

*Hol.* Quis, quis, thou consonant?

*Moth.* The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

*Hol.* I will repeat them; a, e, i,—

*Moth.* The sheep: the other two concludes it; o, u. 60

*Arm.* Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick venue of wit! snip, snap, quick and home! it rejoiceth my intellect; true wit!

*Moth.* Offered by a child to an old man; which is wit-odd.

*Hol.* What is the figure? what is the figure?

*Moth.* Horns.

*Hol.* Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig. 70

*Moth.* Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circum circa*. A gig of a cuckold's horn!

*Cost.* An I had but one penny in the world, thou should'st have it to buy gingerbread. Hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O! an the heavens were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard, what a joyful father would'st thou make me. Go to; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say. 81

*Hom.* O! I smell false Latin; dunghill for *unguem*.

*Arm.* Arts-man, preambulate: we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?

*Hol.* Or *mons*, the hill.

*Arm.* At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain. 90

*Hol.* I do, sans question.

*Arm.* Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection to congratulate the princess at her pavilion in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

*Hol.* The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well culled, chose, sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir; I do assure. 99

*Arm.* Sir, the king is a noble gentleman, and my familiar, I do assure ye, very good friend. For what is inward between us, let it pass. I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy; I beseech thee, apparel thy head; and among other importunate and most serious designs, and of great import indeed, too, but let that pass; for I must tell thee, it will please his grace, by the world, sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my

excrement, with my mustachio: but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable: some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world: but let that pass. The very all of all is, but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy, that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antick, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance. 122

*Hol.* Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistance, at the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman; before the princess, I say, none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies. 130

*Nath.* Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

*Hol.* Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the Great; the page, Hercules—

*Arm.* Pardon, sir; error: he is not quantity enough for that Worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club. 139

*Hol.* Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his enter and exit shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

*Moth.* An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry 'Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!' that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to do it.

*Arm.* For the rest of the Worthies? 150

*Hol.* I will play three myself.

*Moth.* Thrice-worthy gentleman!

*Arm.* Shall I tell you a thing?

*Hol.* We attend.

*Arm.* We will have, if this fadge not, an antick. I beseech you, follow.

*Hol.* *Via!*—Goodman Dull, thou hast spoken no word all this while.

*Dull.* Nor understood none neither, sir.

*Hol.* Allons! we will employ thee.

*Dull.* I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play 160

On the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.

*Hol.* Most dull, honest Dull. To our sport away! *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same.* Before the PRINCESS'S Pavilion.

*Enter the PRINCESS, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, and MARIA.*

*Prin.* Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart.  
If fairings come thus plentifully in:

A lady wall'd about with diamonds!

Look you what I have from the loving king.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this! yes; as much love in rime

As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper. Writ o' both sides the leaf, margent and all. That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his god-head wax;

For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him: a' kill'd your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;

And so she died: had she been light, like you,

Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit. She might ha' been a grandam ere she died; And so may you, for a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.

Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Kath. You'll mar the light by taking it in snuff;

Therefore I'll darkly end the argument.

Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still i' the dark.

Kath. So do not you, for you are a light wench.

Ros. Indeed I weigh not you, and therefore light.

Kath. You weigh me not? O! that's you care not for me.

Ros. Great reason; for 'past cure is still past cure.'

Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.

But, Rosaline, you have a favour too: Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would you knew:

An if my face were but as fair as yours. My favour were as great; be witness this.

Nay, I have verses too, I thank Berowne: The numbers true; and, were the numbering too,

I were the fairest goddess on the ground: I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.

O! he hath drawn my picture in his letter.

Prin. Any thing like?

Ros. Much in the letters, nothing in the praise.

Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

Ros. 'Ware pencils, ho! let me not die your debtor,

My red dominical, my golden letter: O! that your face were not so full of O's.

Prin. A pox of that jest! and beshrew all shrows!

But, Katharine, what was sent to you from fair Dumaine?

Kath. Madam, this glove.

Prin. Did he not send you tawny?

Kath. Yes, madam; and moreover, Some thousand verses of a faithful lover: 50 A huge translation of hypocrisy,

Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.

Mar. This, and these pearls to me sent Longaville:

The letter is too long by half a mile.

Prin. I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart

The chain were longer and the letter short?

Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

Prin. We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.

Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.

That same Berowne I'll torture ere I go. 60 O! that I knew he were but in by the week.

How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek,

And wait the season, and observe the times, And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rimes,

And shape his service wholly to my hests, And make him proud to make me proud that jests!

So potent-like would I o'ersway his state That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,

As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd, 70

Hath wisdom's warrant and the help of school

And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess

As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note

As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote; Since all the power thereof it doth apply

To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Enter BOYET.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Boyet. O! I am stabb'd with laughter. Where's her grace? 80

Prin. The news, Boyet?

Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare! Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are

Against your peace: Love doth approach disguis'd,

Armed in arguments; you'll be surpris'd: Muster your wits; stand in your own defence;

Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint Denis to Saint Cupid! What are they

That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore

I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour,

When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,  
Toward that shade I might behold address  
The king and his companions: warily  
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,  
And overheard what you shall overhear;  
That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.  
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,  
That well by heart hath conn'd his embas-  
sage:

Action and accent did they teach him there;  
'Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body  
bear':

And ever and anon they made a doubt  
Presence majestical would put him out;  
'For,' quoth the king, 'an angel shalt thou  
see;

Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.'  
The boy replied, 'An angel is not evil;  
I should have fear'd her had she been a  
devil.'

With that all laugh'd and clapp'd him on  
the shoulder,

Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.  
One rubb'd his elbow thus, and fleer'd, and  
swore

A better speech was never spoke before; 110  
Another, with his finger and his thumb,  
Cried 'Via! we will do 't, come what will  
come';

The third he caper'd, and cried, 'All goes  
well';

The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he  
fell.

With that, they all did tumble on the ground,  
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,  
That in this spleen ridiculous appears,  
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

*Prin.* But what, but what, come they to  
visit us?

*Boyet.* They do, they do; and are appar-  
ell'd thus, 120

Like Muscovites, or Russians, as I guess.  
Their purpose is to parle, to court and dance;  
And every one his love-feat will advance  
Unto his several mistress, which they 'll  
know

By favours several which they did bestow.

*Prin.* And will they so? the gallants shall  
be task'd;

For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd,  
And not a man of them shall have the grace,  
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.

Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt  
wear, 130

And then the king will court thee for his  
dear:

Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give  
me thine,

So shall Berowne take me for Rosaline.

And change you favours too; so shall your  
loves

Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.  
*Ros.* Come on then; wear the favours  
most in sight.

*Kath.* But in this changing what is your  
intent?

*Prin.* The effect of my intent is to cross  
theirs:

They do it but in mocking merriment;

And mock for mock is only my intent. 140  
Their several counsels they unbosom shall  
To loves mistook, and so be mock'd withal  
Upon the next occasion that we meet,  
With visages displayed, to talk and greet.

*Ros.* But shall we dance, if they desire  
us to 't?

*Prin.* No; to the death, we will not move  
a foot:

Nor to their penn'd speech render we no  
grace;

But while 'tis spoke each turn away her  
face.

*Boyet.* Why, that contempt will kill the  
speaker's heart,

And 'quite divorce his memory from his  
part. 150

*Prin.* Therefore I do it; and I make no  
doubt

The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.  
There's no such sport as sport by sport o'er-

thrown,

To make theirs ours and ours none but our  
own:

So shall we stay, mocking intended game,  
And they, well mock'd, depart away with  
shame. *Trumpets sound within.*

*Boyet.* The trumpet sounds; be masked;  
the maskers come. *The Ladies mask.*

*Enter Blackamoors with music; MOTH;*  
*the KING, BEROWNE, LONGAVILLE, and*

*DUMAINE, in Russian habits, and masked.*

*Moth.* All hail, the richest beauties on the  
earth!

*Boyet.* Beauties no richer than rich  
taffeta.

*Moth.* A holy parcel of the fairest  
dames. 160

The Ladies turn their backs to him.  
*That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal*

*views!*

*Berowne.* 'Their eyes,' villain, 'their  
eyes.'

*Moth.* *That ever turn'd their eyes to*  
*mortal views!*

*Out—*

*Boyet.* True; 'out' indeed.

*Moth.* *Out of your favours, heavenly*  
*spirits, vouchsafe*

*Not to behold—*

*Berowne.* 'Once to behold,' rogue.

*Moth.* *Once to behold with your sun-*  
*beamed eyes,—with your sun-beamed*

*eyes—*

*Boyet.* They will not answer to that  
epithet; 170

You were best call it 'daughter-beamed  
eyes.'

*Moth.* They do not mark me, and that  
brings me out.

*Berowne.* Is this your perfectness? be  
gone, you rogue! *Exit MOTH.*

*Ros.* What would these strangers? know  
their minds, *Boyet.*

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will  
That some plain man recount their pur-  
poses:

Know what they would.

*Boyet.* What would you with the princess?

*Berowne.* Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

*Ros.* What would they, say they? 180

*Boyet.* Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

*Ros.* Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.

*Boyet.* She says, you have it, and you may be gone.

*King.* Say to her, we have measur'd many miles

To tread a measure with her on this grass.

*Boyet.* They say, that they have measur'd many a mile

To tread a measure with you on this grass.

*Ros.* It is not so. Ask them how many inches

Is in one mile: if they have measur'd many, The measure then of one is easily told. 190

*Boyet.* If, to come hither, you have measur'd miles,

And many miles, the princess bids you tell How many inches do fill up one mile.

*Berowne.* Tell her we measure them, by weary steps.

*Boyet.* She hears herself.

*Ros.* How many weary steps, Of many weary miles you have o'ergone, Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

*Berowne.* We number nothing that we spend for you:

Our duty is so rich, so infinite, That we may do it still without accompt. 200

Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,

That we, like savages, may worship it.

*Ros.* My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

*King.* Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!

Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine,

Those clouds remov'd, upon our watery eyne.

*Ros.* O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;

Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.

*King.* Then, in our measure vouchsafe but one change.

Thou bidd'st me beg; this begging is not strange. 210

*Ros.* Play, music, then! nay, you must do it soon. *Music plays.*

Not yet! no dance! thus change I like the moon.

*King.* Will you not dance? How come you thus estranged?

*Ros.* You took the moon at full, but now she's changed.

*King.* Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.

The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.

*Ros.* Our ears vouchsafe it.

*King.* But your legs should do it.

*Ros.* Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,

We'll not be nice: take hands;—we will not dance. 219

*King.* Why take we hands then?

*Ros.* Only to part friends.

Court'sy, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.

*King.* More measure of this measure: be not nice.

*Ros.* We can afford no more at such a price.

*King.* Prize you yourselves? What buys your company?

*Ros.* Your absence only.

*King.* That can never be.

*Ros.* Then cannot we be bought: and so adieu;

Twice to your visor, and half once to you!

*King.* If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

*Ros.* In private then.

*King.* I am best pleas'd with that. *They converse apart.*

*Berowne.* White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee. 230

*Prin.* Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.

*Berowne.* Nay then, two treys, an if you grow so nice.

*Metheglin,* wort, and malmsey: well run, dice!

There's half-a-dozen sweets.

*Prin.* Seventh sweet, adieu. Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.

*Berowne.* One word in secret.

*Prin.* Let it not be sweet.

*Berowne.* Thou griev'st my gall.

*Prin.* Gall! bitter.

*Berowne.* Therefore meet. *They converse apart.*

*Dum.* Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

*Mar.* Name it.

*Dum.* Fair lady,—

*Mar.* Say you so? Fair lord. Take that for your fair lady.

*Dum.* Please it you, 240 As much in private, and I'll bid adieu. *They converse apart.*

*Kath.* What! was your visor made without a tongue?

*Long.* I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

*Kath.* O! for your reason; quickly, sir; I long.

*Long.* You have a double tongue within your mask,

And would afford my speechless visor half.

*Kath.* 'Veal,' quoth the Dutchman. Is not 'veal' a calf?

*Long.* A calf, fair lady!

*Kath.* No, a fair lord calf.

*Long.* Let's part the word.

*Kath.* No, I'll not be your half: Take all, and wean it: it may prove an ox. 250

*Long.* Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks.

Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.

*Kath.* Then die, a calf, before your horns do grow.  
*Long.* One word in private with you, ere I die.  
*Kath.* Bleat softly then; the butcher hears you cry. *They converse apart.*  
*Boyet.* The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen  
 As is the razor's edge invisible,  
 Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen,  
 Above the sense of sense; so sensible  
 Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings 260  
 Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.  
*Ros.* Not one word more, my maids: break off, break off.  
*Berowne.* By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!  
*King.* Farewell, mad wenches: you have simple wits.  
*Prin.* Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites.

*Exeunt KING, Lords, Music and Attendants.*

Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?  
*Boyet.* Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.  
*Ros.* Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.  
*Prin.* O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout! Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night? *Exit.* 270  
 Or ever, but in visors, show their faces? This pert Berowne was out of countenance quite.  
*Ros.* O! they were all in lamentable cases.  
 The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.  
*Prin.* Berowne did swear himself out of all suit.  
*Mar.* Dumaine was at my service, and his sword:  
 'No point,' quoth I: my servant straight was mute.  
*Kath.* Lord Longaville said I came o'er his heart;  
 And throw you what he call'd me?  
*Prin.* Qualm, perhaps.  
*Kath.* Yes, in good faith.  
*Prin.* Go, sickness as thou art!  
*Ros.* Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps. 281  
 But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.  
*Prin.* And quick Berowne hath plighted faith to me.  
*Kath.* And Longaville was for my service born.  
*Mar.* Dumaine is mine, as sure as bark on tree.  
*Boyet.* Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear.  
 Immediately they will again be here  
 In their own shapes; for it can never be  
 They will digest this harsh indignity.  
*Prin.* Will they return?  
*Boyet.* They will, they will, God knows;

And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows: 291  
 Therefore change favours; and when they repair,  
 Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.  
*Prin.* How blow? how blow? speak to be understood.  
*Boyet.* Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud:  
 Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,  
 Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.  
*Prin.* Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do  
 If they return in their own shapes to woo?  
*Ros.* Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd, 300  
 Let's mock them still, as well known as disguis'd.  
 Let us complain to them what fools were here,  
 Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;  
 And wonder what they were, and to what end  
 Their shallow shows and prologue vilely penn'd,  
 And their rough carriage so ridiculous,  
 Should be presented at our tent to us.  
*Boyet.* Ladies, withdraw; the gallants are at hand.  
*Prin.* Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.  
*Exeunt PRINCESS, ROSALINE, KATHARINE, and MARIA.*  
*Re-enter the KING, BEROWNE, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAINE, in their proper habits.*  
*King.* Fair sir, God save you! Where is the princess? 310  
*Boyet.* Gone to her tent. Please it your majesty,  
 Command me any service to her thither?  
*King.* That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.  
*Boyet.* I will; and so will she, I know, my lord. *Exit.*  
*Berowne.* This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons pease,  
 And utters it again when God doth please.  
 He is wit's pedlar, and retails his wares  
 At wakes, and wassails, meetings, markets, fairs;  
 And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,  
 Have not the grace to grace it with such show. 321  
 This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;  
 Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve.  
 A' can carve too, and lisp: why, this is he  
 That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy;  
 This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,  
 That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice  
 In honourable terms: nay, he can sing  
 A mean most meanly, and, in ushering,  
 Mend him who can: the ladies call him sweet;

The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet. 330

This is the flower that smiles on every one, To show his teeth as white as whale's bone; And consciences, that will not die in debt, Pay him the due of honey-tongu'd Boyet.

*King.* A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart, That put Armado's page out of his part!

*Re-enter the PRINCESS, ushered by BOYET; ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, and Attendants.*

*Berowne.* See where it comes! Behaviour, what wert thou Till this man show'd thee? and what art thou now?

*King.* All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!

*Prin.* 'Fair' in 'all hail' is foul, as I conceive. 343

*King.* Construe my speeches better, if you may.

*Prin.* Then wish me better: I will give you leave.

*King.* We came to visit you, and purpose now

To lead you to our court: vouchsafe it then.

*Prin.* This field shall hold me, and so hold your vow:

Nor God, nor I, delights in perjurd men.

*King.* Rebuke me not for that which you provoke:

The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

*Prin.* You nickname virtue; vice you should have spoke;

For virtue's office never breaks men's troth. 350

Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure As the unsullied lily, I protest,

A world of torments though I should endure, I would not yield to be your house's guest;

So much I hate a breaking cause to be Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

*King.* O! you have liv'd in desolation here,

Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

*Prin.* Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear:

We have had pastimes here and pleasant game. 290

A mess of Russians left us but of late.

*King.* How, madam! Russians!

*Prin.* Ay, in truth, my lord; Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state.

*Ros.* Madam, speak true. It is not so, my lord:

My lady, to the manner of the days, In courtesy gives undeserving praise.

We four, indeed, confronted were with four In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour, And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord, They did not bless us with one happy word. 370

I dare not call them fools; but this I think, When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

*Berowne.* This jest is dry to me. Fair gentle sweet,

Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we greet,

With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye, By light we lose light: your capacity

Is of that nature that to your huge store Wise things seem foolish and rich things

but poor.

*Ros.* This proves you wise and rich, for in my eye,—

*Berowne.* I am a fool, and full of poverty. 380

*Ros.* But that you take what doth to you belong,

It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

*Berowne.* O! I am yours, and all that I possess.

*Ros.* All the fool mine?

*Berowne.* I cannot give you less.

*Ros.* Which of the visors was it that you wore?

*Berowne.* Where? when? what visor? why demand you this?

*Ros.* There, then, that visor; that superfluous case

That hid the worse and show'd the better face.

*King.* We are descried: they'll mock us now downright.

*Dum.* Let us confess, and turn it to a jest. 390

*Prin.* Amaz'd, my lord? Why looks your highness sad?

*Ros.* Help! hold his brows! he'll swoon. Why look you pale?

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

*Berowne.* Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out? Here stand I, lady; dart thy skill at me;

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit; And I will wish thee never more to dance, 400

Nor never more in Russian habit wait.

O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd, Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue.

Nor never come in visor to my friend, Nor woo in rime, like a blind harper's song,

Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise, Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation,

Figures pedantical; these summer-flies Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:

I do forswear them; and I here protest, 412 By this white glove,—how white the hand,

God knows,—Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd

In russet yeas and honest kersey noes: And, to begin, wench,—so God help me!

la!—

My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

Ros. Sans 'sans,' I pray you.

Berowne. Yet I have a trick Of the old rage: bear with me, I am sick: I'll leave it by degrees. Soft! let us see: Write 'Lord have mercy on us' on those three;

They are infected, in their hearts it lies; 420 They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:

These lords are visited; you are not free, For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

Prin. No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.

Berowne. Our states are forfeit: seek not to undo us.

Ros. It is not so. For how can this be true,

That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?

Berowne. Peace! for I will not have to do with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend. Berowne. Speak for yourselves: my wit is at an end. 430

King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression

Some fair excuse.

Prin. The fairest is confession.

Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd?

King. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well advis'd?

King. I was, fair madam.

Prin. When you then were here,

What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

King. That more than all the world I did respect her.

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.

King. Upon mine honour, no.

Prin. Peace! peace! forbear:

Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear. 440

King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.

Prin. I will; and therefore keep it.

Rosaline,

What did the Russian whisper in your ear?

Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear

As precious eyesight, and did value me

Above this world; adding thereto, more-

over,

That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord

Most honourably doth uphold his word.

King. What mean you, madam? by my

life, my troth, 450

I never swore this lady such an oath.

Ros. By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,

You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.

King. My faith and this the princess I did give:

I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

Prin. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;

And Lord Berowne, I thank him, is my dear.

What, will you have me, or your pearl again?

Berowne. Neither of either; I remit both twain.

I see the trick on't: here was a consent, 460

Knowing aforehand of our merriment,

To dash it like a Christmas comedy.

Some carry-tale, some please-man, some

slight zany,

Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight,

some Dick,

That smiles his cheek in years, and knows

the trick

To make my lady laugh when she's dis-

pos'd,

Told our intents before; which once dis-

clos'd,

The ladies did change favours, and then we,

Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.

Now, to our perjury to add more terror, 470

We are again forsworn, in will and error.

Much upon this it is: To BOYET. and might

not you

Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?

Do not you know my lady's foot by the

squire,

And laugh upon the apple of her eye?

And stand between her back, sir, and the

fire,

Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?

You put our page out: go, you are allow'd;

Die when you will, a smock shall be your

shroud. 475

You leer upon me, do you? there 's an eye

Wounds like a leaden sword.

Boyet. Full merrily

Hath this brave manage, this career, been

run.

Berowne. Lo! he is tilting straight.

Peace! I have done.

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit! thou part'st a fair fray.

Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know,

Whether the three Worthies shall come in

or no.

Berowne. What, are there but three?

Cost. No, sir; but it is vara fine;

For every one pursents three.

Berowne. And three times thrice is nine.

Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir,

I hope it is not so.

You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir;

we know what we know: 480

I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—

Berowne. Is not nine.

Cost. Under correction, sir, we know

whereuntil it doth amount.

Berowne. By Jove, I always took three

threes for nine.

Cost. O Lord, sir! it were pity you should

get your living by reckoning, sir.

Berowne. How much is it?

Cost. O Lord, sir! the parties them-

selves, the actors, sir, will show whereuntil

it doth amount: for mine own part, I am,

as they say, but to perfect one man in one

poor man, Pompion the Great, sir.

Berowne. Art thou one of the Worthies?

*Cost.* It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompion the Great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the Worthy, but I am to stand for him.

*Berowne.* Go, bid them prepare. 510

*Cost.* We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care. *Exit.*

*King.* Berowne, they will shame us; let them not approach.

*Berowne.* We are shame-proof, my lord; and 't is some policy

To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

*King.* I say they shall not come.

*Prin.* Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now.

That sport best pleases that doth least know how:

Where zeal strives to content, and the contents

Dies in the zeal of that which it presents; Their form confounded makes most form in mirth,

When great things labouring perish in their birth. 520

*Berowne.* A right description of our sport, my lord.

*Enter ARMADO.*

*Arm.* Anointed, I implore so much expanse of thy royal sweet breath as will utter a brace of words.

*ARMADO converses with the KING, and delivers a paper to him.*

*Prin.* Doth this man serve God?

*Berowne.* Why ask you?

*Prin.* He speaks not like a man of God's making. 529

*Arm.* That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch; for, I protest, the school-master is exceeding fantastical; too, too vain; too, too vain: but we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna de la guerra*. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal complement! *Exit.*

*King.* Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies. He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the Great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Maccabæus. 540

And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive,

These four will change habits, and present the other five.

*Berowne.* There is five in the first show.

*King.* You are deceived, 't is not so.

*Berowne.* The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy:—

Abate throw at novum, and the whole world again

Cannot prick out five such, take each one in his vein.

*King.* The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain. 549

*Enter COSTARD armed, for Pompey.*

*Cost.* I Pompey am,—

*Boyet.* You lie, you are not he.

*Cost.* I Pompey am,—

*Boyet.* With libbard's head on knee.

*Berowne.* Well said, old mocker: I must needs be friends with thee.

*Cost.* I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the Big,—

*Dum.* The Great.

*Cost.* It is 'Great,' sir; Pompey surnam'd the Great;

That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat:

And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance,

And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.

If your ladyship would say, 'Thanks, Pompey,' I had done.

*Prin.* Great thanks, great Pompey. 560

*Cost.* 'T is not so much worth; but I hope I was perfect. I made a little fault in 'Great.'

*Berowne.* My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.

*Enter Sir NATHANIEL armed, for Alexander.*

*Nath.* When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;

By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might:

My scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander,—

*Boyet.* Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.

*Berowne.* Your nose smells 'no,' in this, most tender-smelling knight.

*Prin.* The conqueror is dismay'd. Proceed, good Alexander. 570

*Nath.* When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander,—

*Boyet.* Most true; 't is right: you were so, Alisander.

*Berowne.* Pompey the Great,—

*Cost.* Your servant, and Costard.

*Berowne.* Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

*Cost.* To NATHANIEL. O! sir, you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror. You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-axe sitting on a close-stool, will be given to Ajax: he will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror, and afraid to speak! run away for shame, Alisander. NATHANIEL retires.

There, an 't shall please you: a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dashed! He is a marvellous neighbour, faith, and a very good bowler; but, for Alisander,—alas! you see how 't is;—a little o'erparted. But there are Worthies a-coming will speak their mind in some other sort. 590

*Prin.* Stand aside, good Pompey.

*Enter HOLOFERNES armed, for Judas, and MOTH armed, for Hercules.*

*Hol.* Great Hercules is presented by this imp,

Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed canus:

And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,

Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus.  
*Quoniam he seemeth in minority,*  
*Ergo I come with this apology.*  
 Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish.  
 MOTH retires.

Judas I am.—  
 Dum. A Judas!  
 Hol. Not Iscariot, sir.

Judas I am, yclipped Maccabæus.  
 Dum. Judas Maccabæus clipt is plain Judas.

Berowne. A kissing traitor. How art thou prov'd Judas?

Hol. Judas I am.—  
 Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, sir?  
 Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, sir; you are my elder.  
 Berowne. Well follow'd. Judas was hang'd on an elder.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.  
 Berowne. Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this?  
 Boyet. A cittern-head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.  
 Berowne. A death's face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

Boyet. The pommel of Cæsar's falchion.  
 Dum. The carved-bone face on a flask.

Berowne. Saint George's half-cheek in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.  
 Berowne. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer.

And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.  
 Berowne. False: we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have outfaced them all.  
 Berowne. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

Boyet. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.

And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Berowne. For the ass to the Jude? give it him;—Jud-as, away!

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boyet. A light for Monsieur Judas! it grows dark, he may stumble.

Holofernes retires.

Prin. Alas! poor Maccabæus, how hath he been baited.

Enter ARMADO armed, for Hector.

Berowne. Hide thy head, Achilles: here comes Hector in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.

Boyet. But is this Hector?

King. I think Hector was not so clean-timbered.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector's.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is best indued in the small.

Berowne. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

Arm. The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,

Gave Hector a gift,—

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Berowne. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. Peace!

The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,

Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;

A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight ve,

From morn till night, out of his pavilion.

I am that flower,—

Dum. That mint.

Long. That columbine.

Arm. Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried; when he breathed, he was a man.

But I will forward with my device. Sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.

Prin. Speak, brave Hector; we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

Boyet. Aside to DUMAINE. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. Aside to BOYET. He may not by the yard.

Arm. This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,—

Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

Arm. What meanest thou?

Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away: she's quick; the child brags in her belly already: 't is yours.

Arm. Dost thou infamelize me among potentates? Thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipped for Jaquenetta that is quick by him, and hanged for Pompey that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey!

Berowne. Greater than great,—great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the Huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Berowne. Pompey is moved. More Ates, more Ates! stir them on! stir them on!

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Berowne. Ay, if a' have no more man's blood in 's belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

*Cost.* I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man: I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword. I bepray you, let me borrow my arms again.

*Dum.* Room for the incensed Worthies!

*Cost.* I'll do it in my shirt.

*Dum.* Most resolute Pompey!

*Moth.* Master, let me take you a button-hole lower.

Do you not see Pompey is uncasing for the combat?

What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

*Arm.* Gentlemen and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt. 711

*Dum.* You may not deny it; Pompey hath made the challenge.

*Arm.* Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

*Berowne.* What reason have you for 't?

*Arm.* The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt. I go woolward for penance.

*Boyet.* True, and it was enjoined him in Rome for want of linen; since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none but a dishclout of Jaquenetta's, and that a' wears next his heart for a favour. 720

*Enter Monsieur MARCADE, a Messenger.*

*Mar.* God save you, madam!

*Prin.* Welcome, Marcade,

But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

*Mar.* I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring

Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

*Prin.* Dead, for my life!

*Mar.* Even so: my tale is told.

*Berowne.* Worthies, away! The scene begins to cloud. 730

*Arm.* For mine own part, I breathe free breath. I have seen the day of wrong

through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier.

*Exeunt Worthies.*

*King.* How fares your majesty?

*Prin.* Boyet, prepare: I will away to-night.

*King.* Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

*Prin.* Prepare, I say. I thank you, gracious lords,

For all your fair endeavours; and entreat, Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe 741

In your rich wisdom to excuse or hide

The liberal opposition of our spirits,

If over-boldly we have borne ourselves

In the converse of breath; your gentleness Was guilty of it. Farewell, worthy lord!

A heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue. Excuse me so, coming too short of thanks

For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

*King.* The extreme parts of time extremely forms 750

All causes to the purpose of his speed,

And often, at his very loose, decides

That which long process could not arbitrate:

And though the mourning brow of progeny

Forbid the smiling courtesy of love

The holy suit which fain it would convince;

Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,

Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it  
From what it purpos'd; since, to wail friends  
lost

Is not by much so wholesome-profitable 760  
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

*Prin.* I understand you not: my griefs are double.

*Berowne.* Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief;

And by these badges understand the king.

For your fair sakes have we neglected time,  
Play'd foul play with our oaths. Your

beauty, ladies,  
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our

humours  
Even to the opposed end of our intents;

And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—  
As love is full of unbefitting strains; 770

All wanton as a child, skipping and vain;  
Form'd by the eye, and therefore, like the

eye,  
Full of strange shapes, of habits and of

forms,  
Varying in subjects, as the eye doth roll

To every varied object in his glance:  
Which parti-coated presence of loose love

Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,  
Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,

Those heavenly eyes, that look into these  
faults,

Suggested us to make. Therefore, ladies, 780  
Our love being yours, the error that love

makes  
Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove

false,  
By being once false for ever to be true

To those that make us both,—fair ladies,  
you:

And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,  
Thus purifies itself and turns to grace.

*Prin.* We have receiv'd your letters full  
of love;

Your favours, the ambassadors of love;  
And, in our maiden council, rated them

At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,  
As bombast and as lining to the time. 791

But more devout than this in our respects  
Have we not been; and therefore met your

loves  
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

*Dum.* Our letters, madam, show'd much  
more than jest.

*Long.* So did our looks.

*Ros.* We did not quote them so.

*King.* Now, at the latest minute of the  
hour,

Grant us your loves.

*Prin.* A time, methinks, too short  
To make a world-without-end bargain in.

No, no, my lord, your grace is perjurd much,  
Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore

this: 801

If for my love, as there is no such cause,  
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:

Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed  
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,

Remote from all the pleasures of the world;  
There stay, until the twelve celestial signs

Have brought about their annual reckoning.

If this austere insociable life  
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;  
If frosts and fasts, hard lodging and thin  
weeds, 811

Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,  
But that it bear this trial and last love;  
Then, at the expiration of the year,  
Come challenge me, challenge me by these  
deserts,

And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine,  
I will be thine; and, till that instant, shut  
My woeful self up in a mourning house,  
Raining the tears of lamentation  
For the remembrance of my father's death.  
If this thou do deny, let our hands part; 821  
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

*King*. If this, or more than this, I would  
deny,

To flatter up these powers of mine with  
rest,

The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!  
Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

*Berowne*. And what to me, my love? and  
what to me?

*Ros*. You must be purged too, your sins  
are rack'd:

You are attaint with faults and perjury;  
Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,

A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never  
rest, 831

But seek the weary beds of people sick.  
*Dum*. But what to me, my love? but  
what to me?

*Kath*. A wife? A beard, fair health, and  
honesty;

With three-fold love I wish you all these  
three.

*Dum*. O! shall I say I thank you, gentle  
wife?

*Kath*. Not so, my lord. A twelvemonth  
and a day

I'll mark no words that smooth-faced wooers  
say:

Come when the king doth to my lady come;  
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

*Dum*. I'll serve thee true and faithfully  
till then. 841

*Kath*. Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn  
again.

*Long*. What says Maria?

*Mar*. At the twelvemonth's end

I'll change my black gown for a faithful  
friend.

*Long*. I'll stay with patience; but the  
time is long.

*Mar*. The liker you; few taller are so  
young.

*Berowne*. Studies my lady? mistress,  
look on me.

Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,  
What humble suit attends thy answer there;

Impose some service on me for thy love. 850

*Ros*. Oft have I heard of you, my lord  
*Berowne*,

Before I saw you, and the world's large  
tongue

Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;  
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,

Which you on all estates will execute

That lie within the mercy of your wit:  
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful  
brain,

And therewithal to win me, if you please,  
Without the which I am not to be won,

You shall this twelvemonth term, from day  
to day, 860

Visit the speechless sick, and still converse  
With groaning wretches; and your task

shall be,  
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit

To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

*Berowne*. To move wild laughter in the  
throat of death?

It cannot be; it is impossible;  
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

*Ros*. Why, that's the way to choke a  
gibing spirit,

Whose influence is begot of that loose grace  
Which shallow laughing hearers give to  
fools. 870

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear  
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue

Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,  
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear

groans,  
Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,

And I will have you and that fault withal;  
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,

And I shall find you empty of that fault,  
Right joyful of your reformation.

*Berowne*. A twelvemonth! well, befall  
what will befall, 880

I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

*Prin*. To the KING. Ay, sweet my lord;  
and so I take my leave.

*King*. No, madam; we will bring you on  
your way.

*Berowne*. Our wooing doth not end like  
an old play;

Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy  
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

*King*. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth  
and a day,

And then 't will end.

*Berowne*. That's too long for a play.

*Re-enter ARMADO.*

*Arm*. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—  
*Prin*. Was not that Hector?

*Dum*. The worthy knight of Troy. 890

*Arm*. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take  
leave. I am a votary; I have vowed to

Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet  
love three years. But, most esteemed

greatness, will you hear the dialogue that  
the two learned men have compiled in praise

of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have  
followed in the end of our show.

*King*. Call them forth quickly; we will  
do so.

*Arm*. Holla! approach. 900

*Re-enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL,  
MOTH, COSTARD, and others.*

This side is *Hiems*, Winter, this *Ver*, the  
Spring; the one maintained by the owl, the

other by the cuckoo. *Ver*, begin.

## Spring.

## I.

When daisies pied and violets blue  
 And lady-smocks all silver-white  
 And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue  
 Do paint the meadows with delight,  
 The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
 Mocks married men; for thus sings he,

Cuckoo;

Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,  
 Unpleasing to a married ear!

## II.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,  
 And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,  
 When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,  
 And maidens bleach their summer smocks,  
 The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
 Mocks married men; for thus sings he,

Cuckoo;

Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,  
 Unpleasing to a married ear!

## Winter.

## III.

When icicles hang by the wall,  
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,  
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
 And milk comes frozen home in pail,  
 When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,  
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,

Tu-whit;

To-who, a merry note,

While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

## IV.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,  
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw,  
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,  
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,

Tu-whit;

To-who, a merry note,

While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh  
 after the songs of Apollo. You, that way:  
 we, this way. Exeunt.

## A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM

Whether, as has long been suspected, Shakespeare wrote *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* to celebrate some festival, possibly a noble wedding; or whether he wrote it originally for the public stage and later adapted it in its present form to such a celebration, is a matter of small consequence to the general reader. It is not clear how either of these theories can help us to a better appreciation of the play, nor is it likely that either of them can ever be so convincingly supported as to lead to general acceptance. About all that we can know with certainty of the early history of this play is that it was written before 1598 (it is mentioned by Meres in *Palladis Tamia* published that year), that it was first printed in quarto form in 1600, and that its style lends probability to the conjecture that it belongs to Shakespeare's early period. The date most commonly accepted for its composition is 1594.

In our discussion of *Love's Labour's Lost* we ventured the opinion that Shakespeare in that play, with full confidence in his own powers and with "clear purposed goal," aimed consciously to prepare his public for the acceptance of a drama conforming to his own ideals. That he had not yet attained to a mastery of his art no one knew better than he, and no student of his plays can fail to see his marvelous development as he passes from his earlier to his later work. But that he passed through a period of experimentation, with no definite conception of the art he was determined to master, with no guiding principles, feeling his way uncertainly from one form of play to another, catering to public taste and concerned chiefly with the material success which would certainly ensue if he hit it, is a theory that can never satisfactorily account for the unity of his total product—for that indefinable essence that warrants us in characterizing any one of his plays as Shakespearean. His art involved an audience and a stage, and he was wise and courageous enough to accept the responsibility of attempting so to influence both that instead of cramping and hindering him they might provide him full opportunity for the free development of his art as he already conceived it. I cannot but believe that it was with some such thought in mind that he set about writing *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*.

One thing is obvious in all of Shakespeare's work: he eschewed the ephemeral. That is only another way of saying that he wrote for the million. Suppose for an instant that this play was written for a special occasion. Why should we be uncertain of it? Why must we be content with conjecture? Because, writing even under such conditions, he insisted upon giving the play an eternal and universal, rather than a temporary and local, application. It is as fresh and appealing today as it was at the time it was written.

And yet not quite so. Not so fresh as it would be had the lesson of the play been heeded in the development of the drama's history. For to our thinking, the wonder of this play lies not in the fairies, not in the lovers, nor in the rude mechanicals, but in the way in which Shakespeare has manipulated these groups to one specific end, namely, to demonstrate that nothing within the scope of the imagination is foreign to his art; that "the best in this kind are but shadows, and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them." We know little of the Elizabethan stage. We assume that it was crude. As compared with the modern stage there can be little doubt that it was unspeakably crude. And yet, with all our modern stage devices, few managers would venture, even with the support of Mendelssohn's wonderful music, a production of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*. Critics say that it cannot be acted. In the words of Hazlitt: "Poetry and the stage do not agree well together."

But Shakespeare wrote this play to be acted, whether upon the stage of a public theatre or in a banquet hall makes little difference. The greater part of the play is to deal with fairies, and they must be represented by human beings, probably in broad

daylight, with no other illusion than that created by his poetry. Suppose that he had advised with a stage manager on the matter. Would he not have been told that he was crazy? Would the public accept fairies and a fairy world played by the men of his company—not even the charm of a female figure—on that bare stage? Those rude Elizabethans? Such an attempt must be foredoomed to failure.

Leave it to Shakespeare. The play opens. No fairies. Instead, Theseus and Hippolyta, heroic figures of a mythical world, the man a giant and the woman an Amazon, played by the two largest members of the company. For in this instance Shakespeare might have used for this part of Hippolyta a man who could "speak small" instead of a boy. Then old Egeus, with his demand to exercise the power of life or death over his daughter, Hermia, unless she renounce her love for Lysander and choose Demetrius. Three days of grace offered to Hermia, to be followed by death or abjurement of the world if she refuses to comply with her father's wish. We are interested. This starts like tragedy. We forget that we came to see the fairies. The scene closes with the promise to take us into the woods to follow further the fortunes of these lovers. Now for the fairies. But no; enter Bottom, Quince, Snug, Flute, Snout, and Starveling, the Athenian mechanics. They are to produce a play—a most lamentable comedy, *Pyramus and Thisbe*. Can it be done? See the difficulties in the way. No man to play Pyramus but Bottom, and his chief humor for tyrant, whereas Pyramus is a lover. Flute has a beard coming and therefore would not play the woman. And what shall be done about the lion? Suppose we should fright the ladies? Bottom's versatility and resource save the day and they all withdraw under agreement to meet the following night for rehearsal "a mile without the town by moonlight." Thus ends the first Act. And now for the fairies.

But hold. There can be no moonlight tomorrow night. Did not Theseus distinctly tell us that it was yet four days till the new moon? And everybody knows that that means tomorrow night will be dark, too dark for a dramatic rehearsal. Why, this play can't go on. No moonlight!—What, shall we so soon assume the attitude of these simple mechanics at whose gross and palpable ignorance we have just roared with laughter? Are the men as well as the ladies utterly devoid of imagination? Is a play to be written after the manner in which Bottom weaves his cloth and offered to the public by the yard? or as Snug, the joiner, builds his house, following the measurements of his square? or as Starveling, the tailor, makes his suit, cutting exactly to the pattern? or after the methods of Snout, the tinker, stopping all leaks? and is it finally to have the breath of life blown into it by Francis Flute, the bellows-mender? Shall we ever again lean back when at a play and demand that the dramatist bring on his play built on the principles of the weaver, the joiner, the tailor, the tinker, and the bellows-mender? Or have we learned once and for all that the dramatist, when he works, counts of necessity upon the imagination of the audience to complement his play, and that without that imagination exercised to the limit there can be no better drama than that which the Athenian mechanics are about to produce?

And now, bring on your fairies. We shall accept them though they be six feet tall if you will clothe them in the delicate gossamer of your poetry. Nor shall we put the square and compass upon your work. Four days shall pass as a single night without our calling for a calendar. Nor shall we make the mistake, in discussing your play, of assuming that those who read it are so lacking in imagination that they could for a moment abide having our rude hands thrust into the delicate web of the verse you here have woven.

# A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THESEUS, *Duke of Athens.*  
 EGEUS, *Father to Hermia.*  
 LYSANDER, } *in love with Hermia.*  
 DEMETRIUS, }  
 PHILOSTRATE, *Master of the Revels to Theseus.*  
 QUINCE, *a Carpenter.*  
 SNUG, *a Joiner.*  
 BOTTOM, *a Weaver.*  
 FLUTE, *a Bellows-mender.*  
 SNOUT, *a Tinker.*  
 STARVELING, *a Tailor.*  
 HIPPOLYTA, *Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.*

HERMIA, *daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.*  
 HELENA, *in love with Demetrius.*  
 OBERON, *King of the Fairies.*  
 TITANIA, *Queen of the Fairies.*  
 PUCK, *or Robin Goodfellow.*  
 PEASE-BLOSSOM,  
 COBWEB,  
 MOTHS,  
 MUSTARD-SEED, } *Fairies.*  
 Other Fairies attending their King and Queen.  
 Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

SCENE.—Athens, and a Wood near it.

### ACT

#### SCENE I.—Athens. The Palace of THESEUS.

*Enter* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, and Attendants.

*The.* Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour

Draws on apace: four happy days bring in Another moon; but, O! methinks, how slow This old moon wanes; she lingers my desires,

Like to a step-dame or a dowager Long withering out a young man's revenue.

*Hip.* Four days will quickly steep themselves in night;

Four nights will quickly dream away the time;

And then the moon, like to a silver bow New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night 10 Of our solemnities.

*The.* Go, Philostrate, Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments; Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth; Turn melancholy forth to funerals; The pale companion is not for our pomp.

*Exit PHILOSTRATE.*  
 Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword, And won thy love doing thee injuries; But I will wed thee in another key, With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

*Enter* EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS.

*Ege.* Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke! 20

*The.* Thanks, good Egeus: what's the news with thee?

*Ege.* Full of vexation come I, with complaint

Against my child, my daughter Hermia.

Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord, This man hath my consent to marry her.

Stand forth, Lysander: and, my gracious duke,

This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child:

Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rimes,

And interchang'd love-tokens with my child; Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung, 30

With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;

And stol'n the impression of her fantasy With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,

Knacks, trifles, nosebags, sweetmeats, messengers

Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth; With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart,

Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me, To stubborn harshness. And, my gracious duke,

Be it so she will not here before your grace Consent to marry with Demetrius, 40

I beg the ancient privilege of Athens, As she is mine, I may dispose of her;

Which shall be either to this gentleman, Or to her death, according to our law

Immediately provided in that case.

*The.* What say you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair maid.

To you your father should be as a god; One that compos'd your beauties, yea, and one

To whom you are but as a form in wax By him imprinted, and within his power 50

To leave the figure or disfigure it. Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

*Her.* So is Lysander.

*The.* In himself he is;

But in this kind, wanting your father's voice,  
The other must be held the worthier.

*Her.* I would my father look'd but with  
my eyes.

*The.* Rather your eyes must with his  
judgment look.

*Her.* I do entreat your grace to pardon me.  
I know not by what power I am made bold,  
Nor how it may concern my modesty 60  
In such a presence here to plead my thoughts;  
But I beseech your grace that I may know  
The worst that may befall me in this case,  
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

*The.* Either to die the death, or to abjure  
For ever the society of men.

Therefore, fair Hermia, question your de-  
sires;

Know of your youth, examine well your  
blood,

Whether, if you yield not to your father's  
choice,

You can endure the livery of a nun, 70  
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,  
To live a barren sister all your life,  
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless  
moon.

Thrice blessed they that master so their  
blood,

To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;  
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,  
Than that which withering on the virgin  
thorn

Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

*Her.* So will I grow, so live, so die, my  
lord,

Ere I will yield my virgin patent up 80  
Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke  
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

*The.* Take time to pause; and by the  
next new moon,

The sealing-day betwixt my love and me  
For everlasting bond of fellowship,  
Upon that day either prepare to die  
For disobedience to your father's will,  
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would;  
Or on Diana's altar to protest  
For aye austerity and single life. 90

*Dem.* Relent, sweet Hermia; and Ly-  
sander, yield

Thy crazed title to my certain right.

*Lys.* You have her father's love, De-  
metrius;

Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.

*Ege.* Scornful Lysander! true, he hath  
my love,

And what is mine my love shall render him:  
And she is mine, and all my right of her  
I do estate unto Demetrius.

*Lys.* I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,  
As well possess'd; my love is more than  
his; 100

My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,  
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';

And, which is more than all these boasts  
can be,

I am below'd of beauteous Hermia.  
Why should not I then prosecute my right?

Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,  
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,

And won her soul; and she, sweet lady,  
dotes,

Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,  
Upon this spotted and inconstant man. 110

*The.* I must confess that I have heard so  
much,

And with Demetrius thought to have spoke  
thereof;

But, being over-full of self-affairs,  
My mind did lose it. But, Demetrius, come;

And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,  
I have some private schooling for you both.

For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself  
To fit your fancies to your father's will,  
Or else the law of Athens yields you up,  
Which by no means we may extenuate, 120

To death, or to a vow of single life.

Come, my Hippolyta: what cheer, my love?  
Demetrius and Egeus, go along;

I must employ you in some business  
Against our nuptial, and confer with you  
Of something nearly that concerns your-  
selves.

*Ege.* With duty and desire we follow you.  
*Exeunt THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS,*

*DEMETRIUS, and Train.*

*Lys.* How now, my love! Why is your  
cheek so pale?

How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

*Her.* Belike for want of rain, which I could  
well 130

Beteem them from the tempest of mine  
eyes.

*Lys.* Ay me! for aught that ever I could  
read,

Could ever hear by tale or history,  
The course of true love never did run smooth;

But, either it was different in blood,—  
*Her.* O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to  
low.

*Lys.* Or else misgraffed in respect of  
years,—

*Her.* O spite! too old to be engag'd to  
young.

*Lys.* Or else it stood upon the choice of  
friends,—

*Her.* O hell! to choose love by another's  
eyes. 140

*Lys.* Or, if there were a sympathy in  
choice,

War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,  
Making it momentary as a sound,

Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,  
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,

That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and  
earth,

And ere a man hath power to say 'Behold!'  
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:

So quick bright things come to confusion.

*Her.* If then true lovers have been ever  
cross'd, 150

It stands as an edict in destiny:  
Then let us teach our trial patience,

Because it is a customary cross,  
As due to love as thoughts and dreams and  
sighs.

Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers.

*Lys.* A good persuasion: therefore, hear  
me, Hermia.

I have a widow aunt, a dowager  
Of great revenue, and she hath no child:  
From Athens is her house remote seven  
leagues;

And she respects me as her only son. 160  
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee,  
And to that place the sharp Athenian law  
Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me  
then,

Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow  
night,

And in the wood, a league without the  
town,

Where I did meet thee once with Helena,  
To do observance to a morn of May,  
There will I stay for thee.

*Her.* My good Lysander!  
I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow,  
By his best arrow with the golden head, 170  
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,  
By that which knitteth souls and prospers  
loves,

And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage  
queen,

When the false Trojan under sail was seen,  
By all the vows that ever men have broke,  
In number more than ever women spoke,  
In that same place thou hast appointed  
me,

To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

*Lys.* Keep promise, love. Look, here  
comes Helena.

*Enter HELENA.*

*Her.* God speed fair Helena! Whither  
away? 180

*Hel.* Call you me fair? that fair again  
unsay.

Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!  
Your eyes are lode-stars, and your tongue's  
sweet air

More tuneable than lark to shepherd's  
ear,

When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds  
appear.

Sickness is catching: O! were favour so,  
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;  
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your  
eye,

My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet  
melody.

Were the world mine, Demetrius being  
bated, 190

The rest I'd give to be to you translated.  
O! teach me how you look, and with what  
art

You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

*Her.* I frown upon him, yet he loves me  
still.

*Hel.* O! that your frowns would teach  
my smiles such skill.

*Her.* I give him curses, yet he gives me  
love.

*Hel.* O! that my prayers could such af-  
fection move.

*Her.* The more I hate, the more he fol-  
lows me.

*Hel.* The more I love, the more he hateth  
me.

*Her.* His folly, Helena, is no fault of  
mine. 200

*Hel.* None, but your beauty: would that  
fault were mine!

*Her.* Take comfort: he no more shall see  
my face;

Lysander and myself will fly this place.

Before the time I did Lysander see,  
Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:

O! then, what graces in my love do dwell,  
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell.

*Lys.* Helen, to you our minds we will  
unfold.

To-morrow night, when Phoebe doth behold  
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass, 210

Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,  
A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,

Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to  
steal.

*Her.* And in the wood, where often you  
and I

Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,  
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,

There my Lysander and myself shall meet;  
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,

To seek new friends and stranger companies.  
Farewell, sweet playfellow: pray thou for  
us; 220

And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!  
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our  
sight

From lovers' food till morrow deep midnight.  
*Lys.* I will, my Hermia. *Exit HERMIA.*

Helena, adieu:  
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you!

*Exit.*

*Hel.* How happy some o'er other some  
can be!

Through Athens I am thought as fair as she;  
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not  
so;

He will not know what all but he do know;  
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes, 230

So I, admiring of his qualities,  
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,

Love can transpose to form and dignity.  
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the  
mind,

And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.  
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste;

Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste:  
And therefore is Love said to be a child,

Because in choice he is so oft beguild.  
As waggish boys in game themselves for-  
swear, 240

So the boy Love is perjur'd every where;  
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,

He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;  
And when this hail some heat from Hermia  
felt,

So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did  
melt.

I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:  
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night

Pursue her; and for this intelligence  
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:

But herein mean I to enrich my pain, 250  
To have his sight thither and back again.

*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Room in QUINCE'S House.*

*Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING.*

*Quin.* Is all our company here?

*Bot.* You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

*Quin.* Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and duchess on his wedding-day at night.

*Bot.* First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors, and so grow to a point.

*Quin.* Marry, our play is, The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

*Bot.* A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

*Quin.* Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.

*Bot.* Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

*Quin.* You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

*Bot.* What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

*Quin.* A lover, that kills himself most gallant for love.

*Bot.* That will ask some tears in the true performing of it; if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest: yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

The raging rocks  
And shivering shocks  
Shall break the locks  
Of prison gates:  
And Phibbus' car  
Shall shine from far  
And make and mar  
The foolish Fates.

This was lofty! Now name the rest of the players. This is *Ercles'* vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

*Quin.* Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

*Flu.* Here, Peter Quince.

*Quin.* You must take Thisby on you.

*Flu.* What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

*Quin.* It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

*Flu.* Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

*Quin.* That's all one: you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

*Bot.* An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too. I'll speak in a monstrous little voice, 'Thisne, Thisne.' 'Ah! Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!'

*Quin.* No, no; you must play Pyramus; and, Flute, you Thisby.

*Bot.* Well, proceed.

*Quin.* Robin Starveling, the tailor.

*Star.* Here, Peter Quince.

*Quin.* Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother. Tom Snout, the tinker.

*Snout.* Here, Peter Quince.

*Quin.* You, Pyramus' father; myself, Thisby's father. Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part; and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

*Snug.* Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

*Quin.* You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

*Bot.* Let me play the lion too. I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, 'Let him roar again, let him roar again.'

*Quin.* An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

*All.* That would hang us, every mother's son.

*Bot.* I grant you friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice so that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale.

*Quin.* You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentlemanlike man; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

*Bot.* Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

*Quin.* Why, what you will.

*Bot.* I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.

*Quin.* Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced. But, masters, here are your parts; and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night, and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there will we rehearse; for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company, and our devices known. In the meantime I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

*Bot.* We will meet; and there we may rehearse most obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

*Quin.* At the duke's oak we meet.

*Bot.* Enough; hold, or cut bow-strings.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT II

SCENE I.—*A Wood near Athens.*

*Enter a Fairy and PUCK from opposite sides.*

*Puck.* How now, spirit! whither wander you?

*Fai.* Over hill, over dale,  
Thorough bush, thorough brier,  
Over park, over pale,  
Thorough flood, thorough fire,  
I do wander every where,  
Swifter than the moon's sphere;  
And I serve the fairy queen,  
To dew her orbs upon the green:  
The cowslips tall her pensioners be; 10  
In their gold coats spots you see;  
Those be rubies, fairy favours,  
In those freckles live their savours:  
I must go seek some dew-drops here,  
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.  
Farewell, thou lob of spirits: I'll be gone:  
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.  
*Puck.* The king doth keep his revels here  
to-night.

Take heed the queen come not within his  
sight;

For Oberon is passing fell and wrath, 20  
Because that she as her attendant hath  
A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king;  
She never had so sweet a changeling;  
And jealous Oberon would have the child  
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;  
But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,  
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all  
her joy.

And now they never meet in grove, or green,  
By fountain clear, or spangled starlight  
sheen,

But they do square; that all their elves, for  
fear, 30

Creep into acorn-cups, and hide them there.

*Fai.* Either I mistake your shape and  
making quite,

Or else you are that shrewd and knavish  
sprite

Call'd Robin Goodfellow: are not you he  
That fright the maidens of the villagery;  
Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the  
quern,

And bootless make the breathless housewife  
churn;

And sometime make the drink to bear no  
barm;

Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their  
harm?

Those that Hobgoblin call you and sweet  
Puck, 40

You do their work, and they shall have good  
luck:

Are not you he?

*Puck.* Thou speak'st aright;  
I am that merry wanderer of the night.  
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile  
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,  
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:  
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,  
In very likeness of a roasted crab;  
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob  
And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale. 50  
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,  
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;  
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,  
And 'tailor' cries, and falls into a cough;  
And then the whole quire hold their hips and  
laugh,

And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and  
swear

A merrier hour was never wasted there.

But room, fairy! here comes Oberon.

*Fai.* And here my mistress. Would that  
he were gone!

*Enter Oberon from one side, with his Train,  
TITANIA from the other, with hers.*

*Obe.* Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania. 60  
*Tita.* What! jealous Oberon. Fairies,  
skip hence:

I have forsworn his bed and company.

*Obe.* Tarry, rash wanton! am not I thy  
lord?

*Tita.* Then I must be thy lady; but I  
know

When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,  
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,

Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love  
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,

Come from the furthest steep of India?  
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon, 70

Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,  
To Theseus must be wedded, and you come

To give their bed joy and prosperity.

*Obe.* How canst thou thus for shame,  
Titania,

Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,

Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?

Didst thou not lead him through the glim-  
mering night

From Perigenia, whom he ravished?

And make him with fair Ægle break his  
faith,

With Ariadne, and Antiopa? 80

*Tita.* These are the forgeries of jealousy:

And never, since the middle summer's  
spring,

Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,  
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,

Or in the beached margin of the sea,  
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,

But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our  
sport.

Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,  
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea

Contagious fogs; which falling in the land 90  
Have every pelling river made so proud,  
That they have overborne their continents:

The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in  
vain,

The ploughman lost his sweat, and the green  
corn

Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard:  
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,

And crows are fattened with the murrain flock,  
The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud,

And the quaint mazes in the wanton green  
For lack of tread are undistinguishable: 100

The human mortals want their winter here:  
No night is now with hymn or carol blest:

Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,  
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,

That rheumatic diseases do abound:  
And thorough this distemperature we see

The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts  
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,

And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown

An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds 110  
Is, as in mockery, set. The spring, the  
summer,

The chiding autumn, angry winter, change  
Their wonted liveries, and the mazed world,  
By their increase, now knows not which is  
which.

And this same progeny of evils comes  
From our debate, from our dissension:  
We are their parents and original.

*Obe.* Do you amend it then; it lies in you.  
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?  
I do but beg a little changeling boy, 120  
To be my henchman.

*Tit.* Set your heart at rest;  
The fairy land buys not the child of me.  
His mother was a votaress of my order:  
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,  
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side,  
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,  
Marking the embarked traders on the flood;  
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive

And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind;  
Which she, with pretty and with swimming  
gait 131

Following,—her womb then rich with my  
young squire,—

Would imitate, and sail upon the land,  
To fetch me trifles, and return again,  
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.  
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;  
And for her sake do I rear up her boy,  
And for her sake I will not part with him.

*Obe.* How long within this wood intend  
you stay?

*Tit.* Perchance, till after Theseus' wed-  
ding-day.

If you will patiently dance in our round, 140  
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;  
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

*Obe.* Give me that boy, and I will go with  
thee.

*Tit.* Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies,  
away!

We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.  
*Exit TITANIA, with her Train.*

*Obe.* Well, go thy way: thou shalt not  
from this grove

Till I torment thee for this injury.

My gentle Puck, come hither: thou remem-  
ber'st

Since once I sat upon a promontory,  
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back 150  
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,  
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,  
And certain stars shot madly from their  
spheres,

To hear the sea-maid's music.

*Puck.* I remember.

*Obe.* That very time I saw, but thou  
could'st not.

Flying between the cold moon and the earth,  
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took

At a fair vestal throned by the west,  
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his  
bow,

As it should pierce a hundred thousand  
hearts; 160

But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft  
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry  
moon.

And the imperial votaress passed on,  
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.

Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:  
It fell upon a little western flower,  
Before milk-white, now purple with love's  
wound,

And maidens call it Love-in-idleness.  
Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd  
thee once:

The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid 170  
Will make or man or woman madly dote  
Upon the next live creature that it sees.  
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again  
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

*Puck.* I'll put a girdle round about the  
earth

In forty minutes. *Exit.*

*Obe.* Having once this juice  
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,  
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:

The next thing then she waking looks upon,  
Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull, 180

On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,  
She shall pursue it with the soul of love:

And ere I take this charm off from her sight,  
As I can take it with another herb,

I'll make her render up her page to me.  
But who comes here? I am invisible,

And I will overhear their conference.

*Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him.*

*Dem.* I love thee not, therefore pursue  
me not.

Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?  
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me. 190

Thou told'st me they were stol'n unto this  
wood;

And here am I, and wode within this wood,  
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.

Hence! get thee gone, and follow me no  
more.

*Hel.* You draw me, you hard-hearted  
adamant:

But yet you draw not iron, for my heart  
Is true as steel: leave you your power to  
draw,

And I shall have no power to follow you.

*Dem.* Do I entice you? do I speak you  
fair?

Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth 200  
Tell you I do not nor I cannot love you?

*Hel.* And even for that do I love you the  
more.

I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,  
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:

Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike  
me,

Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,  
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.

What worse place can I beg in your love,  
And yet a place of high respect with me,

Than to be used as you use your dog? 210

*Dem.* Tempt not too much the hatred of  
my spirit.

For I am sick when I do look on thee.  
*Hel.* And I am sick when I look not on you.

*Dem.* You do impeach your modesty too much,

To leave the city, and commit yourself  
Into the hands of one that loves you not;  
To trust the opportunity of night  
And the ill counsel of a desert place  
With the rich worth of your virginity.

*Hel.* Your virtue is my privilege: for that

It is not night when I do see your face,  
Therefore I think I am not in the night;  
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,  
For you in my respect are all the world:  
Then how can it be said I am alone,  
When all the world is here to look on me?

*Dem.* I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,

And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

*Hel.* The wildest hath not such a heart as you.

Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd;

Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;  
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind  
Makes speed to catch the tiger: bootless speed,

When cowardice pursues and valour flies!

*Dem.* I will not stay thy questions: let me go;

Or, if thou follow me, do not believe  
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

*Hel.* Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,

You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!  
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex. 240  
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;  
We should be woo'd and were not made to woo. *Exit DEMETRIUS.*

I'll follow thee and make a heaven of hell,  
To die upon the hand I love so well. *Exit.*

*Obe.* Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,

Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.

*Re-enter PUCK.*

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

*Puck.* Ay, there it is.

*Obe.* I pray thee, give it me.

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,  
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows, 250

Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,  
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:  
There sleeps Titania some time of the night,  
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;

And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,

Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:  
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,  
And make her full of hateful fantasies.  
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:

A sweet Athenian lady is in love 260  
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;  
But do it when the next thing he espies  
May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man

By the Athenian garments he hath on.  
Effect it with some care, that he may prove  
More fond on her than she upon her love.  
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

*Puck.* Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Part of the Wood.*

*Enter TITANIA, with her Train.*

*Tita.* Come, now a roundel and a fairy song;

Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;  
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,  
Some war with ere-mice for their leathern wings,

To make my small elves coats, and some keep back

The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots and wonders

At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;  
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

*The Fairies sing.*

I.

*You spotted snakes with double tongue,  
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;  
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;  
Come not near our fairy queen.* 10

*Philomel, with melody  
Sing in our sweet lullaby;  
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:  
Never harm,  
Nor spell nor charm,  
Come our lovely lady nigh;  
So, good night, with lullaby.*

II.

*Weaving spiders, come not here;  
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!  
Beetles black, approach not near;  
Worm nor snail, do no offence.* 20

*Philomel, with melody  
Sing in our sweet lullaby;  
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:  
Never harm,  
Nor spell nor charm,  
Come our lovely lady nigh;  
So, good night, with lullaby.*

*A Fairy.* Hence, away! now all is well.

One aloof stand sentinel.

*Exeunt Fairies. TITANIA sleeps.*

*Enter OBERON, and squeezes the flower on TITANIA'S eyelids.*

*Obe.* What thou seest when thou dost wake,

Do it for thy true-love take;

Love and languish for his sake:

Be it ounce, or cat, or bear, 30

Pard, or boar with bristled hair,

In thy eye that shall appear

When thou wak'st, it is thy dear.

Wake when some vile thing is near. *Exit.*

*Enter* LYSANDER and HERMIA.

*Lys.* Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;

And to speak troth, I have forgot our way:  
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,  
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

*Her.* Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed,

For I upon this bank will rest my head. 40

*Lys.* One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;

One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

*Her.* Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,

Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.

*Lys.* O! take the sense, sweet, of my innocence,

Love takes the meaning in love's conference.  
I mean that my heart unto yours is knit,

So that but one heart we can make of it;  
Two bosoms interchained with an oath;

So then two bosoms and a single troth. 50  
Then by your side no bed-room me deny,

For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

*Her.* Lysander riddles very prettily:

Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,

If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.

But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy  
Lie further off; in human modesty,

Such separation as may well be said  
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,

So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend. 60

Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!

*Lys.* Amen, amen, to that fair prayer say I;  
And then end life when I end loyalty!

Here is my bed: sleep give thee all his rest!

*Her.* With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd!

*They sleep.*

*Enter* PUCK.

*Puck.* Through the forest have I gone,  
But Athenian found I none,

On whose eyes I might approve  
This flower's force in stirring love.

Night and silence! Who is here?  
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:

This is he, my master said; 72  
Despised the Athenian maid;

And here the maiden, sleeping sound,

On the dank and dirty ground.  
Pretty soul! she durst not lie

Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.

Churl, upon thy eyes I throw  
All the power this charm doth owe.

When thou wak'st, let love forbid  
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid: 81

So awake when I am gone;  
For I must now to Oberon. *Exit.*

*Enter* DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running.

*Hel.* Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

*Dem.* I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

*Hel.* O! wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.

*Dem.* Stay, on thy peril: I alone will go. *Exit.*

*Hel.* O! I am out of breath in this fond chase.

The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.  
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies; 90

For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.  
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:

If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.  
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;

For beasts that meet me run away for fear;  
Therefore no marvel though Demetrius

Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.  
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine

Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne? 99

But who is here? Lysander! on the ground!  
Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.

Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

*Lys. Awakening.* And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.

Transparent Helena! Nature shows art,  
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.

Where is Demetrius? O! how fit a word  
Is that vile name to perish on my sword.

*Hel.* Do not say so, Lysander; say not so.  
What though he love your Hermia? Lord!

Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.  
*Lys.* Content with Hermia! No: I do repent 109

The tedious minutes I with her have spent.  
Not Hermia, but Helena I love:

Who will not change a raven for a dove?  
The will of man is by his reason sway'd,

And reason says you are the worthier maid.  
Things growing are not ripe until their season;

So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;  
And touching now the point of human skill,

Reason becomes the marshal to my will, 120  
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook  
Love's stories written in love's richest book.

*Hel.* Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?

When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?

Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,  
That I did never, no, nor never can,

Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,  
But you must flout my insufficiency?

Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,

In such disdainful manner me to woo. 130  
But fare you well: perforce I must confess  
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.

O! that a lady of one man refus'd,  
Should of another therefore be abus'd. *Exit.*

*Lys.* She sees not Hermia. Hermia, sleep thou there;

And never may'st thou come Lysander near.  
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things

The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;  
Or as the heresies that men do leave  
Are hated most of those they did deceive:  
So thou, my surfeit and my heresy, 141  
Of all be hated, but the most of me!  
And, all my powers, address your love and  
might  
To honour Helen, and to be her knight.

*Exit.*

*Her. Awakening.* Help me, Lysander, help  
me! do thy best  
To pluck this crawling serpent from my  
breast.

Ay me, for pity! what a dream was here!  
Lysander, look how I do quake with fear:  
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,  
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey. 150  
Lysander! what! remov'd? Lysander!  
lord!

What! out of hearing? gone? no sound, no  
word?

Alack! where are you? speak, an if you  
hear;  
Speak, of all loves! I swoon almost with  
fear.

No! then I well perceive you are not nigh:  
Either death or you I'll find immediately.

*Exit.*

ACT III

SCENE I.—A Wood. TITANIA lying asleep.

*Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE,  
SNOOT, and STARVELING.*

*Bot.* Are we all met?

*Quin.* Pat, pat; and here 's a marvellous  
convenient place for our rehearsal. This  
green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn-  
brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in  
action as we will do it before the duke.

*Bot.* Peter Quince,—

*Quin.* What sayest thou, bully Bottom?

*Bot.* There are things in this comedy of  
Pyramus and Thisby that will never please.  
First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill  
himself, which the ladies cannot abide.  
How answer you that? 13

*Snoot.* By 'r lakin, a parlous fear.

*Star.* I believe we must leave the killing  
out, when all is done.

*Bot.* Not a whit: I have a device to make  
all well. Write me a prologue; and let the  
prologue seem to say, we will do no harm  
with our swords, and that Pyramus is not  
killed indeed; and, for the more better as-  
surance, tell them, that I, Pyramus, am not  
Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: this will  
put them out of fear.

*Quin.* Well, we will have such a prologue,  
and it shall be written in eight and six.

*Bot.* No, make it two more: let it be  
written in eight and eight.

*Snoot.* Will not the ladies be afeard of  
the lion?

*Star.* I fear it, I promise you. 29

*Bot.* Masters, you ought to consider with  
yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a  
lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing;  
for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl

than your lion living, and we ought to look  
to it.

*Snoot.* Therefore, another prologue must  
tell he is not a lion.

*Bot.* Nay, you must name his name, and  
half his face must be seen through the lion's  
neck; and he himself must speak through,  
saying thus, or to the same defect: 'Ladies,'  
or 'Fair ladies, I would wish you,' or, 'I  
would request you,' or, 'I would entreat  
you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for  
yours. If you think I come hither as a lion,  
it were pity of my life: no, I am no such  
thing: I am a man as other men are'; and  
there indeed let him name his name, and  
tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.

*Quin.* Well, it shall be so. But there is  
two hard things: that is, to bring the moon-  
light into a chamber; for you know, Pyra-  
mus and Thisby meet by moonlight. 51

*Snoog.* Doth the moon shine that night we  
play our play?

*Bot.* A calendar, a calendar! look in the  
almanac; find out moonshine, find out  
moonshine.

*Quin.* Yes, it doth shine that night.

*Bot.* Why, then you may leave a case-  
ment of the great chamber-window, where  
we play, open; and the moon may shine in  
at the casement. 59

*Quin.* Ay; or else one must come in with  
a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say he  
comes to disfigure, or to present, the person  
of Moonshine. Then, there is another  
thing: we must have a wall in the great  
chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says  
the story, did talk through the chink of a  
wall.

*Snoog.* You can never bring in a wall.  
What say you, Bottom? 68

*Bot.* Some man or other must present  
Wall; and let him have some plaster, or  
some loam, or some rough-cast about him,  
to signify wall; and let him hold his fingers  
thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus  
and Thisby whisper.

*Quin.* If that may be, then all is well.  
Come, sit down, every mother's son, and  
rehearse your parts: Pyramus, you begin:  
when you have spoken your speech, enter  
into that brake; and so every one according  
to his cue.

*Enter PUCK behind.*

*Puck.* What hempen home-spuns have  
we swaggering here,

So near the cradle of the fairy queen? 80  
What! a play toward; I'll be an auditor;  
An actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

*Quin.* Speak, Pyramus. Thisby, stand  
forth.

*Bot.* Thisby, the flowers of odious savours  
sweet,—

*Quin.* Odours, odours.

*Bot.* —odours odours sweet:

So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby  
dear.

*But hark, a voice! stay thou but here awhile,  
And by and by I will to thee appear. Exit.*

*Puck.* A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here! *Exit.* 90

*Flute.* Must I speak now?

*Quin.* Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

*Flute.* Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,

*Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,*

*Most briskly juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,*

*As true as truest horse that yet would never tire,*

*I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninus's tomb.* 99

*Quin.* 'Ninus' tomb,' man. Why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus. You speak all your part at once, cues and all. Pyramus, enter: your cue is past; it is 'never tire.'

*Flute.* O,—As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

*Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with an ass's head.*

*Bot.* If I were fair, *Thisby*, I were only *thine*.

*Quin.* O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted.

Pray, masters! fly, masters! help! *Exeunt Clowns.*

*Puck.* I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,

Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier: 110

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire; And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,

Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. *Exit.*

*Bot.* Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them to make me afraid.

*Re-enter SNOOT.*

*Snoot.* O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee? 118

*Bot.* What do you see? you see an ass-head of your own, do you? *Exit SNOOT.*

*Re-enter QUINCE.*

*Quin.* Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. *Exit.*

*Bot.* I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid.

*The ousel-cock, so black of hue,*

*With orange-tawny bill,*

*The thrushle with his note so true,* 130

*The wren with little quill,—*

*Tita.* Awaking. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

*Bot.* *The finch, the sparrow, and the lark, The plain-song cuckoo gray,*

*Whose note full many a man doth mark,*

*And dares not answer nay;*

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry 'cuckoo' never so?

*Tita.* I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again: 140

Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note; So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;

And thy fair virtue's force, perforce, doth move me,

On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

*Bot.* Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days. The more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleeke upon occasion. 150

*Tita.* Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

*Bot.* Not so, neither; but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

*Tita.* Out of this wood do not desire to go: Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.

I am a spirit of no common rate; The summer still doth tend upon my state;

And I do love thee: therefore, go with me; I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee, 160

And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,

And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:

And I will purge thy mortal grossness so That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.

Pease-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

*Enter PEASE-BLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, and MUSTARD-SEED.*

*Peas.* Ready.

*Cob.* And I.

*Moth.* And I.

*Mus.* And I.

*All.* Where shall we go?

*Tita.* Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;

Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes; Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,

With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries. 170

The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,

And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs, And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,

To have my love to bed, and to arise; And pluck the wings from painted butterflies

To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes:

Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

*Peas.* Hail, mortal!

*Cob.* Hail!

*Moth.* Hail!

*Mus.* Hail!

*Bot.* I cry your worships mercy, heartily:  
I beseech your worship's name.

*Cob.* Cobweb.

*Bot.* I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you. Your name, honest gentleman?

*Peas.* Pease-blossom.

*Bot.* I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash, your mother, and to Master Peas-cod, your father. Good Master Pease-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too. Your name, I beseech you, sir? 194

*Mus.* Mustard-seed.

*Bot.* Good Master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Mustard-seed. 200

*Tita.* Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower:

The moon methinks looks with a watery eye;

And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,

Lamenting some enforced chastity.

Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently. *Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—Another Part of the Wood.

*Enter OBERON.*

*Obe.* I wonder if Titania be awak'd;  
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,  
Which she must dote on in extremity.

*Enter PUCK.*

Here comes my messenger. How now, mad spirit!

What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

*Puck.* My mistress with a monster is in love.

Near to her close and consecrated bower,  
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,  
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,  
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls, 10  
Were met together to rehearse a play  
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.  
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,

Who Pyramus presented in their sport,  
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake,  
When I did him at this advantage take;  
An ass's now! I fixed on his head:  
Anon his Thisbe must be answered,  
And forth my mimic comes. When they  
him spy,

As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye, 20  
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,  
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,  
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;

So, at his sight, away his fellows fly,

180

And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;

He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.  
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears  
thus strong,

Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;

For briars and thorns at their apparel snatch;  
Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders all  
things catch. 30

I led them on in this distracted fear,  
And left sweet Pyramus translated there;  
When in that moment, so it came to pass,  
Titania wak'd and straightway lov'd an ass.

*Obe.* This falls out better than I could devise.

But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes  
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

*Puck.* I took him sleeping, that is finish'd too,

And the Athenian woman by his side;  
That, when he wak'd, of force she must be  
eyed. 40

*Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA.*

*Obe.* Stand close: this is the same Athenian.

*Puck.* This is the woman; but not this the man.

*Dem.* O! why rebuke you him that loves you so?

Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

*Her.* Now I but chide; but I should use thee worse,

For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.

If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,  
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,

And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day 50  
As he to me. Would he have stol'n away  
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon

This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the moon

May through the centre creep, and so displease

Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes

It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;

So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.

*Dem.* So should the murder'd look, and so should I,

Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty;

Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear, 60

As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

*Her.* What's this to my Lysander? where is he?

Ah! good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

*Dem.* I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.

*Her.* Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?

Henceforth be never number'd among men!  
O! once tell true, tell true, e'en for my sake;

Durst thou have look'd upon him being  
awake,  
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave  
touch!

Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?  
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue  
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

*Dem.* You spend your passion on a mis-  
pris'd mood:

I am not guilty of Lysander's blood,  
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

*Her.* I pray thee, tell me then that he is  
well.

*Dem.* An if I could, what should I get  
therefore?

*Her.* A privilege never to see me more.  
And from thy hated presence part I so; 80  
See me no more, whether he be dead or no.

*Dem.* There is no following her in this  
fierce vein:

Here therefore for a while I will remain.  
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow  
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow  
owe;

Which now in some slight measure it will  
pay,

If for his tender here I make some stay.  
*Lies down and sleeps.*

*Obe.* What hast thou done? thou hast  
mistaken quite,  
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's  
sight:

Of thy misprision must perforce ensue 90  
Some true love turn'd, and not a false  
turn'd true.

*Puck.* Then fate o'er-rules, that, one man  
holding troth,

A million fail, confounding oath on oath.  
*Obe.* About the wood go swifter than the  
wind,

And Helena of Athens look thou find:  
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer  
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood  
dear.

By some illusion see thou bring her here:  
I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

*Puck.* I go, I go; look how I go; 100  
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.  
*Exit.*

*Obe.* Flower of this purple dye,  
Hit with Cupid's archery,  
Sink in apple of his eye,  
When his love he doth espy,  
Let her shine as gloriously  
As the Venus of the sky.  
When thou wak'st, if she be by,  
Beg of her for remedy.

*Re-enter PUCK.*

*Puck.* Captain of our fairy band, 110  
Helena is here at hand,  
And the youth, mistook by me,  
Pleading for a lover's fee,  
Shall we their fond pageant see?  
Lord, what fools these mortals be!  
*Obe.* Stand aside: the noise they make  
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

*Puck.* Then will two at once woo one;  
That must needs be sport alone;  
And those things do best please  
me 120  
That befall preposterously.

*Enter LYSANDER and HELENA.*

*Lys.* Why should you think that I should  
woo in scorn?

Scorn and derision never come in tears:  
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so  
born,

In their nativity all truth appears.  
How can these things in me seem scorn to  
you,

Bearing the badge of faith to prove them  
true?

*Hel.* You do advance your cunning more and  
more.

When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy  
fray!

These vows are Hermia's; will you give her  
o'er? 130

Weigh oath with oath, and you will  
nothing weigh:

Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,  
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

*Lys.* I had no judgment when to her I  
swore.

*Hel.* Nor none, in my mind, now you give  
her o'er.

*Lys.* Demetrius loves her, and he loves  
not you.

*Dem.* *Awaking.* O Helen! goddess,  
nymph, perfect, divine!

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?  
Crystal is muddy. O! how ripe in show

Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting  
grow; 140

That pure congealed white, high Taurus'  
snow,

Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a  
crow

When thou hold'st up thy hand. O! let me  
kiss

This princess of pure white, this seal of  
bliss.

*Hel.* O spite! O hell! I see you all are  
bent

To set against me for your merriment:

If you were civil and knew courtesy,  
You would not do me thus much injury.

Can you not hate me, as I know you do,  
But you must join in souls to mock me too? 150

If you were men, as men you are in show,  
You would not use a gentle lady so;

To vow, and swear, and superpraise my  
parts,

When I am sure you hate me with your  
hearts.

You both are rivals, and love Hermia,  
And now both rivals, to mock Helena.

A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,  
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes

With your derision! none of noble sort  
Would so offend a virgin, and extort 160

A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.  
*Lys.* You are unkind, Demetrius; be  
not so;

For you love Hermia; this you know I know:  
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,

In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;  
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,  
Whom I do love, and will do till my death.

*Hel.* Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

*Dem.* Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:

If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone. 170  
My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,  
And now to Helen is it home return'd,  
There to remain.

*Lys.* Helen, it is not so.

*Dem.* Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,

Lest to thy peril thou abide it dear.

Look! where thy love comes: yonder is thy dear.

*Re-enter HERMIA.*

*Her.* Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,

The ear more quick of apprehension makes;  
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,  
It pays the hearing double recompense. 180  
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;  
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.

But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

*Lys.* Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?

*Her.* What love could press Lysander from my side?

*Lys.* Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,

Fair Helena, who more engilds the night  
Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.

Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,

The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so? 190

*Her.* You speak not as you think: it cannot be.

*Hel.* Lo! she is one of this confederacy.

Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three  
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.

Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!  
Have you conspir'd, have you with these

contriv'd

To bait me with this foul derision?

Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,  
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,

When we have chid the hasty-footed time 200  
For parting us, O! is it all forgot?

All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?

We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,  
Have with our needles created both one

flower,

Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,  
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,

As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds;  
Had been incorporate. So we grew to-

gether,

Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,

But yet an union in partition; - 210

Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;  
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;  
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,  
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.  
And will you rend our ancient love asunder,  
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?

It is not friendly, 't is not maidenly:

Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,  
Though I alone do feel the injury.

*Her.* I am amazed at your passionate words. 220

I scorn you not: it seems that you scorn me.

*Hel.* Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,

To follow me and praise my eyes and face,  
And made your other love, Demetrius,

Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,

To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,  
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he

this

To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander

Deny your love, so rich within his soul,  
And tender me, forsooth, affection, 230

But by your setting on, by your consent?

What though I be not so in grace as you,  
So hung upon with love, so fortunate,

But miserable most to love unlov'd,  
This you should pity rather than despise.

*Her.* I understand not what you mean by this.

*Hel.* Ay, do, persevere, counterfeit sad looks,

Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;  
Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up:

This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled. 240

If you have any pity, grace, or manners,  
You would not make me such an argument.

But, fare ye well: 't is partly my own fault,  
Which death or absence soon shall remedy.

*Lys.* Stay, gentle Helena! hear my excuse:

My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

*Hel.* O excellent!

*Her.* Sweet, do not scorn her so.

*Dem.* If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

*Lys.* Thou canst compel no more than she entreat:

Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers. 250

Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do:

I swear by that which I will lose for thee,  
To prove him false that says I love thee not.

*Dem.* I say I love thee more than he can do.

*Lys.* If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

*Dem.* Quick, come!

*Her.* Lysander, whereto tends all this?

*Lys.* Away, you Ethiop!

*Dem.* No, no, sir;  
Seem to break loose, take on as you would follow,  
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go!

*Lys.* Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! vile thing, let loose, 260

Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.

*Her.* Why are you grown so rude? what change is this?

Sweet love,—

*Lys.* Thy love! out, tawny Tartar, out! Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!

*Her.* Do you not jest?

*Hel.* Yes, sooth; and so do you.

*Lys.* Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

*Dem.* I would I had your bond, for I perceive

A weak bond holds you: I'll not trust your word.

*Lys.* What! should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?

Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so. 270

*Her.* What! can you do me greater harm than hate?

Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?

Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander? I am as fair now as I was erewhile.

Since night you lov'd me; yet since night you left me:

Why, then you left me—O, the gods forbid!—In earnest, shall I say?

*Lys.* Ay, by my life;

And never did desire to see thee more.

Therefore, be out of hope, of question, of doubt;

Be certain, nothing truer: 't is no jest, 280 That I do hate thee and love Helena.

*Her.* O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!

You thief of love! what! have you come by night

And stol'n my love's heart from him?

*Hel.* Fine, i' faith!

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame, No touch of bashfulness? What! will you

tear

Impatient answers from my gentle tongue? Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet you!

*Her.* Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the game.

Now I perceive that she hath made compare 290

Between our statures: she hath urg'd her height;

And with her personage, her tall personage, Her height, forsooth, she hath prevailed

with him.

And are you grown so high in his esteem, Because I am so dwarfish and so low?

How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;

How low am I? I am not yet so low But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

*Hel.* I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,

Let her not hurt me; I was never curst; 300 I have no gift at all in shrewishness;

I am a right maid for my cowardice: Let her not strike me. You perhaps may

think,

Because she is something lower than myself, That I can match her.

*Her.* Lower! hark, again.

*Hel.* Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.

I evermore did love you, Hermia, Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;

Save that, in love unto Demetrius, I told him of your stealth unto this wood. 310

He follow'd you; for love I follow'd him; But he hath chid me hence, and threaten'd me

To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too: And now, so you will let me quiet go,

To Athens will I bear my folly back, And follow you no further: let me go:

You see how simple and how fond I am.

*Her.* Why, get you gone. Who is 't that hinders you?

*Hel.* A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

*Her.* What! with Lysander?

*Hel.* With Demetrius.

*Lys.* Be not afraid: she shall not harm thee, Helena. 321

*Dem.* No, sir; she shall not, though you take her part.

*Hel.* O! when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd.

She was a vixen when she went to school: And though she be but little, she is fierce.

*Her.* 'Little' again! nothing but 'low' and 'little'!

Why will you suffer her to flout me thus? Let me come to her.

*Lys.* Get you gone, you dwarf; You minimus, of hindering knot-grass made;

You bead, you acorn.

*Dem.* You are too officious 330 In her behalf that scorns your services.

Let her alone; speak not of Helena; Take not her part, for if thou dost intend

Never so little show of love to her, Thou shalt abide it.

*Lys.* Now she holds me not; Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,

Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.

*Dem.* Follow! nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jole.

*Exeunt LYSANDER and DEMETRIUS.*

*Her.* You, mistress, all this coil is long of you:

Nay, go not back.

*Hel.* I will not trust you, I, 340 Nor longer stay in your curst company.

Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray, My legs are longer though, to run away.

*Exit.*

*Her.* I am amaz'd, and know not what to say.

*Exit.*

*Obe.* This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,

Or else commit'st thy knaveries wilfully.

*Puck.* Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.

Did not you tell me I should know the man By the Athenian garments he had on?

And so far blameless proves my enterprise, 350 That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes; And so far am I glad it so did sort, As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

*Obe.* Thou seest these lovers seek a place to fight:

Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;  
The starry welkin cover thou anon  
With drooping fog as black as Acheron;  
And lead these testy rivals so astray,  
As one come not within another's way.  
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue, 360

Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;  
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;  
And from each other look thou lead them thus,  
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep

With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:  
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;  
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,  
To take from thence all error with his might,  
And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight.

When they next wake, all this derision 370  
Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision;  
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,  
With league whose date till death shall never end.

Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,  
I'll to my queen and beg her Indian boy;  
And then I will her charmed eye release  
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

*Puck.* My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,  
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,

And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger; 380  
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,

Troop home to churchyards: damned spirits all,

That in crossways and floods have burial,  
Already to their wormy beds are gone;  
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,

They wilfully themselves exile from light,  
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

*Obe.* But we are spirits of another sort.  
I with the morning's love have oft made sport;

And, like a forester, the groves may tread, 390  
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,  
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,  
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.  
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:

We may effect this business yet ere day. *Exit.*

*Puck.* Up and down, up and down;  
I will lead them up and down:  
I am fear'd in field and town;  
Goblin, lead them up and down.  
Here comes one. 400

*Re-enter LYSANDER.*

*Lys.* Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.

*Puck.* Here, villain! drawn and ready.  
Where art thou?

*Lys.* I will be with thee straight.

*Puck.* Follow me, then,  
To plainer ground.

*Exit LYSANDER as following the voice.*

*Re-enter DEMETRIUS.*

*Dem.* Lysander! speak again:  
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?  
Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?

*Puck.* Thou coward! art thou bragging to the stars,  
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,  
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;  
I'll whip thee with a rod: he is defil'd 410  
That draws a sword on thee.

*Dem.* Yea; art thou there?

*Puck.* Follow my voice: we'll try no manhood here. *Exeunt.*

*Re-enter LYSANDER.*

*Lys.* He goes before me and still dares me on;

When I come where he calls, then he is gone.  
The villain is much lighter-heel'd than I:  
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;  
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,  
And here will rest me. *Lies down.*

Come, thou gentle day!  
For if but once thou show me thy grey light,  
I'll find Demetrius and revenge this spite. 420

*Re-enter PUCK and DEMETRIUS.*

*Puck.* Ho! ho! ho! Coward, why com'st thou not?

*Dem.* Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot  
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,  
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.

Where art thou now?

*Puck.* Come hither: I am here.

*Dem.* Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this dear,  
If ever I thy face by daylight see:  
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me

To measure out my length on this cold bed:  
By day's approach look to be visited. 430  
*Lies down and sleeps.*

*Re-enter HELENA.*

*Hel.* O weary night, O long and tedious night,

Abate thy hours! shine comforts from the east!

That I may back to Athens by daylight,  
From these that my poor company detest:  
And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,  
Steal me awhile from mine own company.

*Lies down and sleeps.*

*Puck.* Yet but three? Come one more;  
Two of both kinds make up four.  
Here she comes, curst and sad:  
Cupid is a knavish lad, 440  
Thus to make poor females mad.

*Re-enter HERMIA.*

*Her.* Never so weary, never so in woe,  
Bedabbled with the dew and torn with  
briers.

I can no further crawl, no further go;  
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.  
Here will I rest me till the break of day.  
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a  
fray! *Lies down and sleeps.*

*Puck.* On the ground  
Sleep sound:  
I'll apply 450  
To your eye

Gentle lover, remedy.  
*Squeezes the juice on LYSANDER'S eyes.*

When thou wak'st,  
Thou tak'st  
True delight  
In the sight

Of thy former lady's eye:  
And the country proverb known,  
That every man should take his  
own,

In your waking shall be shown: 460  
Jack shall have Jill;  
Nought shall go ill;

The man shall have his mare again,  
And all shall be well. *Exit.*

## ACT IV

### SCENE I.—A Wood.

LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA and  
HERMIA lying asleep. *Enter TITANIA*  
and BOTTOM. *Fairies attending.*  
OBERON behind unseen.

*Tita.* Come, sit thee down upon this  
flowery bed,

While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,  
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth  
head.

And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.  
*Bot.* Where's thy Pease-blossom?

*Peas.* Ready.

*Bot.* Scratch my head, Pease-blossom.  
Where's Mounsieur Cobweb?

*Cob.* Ready. 9

*Bot.* Mounsieur Cobweb, good moun-  
sieur, get you your weapons in your hand,  
and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the  
top of a thistle; and, good mounsieur,  
bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret your-  
self too much in the action, mounsieur;  
and, good mounsieur, have a care the honey-  
bag break not: I would be loath to have  
you overflown with a honey-bag, signior.  
Where's Mounsieur Mustard-seed?

*Must.* Ready.

*Bot.* Give me your neaf, Mounsieur  
Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your  
courtesies, good mounsieur. 22

*Must.* What's your will?

*Bot.* Nothing, good mounsieur, but to  
help Cavalery Cobweb to scratch. I must  
to the barber's, mounsieur; for methinks I  
am marvelous hairy about the face; and I  
am such a tender ass, if my hair do but  
tickle me, I must scratch.

*Tita.* What, wilt thou hear some music,  
my sweet love?

*Bot.* I have a reasonable good ear in  
music: let's have the tongs and the bones. 31

*Tita.* Or say, sweet love, what thou de-  
sir'st to eat.

*Bot.* Truly, a peck of provender: I could  
munch your good dry oats. Methinks I  
have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good  
hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

*Tita.* I have a venturous fairy that shall  
seek

The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new  
nuts.

*Bot.* I had rather have a handful or two of  
dried pease. But, I pray you, let none of  
your people stir me: I have an exposition of  
sleep come upon me. 42

*Tita.* Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in  
my arms. Fairies, be gone, and be all ways  
away. *Exeunt Fairies.*

So doth the woodbine the sweet honey-  
suckle

Gently entwist; the female ivy so

Enrings the barks fingers of the elm.

O! how I love thee; how I dote on thee!  
*They sleep.*

*Enter PUCK.*

*Obe. Advancing.* Welcome, good Robin.  
Seest thou this sweet sight?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity; 50

For, meeting her of late behind the wood,

Seeking sweet favours for this hateful fool,

I did upbraid her and fall out with her;

For she his hairy temples then had rounded

With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;  
And that same dew, which sometime on the  
buds

Was wont to swell like round and orient  
pearls,

Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes  
Like tears that did their own disgrace be-  
wail.

When I had at my pleasure taunted her, 60

And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,

I then did ask of her her changeling child;

Which straight she gave me, and her fairy  
sent

To bear him to my bower in fairy land.

And now I have the boy, I will undo

This hateful imperfection of her eyes:

And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp

From off the head of this Athenian swain,

That, he awaking when the other do,

May all to Athens back again repair, 70

And think no more of this night's accidents

But as the fierce vexation of a dream.

But first I will release the fairy queen.

Be as thou wast wont to be;

See as thou wast wont to see:

Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower

Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet  
queen.

*Tita.* My Oberon! what visions have I  
seen!

Methought I was enamour'd of an ass. 80

*Obe.* There lies your love.

*Tita.* How came these things to pass?  
O! how mine eyes do loathe his visage now.  
*Obe.* Silence awhile. Robin, take off this head.

*Titania*, music call; and strike more dead  
Than common sleep of all these five the sense.

*Tita.* Music, ho! music! such as charm-  
eth sleep. *Music.*

*Puck.* Now, when thou wak'st, with thine  
own fool's eyes peep.

*Obe.* Sound, music! Come, my queen,  
take hands with me.

And rock the ground whereon these sleepers  
be. 90

Now thou and I are new in amity,  
And will to-morrow midnight solemnly  
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,  
And bless it to all fair prosperity:  
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be  
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

*Puck.* Fairy king, attend, and mark;  
I do hear the morning lark.

*Obe.* Then, my queen, in silence sad,  
Trip we after the night's shade;  
We the globe can compass soon, 101  
Swifter than the wandering moon.

*Tita.* Come, my lord; and in our flight  
Tell me how it came this night  
That I sleeping here was found  
With these mortals on the ground.

*Exeunt.*

*Horns winded within.*

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and  
Train.*

*The.* Go, one of you, find out the forester;  
For now our observation is perform'd;  
And since we have the vaward of the day,  
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.  
Uncouple in the western valley; let them go:  
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester. 112  
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's  
top,

And mark the musical confusion  
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

*Hip.* I was with Hercules and Cadmus  
once,

When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear  
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear  
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,  
The skies, the fountains, every region near  
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard 121  
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

*The.* My hounds are bred out of the  
Spartan kind,

So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are  
hung

With ears that sweep away the morning  
dew;

Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thes-  
salian bulls;

Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like  
bells,

Each under each. A cry more tuneable  
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,  
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly: 130  
Judge when you hear. But, soft! what  
nymphs are these?

*Ege.* My lord, this is my daughter here  
asleep;

And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;  
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena;  
I wonder of their being here together.

*The.* No doubt they rose up early to ob-  
serve

The rite of May, and, hearing our intent,  
Came here in grace of our solemnity.

But speak, Egeus, is not this the day  
That Hermia should give answer of her  
choice? 140

*Ege.* It is, my lord.

*The.* Go, bid the huntsmen wake them  
with their horns.

*Horns, and shout within.* DEMETRIUS,  
LYSANDER, HERMIA, and HELENA,

*wake and start up.*

Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is  
past;

Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

*Lys.* Pardon, my lord.

*He and the rest kneel to THESEUS.*

*The.* I pray you all, stand up.

I know you two are rival enemies:

How comes this gentle concord in the world,

That hatred is so far from jealousy,

To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

*Lys.* My lord, I shall reply amazedly, 150  
Half sleep, half waking: but as yet, I  
swear,

I cannot truly say how I came here;  
But, as I think,—for truly would I speak,  
And now I do bethink me, so it is—

I came with Hermia hither: our intent  
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might,  
Without the peril of the Athenian law—

*Ege.* Enough, enough, my lord; you have  
enough:  
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.

They would have stol'n away; they would,  
Demetrius, 160

Thereby to have defeated you and me;  
You of your wife, and me of my consent,

Of my consent that she should be your wife.

*Dem.* My lord, fair Helen told me of their  
stealth,

Of this their purpose hither, to this wood;  
And I in fury hither follow'd them,

Fair Helena in fancy following me.

But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,  
But by some power it is, my love to Hermia,

Melted as doth the snow, seems to me now  
As the remembrance of an idle gaud 171

Which in my childhood I did dote upon;  
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,

The object and the pleasure of mine eye,  
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,

Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia;  
But, like in sickness, did I loathe this food;

But, as in health, come to my natural taste,  
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,

And will for evermore be true to it. 180

*The.* Fair lovers, you are fortunately  
met;

Of this discourse we more will hear anon.  
Egeus, I will overbear your will,

For, in the temple, by and by, with us  
These couples shall eternally be knit:

And, for the morning now is something worn,  
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.  
Away with us to Athens: three and three,  
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.

Come, Hippolyta. 190

*Exeunt THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS,  
and Train.*

*Dem.* These things seem small and undistinguishable.

Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

*Her.* Methinks I see these things with parted eye,

When every thing seems double.

*Hel.* So methinks:

And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,  
Mine own, and not mine own.

*Dem.* Are you sure  
That we are awake? It seems to me

That yet we sleep, we dream. Do not you think

The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

*Her.* Yea; and my father.

*Hel.* And Hippolyta.

*Lys.* And he did bid us follow to the temple. 201

*Dem.* Why then, we are awake. Let's follow him;

And by the way let us recount our dreams.

*Exeunt.*

*Bot.* *Awaking.* When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer: my text is, 'Most fair Pyramus,' Heigh-ho! Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life! stolen hence, and left me asleep. I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was: man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was,—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had, but man is but a patched fool if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke: peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.

*Exit.* 224

SCENE II.—*Athens. A Room in QUINCE'S House.*

*Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOOT, and STARVELING.*

*Quin.* Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

*Star.* He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported.

*Flute.* If he come not then the play is marred: it goes not forward, doth it?

*Quin.* It is not possible; you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he.

*Flute.* No; he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens. 10

*Quin.* Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

*Flute.* You must say 'paragon': a paramour is, God bless us! a thing of naught.

*Enter SNUG.*

*Snug.* Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men. 17

*Flute.* O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a day in Pyramus, or nothing.

*Enter BOTTOM.*

*Bot.* Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

*Quin.* Bottom! O most courageous day! O most happy hour! 27

*Bot.* Masters, I am to discourse wonders, but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

*Quin.* Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

*Bot.* Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen, and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath, and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words: away! go; away!

*Exeunt.* 45

## ACT V

SCENE I.—*Athens. An Apartment in the Palace of THESEUS.*

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Hip.* 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

*The.* More strange than true: I never may believe

These antic fables, nor these fairy toys. Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,

Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend More than cool reason ever comprehends. The lunatic, the lover, and the poet, Are of imagination all compact:

One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,

That is the madman; the lover, all as frantic. 10

Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from  
earth to heaven;  
And, as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy  
nothing

A local habitation and a name.  
Such tricks hath strong imagination,  
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,  
It comprehends some bringer of that joy; 20  
Or in the night, imagining some fear,  
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear!

*Hip.* But all the story of the night told over,  
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,  
More witnesseth than fancy's images,  
And grows to something of great constancy.  
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

*The.* Here come the lovers, full of joy  
and mirth.

*Enter* LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA,  
and HELENA.

Joy, gentle friends! joy and fresh days of  
love

Accompany your hearts!

*Lys.* More than to us 30  
Wait in your royal walks, your board, your  
bed!

*The.* Come now; what masques, what  
dances shall we have,  
To wear away this long age of three hours  
Between our after-supper and bed-time?  
Where is our usual manager of mirth?  
What revels are in hand? Is there no play.  
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?  
Call Philostrate.

*Phil.* Here, mighty Theseus.

*The.* Say, what abridgement have you for  
this evening?  
What masque, what music? How shall we  
beguile 40

The lazy time, if not with some delight?

*Phil.* There is a brief how many sports  
are ripe;

Make choice of which your highness will see  
first. *Gives a paper.*

*The.* The battle with the Centaurs, to be  
sung

*By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.*

We'll none of that: that have I told my love,  
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

*The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,*

*Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.*

That is an old device; and it was play'd 50

When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.  
*The thrice three Muses mourning for the  
death*

*Of Learning, late deceas'd in beggary.*

That is, some satire keen and critical,

Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

*A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus*

*And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.*

Merry and tragical! tedious and brief!

That is, hot ice and wondrous strange snow.

How shall we find the concord of this dis-  
cord? 60

*Phil.* A play there is, my lord, some ten  
words long,

Which is as brief as I have known a play;  
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,  
Which makes it tedious; for in all the play  
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.  
And tragical, my noble lord, it is,  
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.  
Which when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,  
Made mine eyes water; but more merry  
tears

The passion of loud laughter never shed. 70

*The.* What are they that do play it?

*Phil.* Hard-handed men, that work in  
Athens here.

Which never labour'd in their minds till now,  
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd mem-  
ories

With this same play, against your nuptial.

*The.* And we will hear it.

*Phil.* No, my noble lord;  
It is not for you: I have heard it over,  
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;  
Unless you can find sport in their intents,  
Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel  
pain. 80

To do you service.

*The.* I will hear that play;

For never any thing can be amiss,

When simpleness and duty tender it.

Go, bring them in: and take your places,  
ladies. *Exit PHILOSTRATE.*

*Hip.* I love not to see wretchedness o'er-  
charg'd,

And duty in his service perishing.

*The.* Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no  
such thing.

*Hip.* He says they can do nothing in this  
kind.

*The.* The kinder we, to give them thanks  
for nothing.

Our sport shall be to take what they mis-  
take: 90

And what poor duty cannot do, noble respect  
Takes it in might, not merit.

Where I have come, great clerks have pur-  
posed

To greet me with premeditated welcomes;  
Where I have seen them shiver and look  
pale,

Make periods in the midst of sentences,  
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,

And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,  
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,

Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome; 100  
And in the modesty of fearful duty

I read as much as from the rattling tongue  
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.

Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity  
In least speak most, to my capacity.

*Re-enter PHILOSTRATE.*

*Phil.* So please your grace, the Prologue  
is address'd.

*The.* Let him approach.

*Flourish of trumpets.*

*Enter QUINCE for the Prologue.*

*Pro.* If we offend, it is with our good will.  
That you should think, we come not to  
offend,

*But with good will. To show our simple skill,* 110

*That is the true beginning of our end.*  
*Consider then we come but in despite.*

*We do not come as minding to content you,*  
*Our true intent is. All for your delight,*  
*We are not here. That you should here*  
*repent you,*

*The actors are at hand; and, by their show,*  
*You shall know all that you are like to know.*

*The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.*

*Lys. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: it is not enough to speak, but to speak true.* 121

*Hip. Indeed he hath played on his prologue like a child on a recorder; a sound, but not in government.*

*The. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?*

*Enter PYRAMUS and THISBE, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion, as in dumb-show.*

*ProL. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;*

*But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.*

*This man is Pyramus, if you would know; 130*  
*This beauteous lady Thisby is certain.*

*This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present*

*Wall, that vile Wall, which did these lovers sunder;*

*And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content*

*To whisper, at the which let no man wonder.*

*This man, with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn,*

*Presenteth Moonshine; for, if you will know,*

*By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn*  
*To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.*

*This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name,* 140

*The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,*  
*Did scare away, or rather did affright;*

*And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,*  
*Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.*

*Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,*  
*And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain:*

*Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade,*

*He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;*

*And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,*  
*His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,* 150

*Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain,*

*At large discourse, while here they do remain.*

*Exeunt Prologue, THISBE, Lion, and Moonshine.*

*The. I wonder if the lion be to speak.*

*Dem. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many asses do.*

*Wall. In this same interlude it doth befall That I, one Snout by name, present a wall; And such a wall, as I would have you think, That had in it a crannied hole or chink, Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,* 160

*Did whisper often very secretly.*  
*This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone doth show*

*That I am that same wall; the truth is so; And this the cranny is, right and sinister, Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.*

*The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?*

*Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.*

*The. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!* 170

*Enter PYRAMUS.*

*Pyr. O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!*

*O night, which ever art when day is not! O night! O night! alack, alack, alack!*

*I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot.*  
*And thou, O wall! O sweet! O lovely wall!*

*That stand'st between her father's ground and mine;*

*Thou wall, O wall! O sweet and lovely wall! Show me thy chink to blink through with mine eyne.*

*Wall holds up his fingers.*  
*Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!*

*But what see I? No Thisby do I see. 180*  
*O wicked wall! through whom I see no bliss;*

*Curs'd be thy stones for thus deceiving me!*

*The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.*

*Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. 'Deceiving me,' is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall.*

*You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you. Yonder she comes.*

*Enter THISBE.*

*This. O wall! full often hast thou heard my moans,* 190

*For parting my fair Pyramus and me:*  
*My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones,*

*Thy stones with time and hair knit up in thee.*

*Pyr. I see a voice: now will I to the chink, To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.*

*Thisby!*

*This. My love! thou art my love, I think.*

*Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;*

*And, like Limander, am I trusty still.*

*This. And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill.* 200

*Pyr. Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.  
This. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.  
Pyr. O! kiss me through the hole of this  
vile wall.*

*This. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips  
at all.*

*Pyr. Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me  
straightway?*

*This. 'Tide life, 'tide death, I come with-  
out delay.*

*Exeunt PYRAMUS and THISBE.*

*Wall. Thus have I, Wall, my part dis-  
charged so;*

*And, being done, thus Wall away doth go.*  
*Exit.*

*The. Now is the mural down between the  
two neighbours.* 210

*Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls  
are so wilful to hear without warning.*

*Hip. This is the silliest stuff that e'er I  
heard.*

*The. The best of this kind are but  
shadows, and the worst are no worse, if  
imagination amend them.*

*Hip. It must be your imagination then,  
and not theirs.*

*The. If we imagine no worse of them than  
they of themselves, they may pass for ex-  
cellent men. Here come two noble beasts  
in, a man and a lion.* 221

*Enter Lion and Moonshine.*

*Lion. You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts  
do fear*

*The smallest monstrous mouse that  
creeps on floor,*

*May now perchance both quake and tremble  
here,*

*When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.  
Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner, am  
A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam:*

*For, if I should as lion come in strife  
Into this place, 't were pity on my life.*

*The. A very gentle beast, and of a good  
conscience.* 231

*Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord,  
that e'er I saw.*

*Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.*

*The. True; and a goose for his dis-  
cretion.*

*Dem. Not so, my lord; for his valour  
cannot carry his discretion, and the fox  
carries the goose.*

*The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot  
carry his valour, for the goose carries not  
the fox. It is well: leave it to his dis-  
cretion, and let us listen to the moon.* 241

*Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned  
moon present;—*

*Dem. He should have worn the horns on  
his head.*

*The. He is no crescent, and his horns are  
invisible within the circumference.*

*Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned  
moon present;*

*Muself the man i' the moon do seem to be.*

*The. This is the greatest error of all the  
rest. The man should be put into the lan-  
thorn: how is it else the man i' the moon?* 251

*Dem. He dares not come there for the  
candle; for, you see, it is already in snuff.*

*Hip. I am weary of this moon: would he  
would change!*

*The. It appears, by his small light of dis-  
cretion, that he is in the wane; but yet, in  
courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the  
time.*

*Lys. Proceed, Moon.* 260

*Moon. All that I have to say, is, to tell  
you that the lanthorn is the moon; I, the  
man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my  
thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.*

*Dem. Why, all these should be in the  
lanthorn; for all these are in the moon. But,  
silence! here comes Thisbe.*

*Enter THISBE.*

*This. This is old Ninny's tomb. Where  
is my love?*

*Lion. Oh—*

*The lion roars. THISBE runs off.*

*Dem. Well roared, Lion.* 270

*The. Well run, Thisbe.*

*Hip. Well shone, Moon. Truly, the  
moon shines with a good grace.*

*The Lion tears THISBE'S mantle, and exit.*

*The. Well moused, Lion.*

*Lys. And so the lion vanished.*

*Dem. And then came Pyramus.*

*Enter PYRAMUS.*

*Pyr. Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny  
beams;*

*I thank thee, moon, for shining now so  
bright,*

*For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering  
gleams,*

*I trust to take of truest Thisby sight.* 280

*But stay, O spite!*

*But mark, poor knight,*

*What dreadful dole is here?*

*Eyes, do you see?*

*How can it be?*

*O dainty duck! O dear!*

*Thy mantle good,*

*What! stain'd with blood!*

*Approach, ye Furies fell!*

*O Fates, come, come;* 290

*Cut thread and thrum;*

*Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!*

*The. This passion, and the death of a  
dear friend, would go near to make a man  
look sad.*

*Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the  
man.*

*Pyr. O! wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions  
frame,*

*Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my  
dear?*

*Which is—no, no—which was the fairest  
dame*

*That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that  
look'd with cheer.*

*Come, tears, confound;* 300  
*Out, sword, and wound*  
*The pap of Pyramus:*  
*Ay, that left pap,*  
*Where heart doth hop:*

*Stabs himself.*

*Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.*

*Now am I dead,*

*Now am I fled;*

*My soul is in the sky:*

*Tongue, lose thy light!*

*Moon, take thy flight!* 310

*Exit Moonshine.*

*Now die, die, die, die, die.* *Dies.*

*Dem.* No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

*Lys.* Less than an ace, man, for he is dead; he is nothing.

*The.* With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

*Hip.* How chance Moonshine is gone before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

*The.* She will find him by starlight. Here she comes; and her passion ends the play. 321

*Re-enter THISBE.*

*Hip.* Methinks she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

*Dem.* A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better: he for a man, God warrant us; she for a woman, God bless us.

*Lys.* She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

*Dem.* And thus she moans, *videlicet*:—

*This.* *Asleep, my love?* 331

*What, dead, my dove?*

*O Pyramus, arise!*

*Speak, speak! Quite dumb?*

*Dead, dead! A tomb*

*Must cover thy sweet eyes.*

*These lily lips,*

*This cherry nose,*

*These yellow cowslip cheeks,*

*Are gone, are gone.* 340

*Lovers, make moan!*

*His eyes were green as leeks.*

*O Sisters Three,*

*Come, come to me,*

*With hands as pale as milk;*

*Lay them in gore,*

*Since you have shore*

*With shears his thread of silk.*

*Tongue, not a word:*

*Come, trusty sword;* 350

*Come, blade, my breast imbrue:*

*Stabs herself.*

*And farewell, friends;*

*Thus Thisbe ends:*

*Adieu, adieu, adieu.* *Dies.*

*The.* Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

*Dem.* Ay, and Wall too.

*Bot.* Starting up. No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will

it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance between two of our company? 361

*The.* No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played Pyramus, and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly, and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone.

*A dance.*

*The.* The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve;

*Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.* 371

*I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn*

*As much as we this night have overwatch'd.*

*This palpable-gross play hath well beguill'd*

*The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends, to bed.*

*A fortnight hold we this solemnity,*

*In nightly revels, and new jollity.* *Exeunt.*

*Enter PUCK.*

*Puck.* Now the hungry lion roars,

*And the wolf behowls the moon;*

*Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,*

*All with weary task fordone.* 381

*Now the wasted brands do glow,*

*Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,*

*Puts the wretch that lies in woe*

*In remembrance of a shroud.*

*Now it is the time of night*

*That the graves, all gaping wide,*

*Every one lets forth his sprite,*

*In the church-way paths to glide:*

*And we fairies, that do run* 390

*By the triple Hecate's team*

*From the presence of the sun,*

*Following darkness like a dream,*

*Now are frolic; not a mouse*

*Shall disturb this hallow'd house:*

*I am sent with broom before,*

*To sweep the dust behind the door.*

*Enter OBERON and TITANIA, with their Train.*

*Obe.* Through the house give glimmering light

*By the dead and drowsy fire;*

*Every elf and fairy sprite* 400

*Hop as light as bird from brier;*

*And this ditty after me*

*Sing, and dance it trippingly.*

*Tita.* First, rehearse your song by rote,

*To each word a warbling note:*

*Hand in hand, with fairy grace,*

*Will we sing, and bless this place.*

*Song and dance.*

*Obe.* Now, until the break of day,

*Through this house each fairy stray.*

*To the best bride-bed will we,* 410

*Which by us shall blessed be;*

*And the issue there create*

*Ever shall be fortunate*

So shall all the couples three  
 Ever true and loving be;  
 And the blots of Nature's hand  
 Shall not in their issue stand:  
 Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,  
 Nor mark prodigious, such as are  
 Despised in nativity, 420  
 Shall upon their children be.  
 With this field-dew consecrate,  
 Every fairy take his gait,  
 And each several chamber bless,  
 Through this palace with sweet  
 peace;  
 And the owner of it blest,  
 Ever shall in safety rest.  
 Trip away;  
 Make no stay;  
 Meet me all by break of day.  
*Exeunt OBERON, TITANIA, and Train.*

*Puck.* If we shadows have offended, 430  
 Think but this, and all is mended,  
 That you have but slumber'd here  
 While these visions did appear.  
 And this weak and idle theme,  
 No more yielding but a dream  
 Gentles, do not reprehend:  
 If you pardon, we will mend.  
 And, as I'm an honest Puck,  
 If we have unearned luck  
 Now to 'scape the serpent's 440  
 tongue,  
 We will make amends ere long;  
 Else the Puck a liar call:  
 So, good night unto you all.  
 Give me your hands, if we be  
 friends,  
 And Robin shall restore amends.  
*Exit.*

## THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

**T**HE MERCHANT OF VENICE is primarily a love story in which a young Venetian, Bassanio, wins his lady, Portia, by making the right choice from among three caskets, one of which contains her portrait. Incidental to this "casket story" is another, of itself so intensely interesting as almost to overshadow the main story; namely, the "bond story," in which Antonio, a wealthy Venetian merchant, barely escapes paying with his life for the forfeiture of a bond which he had given to Shylock, a Jew, to secure a sum of money borrowed on behalf of his friend Bassanio. To these two stories are added other incidents including the elopement of Jessica, Shylock's daughter, with Lorenzo, a Christian; the marriage of Bassanio's friend, Gratiano, with Portia's maid, Nerissa; and a complication involved in an exchange of rings. These stories and incidents are so woven together as to meet in the scene in which Antonio is on trial for the payment of his forfeiture to Shylock, which, by the terms of the bond, consists of a pound of his flesh to be cut from what part of his body the Jew pleases. The play might well end with the trial scene were it not for the incident of the rings, which requires the addition of the final Act. The difficulty of appraising the play as a whole lies in the marvelous delineation of the Jew, who so towers above the other figures that we find it almost impossible to assign him to his proper place as merely incidental to the love story. If the play can justly be said to have any defect, therefore, it is just here; namely, in giving to an incidental part of the story an interest that surpasses that of the main plot.

It is only fair to say, however, that we feel this defect much less in reading the play than in seeing it performed. The fact that the part of Shylock is always assumed by the most capable actor serves to emphasize its importance and hence to throw the play a little further out of proportion, thus weakening its art and consequently its moral value; for the moral value of this play, as of all of Shakespeare's great plays, is inseparably bound up in his art.

Had the moral teaching of this play involved any one clear and positive interpretation of the character of Shylock, we can be sure that Shakespeare would have let us know, beyond peradventure, his own opinion of the character. Had he done so, he would, of course, have become at once a special pleader, an advocate of a cause, a partisan for or against Shylock. Now that is exactly what most of us demand of a moral teacher. We want him to let us know where he stands on some particular issue, and if he can convince us of the righteousness of his cause, we are ready to follow him to the point of breaking down all opposition to that cause, even though it cost our lives or the lives of those that oppose us. Such is the logical outcome of the popular conception of moral teaching. The world has just paid for that conception in the lives of more than 11,000,000 young men slain in battle, untold millions of lives incidental to that struggle, and a sacrifice of material wealth beyond the reach of human imagination. And, strange to say, instead of now repudiating that kind of moral teaching, it is insisting on it more than ever before, with the result that groups are everywhere organizing against one another, issues are being multiplied, religion against religion, race against race—humanity preparing to devour itself as the outcome of "moral teaching."

Now if the reader looks for that kind of moral teaching in *The Merchant of Venice*, he will not find it. Shakespeare does not seek to win adherents to a cause; he seeks rather that we shall acquire some understanding of one another, respect one another's opinions, and recognize one another's humanity on the stage of this world "where every man must play a part." To that end, he places among a group of Christians a member of a race for centuries despised and persecuted, and without permitting himself the slightest partiality, calls us in as spectators to witness this little world so like our own. As witnesses we are endowed for the time being with something akin to omniscience as compared with our knowledge of the actual world in which we move. We get glimpses into the

minds and motives of these people such as are not permitted us in actual life. Shakespeare's moral purpose is served, not by winning us as advocates to a cause, not by leading us to a definite judgment, but by bringing us to a better understanding of our common humanity.

It is idle, therefore, nay, it is destructive of the moral of the play, to set out either to justify or to condemn Shylock. We can do neither without somewhere distorting the truth. If we affirm, for instance, that he is devoid of human affections, we make him an impossible character for any drama, for we remove him from the category of the human kind. He can make no appeal to our moral sense other than as a human being. He justifies his desire for revenge not on the ground that he is a Jew, but that he is human. "Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, senses, affections, passions?" Wrongs breed revenge, whether in Jew or Christian, only because both are human. We being human, therefore, can understand Shylock's desire for revenge, and that is all we are called upon to do. If we seek to condemn him, it is easy enough to twist every doubtful passage against him. It is easy enough to say, for instance, that the torture he suffered in the loss of his "turquoise"—"I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor"—was due, not to tender associations, but to its money value. Even the profoundest Shakespearean scholar cannot positively affirm that such an interpretation is not true. It does seem strange, however, that Shakespeare selected a turquoise, one of the cheapest among precious stones, had he not meant us to catch some glimpse of a beautiful and tender memory in Shylock's life. It is possible that Jessica spoke the truth when she said "Our house is hell"; but it is also possible that what seemed "hell" to her, was to Shylock a necessary strictness and severity of discipline, due to his affection and concern for her. Shakespeare's impartiality permits us to build up, if we please, almost any kind of case for or against Shylock; but if we do, we must ourselves assume the risk of distorting the meaning of many passages. His very art, in which his moral centers, compels us, if we love the truth, to forego judgment and to seek only understanding. It is quite possible to understand Shylock, for instance, in his insistence upon the pound of flesh, but it is impossible to justify him. To maintain the true proportions of the play, which we must bear in mind is a comedy and not a tragedy, Shylock must be defeated in his desire for revenge. The fact that his defeat was brought about through a legal quibble makes it no less just than it would have been had it been supported by the jurisprudence of all the ages. Justice, which is higher than law, demands that Antonio's life shall be saved, and in its operation it falls back upon Shylock's head. His life and goods are forfeit. But at this point mercy enters: "What mercy can you render him, Antonio?" says Portia. Most people who form their opinion of this play from the stage receive the impression that Shylock staggers from the court deprived of all his wealth. This is false. He is still "the rich Jew." The blow under which he staggers was meant for mercy. Antonio insists that Shylock shall become a Christian. He would save Shylock's soul! How little these people, these Christians, understand Shylock! They count it no wrong to spit on him and call him dog. To them he is a Jew. To us who sit as witnesses, withholding judgment and seeking understanding, he has become something more than Jew or Christian; he is a human being.

# THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE OF VENICE.  
PRINCE OF MOROCCO, } *Suitors to Portia.*  
PRINCE OF ARRAGON, }  
ANTONIO, a Merchant of Venice.  
BASSANIO, his Friend.  
GRATIANO, } *Friends to Antonio and Bas-*  
SALANIO, } *sanio.*  
SALARINO, }  
LORENZO, in love with Jessica.  
SHYLOCK, a rich Jew.

TUBAL, a Jew, his Friend.  
LAUNCELOT GOBBO, a Clown, Servant to Shylock.  
OLD GOBBO, Father to Launcelot.  
LEONARDO, Servant to Bassanio.  
BALTHAZAR, } *Servants to Portia.*  
STEPHANO, }  
PORTIA, a rich Heiress.  
NERISSA, her Waiting-maid.  
JESSICA, Daughter to Shylock.

*Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Gaoler, Servants to Portia, and other Attendants.*

SCENE.—Partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the seat of Portia, on the Continent.

### ACT I

#### SCENE I.—Venice. A Street.

*Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SALANIO.*

*Ant.* In sooth, I know not why I am so sad:

It wearies me; you say it wearies you;  
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,  
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,  
I am to learn;

And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,  
That I have much ado to know myself.

*Salar.* Your mind is tossing on the ocean;  
There, where your argosies with portly sail,  
Like signiors and rich burghers on the  
flood, 10

Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,  
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,  
That court'sy to them, do them reverence,  
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

*Salan.* Believe me, sir, had I such venture  
forth,

The better part of my affections would  
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still  
Plucking the grass to know where sits the  
wind,

Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and  
roads;

And every object that might make me fear 20  
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt  
Would make me sad.

*Salar.* My wind, cooling my broth,  
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought  
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.  
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run  
But I should think of shallows and of flats,  
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,  
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs  
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church  
And see the holy edifice of stone, 30  
And not bethink me straight of dangerous  
rocks,

Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,  
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,  
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,  
And, in a word, but even now worth this,  
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the  
thought

To think on this, and shall I lack the thought  
That such a thing bechanc'd would make me  
sad?

But tell not me: I know Antonio  
Is sad to think upon his merchandise. 40

*Ant.* Believe me, no: I thank my fortune  
for it,

My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,  
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate  
Upon the fortune of this present year:

Therefore my merchandise makes me not  
sad.

*Salar.* Why, then you are in love.

*Ant.* Fie, fie!  
*Salar.* Not in love neither? Then let us  
say you are sad,

Because you are not merry; and 't were as  
easy

For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are  
merry,

Because you are not sad. Now, by two-  
headed Janus, 50

Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her  
time:

Some that will evermore peep through their  
eyes

And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper;  
And other of such vinegar aspect

That they'll not show their teeth in way of  
smile,

Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

*Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.*

*Salan.* Here comes Bassanio, your most  
noble kinsman,

Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare ye well:  
We leave you now with better company.

*Salar.* I would have stay'd till I had made you merry, 60

If worthier friends had not prevented me.

*Ant.* Your worth is very dear in my regard.

I take it, your own business calls on you,

And you embrace the occasion to depart.

*Salar.* Good morrow, my good lords.

*Bass.* Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say, when?

You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?

*Salar.* We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

*Exeunt SALARINO and SALANIO.*

*Lor.* My Lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,

We two will leave you; but at dinner-time, 70  
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

*Bass.* I will not fail you.

*Gra.* You look not well, Signior Antonio; You have too much respect upon the world:

They lose it that do buy it with much care:

Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

*Ant.* I hold the world but as the world,

Gratiano;

A stage where every man must play a part,  
And mine a sad one.

*Gra.* Let me play the fool:

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come. 80

And let my liver rather heat with wine

Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.

Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,

Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?

Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice

By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,

I love thee, and it is my love that speaks,

There are a sort of men whose visages

Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,

And do a wilful stillness entertain, 90

With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion

Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;

As who should say, 'I am Sir Oracle,

And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!'

O! my Antonio, I do know of these,

That therefore only are reputed wise

For saying nothing; when, I am very sure,

If they should speak, would almost damn those ears

Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.

I'll tell thee more of this another time: 100

But fish not, with this melancholy bait,

For this fool-gudgeon, this opinion.

Come, good Lorenzo. Fare ye well awhile:

I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

*Lor.* Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time.

I must be one of these same dumb wise men,

For Gratiano never lets me speak.

*Gra.* Well, keep me company but two years more,

Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

*Ant.* Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear. 110

*Gra.* Thanks, i' faith; for silence is only commendable

In a neat's tongue dried and a maid not vendible.

*Exeunt GRATIANO and LORENZO.*

*Ant.* Is that any thing now?

*Bass.* Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

*Ant.* Well, tell me now, what lady is the same

To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage, 120  
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

*Bass.* 'T is not unknown to you, Antonio, How much I have disabled mine estate, By something showing a more swelling port Than my faint means would grant continuance:

Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd From such a noble rate; but my chief care

Is to come fairly off from the great debts Wherein my time, something too prodigal,

Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio, 130  
I owe the most, in money and in love;

And from your love I have a warranty To unburden all my plots and purposes

How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

*Ant.* I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;

And if it stand, as you yourself still do, Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,

My purse, my person, my extremest means, Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

*Bass.* In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft, 140

I shot his fellow of the self-same flight The self-same way with more advised watch,

To find the other forth, and by adventuring both,

I oft found both. I urge this childhood proof,

Because what follows is pure innocence. I owe you much, and, like a wilful youth,

That which I owe is lost; but if you please To shoot another arrow that self way

Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,

As I will watch the aim, or to find both, 150  
Or bring your latter hazard back again,

And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

*Ant.* You know me well, and herein spend but time

To wind about my love with circumstance; And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong

In making question of my uttermost Than if you had made waste of all I have:

Then do but say to me what I should do That in your knowledge may by me be done,

And I am prest unto it: therefore speak.

*Bass.* In Belmont is a lady richly left, 160  
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,

Of wondrous virtues: sometimes from her eyes

I did receive fair speechless messages:  
 Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued  
 To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia:  
 Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,  
 For the four winds blow in from every coast  
 Renowned suitors; and her sunny locks  
 Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;  
 Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos'  
 strand, 171

And many Jasons come in quest of her.

O my Antonio! had I but the means  
 To hold a rival place with one of them,  
 I have a mind presages me such thrift,  
 That I should questionless be fortunate.

*Ant.* Thou know'st that all my fortunes  
 are at sea;

Neither have I money, nor commodity  
 To raise a present sum: therefore go  
 forth;

Try what my credit can in Venice do: 180  
 That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,  
 To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.  
 Go, presently inquire, and so will I,  
 Where money is, and I no question make  
 To have it of my trust or for my sake.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Belmont. A Room in PORTIA'S  
 House.*

*Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.*

*Por.* By my troth, Nerissa, my little body  
 is weary of this great world.

*Ner.* You would be, sweet madam, if your  
 miseries were in the same abundance as  
 your good fortunes are: and yet, for aught  
 I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too  
 much as they that starve with nothing. It  
 is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated  
 in the mean: superfluity comes sooner by  
 white hairs, but competency lives longer. 10

*Por.* Good sentences and well pro-  
 nounced.

*Ner.* They would be better if well fol-  
 lowed.

*Por.* If to do were as easy as to know  
 what were good to do, chapels had been  
 churches, and poor men's cottages princes'  
 palaces. It is a good divine that follows his  
 own instructions: I can easier teach twenty  
 what were good to be done, than be one of  
 the twenty to follow mine own teaching.  
 The brain may devise laws for the blood,  
 but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree:  
 such a hare is madness, the youth, to skip  
 o'er the meshes of good counsel, the cripple.  
 But this reasoning is not in the fashion to  
 choose me a husband. O me, the word  
 'choose'! I may neither choose whom I  
 would nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the  
 will of a living daughter curbed by the will  
 of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa,  
 that I cannot choose one nor refuse none? 29

*Ner.* Your father was ever virtuous, and  
 holy men at their death have good inspira-  
 tions; therefore the lottery that he hath  
 devised in these three chests of gold, silver,  
 and lead, whereof who chooses his meaning  
 chooses you, will, no doubt, never be chosen

by any rightly but one who you shall rightly  
 love. But what warmth is there in your  
 affection towards any of these princely  
 suitors that are already come?

*Por.* I pray thee, over-name them, and  
 as thou namest them, I will describe them;  
 and, according to my description, level at  
 my affection. 41

*Ner.* First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

*Por.* Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth  
 nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes  
 it a great appropriation to his own good parts  
 that he can shoe him himself. I am much  
 afraid my lady his mother played false with  
 a smith.

*Ner.* Then is there the County Palatine.

*Por.* He doth nothing but frown, as who  
 should say, 'If you will not have me, choose.'  
 He hears merry tales, and smiles not: I  
 fear he will prove the weeping philosopher  
 when he grows old, being so full of unman-  
 nerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be  
 married to a death's-head with a bone in  
 his mouth than to either of these. God  
 defend me from these two!

*Ner.* How say you by the French lord,  
 Monsieur Le Bon? 59

*Por.* God made him, and therefore let  
 him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is  
 a sin to be a mocker; but, he! why, he hath  
 a horse better than the Neapolitan's, a  
 better bad habit of frowning than the Count  
 Palatine; he is every man in no man; if a  
 throstle sing, he falls straight a-capering;  
 he will fence with his own shadow: if I  
 should marry him, I should marry twenty  
 husbands. If he would despise me, I  
 would forgive him, for if he love me to mad-  
 ness, I shall never requite him. 70

*Ner.* What say you then to Falconbridge,  
 the young baron of England?

*Por.* You know I say nothing to him, for  
 he understands not me, nor I him: he hath  
 neither Latin, French, nor Italian, and you  
 will come into the court and swear that I  
 have a poor pennyworth in the English.  
 He is a proper man's picture, but, alas!  
 who can converse with a dumb-show?  
 How oddly he is suited! I think he bought  
 his doublet in Italy, his round hose in  
 France, his bonnet in Germany, and his  
 behaviour every where. 81

*Ner.* What think you of the Scottish lord,  
 his neighbour?

*Por.* That he hath a neighbourly charity  
 in him, for he borrowed a box of the ear of  
 the Englishman, and swore he would pay  
 him again when he was able: I think the  
 Frenchman became his surety and sealed  
 under for another.

*Ner.* How like you the young German,  
 the Duke of Saxony's nephew? 91

*Por.* Very vilely in the morning, when he  
 is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon,  
 when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a  
 little worse than a man, and when he is  
 worst, he is little better than a beast. An  
 the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall  
 make shift to go without him.

*Ner.* If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him. 101

*Por.* Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket, for if the devil be within and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I'll be married to a sponge.

*Ner.* You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is, indeed, to return to their home and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition depending on the caskets. 115

*Por.* If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure. 121

*Ner.* Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

*Por.* Yes, yes: it was Bassanio; as I think, he was so called.

*Ner.* True, madam: he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady. 131

*Por.* I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

*Enter a Servant.*

How now! what news?

*Serv.* The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave; and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco, who brings word the prince his master will be here to-night. 139

*Por.* If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.

Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Venice. A public Place.*

*Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK.*

*Shy.* Three thousand ducats; well?

*Bass.* Ay, sir, for three months.

*Shy.* For three months; well?

*Bass.* For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

*Shy.* Antonio shall become bound; well?

*Bass.* May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

*Shy.* Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound. 10

*Bass.* Your answer to that.

*Shy.* Antonio is a good man.

*Bass.* Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

*Shy.* Oh, no, no, no, no: my meaning in saying he is a good man is to have you understand me that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves, I mean pirates: and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats; I think I may take his bond.

*Bass.* Be assured you may. 29

*Shy.* I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

*Bass.* If it please you to dine with us.

*Shy.* Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto? Who is he comes here? 40

*Enter ANTONIO.*

*Bass.* This is Signior Antonio.

*Shy. Aside.* How like a fawning publican he looks!

I hate him for he is a Christian; But more for that in low simplicity He lends out money gratis, and brings down The rate of usance here with us in Venice. If I can catch him once upon the hip,

I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him. He hates our sacred nation, and he rails,

Even there where merchants most do congregate, 50

On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,

Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,

If I forgive him!

*Bass.* Shylock, do you hear?

*Shy.* I am debating of my present store, And, by the near guess of my memory,

I cannot instantly raise up the gross Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?

Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe, Will furnish me. But soft! how many months

Do you desire? *To ANTONIO.* Rest you fair, good signior;

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

*Ant.* Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow

By taking nor by giving of excess, Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,

I'll break a custom. Is he yet possess'd How much ye would?

*Shy.* Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.  
*Ant.* And for three months.  
*Shy.* I had forgot; three months; you told me so.  
 Well then, your bond; and let me see. But hear you;  
 Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow  
 Upon advantage. 70  
*Ant.* I do never use it.  
*Shy.* When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep—  
 This Jacob from our holy Abram was,  
 As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,  
 The third possessor: ay, he was the third,—  
*Ant.* And what of him? did he take interest?  
*Shy.* No; not take interest; not, as you would say.  
 Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.  
 When Laban and himself were compromis'd,  
 That all the eanlings which were streak'd and pied 80  
 Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,  
 In end of autumn turned to the rams;  
 And, when the work of generation was  
 Between these woolly breeders in the act,  
 The skilful shepherd pill'd me certain wands,  
 And, in the doing of the deed of kind,  
 He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes,  
 Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time  
 Fall parti-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's. 89  
 This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;  
 And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.  
*Ant.* This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for;  
 A thing not in his power to bring to pass,  
 But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.  
 Was this inserted to make interest good?  
 Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?  
*Shy.* I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:  
 But note me, signior.  
*Ant.* Mark you this, Bassanio,  
 The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.  
 An evil soul, producing holy witness, 100  
 Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,  
 A goodly apple rotten at the heart.  
 O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!  
*Shy.* Three thousand ducats; 'tis a good round sum.  
 Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.  
*Ant.* Well, Shylock, shall we be behold-ing to you?  
*Shy.* Signior Antonio, many a time and oft  
 In the Rialto you have rated me  
 About my moneys and my usances;  
 Still have I borne it with a patient shrug, 110  
 For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.  
 You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,  
 And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,  
 And all for use of that which is mine own.  
 Well then, it now appears you need my help:

Go to then; you come to me, and you say,  
 'Shylock, we would have moneys': you say so;  
 You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,  
 And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur  
 Over your threshold: moneys is your suit. 120  
 What should I say to you? Should I not say,  
 'Hath a dog money? Is it possible  
 A cur can lend three thousand ducats'? or  
 Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,  
 With bated breath, and whispering humb-  
 ness,  
 Say this:  
 'Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;  
 You spurn'd me such a day; another time  
 You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies  
 I'll lend you thus much moneys'? 130  
*Ant.* I am as like to call thee so again,  
 To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.  
 If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not  
 As to thy friends; for when did friendship  
 take  
 A breed for barren metal of his friend?  
 But lend it rather to thine enemy;  
 Who, if he break, thou may'st with better  
 face  
 Exact the penalty.  
*Shy.* Why, look you, how you storm!  
 I would be friends with you, and have your  
 love,  
 Forget the shames that you have stain'd me  
 with, 140  
 Supply your present wants, and take no doit  
 Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not  
 hear me:  
 This is kind I offer.  
*Ant.* This were kindness.  
*Shy.* This kindness will I show.  
 Go with me to a notary, seal me there  
 Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,  
 If you repay me not on such a day,  
 In such a place, such sum or sums as are  
 Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit  
 Be nominated for an equal pound 150  
 Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken  
 In what part of your body pleaseth me.  
*Ant.* Content, i' faith: I'll seal to such a  
 bond,  
 And say there is much kindness in the Jew.  
*Bass.* You shall not seal to such a bond  
 for me:  
 I'll rather dwell in my necessity.  
*Ant.* Why, fear not, man; I will not for-  
 feit it:  
 Within these two months, that 's a month  
 before  
 This bond expires, I do expect return  
 Of thrice three times the value of this  
 bond. 160  
*Shy.* O father Abram! what these Chris-  
 tians are,  
 Whose own hard dealings teaches them  
 suspect  
 The thoughts of others. Pray you, tell me  
 this;  
 If he should break his day, what should I  
 gain  
 By the exaction of the forfeiture?

A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,  
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,  
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,  
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:  
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu; 170  
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.  
*Ant.* Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

*Shy.* Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;

Give him direction for this merry bond,  
And I will go and purse the ducats straight,  
See to my house, left in the fearful guard  
Of an unthrifty knave, and presently  
I will be with you.

*Ant.* Hie thee, gentle Jew.

*Exit SHYLOCK.*

This Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind.

*Bass.* I like not fair terms and a villain's mind. 180

*Ant.* Come on: in this there can be no dismay,

My ships come home a month before the day. *Exeunt.*

## ACT II

SCENE I.—*Belmont. A Room in PORTIA'S House.*

*Flourish of Cornets. Enter the Prince of MOROCCO, and his Followers; PORTIA, NERISSA, and others of her Train.*

*Mor.* Mislike me not for my complexion,  
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,  
To whom I am a neighbour and near bred.  
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,

Where Phoebus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,  
And let us make incision for your love,  
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.

I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine  
Hath fear'd the valiant; by my love, I swear  
The best-regarded virgins of our clime 10  
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,

Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

*Por.* In terms of choice I am not solely led  
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes;  
Besides, the lottery of my destiny  
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:  
But if my father had not scanted me  
And hedg'd me by his wit, to yield myself  
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,

Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair 20

As any comer I have look'd on yet  
For my affection.

*Mor.* Even for that I thank you:  
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets  
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,  
That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince  
That won three fields of Sultan Solymán,  
I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,  
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,

Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,

Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey, 30  
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!

If Hercules and Lichas play at dice

Which is the better man, the greater throw  
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:  
So is Alcides beaten by his page;

And so may I, blind fortune leading me,  
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,  
And die with grieving.

*Por.* You must take your chance;  
And either not attempt to choose at all,

Or swear before you choose, if you choose wrong, 40

Never to speak to lady afterward

In way of marriage: therefore be advis'd.

*Mor.* Nor will not: come, bring me unto my chance.

*Por.* First, forward to the temple: after dinner

Your hazard shall be made.

*Mor.* Good fortune then!  
To make me blest or curs'd among men.

*Cornets, and exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Venice. A Street.*

*Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.*

*Laun.* Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, 'Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot,' or 'good Gobbo,' or 'good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away.' My conscience says, 'No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo'; or, as aforesaid, 'honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels.' Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: 'Via!' says the fiend; 'away!' says the fiend; 'for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind,' says the fiend, 'and run.' Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, 'My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,' or rather an honest woman's son; for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste; well, my conscience says, 'Launcelot, budge not.' 'Budge,' says the fiend: 'budge not,' says my conscience. 'Conscience,' say I, 'you counsel well'; 'fiend,' say I, 'you counsel well': to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, God bless the mark! is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnal; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment; I will run. 33

*Enter Old GOBBO, with a basket.*

*Gob.* Master young man, you; I pray you, which is the way to Master Jew's?

*Laun. Aside.* O heavens! this is my true-begotten father, who, being more than sand-blind, high gravel-blind, knows me not: I will try confusions with him.

*Gob.* Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to Master Jew's? 41

*Laun.* Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indifferently to the Jew's house.

*Gob.* By God's sounties, 't will be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

*Laun.* Talk you of young Master Launcelot? *Aside.* Mark me now; now will I raise the waters. Talk you of young Master Launcelot? 52

*Gob.* No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

*Laun.* Well, let his father be what a' will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

*Gob.* Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

*Laun.* But I pray you, *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot? 60

*Gob.* Of Launcelot, an 't please your mastership.

*Laun. Ergo.* Young Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman, according to Fates and Destinies and such odd sayings, the Sisters Three and such branches of learning, is indeed deceased; or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

*Gob.* Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop. 70

*Laun.* Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post, a staff or a prop? Do you know me, father?

*Gob.* Alack the day! I know you not, young gentleman; but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, God rest his soul! alive or dead?

*Laun.* Do you not know me, father?

*Gob.* Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not. 78

*Laun.* Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. Give me your blessing; truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may, but in the end truth will out.

*Gob.* Pray you, sir, stand up. I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

*Laun.* Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be. 81

*Gob.* I cannot think you are my son.

*Laun.* I know not what I shall think of that; but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man, and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother.

*Gob.* Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll

be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my thill-horse has on his tail. 101

*Laun.* It should seem then that Dobbin's tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face, when I last saw him.

*Gob.* Lord! how art thou changed. How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now?

*Laun.* Well, well; but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew; give him a present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries. If I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune! here comes the man: to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer. 120

*Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO, and other Followers.*

*Bass.* You may do so; but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the furthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making, and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

*Exit a Servant.*

*Laun.* To him, father.

*Gob.* God bless your worship!

*Bass.* Gramercy! Would'st thou aught with me?

*Gob.* Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

*Laun.* Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify,— 132

*Gob.* He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve—

*Laun.* Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify,—

*Gob.* His master and he, saving your worship's reverence, are scarce cater-cousins,—

*Laun.* To be brief, the very truth is that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall trutify unto you,— 143

*Gob.* I have here a dish of doves that I would bestow upon your worship, and my suit is,—

*Laun.* In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

*Bass.* One speak for both. What would you? 150

*Laun.* Serve you, sir.

*Gob.* That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

*Bass.* I know thee well; thou hast obtain'd thy suit:

Shylock thy master spoke with me this day,  
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment  
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become  
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

*Laun.* The old proverb is very well parted  
between my master Shylock and you, sir:  
you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath  
enough.

*Bass.* Thou speak'st it well. Go, father,  
with thy son. 161

Take leave of thy old master, and inquire  
My lodging out. Give him a livery  
More guarded than his fellows': see it  
done.

*Laun.* Father, in. I cannot get a service,  
no; I have ne'er a tongue in my head.  
Well; if any man in Italy have a fairer table  
which doth offer to swear upon a book, I  
shall have good fortune. Go to; here's a  
simple line of life: here's a small trifle of  
wives: alas! fifteen wives is nothing: a  
'leven widows and nine maids is a simple  
coming-in for one man; and then to 'scape  
drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my  
life with the edge of a feather-bed; here  
are simple 'scapes. Well, if Fortune be a  
woman, she's a good wench for this gear.  
Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew  
in the twinkling of an eye.

*Exeunt LAUNCELOT and Old GOBBO.*

*Bass.* I pray thee, good Leonardo, think  
on this.

These things being bought, and orderly  
bestow'd,

Return in haste, for I do feast to-night 180  
My best-esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee,  
go.

*Leon.* My best endeavours shall be done  
herein.

*Enter GRATIANO.*

*Gra.* Where is your master?

*Leon.* Yonder, sir, he walks. *Exit.*

*Gra.* Signior Bassanio!

*Bass.* Gratiano!

*Gra.* I have a suit to you.

*Bass.* You have obtain'd it.

*Gra.* You must not deny me: I must go  
with you to Belmont.

*Bass.* Why, then you must. But hear  
thee, Gratiano;

Thou art too wild, too rude and bold of  
voice; 190

Parts that become thee happily enough,  
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;  
But where thou art not known, why, there  
they show

Something too liberal. Pray thee, take pain  
To allay with some cold drops of modesty  
Thy skipping spirit, lest through thy wild  
behaviour

I be misconstrued in the place I go to,  
And lose my hopes.

*Gra.* Signior Bassanio, hear me:  
If I do not put on a sober habit,  
Talk with respect, and swear but now and  
then, 200

Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look  
demurely,

Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine  
eyes

Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say 'amen,'  
Use all the observance of civility,

Like one well studied in a sad ostent  
To please his grandam, never trust me more.

*Bass.* Well, we shall see your bearing.  
*Gra.* Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall  
not gage me

By what we do to-night.

*Bass.* No, that were pity:  
I would entreat you rather to put on 210

Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have  
friends

That purpose merriment. But fare you  
well:

I have some business.

*Gra.* And I must to Lorenzo and the rest;  
But we will visit you at supper-time.

*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.—The Same. A Room in SHYLOCK'S House.

*Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT.*

*Jes.* I am sorry thou wilt leave my father  
so:

Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,  
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.

But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee:  
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou  
see

Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:  
Give him this letter; do it secretly;

And so farewell: I would not have my father  
See me in talk with thee. 9

*Laun.* Adieu! tears exhibit my tongue.  
Most beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew! If

a Christian did not play the knave and get  
thee, I am much deceived. But, adieu!

these foolish drops do somewhat drown my  
manly spirit: adieu!

*Jes.* Farewell, good Launcelot.

*Exit LAUNCELOT.*

Alack! what heinous sin is it in me  
To be asham'd to be my father's child;

But though I am a daughter to his blood,  
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo!

If thou keep promise, I shall end this  
strife, 20

Become a Christian, and thy loving wife.  
*Exit.*

### SCENE IV.—The Same. A Street.

*Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO,  
and SALANIO.*

*Lor.* Nay, we will slink away in supper-  
time,

Disguise us at my lodging, and return  
All in an hour.

*Gra.* We have not made good preparation.  
*Salar.* We have not spoke us yet of torch-  
bearers.

*Salan.* 'T is vile, unless it may be quaintly  
order'd,

And better, in my mind, not undertook.

*Lor.* 'Tis now but four o'clock: we have two hours  
To furnish us.

*Enter LAUNCELOT, with a letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

*Laun.* An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify.

*Lor.* I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;

And whiter than the paper it writ on  
Is the fair hand that writ.

*Gra.* Love news, in faith.

*Laun.* By your leave, sir.

*Lor.* Whither goest thou?

*Laun.* Marry, sir, to bid my old master, the Jew, to sup to-night with my new master, the Christian.

*Lor.* Hold here, take this: tell gentle

Jessica

I will not fail her: speak it privately; go.

*Exit LAUNCELOT.*

Gentlemen,

Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?

I am provided of a torch-bearer.

*Salar.* Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

*Salan.* And so will I.

*Lor.* Meet me and Gratiano

At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

*Salar.* 'Tis good we do so.

*Exeunt SALARINO and SALANIO.*

*Gra.* Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

*Lor.* I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed

How I shall take her from her father's house;

What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with;  
What page's suit she hath in readiness.

If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,  
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake;

And never dare misfortune cross her foot,  
Unless she do it under this excuse,  
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.

Come, go with me: peruse this as thou goest.

Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Same. Before SHYLOCK'S House.*

*Enter SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT.*

*Shy.* Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge.

The difference of old Shylock and Basanio:—

What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gorman-dize,

As thou hast done with me;—What, Jessica!—

And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out—  
Why, Jessica, I say!

*Laun.* Why, Jessica!

*Shy.* Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

*Laun.* Your worship was wont to tell me  
I could do nothing without bidding.

*Enter JESSICA.*

*Jes.* Call you? What is your will? 10

*Shy.* I am bid forth to supper, Jessica:  
There are my keys. But wherefore should I go?

I am not bid for love; they flatter me:

But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon

The prodigal Christian. Jessica, my girl,

Look to my house. I am right loath to go:

There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,

For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

*Laun.* I beseech you, sir, go: my young master doth expect your reproach.

*Shy.* So do I his.

*Laun.* And they have conspired together:

I will not say you shall see a masque; but

if you do, then it was not for nothing that my

nose fell a-bleeding on Black-Monday last,

at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that

year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in

the afternoon.

*Shy.* What! are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:

Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,

And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,

Clamber not you up to the casements then,

Nor thrust your head into the public street

To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces,

But stop my house's ears, I mean my case-ments;

Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter

My sober house. By Jacob's staff I swear

I have no mind of feasting forth to-night;

But I will go. Go you before me, sirrah;

Say I will come.

*Laun.* I will go before, sir. Mistress, look out at window, for all this;

There will come a Christian by,

Will be worth a Jewess' eye. *Exit.*

*Shy.* What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

*Jes.* His words were, 'Farewell, mistress'; nothing else.

*Shy.* The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder;

Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day  
More than the wild-cat: drones hive not with me;

Therefore I part with him, and part with him

To one that I would have him help to waste 50

His borrow'd purse. Well, Jessica, go in:

Perhaps I will return immediately:

Do as I bid you; shut doors after you:

Fast bind, fast find;

A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. *Exit.*

*Jes.* Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,

I have a father, you a daughter, lost. *Exit.*

SCENE VI.—*The Same.*

*Enter GRATIANO and SALARINO, masqued.*

*Gra.* This is the penthouse under which  
Lorenzo

Desir'd us to make stand.

*Salar.* His hour is almost past.  
*Gra.* And it is marvel he outdwell's his hour.

For lovers ever run before the clock.

*Salar.* O! ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly

To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont

To keep obliged faith unforfeited.

*Gra.* That ever holds: who riseth from a feast

With that keen appetite that he sits down?

Where is the horse that doth untread again? His tedious measures with the unbated fire

That he did pace them first? All things that are,

Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.

How like a younker or a prodigal

The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,

Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!

How like the prodigal doth she return,

With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,

Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

*Enter LORENZO.*

*Salar.* Here comes Lorenzo: more of this hereafter.

*Lor.* Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;

Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:

When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,

I'll watch as long for you then. Approach;

Here dwells my father Jew. Ho! who's within?

*Enter JESSICA above, in boy's clothes.*

*Jes.* Who are you? Tell me for more certainty,

Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

*Lor.* Lorenzo, and thy love.

*Jes.* Lorenzo, certain; and my love indeed,

For who love I so much? And now who knows

But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

*Lor.* Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.

*Jes.* Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.

I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,

For I am much ashamed of my exchange;

But love is blind, and lovers cannot see

The pretty follies that themselves commit;

For if they could, Cupid himself would blush

To see me thus transformed to a boy.

*Lor.* Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

*Jes.* What! must I hold a candle to my shames?

They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.

Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love,

And I should be obscur'd.

*Lor.* So are you, sweet,

Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.

But come at once;

For the close night doth play the runaway,

And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

*Jes.* I will make fast the doors, and gild myself

With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

*Gra.* Now, by my hood, a Gentle, and no Jew.

*Lor.* Beshrew me, but I love her heartily;

For she is wise, if I can judge of her,

And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true,

And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;

And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,

Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

*Enter JESSICA.*

What, art thou come? On, gentlemen; away!

Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

*Exit with JESSICA and SALARINO.*

*Enter ANTONIO.*

*Ant.* Who's there?

*Gra.* Signior Antonio!

*Ant.* Pie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?

'Tis nine o'clock; our friends all stay for you.

No masque to-night: the wind is come about;

Bassanio presently will go aboard:

I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

*Gra.* I am glad on 't: I desire no more delight

Than to be under sail and gone to-night.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*Belmont. A Room in PORTIA'S House.*

*Flourish of Cornets. Enter PORTIA, with the Prince of MOROCCO, and their Trains.*

*Por.* Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover

The several caskets to this noble prince.

Now make your choice.

*Mor.* The first, of gold, who this inscription bears:

*Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.*

The second, silver, which this promise carries:

*Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.*

This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt:

*Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.*

How shall I know if I do choose the right?

*Por.* The one of them contains my picture, prince:

If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

*Mor.* Some god direct my judgment!

Let me see:

I will survey the inscriptions back again:

What says this leaden casket?

*Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.*

Must give: for what? for lead? hazard for lead?

This casket threatens. Men that hazard all Do it in hope of fair advantages:

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross; 20

I'll then not give nor hazard aught for lead. What says the silver with her virgin hue?

*Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.*

As much as he deserves! Pause there, Morocco,

And weigh thy value with an even hand. If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,

Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough May not extend so far as to the lady:

And yet to be afraid of my deserving Were but a weak disabling of myself. 30

As much as I deserve! Why, that's the lady: I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,

In graces, and in qualities of breeding; But more than these, in love I do deserve.

What if I stray'd no further, but chose here? Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold:

*Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.*

Why, that's the lady: all the world desires her;

From the four corners of the earth they come,

To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint: 40

The Hyrcanian deserts and the vasty wilds

Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now, For princes to come view fair Portia:

The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar

To stop the foreign spirits, but they come, As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.

One of these three contains her heavenly picture.

Is't like that lead contains her? 'T were damnation

To think so base a thought: it were too gross 50

To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave. Or shall I think in silver she's immur'd,

Being ten times undervalued to tried gold? O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem

Was set in worse than gold. They have in England

A coin that bears the figure of an angel Stamped in gold, but that's insculp'd upon;

But here an angel in a golden bed Lies all within. Deliver me the key.

Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may! 60

*Por.* There, take it, prince; and if my form lie there,

Then I am yours.

*He unlocks the golden casket.*

*Mor.* O hell! what have we here? A carrion Death, within whose empty eye

There is a written scroll. I'll read the writing.

*All that glisters is not gold; Often have you heard that told:*

*Many a man his life hath sold But my outside to behold:*

*Gilded tombs do worms infold.*

*Had you been as wise as bold, 70*

*Young in limbs, in judgment old, Your answer had not been inscroll'd:*

*Fare you well; your suit is cold.*

Cold, indeed; and labour lost: Then, farewell, heat, and welcome, frost!

Portia, adieu. I have too griev'd a heart To take a tedious leave: thus losers part.

*Exit with his train. Flourish of cornets.*

*Por.* A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains; go.

Let all of his complexion choose me so. *Exeunt.*

# SCENE VIII.—Venice. A Street.

*Enter SALARINO and SALANIO.*

*Salar.* Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail:

With him is Gratiano gone along; And in their ship I'm sure Lorenzo is not.

*Salan.* The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke,

Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

*Salar.* He came too late, the ship was under sail:

But there the duke was given to understand That in a gondola were seen together

Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica. Besides, Antonio certified the duke 10

They were not with Bassanio in his ship. *Salar.* I never heard a passion so confused,

So strange, outrageous, and so variable, As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:

'My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!

Fled with a Christian! O my Christian ducats!

Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!

A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats, Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter!

And jewels! two stones, two rich and precious stones, 20

Stol'n by my daughter! Justice! find the girl;

She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats.'

*Salar.* Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,

Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

*Salan.* Let good Antonio look he keep his day,

Or he shall pay for this.

*Salar.* Marry, well remember'd. I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,

Who told me, in the narrow seas that part The French and English, there miscarried

A vessel of our country richly fraught. 30 I thought upon Antonio when he told me,

And wish'd in silence that it were not his.  
*Salan.* You were best tell Antonio what you hear;

Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.  
*Salan.* A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.

I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:  
 Bassanio told him he would make some speed

Of his return: he answer'd 'Do not so;  
 Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,  
 But stay the very riping of the time;' 40  
 And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,  
 Let it not enter in your mind of love:  
 Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts  
 To courtship and such fair ostents of love  
 As shall conveniently become you there.  
 And even there, his eye being big with tears,  
 Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,

And with affection wondrous sensible  
 He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.

*Salan.* I think he only loves the world for him. 50

I pray thee, let us go and find him out,  
 And quicken his embraced heaviness  
 With some delight or other.

*Salan.* Do we so. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—*Belmont. A Room in PORTIA'S House.*

*Enter NERISSA with a Servitor.*

*Ner.* Quick, quick, I pray thee; draw the curtain straight.  
 The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,  
 And comes to his election presently.

*Flourish of Cornets. Enter the Prince of ARRAGON, PORTIA, and their Trains.*

*Por.* Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince.

If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,  
 Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd;  
 But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,

You must be gone from hence immediately.  
*Ar.* I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:

First, never to unfold to any one 10  
 Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail  
 Of the right casket, never in my life  
 To woo a maid in way of marriage;  
 Lastly,

If I do fail in fortune of my choice,  
 Immediately to leave you and be gone.

*Por.* To these injunctions every one doth swear

That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

*Ar.* And so have I address'd me. Fortune now

To my heart's hope! Gold, silver, and base lead. 20

*Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath:*

You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.  
 What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:

*Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.*

What many men desire! that 'many' may be meant

By the fool multitude, that choose by show,  
 Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;

Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,

Builds in the weather on the outward wall,  
 Even in the force and road of casualty. 30

I will not choose what many men desire,  
 Because I will not jump with common spirits

And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.  
 Why then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;

Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:  
*Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.*

And well said too; for who shall go about  
 To cozen fortune and be honourable

Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume

To wear an undeserved dignity. 40

O! that estates, degrees, and offices  
 Were not deriv'd corruptly, and that clear honour

Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer,  
 How many then should cover that stand bare;

How many be commanded that command;  
 How much low peasantry would then be glean'd

From the true seed of honour; and how much honour

Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times  
 To be new-varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:

*Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.* 50

I will assume desert. Give me a key for this,  
 And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

*He opens the silver casket.*  
*Por.* Too long a pause for that which you find there.

*Ar.* What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot.

Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.  
 How much unlike art thou to Portia!

How much unlike my hopes and my desertings!

*Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves.*

Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?  
 Is that my prize? are my deserts no better? 60

*Por.* To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,  
 And of opposed natures.

*Ar.* What is here?

*The fire seven times tried this:  
 Seven times tried that judgment is  
 That did never choose amiss.  
 Some there be that shadows kiss;  
 Such have but a shadow's bliss:  
 There be fools alive, I wis,*

*Silver'd o'er; and so was this.  
Take what wife you will to bed,  
I will ever be your head:  
So be gone, sir: you are sped.*

Still more fool I shall appear  
By the time I linger here:  
With one fool's head I came to woo,  
But I go away with two.  
Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath,  
Patiently to bear my wroth.

*Exeunt ARRAGON and Train.*

*Por.* Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.

O, these deliberate fools! when they do choose,

They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.  
*Ner.* The ancient saying is no heresy:

Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.  
*Por.* Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Where is my lady?

*Por.* Here; what would my lord?

*Serv.* Madam, there is alighted at your gate

A young Venetian, one that comes before  
To signify the approaching of his lord;  
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets,  
To wit, besides commends and courteous  
breath,

Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not seen  
So likely an ambassador of love:

A day in April never came so sweet,  
To show how costly summer was at hand,  
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

*Por.* No more, I pray thee: I am half  
afear'd

Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,  
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising  
him.

Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see  
Quick Cupid's post that comes so man-  
nerly.

*Ner.* Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be!

*Exeunt.*

### ACT III

SCENE I.—Venice. A Street.

*Enter SALANIO and SALARINO.*

*Salan.* Now, what news on the Rialto?

*Salar.* Why, yet it lives there unchecked  
that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading  
wrecked on the narrow seas; the Goodwins,  
I think they call the place; a very dangerous  
flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of many  
a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my  
gossip Report be an honest woman of her  
word.

*Salan.* I would she were as lying a gossip  
in that as ever knapped ginger, or made her  
neighbours believe she wept for the death  
of a third husband. But it is true, without  
any slips of prolixity or crossing the plain  
highway of talk, that the good Antonio, the  
honest Antonio,—O, that I had a title good  
enough to keep his name company!—

*Salar.* Come, the full stop.

*Salan.* Ha! what sayest thou? Why, the  
end is, he hath lost a ship.

*Salar.* I would it might prove the end of  
his losses.

*Salan.* Let me say 'amen' betimes, lest  
the devil cross my prayer, for here he comes  
in the likeness of a Jew.

*Enter SHYLOCK.*

How now, Shylock! what news among the  
merchants?

*Shy.* You knew, none so well, none so  
well as you, of my daughter's flight.

*Salar.* That's certain: I, for my part,  
knew the tailor that made the wings she  
flew withal.

*Salan.* And Shylock, for his own part,  
knew the bird was fledged; and then it is  
the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

*Shy.* She is damned for it.

*Salar.* That's certain, if the devil may be  
her judge.

*Shy.* My own flesh and blood to rebel!

*Salar.* Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it  
at these years?

*Shy.* I say my daughter is my flesh and  
blood.

*Salar.* There is more difference between  
thy flesh and hers than between jet and  
ivory; more between your bloods than  
there is between red wine and Rhenish.  
But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio  
have had any loss at sea or no?

*Shy.* There I have another bad match: a  
bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show  
his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that used  
to come so smug upon the mart; let him  
look to his bond: he was wont to call me  
usurer; let him look to his bond: he was  
wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy;  
let him look to his bond.

*Salar.* Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou  
wilt not take his flesh: what's that good  
for?

*Shy.* To bait fish withal: if it will feed  
nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He  
hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a  
million, laughed at my losses, mocked at my  
gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains,  
cooled my friends, heated mine  
enemies; and what's his reason? I am a  
Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a  
Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses,  
affections, passions? fed with the same  
food, hurt with the same weapons, subject  
to the same diseases, healed by the same  
means, warmed and cooled by the same  
winter and summer, as a Christian is? If  
you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle  
us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do  
we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we  
not revenge? If we are like you in the rest,  
we will resemble you in that. If a Jew  
wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what  
should his sufferance be by Christian ex-  
ample? Why, revenge. The villany you  
teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard  
but I will better the instruction.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

*Salar.* We have been up and down to seek him.

*Enter TUBAL.*

*Salar.* Here comes another of the tribe: a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew. 82

*Exeunt SALANIO, SALARINO, and Servant.*  
*Shy.* How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

*Tub.* I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her. 83

*Shy.* Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now: two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them? Why, so: and I know not what's spent in the search: why, thou—loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring but what lights on my shoulders; no sighs but of my breathing; no tears but of my shedding. 101

*Tub.* Yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

*Shy.* What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

*Tub.*—hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

*Shy.* I thank God! I thank God! Is 't true? is 't true?

*Tub.* I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck. 110

*Shy.* I thank thee, good Tubal. Good news, good news! ha! ha! Where? in Genoa?

*Tub.* Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, in one night fourscore ducats.

*Shy.* Thou stickest a dagger in me: I shall never see my gold again: fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

*Tub.* There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break. 120

*Shy.* I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him: I am glad of it.

*Tub.* One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

*Shy.* Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

*Tub.* But Antonio is certainly undone. 129

*Shy.* Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue: go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Belmont. A Room in PORTIA'S House.

*Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, and Attendants.*

*Por.* I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two

Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong, I lose your company: therefore forbear awhile.

There's something tells me, but it is not love,

I would not lose you; and you know yourself,

Hate counsels not in such a quality. But lest you should not understand me well—

And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,—

I would detain you here some month or two Before you venture for me. I could teach you 10

How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;

So will I never be: so may you miss me; But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,

That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,

They have o'erlook'd me and divided me: One half of me is yours, the other half yours,

Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,

And so all yours. O! these naughty times Put bars between the owners and their rights;

And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so, 20

Let fortune go to hell for it, not I. I speak too long; but 't is to peise the time,

To eke it and to draw it out in length, To stay you from election.

*Bass.* Let me choose: For as I am, I live upon the rack.

*Por.* Upon the rack, Bassanio! then confess

What treason there is mingled with your love.

*Bass.* None but that ugly treason of mistrust,

Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:

There may as well be amity and life 30

'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

*Por.* Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,

Where men enforced do speak any thing.

*Bass.* Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

*Por.* Well then, confess and live.

*Bass.* 'Confess' and 'love' Had been the very sum of my confession:

O happy torment, when my torturer Doth teach me answers for deliverance!

But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

*Por.* Away then! I am lock'd in one of them: 40

If you do love me, you will find me out. Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.

Let music sound while he doth make his choice;

Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,  
Fading in music: that the comparison  
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream

And watery death-bed for him. He may win;

And what is music then? Then music is  
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow  
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is 50  
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day  
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,

And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,

With no less presence, but with much more love,

Than young Alcides, when he did redeem  
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy  
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice;  
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,  
With bleared visages, come forth to view  
The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules! 60  
Live thou, I live: with much, much more dismay

I view the fight than thou that mak'st the fray.

*A Song, whilst BASSANIO comments on the caskets to himself.*

*Tell me where is fancy bred,  
Or in the heart or in the head?  
How begot, how nourished?*

*Reply, reply.  
It is engender'd in the eyes,  
With gazing fed; and fancy dies  
In the cradle where it lies.*

*Let us all ring fancy's knell: 70  
I'll begin it.—Ding, dong, bell.*

All. *Ding, dong, bell.*

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves:

The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.  
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt  
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,  
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,  
What damned error, but some sober brow  
Will bless it and approve it with a text,  
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament? 80  
There is no vice so simple but assumes  
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.  
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false

As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins  
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,  
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;

And these assume but valour's excrement  
To render them redoubt'd! Look on beauty,

And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight;

Which therein works a miracle in nature, 90  
Making them lightest that wear most of it:  
So are those crisped snaky golden locks  
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,

Upon supposed fairness, often known

To be the dowry of a second head,  
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.  
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore  
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf

Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,  
The seeming truth which cunning times  
put on 100

To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,

Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;  
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge

'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,

Which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught,

Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,

And here choose I: joy be the consequence!  
*Por. Aside.* How all the other passions

fleet to air,  
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,

And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy! 110

O love! be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;  
In measure rain thy joy; scant this excess:  
I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,  
For fear I surfeit.

Bass. What find I here?

*Opening the leaden casket.*

Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god  
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?

Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,  
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,  
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar  
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs 121

The painter plays the spider, and hath woven

A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men  
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes!—

How could he see to do them? having made one,

Methinks it should have power to steal both his

And leave itself unfurnish'd: yet look, how far

The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow

In underprizing it, so far this shadow  
Doth limp behind the substance. Here's the scroll, 130

The continent and summary of my fortune.

*You that choose not by the view,  
Chance as fair and choose as true!  
Since this fortune falls to you,  
Be content and seek no new.*

*If you be well pleas'd with this  
And hold your fortune for your bliss,  
Turn you where your lady is  
And claim her with a loving kiss.*

A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave;  
I come by note, to give and to receive.

Like one of two contending in a prize,  
That thinks he hath done well in people's  
eyes,

Hearing applause and universal shout,  
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt  
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;  
So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so  
As doubtful whether what I see be true,  
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

*Por.* You see me, Lord Bassanio, where  
I stand, 150

Such as I am: though for myself alone  
I would not be ambitious in my wish,  
To wish myself much better: yet for you  
I would be trebled twenty times myself;  
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand  
times

More rich;

That only to stand high in your account,  
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,  
Exceed account: but the full sum of me  
Is sum of nothing; which, to term in gross,  
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, un-  
practis'd; 161

Happy in this, she is not yet so old  
But she may learn; happier than this,  
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;  
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit  
Commits itself to yours to be directed,  
As from her lord, her governor, her king.  
Myself and what is mine to you and yours  
Is now converted: but now I was the lord  
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,  
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but  
now, 171

This house, these servants, and this same  
myself

Are yours, my lord. I give them with this  
ring;

Which when you part from, lose, or give  
away,

Let it presage the ruin of your love,

And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

*Bass.* Madam, you have bereft me of all  
words,

Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;  
And there is such confusion in my powers,  
As, after some oration fairly spoke 180

By a beloved prince, there doth appear  
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;  
Where every something, being blent to-  
gether,

Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,  
Express'd and not express'd. But when  
this ring

Parts from this finger, then parts life from  
hence;

O! then be bold to say Bassanio's dead.

*Ner.* My lord and lady, it is now our  
time,

That have stood by and seen our wishes  
prosper,

To cry, good joy. Good joy, my lord and  
lady! 190

*Gra.* My Lord Bassanio and my gentle  
lady,

I wish you all the joy that you can wish;

For I am sure you can wish none from me:

And when your honours mean to solemnize

The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,  
Even at that time I may be married too.

*Bass.* With all my heart, so thou canst  
get a wife.

*Gra.* I thank your lordship, you have got  
me one.

My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as  
yours:

You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;  
You lov'd, I lov'd for intermission. 201

No more pertains to me, my lord, than  
you.

Your fortune stood upon the caskets there,  
And so did mine too, as the matter falls;

For wooing here until I sweat again,  
And swearing till my very roof was dry

With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,  
I got a promise of this fair one here

To have her love, provided that your fortune  
Achiev'd her mistress.

*Por.* Is this true, Nerissa?

*Ner.* Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd  
withal. 211

*Bass.* And do you, Gratiano, mean good  
faith?

*Gra.* Yes, faith, my lord.

*Bass.* Our feast shall be much honour'd  
in your marriage.

*Gra.* We'll play with them the first boy  
for a thousand ducats.

*Ner.* What! and stake down?

*Gra.* No; we shall ne'er win at that sport,  
and stake down. 220

But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his  
infidel?

What! and my old Venetian friend Salanio?

*Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SALANIO.*

*Bass.* Lorenzo, and Salanio, welcome  
hither,

If that the youth of my new interest here  
Have power to bid you welcome. By your  
leave,

I bid my very friends and countrymen,  
Sweet Portia, welcome.

*Por.* So do I, my lord:  
They are entirely welcome.

*Lor.* I thank your honour. For my part,  
my lord,

My purpose was not to have seen you here;  
But meeting with Salanio by the way, 231

He did entreat me, past all saying nay,  
To come with him along.

*Salan.* I did, my lord,  
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio

Commends him to you.

*Gives BASSANIO a letter.*  
*Bass.* Ere I ope his letter,

I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

*Salan.* Not sick, my lord, unless it be in  
mind;

Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there  
Will show you his estate.

*Gra.* Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid  
her welcome. 241

Your hand, Salanio. What's the news from  
Venice?

How doth that royal merchant, good  
Antonio?

I know he will be glad of our success;  
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

Salan. I would you had won the fleece  
that he hath lost.

Por. There are some shrewd contents in  
yon same paper,

That steals the colour from Bassanio's  
cheek:

Some dear friend dead, else nothing in the  
world

Could turn so much the constitution  
Of any constant man. What, worse and  
worse! 250

With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,  
And I must freely have the half of any thing  
That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet Portia!  
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words  
That ever blotted paper. Gentle lady,  
When I did first impart my love to you,  
I freely told you all the wealth I had  
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman:  
And then I told you true; and yet, dear lady,  
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see 260  
How much I was a braggart. When I told  
you

My state was nothing, I should then have  
told you

That I was worse than nothing; for,  
indeed,

I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,  
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,  
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;  
The paper as the body of my friend,  
And every word in it a gaping wound,  
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salanio?  
Have all his ventures fail'd? What! not  
one hit? 270

From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,  
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?  
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful  
touch

Of merchant-marring rocks?

Salan. Not one, my lord.  
Besides, it should appear, that if he had  
The present money to discharge the Jew,  
He would not take it. Never did I know  
A creature, that did bear the shape of  
man,

So keen and greedy to confound a man. 279  
He plies the duke at morning and at night,  
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,  
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,  
The duke himself, and the magnificoes  
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with  
him;

But none can drive him from the envious  
plea

Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him, I have heard  
him swear

To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,  
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh  
Than twenty times the value of the sum 280  
That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,  
If law, authority, and power deny not,  
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in  
trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kind-  
est man.

The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit  
In doing courtesies, and one in whom  
The ancient Roman honour more appears  
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew? 300

Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.

Por. What! no more?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond:  
Double six thousand, and then treble that,  
Before a friend of this description

Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.  
First go with me to church and call me wife,  
And then away to Venice to your friend;  
For never shall you lie by Portia's side

With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold  
To pay the petty debt twenty times over:

When it is paid, bring your true friend  
along. 311

My maid Nerissa and myself meantime  
Will live as maids and widows. Come,  
away!

For you shall hence upon your wedding-day.  
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry  
cheer;

Since you are dear bought, I will love you  
dear. 316

But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. *Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all  
miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my  
estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is  
forfeit; and since, in paying it, it is impos-  
sible I should live, all debts are cleared  
between you and I, if I might but see you  
at my death. Notwithstanding, use your  
pleasure: if your love do not persuade you  
to come, let not my letter.* 325

Por. O love, dispatch all business, and be  
gone!

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go  
away,

I will make haste; but till I come again,  
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,

Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. 330  
*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.—Venice. A Street.

*Enter SHYLOCK, SALARINO, ANTONIO,  
and Gaoler.*

Shy. Gaoler, look to him: tell not me of  
mercy;

This is the fool that lent out money gratis:  
Gaoler, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against  
my bond:

I have sworn an oath that I will have my  
bond.

Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a  
cause,

But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:  
The duke shall grant me justice. I do  
wonder,

Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond  
To come abroad with him at his request. 10

Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.

*Shy.* I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:  
 I'll have my bond, and therefore speak no more.  
 I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,  
 To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield  
 To Christian intercessors. Follow not;  
 I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond.

*Exit.*

*Salar.* It is the most impenetrable cur  
 That ever kept with men.

*Ant.* Let him alone:  
 I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.

He seeks my life; his reason well I know.  
 I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures  
 Many that have at times made moan to me;  
 Therefore he hates me.

*Salar.* I am sure the duke  
 Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

*Ant.* The duke cannot deny the course of law:

For the commodity that strangers have  
 With us in Venice, if it be denied,  
 Will much impeach the justice of his state;  
 Since that the trade and profit of the city  
 Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:  
 These griefs and losses have so bated me,  
 That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh  
 To-morrow to my bloody creditor.  
 Well, gaoler, on. Pray God, Bassanio come  
 To see me pay his debt, and then I care not!

*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Belmont. A Room in  
 PORTIA'S House.*

*Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO,  
 JESSICA, and BALTHAZAR.*

*Lor.* Madam, although I speak it in your presence,

You have a noble and a true conceit  
 Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly

In bearing thus the absence of your lord.  
 But if you knew to whom you show this honour,

How true a gentleman you send relief,  
 How dear a lover of my lord your husband,  
 I know you would be prouder of the work  
 Than customary bounty can enforce you.

*Por.* I never did repent for doing good,  
 Nor shall not now: for in companions  
 That do converse and waste the time together,

Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,  
 There must be needs a like proportion  
 Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;  
 Which makes me think that this Antonio,  
 Being the bosom lover of my lord,  
 Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,  
 How little is the cost I have bestow'd  
 In purchasing the semblance of my soul  
 From out the state of hellish cruelty!

This comes too near the praising of myself;  
 Therefore no more of it: hear other things.  
*Lorenzo,* I commit into your hands  
 The husbandry and manage of my house

Until my lord's return: for mine own part,  
 I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow  
 To live in prayer and contemplation,  
 Only attended by Nerissa here,  
 Until her husband and my lord's return.  
 There is a monastery two miles off,  
 And there we will abide. I do desire you  
 Not to deny this imposition,  
 The which my love and some necessity  
 Now lays upon you.

*Lor.* Madam, with all my heart:  
 I shall obey you in all fair commands.

*Por.* My people do already know my mind,

And will acknowledge you and Jessica  
 In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.

So fare you well till we shall meet again.  
*Lor.* Fair thoughts and happy hours  
 attend on you!

*Jes.* I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

*Por.* I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd

To wish it back on you: fare you well,  
 Jessica.

*Exeunt JESSICA and LORENZO.*

Now, Balthazar,  
 As I have ever found thee honest-true,  
 So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,

And use thou all the endeavour of a man  
 In speed to Padua: see thou render this  
 Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario;  
 And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,

Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed  
 Unto the traject, to the common ferry  
 Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,

But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.

*Bal.* Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

*Exit.*

*Por.* Come on, Nerissa: I have work in hand

That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands

Before they think of us.

*Ner.* Shall they see us?

*Por.* They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit

That they shall think we are accomplished  
 With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,  
 When we are both accoutred like young men,

I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,  
 And wear my dagger with the braver grace,  
 And speak between the change of man and boy

With a reed voice, and turn two mincing steps

Into a manly stride, and speak of frays  
 Like a fine bragging youth, and tell quaint lies,

How honourable ladies sought my love,  
 Which I denying, they fell sick and died;  
 I could not do withal; then I'll repent,  
 And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them:

And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,  
That men shall swear I have discontinued  
school  
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my  
mind

A thousand raw tricks of these bragging  
Jacks,  
Which I will practise.

*Ner.* Why, shall we turn to men?

*Por.* Fie, what a question 's that,  
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter! 80  
But come: I'll tell thee all my whole device  
When I am in my coach, which stays for us  
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,  
For we must measure twenty miles to-  
day.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Same.* A Garden.

*Enter LAUNCELOT and JESSICA.*

*Laun.* Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins  
of the father are to be laid upon the children;  
therefore, I promise you, I fear you. I was  
always plain with you, and so now I speak  
my agitation of the matter: therefore, be  
of good cheer; for truly I think you are  
damned. There is but one hope in it that  
can do you any good, and that is but a kind  
of bastard hope neither. 9

*Jes.* And what hope is that, I pray thee?

*Laun.* Marry, you may partly hope that  
your father got you not, that you are not  
the Jew's daughter.

*Jes.* That were a kind of bastard hope,  
indeed: so the sins of my mother should be  
visited upon me.

*Laun.* Truly then I fear you are damned  
both by father and mother: thus when I  
shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charyb-  
dis, your mother: well, you are gone both  
ways. 20

*Jes.* I shall be saved by my husband; he  
hath made me a Christian.

*Laun.* Truly, the more to blame he: we  
were Christians enow before; e'en as many  
as could well live one by another. This  
making of Christians will raise the price of  
hogs: if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we  
shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals  
for money.

*Jes.* I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what  
you say: here he comes. 30

*Enter LORENZO.*

*Lor.* I shall grow jealous of you shortly,  
Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into  
corners.

*Jes.* Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo:  
Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly,  
there is no mercy for me in heaven, because  
I am a Jew's daughter: and he says you are  
no good member of the commonwealth, for  
in converting Jews to Christians, you raise  
the price of pork. 39

*Lor.* I shall answer that better to the com-  
monwealth than you can the getting up  
of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child  
by you, Launcelot,

*Laun.* It is much that the Moor should  
be more than reason; but if she be less  
than an honest woman, she is indeed more  
than I took her for.

*Lor.* How every fool can play upon the  
word! I think the best grace of wit will  
shortly turn into silence, and discourse  
grow commendable in none only but par-  
rots. Go in, sirrah: bid them prepare for  
dinner.

*Laun.* That is done, sir; they have all  
stomachs. 54

*Lor.* Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are  
you! then bid them prepare dinner.

*Laun.* That is done too, sir; only 'cover'  
is the word.

*Lor.* Will you cover then, sir?

*Laun.* Not so, sir, neither; I know my  
duty. 59

*Lor.* Yet more quarrelling with occasion!  
Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy  
wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a  
plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy  
fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in  
the meat, and we will come in to dinner. 61

*Laun.* For the table, sir, it shall be served  
in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered;  
for your coming in to dinner, sir, why,  
let it be as humours and conceits shall  
govern. *Exit.*

*Lor.* O dear discretion, how his words are  
suited! 70

The fool hath planted in his memory  
An army of good words; and I do know  
A many fools, that stand in better place,  
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word  
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou,

Jessica?

And now, good sweet, say thy opinion;  
How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's  
wife?

*Jes.* Past all expressing. It is very meet  
The Lord Bassanio live an upright life,  
For, having such a blessing in his lady, 80  
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;  
And if on earth he do not mean it, then  
In reason he should never come to heaven.  
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly  
match,

And on the wager lay two earthly women,  
And Portia one, there must be something  
else

Pawn'd with the other, for the poor rude  
world

Hath not her fellow.

*Lor.* Even such a husband  
Hast thou of me as she is for a wife. 89

*Jes.* Nay, but ask my opinion too of  
that.

*Lor.* I will anon; first, let us go to dinner.

*Jes.* Nay, let me praise you while I have  
a stomach.

*Lor.* No, pray thee, let it serve for table-  
talk;

Then howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other  
things

I shall digest it.

*Jes.* Well, I'll set you forth.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV

SCENE I.—*Venice. A Court of Justice.*

*Enter the DUKE; the Magnificoes; ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SALANIO, and others.*

*Duke.* What, is Antonio here?

*Ant.* Ready, so please your grace.

*Duke.* I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch  
Uncapable of pity, void and empty  
From any dram of mercy.

*Ant.* I have heard  
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify  
His rigorous course; but since he stands  
obdurate,

And that no lawful means can carry me  
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose <sup>10</sup>  
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd  
To suffer with a quietness of spirit  
The very tyranny and rage of his.

*Duke.* Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

*Salar.* He's ready at the door: he comes,  
my lord.

*Enter SHYLOCK.*

*Duke.* Make room, and let him stand  
before our face.

*Shylock,* the world thinks, and I think so too,  
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy  
malice

To the last hour of act; and then 'tis thought  
Thou 'lt show thy mercy and remorse more  
strange <sup>20</sup>

Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;  
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,  
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's  
flesh,

Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,  
But, touch'd with human gentleness and  
love,

Forgive a moiety of the principal;  
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,  
That have of late so huddled on his back,  
Enow to press a royal merchant down,  
And pluck commiseration of his state <sup>30</sup>

From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of  
flint.

From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never  
train'd

To offices of tender courtesy.

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

*Shy.* I have possess'd your grace of what  
I purpose;

And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn  
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:  
If you deny it, let the danger light  
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.  
You 'll ask me, why I rather choose to have <sup>40</sup>  
A weight of carrion flesh than to receive  
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer  
that:

But, say, it is my humour: is it answer'd?  
What if my house be troubled with a rat,  
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats

To have it baned? What, are you answer'd  
yet?

Some men there are love not a gaping pig;  
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;  
And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the  
nose,

Cannot contain their urine: for affection, so  
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood  
Of what it likes, or loathes. Now, for your  
answer:

As there is no firm reason to be render'd,  
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;  
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;  
Why he, a woollen bagpipe; but of force  
Must yield to such inevitable shame  
As to offend, himself being offended;  
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,  
More than a lodg'd hate and a certain  
loathing <sup>60</sup>

I bear Antonio, that I follow thus  
A losing suit against him. Are you  
answer'd?

*Bass.* This is no answer, thou unfeeling  
man,

To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

*Shy.* I am not bound to please thee with  
my answer.

*Bass.* Do all men kill the things they do  
not love?

*Shy.* Hates any man the thing he would  
not kill?

*Bass.* Every offence is not a hate at first.

*Shy.* What! wouldst thou have a serpent  
sting thee twice?

*Ant.* I pray you, think, you question with  
the Jew: <sup>70</sup>

You may as well go stand upon the beach,  
And bid the main flood bate his usual  
height;

You may as well use question with the wolf,  
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the  
lamb;

You may as well forbid the mountain pines  
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise  
When they are fretted with the gusts of  
heaven;

You may as well do any thing most hard,  
As seek to soften that—than which what's  
harder?—

His Jewish heart: therefore, I do beseech  
you, <sup>80</sup>

Make no more offers, use no further means;  
But with all brief and plain expediency,

Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

*Bass.* For thy three thousand ducats here  
is six.

*Shy.* If every ducat in six thousand ducats  
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,  
I would not draw them. I would have my  
bond.

*Duke.* How shalt thou hope for mercy,  
rendering none?

*Shy.* What judgment shall I dread, doing  
no wrong?

You have among you many a purchas'd  
slave, <sup>90</sup>

Which, like your asses and your dogs and  
mules,

You use in abject and in slavish parts,

Because you bought them: shall I say to you,  
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?  
Why sweat they under burdens? let their  
beds

Be made as soft as yours, and let their  
palates

Be season'd with such viands? You will  
answer:

'The slaves are ours': so do I answer you:  
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,  
Is dearly bought: 'tis mine, and I will  
have it. 100

If you deny me, fie upon your law!  
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.  
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I  
have it?

*Duke.* Upon my power I may dismiss this  
court,

Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,  
Whom I have sent for to determine this,  
Come here to-day.

*Salar.* My lord; here stays without  
A messenger with letters from the doctor,  
New come from Padua.

*Duke.* Bring us the letters: call the mes-  
senger. 110

*Bass.* Good cheer, Antonio! What, man,  
courage yet!

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones,  
and all,

Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

*Ant.* I am a tainted wether of the flock,  
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit  
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me:  
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,  
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

*Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's  
clerk.*

*Duke.* Came you from Padua, from  
Bellario?

*Ner.* From both, my lord. Bellario greets  
your grace. *Presents a letter.* 120

*Bass.* Why dost thou whet thy knife so  
earnestly?

*Shy.* To cut the forfeiture from that bank-  
rupt there.

*Gra.* Not on thy sole, but on thy soul,  
harsh Jew,

Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal  
can,

No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the  
keenness

Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce  
thee?

*Shy.* No, none that thou hast wit enough  
to make.

*Gra.* O! be thou damn'd, inexecutable  
dog,

And for thy life let justice be accus'd,  
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith 130

To hold opinion with Pythagoras,  
That souls of animals infuse themselves

Into the trunks of men: thy curish spirit  
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human

slaughter,  
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,

And whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd  
dam,

Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires  
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

*Shy.* Till thou canst rail the seal from off  
my bond,

Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so  
loud: 140

Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall  
To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.

*Duke.* This letter from Bellario doth com-  
mend

A young and learned doctor to our court.  
Where is he?

*Ner.* He attendeth here hard by,  
To know your answer, whether you'll admit  
him.

*Duke.* With all my heart: some three or  
four of you

Go give him courteous conduct to this place.  
Meantime, the court shall hear Bellario's  
letter. 149

*Clerk.* Your grace shall understand that  
at the receipt of your letter I am very sick;  
but in the instant that your messenger came,  
in loving visitation was with me a young  
doctor of Rome; his name is Balthazar. I  
acquainted him with the cause in contro-  
versy between the Jew and Antonio the  
merchant: we turned o'er many books  
together: he is furnished with my opinion;  
which, bettered with his own learning, the  
greatness whereof I cannot enough com-  
mend, comes with him, at my importunity,  
to fill up your grace's request in my stead.  
I beseech you, let his lack of years be no  
impediment to let him lack a reverend  
estimation, for I never knew so young a  
body with so old a head. I leave him to  
your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall  
better publish his commendation. 166

*Duke.* You hear the learn'd Bellario,  
what he writes:

And here, I take it, is the doctor come.

*Enter PORTIA, dressed like a doctor of laws.*

Give me your hand. Came you from old  
Bellario?

*Por.* I did, my lord.

*Duke.* You are welcome: take your place.  
Are you acquainted with the difference 171

That holds this present question in the  
court?

*Por.* I am informed throughly of the cause.  
Which is the merchant here, and which the  
Jew?

*Duke.* Antonio and old Shylock, both  
stand forth.

*Por.* Is your name Shylock?

*Shy.* Shylock is my name.

*Por.* Of a strange nature is the suit you  
follow;

Yet in such rule that the Venetian law  
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed. 179

You stand within his danger, do you not?

*Ant.* Ay, so he says.

*Por.* Do you confess the bond?

*Ant.* I do.

*Por.* Then must the Jew be merciful.

*Shy.* On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

*Por.* The quality of mercy is not strain'd,  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;  
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes  
The throned monarch better than his crown;  
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,  
190

The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;

But mercy is above this sceptred sway,  
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,  
It is an attribute to God himself,  
And earthly power doth then show likest God's

When mercy seasons justice. Therefore,  
Jew,

Though justice be thy plea, consider this,  
That in the course of justice, none of us  
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,  
200

And that same prayer doth teach us all to render

The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much

To mitigate the justice of thy plea,  
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice

Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

*Shy.* My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,

The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

*Por.* Is he not able to discharge the money?

*Bass.* Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;

Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,  
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er, 211  
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.  
If this will not suffice, it must appear  
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,

Wrest once the law to your authority:  
To do a great right, do a little wrong,  
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

*Por.* It must not be. There is no power in Venice

Can alter a decree established:

'T will be recorded for a precedent, 220

And many an error by the same example

Will rush into the state. It cannot be.

*Shy.* A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!

O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!

*Por.* I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

*Shy.* Here 'tis, most reverend doctor; here it is.

*Por.* Shylock, there 's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

*Shy.* An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:

Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?

No, not for Venice.

*Por.* Why, this bond is forfeit;  
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim 231  
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off  
Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful:  
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

*Shy.* When it is paid according to the tenour.

It doth appear you are a worthy judge;  
You know the law, your exposition

Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,

Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,  
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear

There is no power in the tongue of man 241  
To alter me. I stay here on my bond.

*Ant.* Most heartily I do beseech the court  
To give the judgment.

*Por.* Why then, thus it is:  
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

*Shy.* O noble judge! O excellent young man!

*Por.* For the intent and purpose of the law  
Hath full relation to the penalty.

Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

*Shy.* 'Tis very true. O wise and upright judge! 250

How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

*Por.* Therefore lay bare your bosom.

*Shy.* Ay, his breast;  
So says the bond: doth it not, noble judge?

'Nearest his heart': those are the very words.

*Por.* It is so. Are there balance here to weigh the flesh?

*Shy.* I have them ready.

*Por.* Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,  
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

*Shy.* Is it so nominated in the bond?

*Por.* It is not so express'd; but what of that? 260

'T were good you do so much for charity.

*Shy.* I cannot find it: 'tis not in the bond.

*Por.* You, merchant, have you any thing to say?

*Ant.* But little: I am arm'd and well prepar'd.

Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!  
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;

For herein Fortune shows herself more kind  
Than is her custom: it is still her use

To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,  
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow 270

An age of poverty; from which lingering penance

Of such a misery doth she cut me off.  
Commend me to your honourable wife:

Tell her the process of Antonio's end;  
Say how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;

And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge  
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.

Repent but you that you shall lose your friend,

And he repents not that he pays your debt;

For if the Jew do cut but deep enough, 260  
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

*Bass.* Antonio, I am married to a wife  
Which is as dear to me as life itself;  
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,  
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:  
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all,  
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

*Por.* Your wife would give you little  
thanks for that,

If she were by to hear you make the offer.

*Gra.* I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love:  
I would she were in heaven, so she could 291

Entreat some power to change this currish  
Jew.

*Ner.* 'Tis well you offer it behind her  
back;

The wish would make else an unquiet house.

*Shy.* These be the Christian husbands! I  
have a daughter;

Would any of the stock of Barrabas 310  
Had been her husband rather than a Chris-  
tian!

We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.

*Por.* A pound of that same merchant's  
flesh is thine;

The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

*Shy.* Most rightful judge!

*Por.* And you must cut this flesh from off  
his breast:

The law allows it, and the court awards it.

*Shy.* Most learned judge! A sentence!  
Come, prepare!

*Por.* Tarry a little: there is something  
else.

This bond doth give thee here no jot of  
blood;

The words expressly are 'a pound of flesh':  
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound  
of flesh;

But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed  
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and  
goods 310

Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate  
Unto the state of Venice.

*Gra.* O upright judge! Mark, Jew: O  
learned judge!

*Shy.* Is that the law?

*Por.* Thyself shalt see the act;

For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd  
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou  
desirest.

*Gra.* O learned judge! Mark, Jew: a  
learned judge!

*Shy.* I take this offer then: pay the bond  
thrice,

And let the Christian go.

*Bass.* Here is the money.

*Por.* Soft!  
The Jew shall have all justice; soft! no  
haste:—

He shall have nothing but the penalty.

*Gra.* O Jew! an upright judge, a learned  
judge!

*Por.* Therefore prepare thee to cut off the  
flesh.

Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor  
more,

But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,

Or less, than a just pound, be it but so much  
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,

Or the division of the twentieth part  
Of one poor scruple, nay, if the scale do  
turn

But in the estimation of a hair, 331  
Thou diest and all thy goods are confiscate.

*Gra.* A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!  
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

*Por.* Why doth the Jew pause? take thy  
forfeiture.

*Shy.* Give me my principal, and let me  
go.

*Bass.* I have it ready for thee; here it is.

*Por.* He hath refus'd it in the open court:  
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

*Gra.* A Daniel, still say I; a second  
Daniel! 340

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that  
word.

*Shy.* Shall I not have barely my principal?

*Por.* Thou shalt have nothing but the for-  
feiture,

To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

*Shy.* Why, then the devil give him good  
of it!

I'll stay no longer question.

*Por.* Tarry, Jew:  
The law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the laws of Venice,  
If it be prov'd against an alien

That by direct or indirect attempts 350  
He seek the life of any citizen,

The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive  
Shall seize one half his goods; the other  
half

Comes to the privy coffer of the state;  
And the offender's life lies in the mercy  
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.

In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;  
For it appears by manifest proceeding,  
That indirectly and directly too

Thou hast contriv'd against the very life 360  
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd  
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.

Down therefore and beg mercy of the duke.

*Gra.* Beg that thou may'st have leave to  
hang thyself:

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the  
state,

Thou hast not left the value of a cord;  
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's  
charge.

*Duke.* That thou shalt see the difference  
of our spirits,

I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.

For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's; 370  
The other half comes to the general state.

Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

*Por.* Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.

*Shy.* Nay, take my life and all; pardon  
not that:

You take my house when you do take the  
prop

That doth sustain my house; you take my life  
When you do take the means whereby I  
live.

*Por.* What mercy can you render him,  
Antonio?

*Gra.* A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake!

*Ant.* So please my lord the duke, and all the court, 380

To quit the fine for one half of his goods, I am content; so he will let me have The other half in use, to render it. Upon his death, unto the gentleman That lately stole his daughter:

Two things provided more, that, for this favour,

He presently become a Christian;

The other, that he do record a gift,

Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd, Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter. 390

*Duke.* He shall do this, or else I do recant The pardon that I late pronounced here.

*Por.* Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?

*Shy.* I am content.

*Por.* Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

*Shy.* I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;

I am not well. Send the deed after me,

And I will sign it.

*Duke.* Get thee gone, but do it.

*Gra.* In christening thou shalt have two godfathers;

Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,

To bring thee to the gallows, not the font. 400

*Exit SHYLOCK.*

*Duke.* Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

*Por.* I humbly do desire your grace of pardon:

I must away this night toward Padua,

And it is meet I presently set forth.

*Duke.* I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.

Antonio, gratify this gentleman,

For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

*Exeunt DUKE, Magnificoes, and Train.*

*Bass.* Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend

Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof, 410

Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew, We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

*Ant.* And stand indebted, over and above, In love and service to you evermore.

*Por.* He is well paid that is well satisfied; And I, delivering you, am satisfied,

And therein do account myself well paid: My mind was never yet more mercenary.

I pray you, know me when we meet again: I wish you well, and so I take my leave. 420

*Bass.* Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further:

Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute, Not as a fee. Grant me two things, I pray you;

Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

*Por.* You press me far, and therefore I will yield.

To ANTONIO. Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;

To BASSANIO. And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you.

Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;

And you in love shall not deny me this.

*Bass.* This ring, good sir? alas! it is a trifle; 430

I will not shame myself to give you this.

*Por.* I will have nothing else but only this; And now methinks I have a mind to it.

*Bass.* There's more depends on this than on the value.

The dearest ring in Venice will I give you, And find it out by proclamation:

Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

*Por.* I see, sir, you are liberal in offers: You taught me first to beg, and now methinks

You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd. 440

*Bass.* Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;

And when she put it on, she made me vow That I should neither sell nor give nor lose it.

*Por.* That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.

An if your wife be not a mad-woman, And know how well I have deserv'd the ring,

She would not hold out enemy for ever, For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you.

*Exeunt PORTIA and NERISSA.*

*Ant.* My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring:

Let his deservings and my love withal 450

Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.

*Bass.* Go, Gratiano; run and overtake him;

Give him the ring, and bring him, if thou canst,

Unto Antonio's house. Away! make haste. *Exit GRATIANO.*

Come, you and I will thither presently, And in the morning early will we both

Fly toward Belmont. Come, Antonio. *Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—The Same. A Street.

*Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.*

*Por.* Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,

And let him sign it. We'll away to-night, And be a day before our husbands home:

This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

*Enter GRATIANO.*

*Gra.* Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en.

My Lord Bassanio upon more advice Hath sent you here this ring, and doth

entreat

Your company at dinner.

*Por.* That cannot be: His ring I do accept most thankfully;

And so, I pray you, tell him: furthermore, 10 I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's

house.

*Gra.* That will I do.

*Ner.* Sir, I would speak with you. *Aside to PORTIA.* I'll see if I can get my husband's ring.

Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

*Por.* Thou may'st, I warrant. We shall have old swearing  
That they did give the rings away to men;  
But we 'll outface them, and outswear them too.

*Away!* make haste: thou know'st where I will tarry.

*Ner.* Come, good sir, will you show me to this house? *Exeunt.*

## ACT V

SCENE I.—*Belmont. The Avenue to PORTIA'S House.*

*Enter LORENZO and JESSICA.*

*Lor.* The moon shines bright: in such a night as this,

When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees

And they did make no noise, in such a night  
Troilus methinks mounted the Trojan walls,  
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,

Where Cressid lay that night.

*Jes.* In such a night  
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,  
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,  
And ran dismay'd away.

*Lor.* In such a night  
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand 10  
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love  
To come again to Carthage.

*Jes.* In such a night  
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs  
That did renew old Æson.

*Lor.* In such a night  
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,  
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,  
As far as Belmont.

*Jes.* In such a night  
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well,  
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,  
And ne'er a true one.

*Lor.* In such a night 20  
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,  
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

*Jes.* I would out-night you, did no body come;

But hark! I hear the footing of a man.

*Enter STEPHANO.*

*Lor.* Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

*Ste.* A friend.

*Lor.* A friend! what friend? your name,  
I pray you, friend?

*Ste.* Stephano is my name; and I bring word

My mistress will before the break of day  
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about 30  
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays  
For happy wedlock hours.

*Lor.* Who comes with her?

*Ste.* None but a holy hermit and her maid.  
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

*Lor.* He is not, nor we have not heard from him.

But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,  
And ceremoniously let us prepare  
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

*Enter LAUNCELOT.*

*Laun.* Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!

*Lor.* Who calls? 40

*Laun.* Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo?  
Master Lorenzo! sola, sola!

*Lor.* Leave hollaing, man; here.

*Laun.* Sola! where? where?

*Lor.* Here.

*Laun.* Tell him there 's a post come from  
my master, with his horn full of good news:  
my master will be here ere morning. *Exit.*

*Lor.* Sweet soul, let 's in, and there expect their coming.

And yet no matter; why should we go in? 50  
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,  
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;  
And bring your music forth into the air.

*Exit STEPHANO.*  
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!

Here we will sit, and let the sounds of music  
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night

Become the touches of sweet harmony.  
Sit, Jessica: look how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:  
There 's not the smallest orb which thou  
behold'st 60

But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins:  
Such harmony is in immortal souls;  
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

*Enter Musicians.*

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn:  
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,

And draw her home with music. *Music.*  
*Jes.* I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

*Lor.* The reason is, your spirits are attentive: 70

For do but note a wild and wanton herd,  
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,  
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,

Which is the hot condition of their blood;  
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,  
Or any air of music touch their ears,  
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,

Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze  
By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet

Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones,  
and floods; 80

Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,

But music for the time doth change his nature.

The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,

Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus:  
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

*Enter PORTIA and NERISSA, at a distance.*

*Por.* That light we see is burning in my hall.

How far that little candle throws his beams!

So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

*Ner.* When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

*Por.* So doth the greater glory dim the less:  
A substitute shines brightly as a king  
Until a king be by, and then his state  
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook  
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!

*Ner.* It is your music, madam, of the house.

*Por.* Nothing is good, I see, without respect:

Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

*Ner.* Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

*Por.* The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark

When neither is attended, and I think  
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,  
When every goose is cackling, would be thought

No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season season'd are  
To their right praise and true perfection!

Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,  
And would not be awak'd. *Music ceases.*

*Lor.* That is the voice,

Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

*Por.* He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckoo,

By the bad voice.

*Lor.* Dear lady, welcome home.

*Por.* We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,

Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.

Are they return'd?

*Lor.* Madam, they are not yet;

But there is come a messenger before,

To signify their coming.

*Por.* Go in, Nerissa:  
Give order to my servants that they take

No note at all of our being absent hence; 120  
Nor you, Lorenzo; Jessica, nor you.

*A tucket sounded.*

*Lor.* Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet.

We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

*Por.* This night methinks is but the daylight sick;

It looks a little paler: 'tis a day,

Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

*Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, and their Followers.*

*Bass.* We should hold day with the Antipodes,

If you would walk in absence of the sun.

*Por.* Let me give light, but let me not be light;

For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,

And never be Bassanio so for me: 130

But God sort all! You are welcome home, my lord.

*Bass.* I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend:

This is the man, this is Antonio,

To whom I am so infinitely bound.

*Por.* You should in all sense be much bound to him,

For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

*Ant.* No more than I am well acquitted of.

*Por.* Sir, you are very welcome to our house:

It must appear in other ways than words, 140  
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

*Gra. To NERISSA.* By yonder moon I swear you do me wrong;

In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:

Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,  
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

*Por.* A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?

*Gra.* About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring  
That she did give me, whose poesie was

For all the world like cutlers' poetry  
Upon a knife, 'Love me, and leave me not.'

*Ner.* What talk you of the posy, or the value? 151

You swore to me, when I did give it you,  
That you would wear it till your hour of

death,  
And that it should lie with you in your grave:

Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,

You should have been respective and have kept it.

Gave it a judge's clerk! no, God's my judge,  
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on 's face that

had it.

*Gra.* He will, an if he live to be a man.

*Ner.* Ay, if a woman live to be a man. 160

*Gra.* Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,

A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,  
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk,

A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:  
I could not for my heart deny it him.

*Por.* You were to blame, I must be plain  
with you,

To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;  
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,

And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.  
I gave my love a ring and made him swear 170

Never to part with it; and here he stands;  
I dare be sworn for him he would not leave it

Nor pluck it from his finger for the wealth  
That the world masters. Now, in faith,

Gratiano,  
You give your wife too unkind a cause of

grief:  
An't were to me, I should be mad at it.

*Bass. Aside.* Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,

And swear I lost the ring defending it.

*Gra.* My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away  
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and indeed 180  
Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,  
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine;

And neither man nor master would take aught  
But the two rings.

*Por.* What ring gave you, my lord?  
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

*Bass.* If I could add a lie unto a fault,  
I would deny it; but you see my finger  
Hath not the ring upon it; it is gone.

*Por.* Even so void is your false heart of truth.

By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed 190  
Until I see the ring.

*Ner.* Nor I in yours  
Till I again see mine.

*Bass.* Sweet Portia,  
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,  
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,  
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,

And how unwillingly I left the ring,  
When nought would be accepted but the ring,

You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

*Por.* If you had known the virtue of the ring,

Or half her worthiness that gave the ring, 200  
Or your own honour to contain the ring,  
You would not then have parted with the ring.

What man is there so much unreasonable,  
If you had pleas'd to have defended it  
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty  
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?

*Nerissa* teaches me what to believe:  
I'll die for 't but some woman had the ring.

*Bass.* No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,

No woman had it; but a civil doctor, 210  
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,

And begg'd the ring, the which I did deny him,

And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;  
Even he that did uphold the very life  
Of my dear friend. What should I say,  
sweet lady?

I was enforc'd to send it after him;  
I was beset with shame and courtesy;  
My honour would not let ingratitude  
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady,  
For, by these blessed candles of the night, 220  
Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd

The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

*Por.* Let not that doctor e'er come near my house.

Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,  
And that which you did swear to keep for me,

I will become as liberal as you;  
I'll not deny him any thing I have;

No, not my body, nor my husband's bed.

Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:

Lie not a night from home; watch me like  
*Argus*: 230

If you do not, if I be left alone,  
Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,

I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

*Ner.* And I his clerk; therefore, be well advis'd

How you do leave me to mine own protection.

*Gra.* Well, do you so: let not me take him then;

For if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

*Ant.* I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

*Por.* Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.

*Bass.* Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong; 240

And in the hearing of these many friends,  
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,  
Wherein I see myself,—

*Por.* Mark you but that!  
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;  
In each eye, one: swear by your double self,  
And there's an oath of credit.

*Bass.* Nay, but hear me:  
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear  
I never more will break an oath with thee.

*Ant.* I once did lend my body for his wealth,

Which, but for him that had your husband's ring, 250

Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,

My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord  
Will never more break faith advisedly.

*Por.* Then you shall be his surety. Give him this,

And bid him keep it better than the other.

*Ant.* Here, Lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.

*Bass.* By heaven! it is the same I gave the doctor.

*Por.* I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio.  
For, by this ring, the doctor lay with me.

*Ner.* And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano, 260

For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,

In lieu of this last night did lie with me.

*Gra.* Why, this is like the mending of highways

In summer, where the ways are fair enough.  
What! are we cuckolds ere we have deserv'd it?

*Por.* Speak not so grossly. You are all amaz'd:

Here is a letter; read it at your leisure;  
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:

There you shall find that Portia was the doctor.

*Nerissa* there, her clerk: Lorenzo here 270

Shall witness I set forth as soon as you  
And even but now return'd; I have not yet

Enter'd my house. Antonio, you are welcome;

And I have better news in store for you

Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;  
 There you shall find three of your argosies  
 Are richly come to harbour suddenly.  
 You shall not know by what strange accident  
 I chanced on this letter.

*Ant.* I am dumb.

*Bass.* Were you the doctor and I knew  
 you not? 280

*Gra.* Were you the clerk that is to make  
 me cuckold?

*Ner.* Ay; but the clerk that never means  
 to do it,

Unless he live until he be a man.

*Bass.* Sweet doctor, you shall be my bed-  
 fellow:

When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

*Ant.* Sweet lady, you have given me life  
 and living,

For here I read for certain that my ships  
 Are safely come to road.

*Por.* How now, Lorenzo!

My clerk hath some good comforts too for  
 you.

*Ner.* Ay, and I'll give them him without a  
 fee. 290

There do I give to you and Jessica,  
 From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,  
 After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

*Lor.* Fair ladies, you drop manna in the  
 way

Of starved people.

*Por.* It is almost morning,

And yet I am sure you are not satisfied

Of these events at full. Let us go in;

And charge us there upon inter'gatories.

And we will answer all things faithfully.

*Gra.* Let it be so; the first inter'gatory 300

That my Nerissa shall be sworn on is,

Whether till the next night she had rather  
 stay,

Or go to bed now, being two hours to day.

But were the day come, I should wish it dark,

That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.

Well, while I live I'll fear no other thing

So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

*Exeunt*

## AS YOU LIKE IT

In reading *As You Like It* we should be on our guard against becoming too much enamored of the forest of Arden. The glamor which commentators have thrown over "this desert inaccessible" has gone far toward blinding us to the deeper and more spiritual beauties of the play. Instead of taking Arden as they find it they hark back to the description given by Charles, the wrestler, in the opening scene of the play: "They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world." To be sure, when we get into the forest we find that Charles' description of it comes no nearer the truth than we might reasonably expect from a professional wrestler who bases his report on what "they say." But the phrase "golden world" was too good to be passed up by the commentators who, with that phrase in mind, have built up an Arcadia utterly unlike Arden, which we must not forget was within walking distance of Duke Frederick's court.

The first actual view we have of Arden is at the beginning of Act II, when the Duke reminds his co-mates and brothers in exile that hard as is the life in this forest it is preferable to that of the corrupt court. The "icy fang" and "winter's wind," though they make us "shrink with cold," are more to be desired than flattery which keeps us from knowing ourselves. "Sweet are the uses of adversity" such as we find in Arden, for they teach us to read life's lesson in trees, in stones and running brooks, and to find good in everything. This is no "golden world" in which to "fleet the time carelessly." It is a land of adversity, a place of exile, to be avoided by all who are incapable of adjusting themselves to its rigors; a place only for those whose ears can detect its music and whose spirit can adapt its note unto "the sweet bird's throat"; a place for those who shun ambition, who love to live in the sun—live a life of exposure—and seek the food they eat. The charm of Arden is not in its sylvan shades or murmuring brooks, but in the natural hardships of the place which work so magically in eliciting from natures long accustomed to luxury and ease those higher spiritual qualities inherent in them. Arden is not a picnic ground; it is a place of trial and purgation, and if we think it charming it is because we come to see it through the eyes of these characters whose spirits have become chastened by adversity. We learn from this play that the roughest and most painful retreat in life may be transformed into beauty or remain ugly and forbidding according as *you like it*.

Arden is to be viewed primarily as in contrast with court and city. As a place of permanent abode it has no special virtue. It can produce so wretched a man as Corin, such clods as William and Audrey, so unreasonable a lover as Silvius, and so cruel and heartless a lass as Phebe. For any improvement in them we must trust, not to the influences of the place, to whose rigors they were born and within whose confines they will die, but to those influences which invade the place from the outer world—a world which we are so wont to condemn with Jacques for its folly and pride. The virtue of Arden lies in its contrast to the world to which we are accustomed. How this contrast first affected the Duke and his lords we do not learn; we see them only after the hardships of Arden have wrought their work in them and we hear the Duke say, "I would not change it." But we do observe the effect of this contrast on Rosalind, Celia, and Touchstone and on Orlando.

Rosalind arrives weary in spirit, Touchstone leg-weary, and Celia "faint almost to death." *Rosalind*. Well, this is the forest of Arden. *Touchstone*. Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I! when I was at home, I was in a better place: but travelers must be content. *Rosalind*. Ay, be so, good Touchstone.

That Arden fails to measure up to reports they may have heard about a "golden world" is obvious; and that these people have something else to do than "to fleet the time carelessly" if they would not perish is equally obvious. To Celia, supplied with gold, falls the business of arranging for food and shelter. Fortunately, the appearance of old Corin and Silvius opens the possibility of securing shelter, though Corin is careful to inform them that at his sheepcote there is nothing they would eat. His promise to be their "feeder," however, assures them for the time at least of their living.

But it is upon Rosalind that the sweating labor of the place devolves. The wound of her heart, almost healed by the grief of her banishment, opens afresh when she hears Silvius tell Corin of his love for Phebe. "Alas, poor shepherd!" she cries; "searching of thy wound, I have by hard adventure found mine own." The pains of love are the same the world over, whether in the court or in Arden. "Jove, Jove!" she cries; "this shepherd's passion is much upon my fashion." Love is one human ailment that even the hardships of Arden cannot cure; nay, they may even contribute to its bitterness. When Celia reports having met Orlando in the forest Rosalind exclaims: "Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?" Now in an idyllic Arden the obvious answer would be: Go and change them for woman's attire. But in this wild and desert place, for safety's sake, she must keep up her disguise as brother and protector to Celia. How can she meet her lover thus? The device of posing as a youth and under the name of Rosalind curing Orlando of his love is the purgatory through which Rosalind is compelled to pass in Arden.

The delight that we find in these scenes between Rosalind and Orlando springs largely from the brilliancy of Rosalind's wit and from her sweet deception of Orlando. We are flattered by being in the secret and hearing what would have been heaven to Orlando, had he but known. But in the fullness of our own satisfaction we are prone to overlook the significance of these scenes from the viewpoint of either Rosalind or Orlando. Most of us who write comments on Shakespeare's plays have passed middle life and find it difficult to recall the pangs of youthful love. To be sure Shakespeare has tried to awaken our recollection through that speech of Touchstone's: "I remember, when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile; and I remember the kissing of her batlet, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopped hands had milked. . . . We that are true lovers run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly." Rosalind replies, "Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of." If we have memory, how can we fail to perceive through what purgatory Rosalind is passing when her very being cries out for throwing off her disguise and throwing herself into her lover's arms? "O coz, coz, coz," she cries to Celia, "my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love!" When will there come an end to this deception?

Fortunately, Oliver arrives in Arden. Through adversity his nature is purged, and he falls in love at sight with the beautiful Celia, yielding his estate to Orlando. Now Rosalind can throw off her disguise. And it is none too soon, for Orlando has reached a point where he "can live no longer by thinking." The time of trial is ended; now is the time for Hymen's entrance.

But they are not to live in Arden. That is left for Jacques, the misanthrope, who having lost faith in the world still seeks sadness from experience. The news of Duke Frederick's conversion on the outskirts of the forest and of his restoration of lands and dukedom is welcome to Duke Senior, who in spite of his former declaration, "I would not change it," says:

"First, in this forest, let us do those ends  
That here were well begun and well begot;  
And after, every of this happy number  
*That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,*  
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,  
According to the measure of their states."

# AS YOU LIKE IT

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE, *living in banishment.*  
 FREDERICK, *his Brother, Usurper of his dominions.*  
 AMIENS, } *Lords attending on the ban-*  
 JAKUES, } *ished Duke.*  
 LE BEAU, *a Courtier.*  
 CHARLES, *a Wrestler.*  
 OLIVER, }  
 JAKUES, } *Sons of Sir Rowland de Boys.*  
 ORLANDO, }  
 ADAM, } *Servants to Oliver.*  
 DENNIS, }  
 TOUCHSTONE, *A Clown.*

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, *a Vicar.*  
 CORIN, }  
 SILVIUS, } *Shepherds.*  
 WILLIAM, *a Country Fellow, in love with Audrey.*  
 A person presenting HYMEN.  
 ROSALIND, *Daughter to the banished Duke.*  
 CELIA, *Daughter to Frederick.*  
 PHEBE, *a Shepherdess.*  
 AUDREY, *a Country Wench.*  
 Lords, Pages, Foresters, and Attendants.

SCENE.—*First, near Oliver's House; afterwards, in the Usurper's Court, and in the Forest of Arden.*

### ACT I

SCENE I.—*An Orchard, near OLIVER'S House.*

*Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.*

Ori. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns; and, as thou sayest, charged my brother on his blessing, to breed me well; and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired; but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth, for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Ori. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up. 30

*Enter OLIVER.*

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?

Ori. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

Ori. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness. 39

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be nought awhile.

Ori. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Ori. O! sir, very well: here, in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir? 45

Ori. Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What, boy! 53

Ori. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Ori. I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railled on thyself. 65

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Ori. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentlemanlike qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I

will no longer endure it; therefore, allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes. 78

*Oli.* And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

*Orl.* I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

*Oli.* Get you with him, you old dog.

*Adam.* Is 'old dog' my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word. 83

*Exeunt ORLANDO and ADAM.*

*Oli.* Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

*Enter DENNIS.*

*Den.* Calls your worship?

*Oli.* Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

*Den.* So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

*Oli.* Call him in. *Exit DENNIS.*  
'T will be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

*Enter CHARLES.*

*Cha.* Good morrow to your worship. 100

*Oli.* Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

*Cha.* There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

*Oli.* Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father? 111

*Cha.* O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

*Oli.* Where will the old duke live? 119

*Cha.* They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

*Oli.* What! you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke? 126

*Cha.* Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-

morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit, and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search and altogether against my will. 141

*Oli.* Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it, but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore use thy discretion. I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to 't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

*Cha.* I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment; if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more; and so, God keep your worship! *Exit.* 168

*Oli.* Farewell, good Charles. Now will I stir this gamester. I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle, never schooled and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised. But it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. *Exit.* 180

SCENE II.—A Lawn before the DUKE'S Palace.

*Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.*

*Cel.* I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

*Ros.* Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of, and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

*Cel.* Herein I see thou lovest me not

with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so would'st thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee. 15

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster. Therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry. 25

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou mayest in honour come off again. 31

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so, for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women. 39

Cel. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest, and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favouredly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. No? when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument? 50

Ros. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit! whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father. 61

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes

were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn. 71

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry: now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art. 79

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard. 85

Cel. Prithee, who is't that thou meanest?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him. Enough! speak no more of him; you'll be whipped for taxation one of these days. 91

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young. 100

Ros. Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable.

Enter LE BEAU.

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau: what's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport! Of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam! How shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will. 110

Touch. Or as the Destinies decree.

Cel. Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Ros. Thou losest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling. 120

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons,—

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

*Le Beau.* Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence;— 130

*Ros.* With bills on their necks, 'Be it known unto all men by these presents.'

*Le Beau.* The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him; so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping. 140

*Ros.* Alas!

*Touch.* But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

*Le Beau.* Why, this that I speak of.

*Touch.* Thus men may grow wiser every day; it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

*Cel.* Or I, I promise thee.

*Ros.* But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin? 152

*Le Beau.* You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

*Cel.* Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

*Flourish.* Enter Duke FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.

*Duke F.* Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

*Ros.* Is yonder the man? 160

*Le Beau.* Even he, madam.

*Cel.* Alas! he is too young: yet he looks successfully.

*Duke F.* How now, daughter and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

*Ros.* Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

*Duke F.* You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the man. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

*Cel.* Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

*Duke F.* Do so: I'll not be by. 174

*Duke goes apart.*

*Le Beau.* Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.

*Orl.* I attend them with all respect and duty.

*Ros.* Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler? 179

*Orl.* No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

*Cel.* Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more

equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety and give over this attempt. 190

*Ros.* Do, young sir: your reputation shall not therefore be misprised. We will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

*Orl.* I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty. 205

*Ros.* The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

*Cel.* And mine, to eke out hers.

*Ros.* Fare you well. Pray heaven I be deceived in you! 210

*Cel.* Your heart's desires be with you!

*Cha.* Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

*Orl.* Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

*Duke F.* You shall try but one fall.

*Cha.* No, I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first. 219

*Orl.* You mean to mock me after: you should not have mocked me before; but come your ways.

*Ros.* Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

*Cel.* I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg.

CHARLES AND ORLANDO wrestle.

*Ros.* O excellent young man!

*Cel.* If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down.

CHARLES is thrown. Shout.

*Duke F.* No more, no more.

*Orl.* Yes, I beseech your grace: I am not yet well breathed. 230

*Duke F.* How dost thou, Charles?

*Le Beau.* He cannot speak, my lord.

*Duke F.* Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

*Orl.* Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

*Duke F.* I would thou hadst been son to some man else:

The world esteem'd thy father honourable, But I did find him still mine enemy:

Thou should'st have better pleas'd me with this deed, 239

Hadst thou descended from another house. But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth: I would thou hadst told me of another father.

Exeunt Duke FREDERICK, Train, and LE BEAU.

*Cel.* Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son.

His youngest son; and would not change that calling.

To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father lov'd Sir Rowland as his soul,

And all the world was of my father's mind: Had I before known this young man his son, I should have given him tears unto entreaties, 250

Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle cousin, Let us go thank him and encourage him: My father's rough and envious disposition Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserv'd:

If you do keep your promises in love But justly, as you have exceeded all promise, Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman, Giving him a chain from her neck.

Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,

That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.

Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts 261

Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up

Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes;

I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir?

Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you. Fare you well.

Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference. 270

O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!

Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you

To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd

High commendation, true applause and love, Yet such is now the duke's condition

That he misconstrues all that you have done.

The duke is humorous: what he is indeed, More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir; and pray you tell me this; 280

Which of the two was daughter of the duke, That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners:

But yet indeed the smaller is his daughter:

The other is daughter to the banish'd duke, And here detain'd by her usurping uncle, To keep his daughter company; whose loves Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters. But I can tell you that of late this duke Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece. 290

Grounded upon no other argument

But that the people praise her for her virtues, And pity her for her good father's sake;

And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well:

Hereafter, in a better world than this, I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well. Exit LE BEAU.

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;

From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother. 300 But heavenly Rosalind! Exit.

### SCENE III.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

Cel. Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! Cupid have mercy! Not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs; throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lamed with reasons and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father? 10

Ros. No, some of it is for my child's father:

O! how full of briars is this working-day world.

Cel. They are but burrs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat: these burrs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry 'hem' and have him. 20

Cel. Come, come; wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O! they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

Cel. O! a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The duke my father loved his father dearly. 31

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, because I do. Look, here comes the duke. 41

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

*Enter Duke FREDERICK, with Lords.*

Duke F. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste, And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin: Within these ten days if that thou be'st found

So near our public court as twenty miles, Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace, Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me.

If with myself I hold intelligence, 49 Or have acquaintance with mine own desires, If that I do not dream or be not frantic, As I do trust I am not, then, dear uncle, Never so much as in a thought unborn Did I offend your highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors: If their purgation did consist in words, They are as innocent as grace itself: Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:

Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter; there's enough. 60

Ros. So was I when your highness took his dukedom;

So was I when your highness banish'd him.

Treason is not inherited, my lord;

Or, if we did derive it from our friends,

What's that to me? my father was no traitor:

Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much

To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake; 69

Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay:

It was your pleasure and your own remorse.

I was too young that time to value her;

But now I know her: if she be a traitor,

Why so am I; we still have slept together, Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;

And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans, Still we went coupl'd and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,

Her very silence and her patience, 80

Speak to the people, and they pity her.

Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;

And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous

When she is gone. Then open not thy lips:

Firm and irrevocable is my doom

Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege:

I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool. You, niece, provide yourself:

If you outstay the time, upon mine honour, And in the greatness of my word, you die. 91

*Exeunt Duke FREDERICK and Lords.*

Cel. O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?

Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.

I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin: Prithce, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke

Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love

Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one: Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl? 100

No: let my father seek another heir.

Therefore devise with me how we may fly.

Whither to go, and what to bear with us:

And do not seek to take your change upon you,

To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out;

For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale, Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden. 109

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us, Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,

And with a kind of umber smirch my face;

The like do you: so shall we pass along

And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,

Because that I am more than common tall, That I did suit me all points like a man?

A gallant curtal-axe upon my thigh,

A boar-spear in my hand; and,—in my heart 120

Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,—

We'll have a swashing and a martial out-side,

As many other mannish cowards have

That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page.

And therefore look you call me Ganymede. But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state:

No longer Celia, but Aliena. 130

Ros. But, cousin, what if we essay'd to steal

The clownish fool out of your father's court?

Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

*Cel.* He 'll go along o'er the wide world with me;

Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away, And get our jewels and our wealth together, Devise the fittest time and safest way To hide us from pursuit that will be made After my flight. Now go we in content To liberty and not to banishment. *Exeunt.*

## ACT II

### SCENE I.—*The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter Duke Senior, AMIENS, and other Lords, like Foresters.*

*Duke S.* Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,  
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet  
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods

More free from peril than the envious court?  
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,  
The seasons' difference; as the icy fang  
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,  
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,

Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say  
'This is no flattery: these are counsellors 10  
That feelingly persuade me what I am.'  
Sweet are the uses of adversity,  
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;  
And thus our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running  
brooks,

Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.  
I would not change it.

*Ami.* Happy is your grace,  
That can translate the stubbornness of  
fortune

Into so quiet and so sweet a style. 20  
*Duke S.* Come, shall we go and kill us  
venison?

And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,  
Being native burghers of this desert city,  
Should, in their own confines, with forked  
heads

Have their round haunches gor'd.

*First Lord.* Indeed, my lord,  
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;  
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp  
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd  
you.

To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself  
Did steal behind him as he lay along 30  
Under an oak whose antique root peeps out  
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;  
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,  
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,  
Did come to languish; and indeed, my lord,  
The wretched animal heav'd forth such  
groans

That their discharge did stretch his leathern  
coat

Almost to bursting, and the big round tears

Cours'd one another down his innocent nose  
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool, 40  
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,  
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift  
brook,

Augmenting it with tears.

*Duke S.* But what said Jaques?  
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

*First Lord.* O, yes, into a thousand similes.  
First, for his weeping into the needless  
stream;

'Poor deer,' quoth he, 'thou mak'st a testa-  
ment

As worldings do, giving thy sum of more  
To that which had too much': then, being  
there alone,

Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends; 50  
'Tis right,' quoth he; 'thus misery doth  
part

The flux of company': anon, a careless herd  
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him  
And never stays to greet him; 'Ay,' quoth  
Jaques,

'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;  
'Tis just the fashion; wherefore do you look  
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?'  
Thus most invectively he pierceth through  
The body of the country, city, court,  
Yea, and of this our life; swearing that we 60  
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's  
worse,

To fright the animals and to kill them up  
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

*Duke S.* And did you leave him in this  
contemplation?

*Second Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping  
and commenting

Upon the sobbing deer.

*Duke S.* Show me the place.  
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,  
For then he's full of matter.

*Second Lord.* I'll bring you to him  
straight. *Exeunt.*

### SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter Duke FREDERICK, Lords, and  
Attendants.*

*Duke F.* Can it be possible that no man  
saw them?

It cannot be: some villains of my court  
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

*First Lord.* I cannot hear of any that did  
see her.

The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,  
Saw her a-bed; and in the morning early  
They found the bed untreasur'd of their  
mistress.

*Second Lord.* My lord, the roynish clown,  
at whom so oft

Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.  
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman, 10

Confesses that she secretly o'erheard  
Your daughter and her cousin much com-  
mend

The parts and graces of the wrestler  
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;  
And she believes, wherever they are gone,  
That youth is surely in their company.

*Duke F.* Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hitner;  
If he be absent, bring his brother to me;  
I'll make him find him. Do this suddenly,  
And let not search and inquisition quail 20  
To bring again these foolish runaways.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Before OLIVER'S House.*

*Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.*

*Orl.* Who's there?

*Adam.* What! my young master? O my gentle master!

O my sweet master! O you memory  
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?

Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?

And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?

Why would you be so fond to overcome  
The bonny praiser of the humorous duke?  
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.

Know you not, master, to some kind of men 10

Their graces serve them but as enemies?  
No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,

Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.  
O, what a world is this, when what is comely  
Envenoms him that bears it!

*Orl.* Why, what's the matter?

*Adam.* O unhappy youth!  
Come not within these doors; within this roof

The enemy of all your graces lives.  
Your brother—no, no brother; yet the son—  
Yet not the son, I will not call him son 20  
Of him I was about to call his father—  
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means

To burn the lodging where you use to lie,  
And you within it: if he fail of that,  
He will have other means to cut you off.  
I overheard him and his practices.

This is no place; this house is but a butchery:  
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

*Orl.* Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

*Adam.* No matter whither, so you come not here. 30

*Orl.* What! wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?

Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce  
A thievish living on the common road?

This I must do, or know not what to do:  
Yet this I will not do, do how I can.

I rather will subject me to the malice  
Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

*Adam.* But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,

The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,  
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse 40  
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,

And unregarded age in corners thrown.  
Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,

Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,  
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;  
All this I give you. Let me be your servant:  
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;  
For in my youth I never did apply  
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,  
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo 50  
The means of weakness and debility;  
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,  
Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you;  
I'll do the service of a younger man  
In all your business and necessities.

*Orl.* O good old man! how well in thee appears

The constant service of the antique world,  
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!  
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,  
Where none will sweat but for promotion, 60  
And having that, do choke their service up  
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.  
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,  
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,  
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.  
But come thy ways, we'll go along together,  
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,  
We'll light upon some settled low content.

*Adam.* Master, go on, and I will follow thee

To the last gasp with truth and loyalty. 70  
From seventeen years till now almost four-score,

Here lived I, but now live here no more.  
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;  
But at fourscore it is too late a week:

Yet fortune cannot recompense me better  
Than to die well and not my master's debtor.  
*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter ROSALIND in boy's clothes, CELIA dressed like a shepherdess, and TOUCHSTONE.*

*Ros.* O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits.  
*Touch.* I care not for my spirits if my legs were not weary.

*Ros.* I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena!

*Cel.* I pray you, bear with me: I cannot go no further. 10

*Touch.* For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you; yet I should bear no cross if I did bear you, for I think you have no money in your purse.

*Ros.* Well, this is the forest of Arden.

*Touch.* Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I: when I was at home, I was in a better place: but travellers must be content.

*Ros.* Ay, be so, good Touchstone. Look you, who comes here; a young man and an old in solemn talk. 21

*Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.*

*Cor.* This is the way to make her scorn you still.

*Sil.* O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

*Cor.* I partly guess, for I have lov'd ere now.

*Sil.* No, Corin; being old, thou canst not guess.

Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow: But if thy love were ever like to mine, As sure I think did never man love so, How many actions most ridiculous

Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

*Cor.* Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

*Sil.* O! thou didst then ne'er love so heartily.

If thou remember'st not the slightest folly That ever love did make thee run into, Thou hast not lov'd:

Or if thou hast not sat as I do now, Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise, Thou hast not lov'd:

Or if thou hast not broke from company Abruptly, as my passion now makes me, Thou hast not lov'd. O Phebe, Phebe,

Phebe! *Exit.*

*Ros.* Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound, I have by hard adventure found mine own.

*Touch.* And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile; and I remember the kissing of her batlet, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopped hands had milked; and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her, from whom I took two cods, and giving her them again, said with weeping tears, 'Wear these for my sake.' We that are true lovers run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

*Ros.* Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.

*Touch.* Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it.

*Ros.* Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion Is much upon my fashion.

*Touch.* And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

*Cel.* I pray you, one of you question yond man

If he for gold will give us any food: I faint almost to death.

*Touch.* Holla, you clown!

*Ros.* Peace, fool: he's not thy kinsman.

*Cor.* Who calls?

*Touch.* Your betters, sir.

*Cor.* Else are they very wretched.

*Ros.* Peace, I say. Good even to you, friend.

*Cor.* And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

*Ros.* I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold

Can in this desert place buy entertainment, Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed.

Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,

And faints for succour.

*Cor.*

Fair sir, I pity her, And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,

My fortunes were more able to relieve her; But I am shepherd to another man, And do not shear the fleeces that I graze: My master is of churlish disposition, And little recks to find the way to heaven By doing deeds of hospitality.

Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed

Are now on sale; and at our sheepcote now, By reason of his absence, there is nothing That you will feed on; but what is, come see, And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

*Ros.* What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

*Cor.* That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,

That little cares for buying any thing.

*Ros.* I pray thee, if it stand with honesty, Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock, And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

*Cel.* And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,

And willingly could waste my time in it.

*Cor.* Assuredly the thing is to be sold.

Go with me: if you like upon report

The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,

I will your very faithful feeder be,

And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.—Another Part of the Forest.

*Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and others.*

*Ami.* Under the greenwood tree

Who loves to lie with me,

And turn his merry note

Unto the sweet bird's throat,

Come hither, come hither, come hither:

Here shall he see

No enemy

But winter and rough weather.

*Ja.* More, more! I prithee, more.

*Ami.* It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

*Ja.* I thank it. More! I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song as a weasel sucks eggs. More! I prithee, more.

*Ami.* My voice is ragged; I know I cannot please you.

*Ja.* I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanza. Call you 'em stanzas?

*Ami.* What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

*Ja.* Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

*Ami.* More at your request than to please myself.

*Ja.* Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes, and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

*Ami.* Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, cover

the while; the duke will drink under this tree. He hath been all this day to look you.

*Jaq.* And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he, but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble; come.

*All.* *Who doth ambition shun,*  
*And loves to live i' the sun,*  
*Seeking the food he eats*  
*And pleas'd with what he gets,*  
*Come hither, come hither, come hither:*  
*Here shall he see*  
*No enemy*

*But winter and rough weather.*

*Jaq.* I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

*Ami.* And I'll sing it. 50

*Jaq.* Thus it goes:

*If it do come to pass*  
*That any man turn ass,*  
*Leaving his wealth and ease,*  
*A stubborn will to please,*

*Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:*

*Here shall he see*

*Gross fools as he,*

*An if he will come to me.*

*Ami.* What's that ducdame? 60

*Jaq.* 'Tis a Greek invocation to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

*Ami.* And I'll go seek the duke: his banquet is prepared. *Exeunt severally.*

#### SCENE VI.—Another Part of the Forest.

*Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.*

*Adam.* Dear master, I can go no further: O! I die for food. Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

*Orl.* Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable, hold death awhile at the arm's end, I will here be with thee presently, and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die; but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou lookest cheerily, and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter, and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerily, good Adam.

*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE VII.—Another Part of the Forest.

*A table set out. Enter DUKE Senior,*  
*AMIENS, Lords, and others.*

*Duke S.* I think he be transform'd into a beast,  
For I can no where find him like a man.

*First Lord.* My lord, he is but even now gone hence:

Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

*Duke S.* If he, compact of jars, grow musical,

We shall have shortly discord in the spheres. Go, seek him: tell him I would speak with him.

*First Lord.* He saves my labour by his own approach.

*Enter JAQUES.*

*Duke S.* Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,

That your poor friends must woo your company? 10

What, you look merrily.

*Jaq.* A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest.

A motley fool; a miserable world!

As I do live by food, I met a fool;

Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,

And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms, In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.

'Good morrow, fool,' quoth I: 'No, sir,' quoth he,

'Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune.'

And then he drew a dial from his poke, 20 And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,

Says very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock:

Thus may we see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags:

'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,

And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;

And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe, And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,

And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear The motley fool thus moral on the time,

My lungs began to crow like chanticleer, 30 That fools should be so deep-contemplative, And I did laugh sans intermission

An hour by his dial. O noble fool!

A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

*Duke S.* What fool is this?

*Jaq.* O worthy fool! One that hath been a courtier,

And says, if ladies be but young and fair, They have the gift to know it; and in his brain,

Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit After a voyage, he hath strange places

cramm'd 40

With observation, the which he vents In mangled forms. O! that I were a fool.

I am ambitious for a motley coat.

*Duke S.* Thou shalt have one.

*Jaq.* It is my only suit;

Provided that you weed your better judgments

Of all opinion that grows rank in them That I am wise. I must have liberty

Withal, as large a charter as the wind, To blow on whom I please; for so fools

have:

And they that are most galled with my folly, 50

They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?

The 'why' is plain as way to parish church: He that a fool doth very wisely hit, Doth very foolishly, although he smart, Not to seem senseless of the bob; if not, The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd Even by the squandering glances of the fool. Invest me in my motley; give me leave To speak my mind, and I will through and through

Cleanse the foul body of the infected world, 80

If they will patiently receive my medicine. Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou would'st do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but good?

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:

For thou thyself hast been a libertine, As sensual as the brutish sting itself; And all the embossed sores and headed evils,

That thou with license of free foot hast caught,

Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride, 70

That can therein tax any private party? Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,

Till that the weary very means do ebb? What woman in the city do I name,

When that I say the city-woman bears The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders!

Who can come in and say that I mean her, When such a one as she such is her neighbour?

Or what is he of basest function That says his bravery is not of my cost, 80

Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits His folly to the mettle of my speech?

There then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein

My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,

Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free, Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,

Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

*Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.*

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come off? 90

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress,

Or else a rude despiser of good manners, That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny point

Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show

Of smooth civility; yet am I inland bred, And know some nurture. But forbear, I say: He dies that touches any of this fruit

Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason, 100

I must die.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force

More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food; and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:

I thought that all things had been savage here,

And therefore put I on the countenance Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are

That in this desert inaccessible, 110

Under the shade of melancholy boughs, Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;

If ever you have look'd on better days, If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,

If ever sat at any good man's feast, If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,

And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied, Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:

In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days, 120

And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,

And sat at good men's feasts, and wip'd our eyes

Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd; And therefore sit you down in gentleness

And take upon command what help we have

That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while,

Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn And give it food. There is an old poor man,

Who after me hath many a weary step 130

Limp'd in pure love: till he be first suffic'd, Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,

I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out, And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be bless'd for your good comfort! *Exit.*

Duke S. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy;

This wide and universal theatre Presents more woeful pageants than the scene

Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a stage, And all the men and women merely players; 140

They have their exits and their entrances; And one man in his time plays many parts,

His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,

Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.

And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,  
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
 Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,  
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a  
 soldier,  
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the  
 pard, 150  
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in  
 quarrel,  
 Seeking the bubble reputation  
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the  
 justice,  
 In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,  
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,  
 Full of wise saws and modern instances;  
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age  
 shifts  
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,  
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,  
 His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too  
 wide 160  
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly  
 voice,  
 Turning again toward childish treble,  
 pipes  
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
 That ends this strange eventful history,  
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion,  
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every  
 thing.

*Re-enter ORLANDO with ADAM.*

*Duke S.* Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,  
 And let him feed.  
*Orl.* I thank you most for him.  
*Adam.* So had you need:  
 I scarce can speak to thank you for myself. 170  
*Duke S.* Welcome; fall to: I will not  
 trouble you  
 As yet to question you about your fortunes.  
 Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

*Ami.* Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
 Thou art not so unkind  
 As man's ingratitude;  
 Thy tooth is not so keen,  
 Because thou art not seen,  
 Although thy breath be rude.  
*Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:* 180  
*Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.*  
*Then heigh-ho, the holly!*  
*This life is most folly.*  
*Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,*  
*That dost not bite so nigh*  
*As benefits forgot:*  
*Though thou the waters warp,*  
*Thy sting is not so sharp*  
*As friend remember'd not.*  
*Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:* 193  
*Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.*  
*Then heigh-ho, the holly!*  
*This life is most folly.*

*Duke S.* If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,  
 As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,  
 And as mine eye doth his effigies witness  
 Most truly limn'd and living in your face,  
 Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke  
 That lov'd your father: the residue of your  
 fortune,  
 Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,  
 Thou art right welcome as thy master is.  
 Support him by the arm. Give me your  
 hand,  
 And let me all your fortunes understand. 200  
*Exeunt.*

### ACT III

#### SCENE I.—A Room in the Palace.

*Enter Duke FREDERICK, OLIVER, and Attendants.*

*Duke F.* Not see him since! Sir, sir, that cannot be:  
 But were I not the better part made mercy,  
 I should not seek an absent argument  
 Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:  
 Find out thy brother, whereso'er he is;  
 Seek him with candle; bring him, dead or  
 living,  
 Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no  
 more  
 To seek a living in our territory.  
 Thy lands and all things that thou dost call  
 thine  
 Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands, 10  
 Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's  
 mouth  
 Of what we think against thee.  
*Oli.* O, that your highness knew my heart  
 in this!  
 I never lov'd my brother in my life.  
*Duke F.* More villain thou. Well, push  
 him out of doors;  
 And let my officers of such a nature  
 Make an extent upon his house and lands.  
 Do this expediently and turn him going.  
*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE II.—The Forest of Arden.

*Enter ORLANDO, with a paper.*

*Orl.* Hang there, my verse, in witness of my  
 love;  
 And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night,  
 survey  
 With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere  
 above,  
 Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth  
 sway.  
 O Rosalind! these trees shall be my  
 books,  
 And in their barks my thoughts I'll char-  
 acter,  
 That every eye, which in this forest looks,  
 Shall see thy virtue witness'd every  
 where.  
 Run, run, Orlando: carve on every tree  
 The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she. 10  
*Exit.*

*Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.*

*Cor.* And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

*Touch.* Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd? 22

*Cor.* No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred. 32

*Touch.* Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

*Cor.* No, truly.

*Touch.* Then thou art damned.

*Cor.* Nay, I hope.

*Touch.* Truly, thou art damned like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

*Cor.* For not being at court? Your reason. 40

*Touch.* Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

*Cor.* Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands: that courtesy would be uncleanly if courtiers were shepherds. 52

*Touch.* Instance, briefly; come, instance.

*Cor.* Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their fells, you know, are greasy.

*Touch.* Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

*Cor.* Besides, our hands are hard. 60

*Touch.* Your lips will feel them the sooner: shallow again. A more sounder instance; come.

*Cor.* And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

*Touch.* Most shallow man! Thou wormsmeat, in respect of a good piece of flesh, indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd. 71

*Cor.* You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

*Touch.* Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

*Cor.* Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck. 81

*Touch.* That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bell-wether, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds: I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape. 90

*Cor.* Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

*Enter ROSALIND, reading a paper.*

*Ros.*

*From the east to western Ind,*

*No jewel is like Rosalind.*

*Her worth, being mounted on the wind,*

*Through all the world bears Rosalind.*

*All the pictures fairest lin'd*

*Are but black to Rosalind.*

*Let no face be kept in mind*

*But the fair of Rosalind.* 100

*Touch.* I'll rime you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to market.

*Ros.* Out, fool!

*Touch.* For a taste:

*If a hart do lack a hind,*

*Let him seek out Rosalind.*

*If the cat will after kind,*

*So be sure will Rosalind.* 110

*Winter garments must be lin'd,*

*So must slender Rosalind.*

*They that reap must sheaf and bind,*

*Then to cart with Rosalind.*

*Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,*

*Such a nut is Rosalind.*

*He that sweetest rose will find*

*Must find love's prick and Rosalind.*

This is the very false gallop of verses: why do you infect yourself with them? 120

*Ros.* Peace! you dull fool: I found them on a tree.

*Touch.* Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

*Ros.* I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

*Touch.* You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge. 130

*Ros.* Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

*Enter CELIA, reading a paper.*

Cel.

*Why should this a desert be?*

*For it is unpeopled? No;*

*Tongues I'll hang on every tree,*

*That shall civil sayings show.*

*Some, how brief the life of man*

*Runs his erring pilgrimage,*

*That the stretching of a span*

*Buckles in his sum of age;*

*Some, of violated vows*

*'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:*

*But upon the fairest boughs,*

*Or at every sentence end,*

*Will I Rosalinda write;*

*Teaching all that read to know*

*The quintessence of every sprite*

*Heaven would in little show.*

*Therefore Heaven Nature charg'd*

*That one body should be fill'd*

*With all graces wide enlarg'd:*

*Nature presently distill'd*

*Helen's cheek, but not her heart,*

*Cleopatra's majesty,*

*Atalanta's better part,*

*Sad Lucretia's modesty.*

*Thus Rosalind of many parts*

*By heavenly synod was devis'd,*

*Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,*

*To have the touches dearest priz'd.*

*Heaven would that she these gifts should have,*

*And I to live and die her slave.*

Ros. O most gentle pulpit! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, 'Have patience, good people!'

Cel. How now! back, friends! Shepherd, go off a little: go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. 171

*Exeunt CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.*

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O! yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse. 180

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering, how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree: I was never so be-rimed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour?

Ros. I prithee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for

friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is. 200

Cel. O! wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful! and after that, out of all whooping!

Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery; I prithee, tell me who is it, quickly, and speak apace. I would thou could'st stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings. 213

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard. 219

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful. Let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak, sad brow and true maid.

Cel. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando. 230

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee, and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism. 241

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he a freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

Ros. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit. 250

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretched along like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry 'holla!' to thy tongue, I prithee;

it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

Ros. O ominous! he comes to kill my heart. 260

Cel. I would sing my song without a burthen: thou bringest me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he: slink by, and note him.

*Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.*

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone. 270

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God be wi' you: let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name? 280

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions. 291

Jaq. You have a nimble wit: I think 't was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have is to be in love. 300

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orl. He is drowned in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a ciphers.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you. Farewell, good Signior Love. 310

Orl. I am glad of your departure. Adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. *Exit JAQUES.*

Ros. I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him. Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well: what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is 't o'clock?

Orl. You should ask me what time o' day; there's no clock in the forest. 319

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute and

groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal. 330

Orl. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized; if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury. These Time ambles withal. 342

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves. 351

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling. 355

Ros. I have been told so of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women? 370

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another as half-pence are; every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orl. I prithee, recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving 'Rosalind' on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him. 384

*Orl.* I am he that is so love-shaked. I pray you, tell me your remedy.

*Ros.* There is none of my uncle's marks upon you; he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner. 390

*Orl.* What were his marks?

*Ros.* A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue. Then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man: you are rather point-device in your accoutrements; as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

*Orl.* Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love. 405

*Ros.* Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does; that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired? 411

*Orl.* I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

*Ros.* But are you so much in love as your rimes speak?

*Orl.* Neither rime nor reason can express how much. 419

*Ros.* Love is merely a madness, and I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel. 425

*Orl.* Did you ever cure any so?

*Ros.* Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles, for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part, cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness, which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't. 445

*Orl.* I would not be cured, youth.

*Ros.* I would cure you, if you would but

call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote and woo me.

*Orl.* Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is. 451

*Ros.* Go with me to it and I'll show it you; and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

*Orl.* With all my heart, good youth.

*Ros.* Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go? *Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY;*

*JAQUES behind.*

*Touch.* Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

*Aud.* Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

*Touch.* I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

*Jaq. Aside.* O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house! 11

*Touch.* When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child Understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

*Aud.* I do not know what 'poetical' is. Is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

*Touch.* No, truly, for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign. 22

*Aud.* Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical?

*Touch.* I do, truly; for thou swearest to me thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

*Aud.* Would you not have me honest?

*Touch.* No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favoured; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar. 31

*Jaq. Aside.* A material fool.

*Aud.* Well, I am not fair, and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

*Touch.* Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

*Aud.* I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul. 39

*Touch.* Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee; and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

*Jaq. Aside.* I would fain see this meeting.

*Aud.* Well, the gods give us joy! 47

*Touch.* Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood,

no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, 'many a man knows no end of his goods': right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so. Poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want. Here comes Sir Oliver.

*Enter Sir OLIVER MARTEXT.*

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

*Sir Oli.* Is there none here to give the woman?

*Touch.* I will not take her on gift of any man.

*Sir Oli.* Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful. 71

*Jaq.* *Coming forward.* Proceed, proceed: I'll give her.

*Touch.* Good even, good Master What-ye-call 't: how do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ield you for your last company: I am very glad to see you: even a toy in hand here, sir: nay, pray be covered.

*Jaq.* Will you be married, motley? 79

*Touch.* As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

*Jaq.* And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and like green timber, warp, warp. 90

*Touch. Aside.* I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well, and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

*Jaq.* Give thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

*Touch.* Come, sweet Audrey:

We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.

Farewell, good Master Oliver: not, 100

O sweet Oliver!

O brave Oliver!

Leave me not behind thee:

but,—

Wind away,

Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding with thee.

*Exeunt JAKES, TOUCHSTONE,*

*and AUDREY.*

*Sir Oli.* 'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical

knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. Exit.

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

*Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.*

*Ros.* Never talk to me: I will weep.

*Cel.* Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

*Ros.* But have I not cause to weep?

*Cel.* As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

*Ros.* His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

*Cel.* Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

*Ros.* I' faith, his hair is of a good colour. 11

*Cel.* An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

*Ros.* And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

*Cel.* He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

*Ros.* But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not? 21

*Cel.* Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

*Ros.* Do you think so?

*Cel.* Yes: I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

*Ros.* Not true in love?

*Cel.* Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

*Ros.* You have heard him swear downright he was. 32

*Cel.* 'Was' is not 'is': besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

*Ros.* I met the duke yesterday and had much question with him. He asked me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando? 42

*Cel.* O! that's a brave man. He writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose. But all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. Who comes here?

*Enter CORIN.*

*Cor.* Mistress and master, you have oft inquir'd 50

After the shepherd that complain'd of love,  
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,  
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess  
That was his mistress.

*Cel.* Well, and what of him?

*Cor.* If you will see a pageant truly play'd,  
Between the pale complexion of true love

And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,  
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,  
If you will mark it.

Ros. O! come, let us remove:  
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love. 60  
Bring us unto this sight, and you shall say  
I'll prove a busy actor in their play.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

*Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.*

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do  
not, Phebe:  
Say that you love me not, but say not so  
in bitterness. The common executioner,  
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death  
makes hard,  
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck  
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be  
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

*Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN,  
behind.*

Phe. I would not be thy executioner:  
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.  
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine  
eye: 10

'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,  
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest  
things,

Who shut their coward gates on atomies,  
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murder-  
ers!

Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;  
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them  
kill thee;

Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall  
down;

Or, if thou canst not, O! for shame, for  
shame,

Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.  
Now show the wound mine eye hath made  
in thee: 20

Scratch thee but with a pin, and there  
remains

Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,  
The cicatrice and capable impressure  
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now  
mine eyes,

Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,  
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes  
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,  
If ever, as that ever may be near,  
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of  
fancy,

Then shall you know the wounds invisible 30  
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But till that time  
Come not thou near me; and when that  
time comes,

Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;  
As till that time I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you? Who might  
be your mother,  
That you insult, exult, and all at once,  
Over the wretched? What though you have  
no beauty—

As, by my faith, I see no more in you  
Than without candle may go dark to bed—  
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless? 40  
Why, what means this? Why do you look  
on me?

I see no more in you than in the ordinary  
Of nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little life!  
I think she means to tangle my eyes too.  
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:  
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk  
hair,

Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of  
cream,

That can entame my spirits to your worship.  
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you  
follow her,

Like foggy south puffing with wind and  
rain? 50

You are a thousand times a properer man  
Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you  
That make the world full of ill-favour'd  
children:

'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters  
her;

And out of you she sees herself more proper  
Than any of her lineaments can show her.  
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your  
knees,

And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's  
love:

For I must tell you friendly in your ear,  
Sell when you can; you are not for all  
markets. 60

Cry the man mercy; love him; take his  
offer:

Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.  
So take her to thee, shepherd. Fare you  
well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a  
year together:

I had rather hear you chide than this man  
woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with your foul-  
ness, and she'll fall in love with my anger.  
If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with  
frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter  
words. Why look you so upon me? 70

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,  
For I am falsier than vows made in wine:  
Besides, I like you not. If you will know my  
house,

'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by,  
Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard.  
Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him  
better.

And be not proud: though all the world  
could see,

None could be so abus'd in sight as he.  
Come, to our flock. 80

*Exeunt ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN.*

Phe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw  
of might:

'Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?'

Sil. Sweet Phebe,—

Phe. Ha! what say'st thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle  
Silvius.

*Sil.* Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:  
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,  
By giving love your sorrow and my grief  
Were both extermin'd.

*Phe.* Thou hast my love: is not that  
neighbourly? 83

*Sil.* I would have you.

*Phe.* Why, that were covetousness.  
*Silvius*, the time was that I hated thee,  
And yet it is not that I bear thee love;  
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,  
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,  
I will endure, and I'll employ thee too;  
But do not look for further recompense  
Than thine own gladness that thou art  
employ'd.

*Sil.* So holy and so perfect is my love,  
And I in such a poverty of grace, 103  
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop  
To glean the broken ears after the man  
That the main harvest reaps: loose now  
and then

A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.  
*Phe.* Know'st thou the youth that spoke  
to me erewhile?

*Sil.* Not very well, but I have met him oft;  
And he hath bought the cottage and the  
bounds

That the old carlot once was master of.

*Phe.* Think not I love him, though I ask  
for him.

'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well; 110  
But what care I for words? yet words do  
well

When he that speaks them pleases those  
that hear.

It is a pretty youth: not very pretty:  
But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride  
becomes him:

He'll make a proper man: the best thing  
in him

Is his complexion; and faster than his  
tongue

Did make offence his eye did heal it up.  
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's  
tall:

His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:  
There was a pretty redness in his lip, 120  
A little riper and more lusty red  
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 't was just the  
difference

Between the constant red and mingled  
damask.

There be some women, *Silvius*, had they  
mark'd him

In parcels as I did, would have gone near  
To fall in love with him; but, for my part,  
I love him not nor hate him not; and yet  
I have more cause to hate him than to love  
him:

For what had he to do to chide at me?  
He said mine eyes were black and my hair  
black; 130

And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at  
me.

I marvel why I answer'd not again:  
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.  
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,  
And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, *Silvius*?

*Sil.* Phebe, with all my heart.

*Phe.* I'll write it straight;  
The matter 's in my head and in my heart:  
I will be bitter with him and passing short.  
Go with me, *Silvius*. Exeunt.

## ACT IV

SCENE I.—*The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAQUES.*

*Jaq.* I prithee, pretty youth, let me be  
better acquainted with thee.

*Ros.* They say you are a melancholy  
fellow.

*Jaq.* I am so; I do love it better than  
laughing.

*Ros.* Those that are in extremity of  
either are abominable fellows, and betray  
themselves to every modern censure worse  
than drunkards.

*Jaq.* Why, 't is good to be sad and say  
nothing.

*Ros.* Why then, 't is good to be a post. 9

*Jaq.* I have neither the scholar's melan-  
choly, which is emulation; nor the musi-  
cian's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's,  
which is proud; nor the soldier's, which  
is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is  
politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor  
the lover's, which is all these: but it is a  
melancholy of mine own, compounded of  
many simples, extracted from many objects,  
and indeed the sundry contemplation of my  
travels, in which my often rumination wraps  
me in a most humorous sadness. 20

*Ros.* A traveller! By my faith, you have  
great reason to be sad. I fear you have  
sold your own lands to see other men's;  
then, to have seen much and to have noth-  
ing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

*Jaq.* Yes, I have gained my experience.

*Ros.* And your experience makes you  
sad: I had rather have a fool to make me  
merry than experience to make me sad;  
and to travel for it too!

*Enter ORLANDO.*

*Orl.* Good day and happiness, dear Rosa-  
lind! 30

*Jaq.* Nay then, God be wi' you, and you  
talk in blank verse. Exit.

*Ros.* Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: look  
you lisp and wear strange suits, disable all  
the benefits of your own country, be out of  
love with your nativity, and almost chide  
God for making you that countenance you  
are; or I will scarce think you have swam  
in a gondola. Why, how now, Orlando!  
where have you been all this while?  
You a lover! An you serve me such another  
trick, never come in my sight more. 41

*Orl.* My fair Rosalind, I come within an  
hour of my promise.

*Ros.* Break an hour's promise in love!  
He that will divide a minute into a thousand  
parts, and break but a part of the thousandth  
part of a minute in the affairs of love, it  
may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped

him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

*Orl.* Pardon me, dear Rosalind. 50

*Ros.* Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

*Orl.* Of a snail?

*Ros.* Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman: besides, he brings his destiny with him.

*Orl.* What's that?

*Ros.* Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune and prevents the slander of his wife. 62

*Orl.* Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

*Ros.* And I am your Rosalind.

*Cel.* It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

*Ros.* Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind? 71

*Orl.* I would kiss before I spoke.

*Ros.* Nay, you were better speak first, and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking—God warn us!—matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

*Orl.* How if the kiss be denied?

*Ros.* Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter. 81

*Orl.* Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

*Ros.* Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

*Orl.* What, of my suit?

*Ros.* Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

*Orl.* I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her. 91

*Ros.* Well, in her person I say I will not have you.

*Orl.* Then in mine own person I die.

*Ros.* No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer-night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and being taken with the cramp was drowned; and the foolish coroners of that age found it was 'Hero of Sestos.' But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

*Orl.* I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind, for, I protest, her frown might kill me. 110

*Ros.* By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

*Orl.* Then love me, Rosalind.

*Ros.* Yes, faith, will I; Fridays and Saturdays and all.

*Orl.* And wilt thou have me?

*Ros.* Ay, and twenty such.

*Orl.* What sayest thou? 122

*Ros.* Are you not good?

*Orl.* I hope so.

*Ros.* Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say sister?

*Orl.* Pray thee, marry us.

*Cel.* I cannot say the words.

*Ros.* You must begin, 'Will you, Orlando,'—

*Cel.* Go to. Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind? 131

*Orl.* I will.

*Ros.* Ay, but when?

*Orl.* Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

*Ros.* Then you must say, 'I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.'

*Orl.* I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

*Ros.* I might ask you for your commission; but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband; there's a girl goes before the priest; and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions. 141

*Orl.* So do all thoughts; they are winged.

*Ros.* Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her.

*Orl.* For ever and a day.

*Ros.* Say 'a day,' without the 'ever.' No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep. 157

*Orl.* But will my Rosalind do so?

*Ros.* By my life, she will do as I do.

*Orl.* O! but she is wise.

*Ros.* Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder. Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 't will out at the key-hole; stop that, 't will fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

*Orl.* A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, 'Wit, whither wilt?'

*Ros.* Nay, you might keep that check for it till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed. 171

*Orl.* And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

*Ros.* Marry, to say she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her

answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O! that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

*Orl.* For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee. 181

*Ros.* Alas! dear love. I cannot lack thee two hours.

*Orl.* I must attend the duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

*Ros.* Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less: that flattering tongue of yours won me: 'tis but one cast away, and so, come, death! Two o'clock is your hour? 190

*Orl.* Ay, sweet Rosalind.

*Ros.* By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful. Therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise. 200

*Orl.* With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so, adieu.

*Ros.* Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try. Adieu. *Exit ORLANDO.*

*Cel.* You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest. 208

*Ros.* O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

*Cel.* Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out. 215

*Ros.* No; that same wicked bastard of Venus that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow and sigh till he come. 222

*Cel.* And I'll sleep. *Exeunt.*

### SCENE II.—Another Part of the Forest.

*Enter JAQUES, Lords, and Foresters.*

*Jaq.* Which is he that killed the deer?

*First Lord.* Sir, it was I.

*Jaq.* Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head for a branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

*Forester.* Yes, sir.

*Jaq.* Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune so it make noise enough. 10

For.

*What shall he have that kill'd the deer?  
His leather skin and horns to wear.*

*Then sing him home.*

*The rest shall bear this burthen.*

*Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;*

*It was a crest ere thou wast born:*

*Thy father's father wore it,*

*And thy father bore it:*

*The horn, the horn, the lusty horn*

*Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.*

*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.—Another Part of the Forest.

*Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.*

*Ros.* How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando!

*Cel.* I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth to sleep. Look, who comes here.

*Enter SILVIUS.*

*Sil.* My errand is to you, fair youth.

My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:

I know not the contents; but, as I guess

By the stern brow and waspish action

Which she did use as she was writing of it, 10

It bears an angry tenour: pardon me;

I am but as a guiltless messenger.

*Ros.* Patience herself would startle at this letter,

And play the swaggerer: bear this, bear all. She says I am not fair; that I lack manners;

She calls me proud, and that she could not love me

Were man as rare as phoenix. 'Od's my will!

Her love is not the hare that I do hunt: Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd,

well, This is a letter of your own device. 20

*Sil.* No, I protest, I know not the contents: Phebe did write it.

*Ros.* Come, come, you are a fool, And turn'd into the extremity of love.

I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand, A freestone colour'd hand: I verily did think

That her old gloves were on, but 't was her hands;

She has a housewife's hand; but that's no matter:

I say she never did invent this letter; This is a man's invention, and his hand. 30

*Sil.* Sure, it is hers.

*Ros.* Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,

A style for challengers; why, she defies me, Like Turk to Christian: woman's gentle brain

Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,

Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?

*Sil.* So please you, for I never heard it yet;

Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me. Mark how the tyrant writes.]

*Art thou god to shepherd turn'd, 40  
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?*

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. *Why, thy godhead laid apart,  
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?*

Did you ever hear such railing?

*Whiles the eye of man did woo me,  
That could do no vengeance to me.*

Meaning me a beast.

*If this scorn of your bright eyne 50  
Have power to raise such love in mine  
Alack! in me what strange effect  
Would they work in mild aspect.  
Whiles you chid me, I did love;  
How then might your prayers move!  
He that brings this love to thee  
Little knows this love in me:  
And by him seal up thy mind;  
Whether that thy youth and kind  
Will the faithful offer take 60  
Of me and all that I can make;  
Or else by him my love deny,  
And then I'll study how to die.*

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no; he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured! Well, go your way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame snake, and say this to her: that if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word, for here comes more company. *Exit SILVIUS.*

*Enter OLIVER.*

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones. Pray you, if you know,

Where in the purlieus of this forest stands A sheepcote fenc'd about with olive-trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom:

The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream 80

Left on your right hand brings you to the place.

But at this hour the house doth keep itself; There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue, Then should I know you by description; Such garments and such years: 'The boy is fair,

Of female favour, and bestows himself Like a ripe forester: the woman low, And browner than her brother.' Are not you The owner of the house I did inquire for? 90

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,

And to that youth he calls his Rosalind He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

Ros. I am: what must we understand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me

What man I am, and how, and why, and where

This handkercher was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you

He left a promise to return again 100  
Within an hour; and pacing through the forest,

Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy, Lo! what befell; he threw his eye aside,

And mark what object did present itself: Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,

And high top bald with dry antiquity, A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,

Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself, Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd 110

The opening of his mouth; but suddenly, Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself, And with indented glides did slip away Into a bush; under which bush's shade A lioness, with udders all drawn dry, Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,

When that the sleeping man should stir; for 't is

The royal disposition of that beast To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead: This seen, Orlando did approach the man, 120 And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O! I have heard him speak of that same brother;

And he did render him the most unnatural That liv'd 'mongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do, For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando: did he leave him there,

Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back and purpos'd so;

But kindness, nobler ever than revenge, And nature, stronger than his just occasion, 130

Made him give battle to the lioness, Who quickly fell before him: in which

hurling

From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was it you he rescu'd?

Cel. Was 't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'T was I; but 'tis not I. I do not shame

To tell you what I was, since my conversion So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?

Oli. By and by. When from the first to last, betwixt us two, 140

Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,

As how I came into that desert place:—  
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,  
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,  
Committing me unto my brother's love;  
Who led me instantly unto his cave,  
There stripp'd himself; and here, upon his arm,

The lioness had torn some flesh away,  
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,

And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind. 150  
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound;  
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,

He sent me hither, stranger as I am,  
To tell this story, that you might excuse  
His broken promise; and to give this napkin,  
Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth  
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

ROSALIND swoons.

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede! 160

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither.

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?  
Oli. Be of good cheer, youth. You a man! You lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah! a body would think this was well counterfeited. I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho! 169

Oli. This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do; but, if faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come; you look paler and paler: pray you, draw homewards. Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back 180

How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something. But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him.  
Will you go? *Exeunt.*

## ACT V

### SCENE I.—The Forest of Arden.

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*

*Touch.* We shall find a time, Audrey: patience, gentle Audrey.

*Aud.* Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

*Touch.* A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey; a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

*Aud.* Ay, I know who 'tis: he hath no

interest in me in the world. Here comes the man you mean. 10

*Enter WILLIAM.*

*Touch.* It is meat and drink to me to see a clown. By my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for: we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

*Will.* Good even, Audrey.

*Aud.* God ye good even, William.

*Will.* And good even to you, sir.

*Touch.* Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend? 20

*Will.* Five-and-twenty, sir.

*Touch.* A ripe age. Is thy name William?

*Will.* William, sir.

*Touch.* A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

*Will.* Ay, sir, I thank God.

*Touch.* 'Thank God!' a good answer. Art rich?

*Will.* Faith, sir, so so.

*Touch.* 'So so,' is good, very good, very excellent good: and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise? 31

*Will.* Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

*Touch.* Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying, 'The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.' The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid? 40

*Will.* I do, sir.

*Touch.* Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

*Will.* No, sir.

*Touch.* Then learn this of me: to have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that *ipse* is he: now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

*Will.* Which he, sir? 50

*Touch.* He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon—which is in the vulgar, leave—the society,—which is in the boorish is, company,—of this female,—which in the common is, woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life unto death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart. 63

*Aud.* Do, good William.

*Will.* God rest you merry, sir. *Exit.*

*Enter CORIN.*

*Cor.* Our master and mistress seeks you: come, away, away!

*Touch. Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend, I attend.* *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

*Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.*

*Orl.* Is't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that but seeing, you should love her? and loving, woo? and wooing, she should grant? and will you persevere to enjoy her?

*Oli.* Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd. 14

*Orl.* You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke and all's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for look you, here comes my Rosalind.

*Enter ROSALIND.*

*Ros.* God save you, brother. 20

*Oli.* And you, fair sister. *Exit.*

*Ros.* O! my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

*Orl.* It is my arm.

*Ros.* I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

*Orl.* Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

*Ros.* Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he showed me your handkercher? 30

*Orl.* Ay, and greater wonders than that.

*Ros.* O! I know where you are. Nay, 't is true: there was never any thing so sudden but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of 'I came, saw, and overcame': for your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked; no sooner looked but they loved; no sooner loved but they sighed; no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage. They are in the very wrath of love, and they will together: clubs cannot part them. 45

*Orl.* They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O! how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes. By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for. 52

*Ros.* Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

*Orl.* I can live no longer by thinking.

*Ros.* I will weary you then no longer with

idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit. I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, inasmuch I say I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things. I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger. 75

*Orl.* Speakest thou in sober meanings?

*Ros.* By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array; bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will. Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers. 82

*Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.*

*Phe.* Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,

To show the letter that I writ to you.

*Ros.* I care not if I have: it is my study To seem despightful and ungentle to you. You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd: Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

*Phe.* Good shepherd, tell this youth what 't is to love. 89

*Sil.* It is to be all made of sighs and tears; And so am I for Phebe.

*Phe.* And I for Ganymede.

*Orl.* And I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And I for no woman.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of faith and service; And so am I for Phebe.

*Phe.* And I for Ganymede.

*Orl.* And I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And I for no woman.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of fantasy, 100  
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;  
All adoration, duty, and observance;  
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience;  
All purity, all trial, all obedience;  
And so am I for Phebe.

*Phe.* And so am I for Ganymede.

*Orl.* And so am I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And so am I for no woman.

*Phe.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you? 110

*Sil.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

*Orl.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

*Ros.* Who do you speak to, 'Why blame you me to love you?' 116

*Orl.* To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

*Ros.* Pray you, no more of this: 't is like

the howling of Irish wolves against the moon. To SILVIUS. I will help you, if I can. To PHEBE. I would love you, if I could. To-morrow meet me all together. To PHEBE. I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow. To ORLANDO. I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow. To SILVIUS. I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. To ORLANDO. As you love Rosalind, meet; To SILVIUS. As you love Phebe, meet; and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So fare you well; I have left you commands. 131

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.—Another Part of the Forest.

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*

*Touch.* To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

*Aud.* I do desire it with all my heart, and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banished duke's pages.

*Enter two Pages.*

*First Page.* Well met, honest gentleman.

*Touch.* By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song. 9

*Second Page.* We are for you: sit i' the middle.

*First Page.* Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

*Second Page.* I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

*It was a lover and his lass,*

*With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,*

*That o'er the green corn-field did pass,*

*In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,* 20

*When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;*  
*Sweet lovers love the spring.*

*Between the acres of the rye,*

*With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,*

*These pretty country folks would lie,*

*In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,*

*When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;*  
*Sweet lovers love the spring.*

*This carol they began that hour,*

*With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,*

*How that a life was but a flower*

*In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,* 30

*When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;*  
*Sweet lovers love the spring.*

*And therefore take the present time,*

*With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,*

*For love is crowned with the prime*

*In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,*

*When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;*  
*Sweet lovers love the spring.*

*Touch.* Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

*First Page.* You are deceived, sir: we kept time; we lost not our time. 39

*Touch.* By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey. *Exeunt.*

### SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Forest.

*Enter DUKE Senior, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, and CELIA.*

*Duke S.* Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy

Can do all this that he hath promised?

*Orl.* I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;

As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

*Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.*

*Ros.* Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd.

You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, You will bestow her on Orlando here?

*Duke S.* That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

*Ros.* And you say you will have her, when I bring her?

*Orl.* That would I, were I of all kingdoms king. 10

*Ros.* You say you'll marry me, if I be willing?

*Phe.* That will I, should I die the hour after.

*Ros.* But if you do refuse to marry me, You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

*Phe.* So is the bargain.

*Ros.* You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

*Sil.* Though to have her and death were both one thing.

*Ros.* I have promised to make all this matter even.

Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter; 20

You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter;

Keep you your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,

Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd;

Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,

If she refuse me: and from hence I go,

To make these doubts all even.

*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.*

*Duke S.* I do remember in this shepherd boy

Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

*Orl.* My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,

Methought he was a brother to your daughter;

But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born, 30  
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments

Of many desperate studies by his uncle,  
Whom he reports to be a great magician,  
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*

*Jaq.* There is, sure, another flood toward,  
and these couples are coming to the ark.  
Here comes a pair of very strange beasts,  
which in all tongues are called fools.

*Touch.* Salutation and greeting to you all!

*Jaq.* Good my lord, bid him welcome.  
This is the motley-minded gentleman that  
I have so often met in the forest: he hath  
been a courtier, he swears. 43

*Touch.* If any man doubt that, let him  
put me to my purgation. I have trod a  
measure; I have flattered a lady; I have  
been politic with my friend, smooth with  
mine enemy; I have undone three tailors;  
I have had four quarrels, and like to have  
fought one.

*Jaq.* And how was that ta'en up? 50

*Touch.* Faith, we met, and found the  
quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

*Jaq.* How seventh cause? Good my lord,  
like this fellow.

*Duke S.* I like him very well.

*Touch.* God 'ield you, sir; I desire you of  
the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the  
rest of the country copulatives, to swear and  
to forswear, according as marriage binds  
and blood breaks. A poor virgin, sir, an ill-  
favoured thing, sir, but mine own: a poor  
humour of mine, sir, to take that that no  
man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a  
miser, sir, in a poor house, as your pearl in  
your foul oyster.

*Duke S.* By my faith, he is very swift and  
sententious. 66

*Touch.* According to the fool's bolt, sir,  
and such dulcet diseases.

*Jaq.* But, for the seventh cause; how did  
you find the quarrel on the seventh cause? 70

*Touch.* Upon a lie seven times removed:  
—bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—  
as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a cer-  
tain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if  
I said his beard was not cut well, he was in  
the mind it was: this is called the 'retort  
courteous.' If I sent him word again it  
was not well cut, he would send me word he  
cut it to please himself: this is called the  
'quip modest.' If again, it was not well cut,  
he disabled my judgment: this is called the  
'reply churlish.' If again, it was not well  
cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this  
is called the 'reproof valiant.' If again,  
it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: this  
is called the 'countercheck quarrelsome':  
and so to the 'lie circumstantial,' and the  
'lie direct.' 88

*Jaq.* And how oft did you say his beard  
was not well cut?

*Touch.* I durst go no further than the 'lie  
circumstantial,' nor he durst not give me the  
'lie direct'; and so we measured swords and  
parted. 91

*Jaq.* Can you nominate in order now the  
degrees of the lie?

*Touch.* O sir, we quarrel in print; by the  
book, as you have books for good manners:  
I will name you the degrees. The first, the  
'retort courteous'; the second, the 'quip  
modest'; the third, the 'reply churlish'; the  
fourth, the 'reproof valiant'; the fifth, the  
'countercheck quarrelsome'; the sixth, the  
'lie with circumstance'; the seventh, the  
'lie direct.' All these you may avoid but  
the 'lie direct'; and you may avoid that too,  
with an 'if.' I knew when seven justices  
could not take up a quarrel; but when the  
parties were met themselves, one of them  
thought but of an 'if,' as 'if you said so, then  
I said so'; and they shook hands and swore  
brothers. Your 'if' is the only peacemaker;  
much virtue in 'if.'

*Jaq.* Is not this a rare fellow, my lord?  
he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool. 110

*Duke S.* He uses his folly like a stalking-  
horse, and under the presentation of that he  
shoots his wit.

*Enter HYMEN, leading ROSALIND in  
woman's clothes, and CELIA.*

*Still Music.*

*Hym.*

*Then is there mirth in heaven,  
When earthly things made even  
Atone together.*

*Good duke, receive thy daughter;  
Hymen from heaven brought her;*

*Yea, brought her hither,  
That thou might'st join her hand with his,  
Whose heart within her bosom is. 121*

*Ros.* To DUKE S. To you I give myself,  
for I am yours.

To ORLANDO. To you I give myself, for I  
am yours.

*Duke S.* If there be truth in sight, you are  
my daughter.

*Orl.* If there be truth in sight, you are my  
Rosalind.

*Phe.* If sight and shape be true,  
Why then, my love adieu!

*Ros.* To DUKE S. I'll have no father, if  
you be not he:

To ORLANDO. I'll have no husband, if you  
be not he:

To PHEBE. Nor ne'er wed woman, if you  
be not she. 130

*Hym.* Peace, ho! I bar confusion:

'T is I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events:

Here's eight that must take hands

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents.

You and you no cross shall part:

You and you are heart in heart:

You to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord: 140

You and you are sure together,

As the winter to foul weather.

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,

Feed yourselves with questioning,

That reason wonder may diminish,

How thus we met, and these things  
finish.

Song.

*Wedding is great Juno's crown;  
O blessed bond of board and bed!  
'T is Hymen peoples every town;  
High wedlock then be honoured.* 150  
*Honour, high honour, and renown,  
To Hymen, god of every town!*

*Duke S.* O my dear niece! welcome thou art to me:  
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.  
*Phe.* I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;  
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter JAQUES DE BOYS.

*Jaq. de B.* Let me have audience for a word or two:  
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,  
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.  
*Duke Frederick*, hearing how that every day  
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,  
Address'd a mighty power, which were on foot 162

In his own conduct, purposely to take  
His brother here and put him to the sword:  
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,  
Where, meeting with an old religious man,  
After some question with him, was converted  
Both from his enterprise and from the the world;

His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother, 169  
And all their lands restor'd to them again  
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,  
I do engage my life.

*Duke S.* Welcome, young man;  
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:  
To one, his lands withheld; and to the other,  
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.  
First, in this forest, let us do those ends  
That here were well begun and well begot;  
And after, every of this happy number  
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights  
with us, 179

Shall share the good of our returned fortune,  
According to the measure of their states.  
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,  
And fall into our rustic revelry.  
Play, music! and you brides and bride-  
grooms all,  
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

*Jaq. Sir,* by your patience. If I heard you  
rightly,  
The duke hath put on a religious life,  
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

*Jaq. de B.* He hath.

*Jaq.* To him will I: out of these convertites  
There is much matter to be heard and  
learn'd. 191

To *DUKE S.* You to your former honour I  
bequeath;

Your patience and your virtue well deserve it:  
To *ORLANDO.* You to a love that your true  
faith doth merit:

To *OLIVER.* You to your land, and love, and  
great allies:

To *SILVIUS.* You to a long and well-deserved  
bed:

To *TOUCHSTONE.* And you to wrangling;  
for thy loving voyage

Is but for two months victuall'd. So, to  
your pleasures:

I am for other than for dancing measures.

*Duke S.* Stay, Jaques, stay. 200

*Jaq.* To see no pastime, I: what you  
would have

I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.

*Duke S.* Proceed, proceed: we will begin  
these rites,  
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

A dance.

Exeunt.

## EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY ROSALIND.

*It is not the fashion to see the lady the  
epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome  
than to see the lord the prologue. If it be  
true that good wine needs no bush, 't is true  
that a good play needs no epilogue; yet to  
good wine they do use good bushes, and  
good plays prove the better by the help of  
good epilogues. What a case am I in then,  
that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot  
insinuate with you in the behalf of a good  
play! I am not furnished like a beggar,  
therefore to beg will not become me: my  
way is to conjure you; and I'll begin with  
the women. I charge you, O women! for  
the love you bear to men, to like as much of  
this play as please you: and I charge you,  
O men! for the love you bear to women,  
as I perceive by your simpering none of you  
hates them, that between you and the  
women the play may please. If I were a  
woman I would kiss as many of you as had  
beards that pleased me, complexions that  
liked me, and breaths that I defied not;  
and I am sure, as many as have good  
beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths,  
will, for my kind offer, when I make  
curtsu, bid me farewell.*

## THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

**D**ESPITE the feminism of these modern days, *The Taming of the Shrew* retains all its old-time popularity on the stage—evidence enough that its moral need not be taken seriously. At all events, its conception cannot be attributed to Shakespeare, for the play is a revision of an old play, *The Taming of a Shrew*, which had come into the possession of Shakespeare's company and which had proved sufficiently popular to warrant its revamping for further stage presentation. The old play, published in 1594, is still extant and has, of course, been closely compared with Shakespeare's revised version, with the result that scholars seem agreed that the old play had already undergone a revision from some unknown hand before Shakespeare touched it; or that Shakespeare worked at the revision in collaboration with some other dramatist whose part in the work Shakespeare himself retouched. Those parts of the play confidently assigned to Shakespeare are the Induction and the scenes in which Petruchio, Katharina, and Grumio appear; while the scenes dealing with Bianca and her suitors are assigned mainly to another hand. That the work was hurriedly done seems evident from the failure to carry through to its conclusion the deception of Sly, who is abandoned at the end of the first scene while still under the delusion that he is a noble lord.

The main plot is built up around the old idea that the wife is the property of the husband and as such is subject to his will. And yet, the characterization of both Petruchio and Katharina is so skillfully drawn that the property idea, which if taken seriously might easily have turned the play into a tragi-comedy, becomes an important factor in turning it into a farce. Petruchio, who is always in the best of humor, is never more so than when he says:

"She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,  
My household stuff, my field, my barn,  
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;  
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare."

He is clearly in love with Kate, and having once established his authority over her, will, no doubt, make a most tractable husband. The last thing that he seeks to do is to break permanently her spirit. When Hortensio, in the final scene, amazed at Kate's obedience, wonders what it bodes, Petruchio replies:

"Marry, peace it bodes, and love and quiet life,  
And awful rule and right supremacy;  
And, to be short, what not, that 's sweet and happy?"

As if Petruchio could ever be content with a "quiet life!" One day of this submissiveness on Kate's part and he will be singing again, in accents she cannot fail to understand:

"Where is the life that late I led?"

The source of Kate's shrewishness is not difficult to surmise. She was doubtless her mother's daughter, for surely there is none of her father in her. He is a silly, weak old man, grown increasingly sordid with age, without a touch of imagination, and more and more subject to the subtle ways of his younger daughter who has found it easy to win his favor by an outwardly demure behavior. The old man is eager to dispose of both his daughters and is ready to sell either to the highest bidder. Bianca raises no open objection to her father's purpose, even when old Gremio comes a wooing. Katharina, on the other hand, has long given vent to her indignation. Her first words, addressed to her father in the presence of Gremio and Hortensio, are:

"I pray you, sir, is it your will  
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?"

She has obviously caught sight of the little flirtation between Lucentio and Bianca when she says, as Bianca goes in:

"A pretty peat! it is best  
Put finger in the eye—an she knew why."

Bianca, dutiful child that she is, goes in at her father's command, but not without making a little capital for herself at Katharina's expense:

"Sister, content you in my discontent."

Bianca's cooings and her father's whisperings have got on Katharina's nerves. She has acquired a genuine dislike for her sister and her dissembling ways. "Her silence flouts me" is her only excuse to her father for striking her. Her reputation for shrewishness has started in her own home and been carried abroad; why, therefore, should she not live up to it? She is not averse to men, but she longs, doubtless, for one not made by a tailor. It should be observed that she meets Petruchio at a disadvantage; she knows nothing of him, whereas he is fully informed about her. He has outlined in advance his method of procedure and he carries it out to the letter. For the first time in her life she knows she has met her match. If he is, as she says, "half-lunatic," yet she knows that he is capable of sound observation:

"Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?  
O slanderous world! Kate like the hazel twig  
Is straight and slender, and as brown in hue  
As hazel nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.  
O, let me see thee walk; thou dost not halt."

The truth is, Petruchio is enchanted with her beauty; and she is no less enchanted with him. It is a fine touch when Petruchio defends her in the presence of her father and others:

"'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,  
That she shall still be curst in company."

And what woman could fail to await eagerly his return after that parting:

"I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace.  
We will have rings and things and fine array;  
And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday."

It is incredible that during the whole course of her taming Katharina did not detect Petruchio's drift. What she refuses to acknowledge is his power to wear her out physically. When she reaches that stage she yields, and henceforth has him utterly within her power. From now on

" . . . . . it is the blessed sun;  
But sun it is not, when you say it is not,  
And the moon changes even as your mind.  
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;  
And so it shall be so for Katharine."

Was ever husband more completely subdued? We may be sure that her speech in the final scene in which she expatiates upon the duty a woman owes her husband is given with her tongue in her cheek; the women all know it and maintain a discreet silence; it is only the men that gulp it down.

It is interesting to observe how Bianca's real character is revealed as the play proceeds. She whose talk in her sister's and her father's company had been of the duty she owed her elders, takes her leave of us with these words, addressed to her husband:

"The more fool you, for laying on my duty."

It would be impossible to find a servant more suited to Petruchio's purpose than Grumio. He has an unfailing instinct for carrying forward his master's jests. We should always be on our guard, however, lest we be as completely cony-catched by him

as was Curtis. If he speaks the truth when he tells Curtis that Katharina fell with her horse upon her and Petruchio left her there, then I am ready to believe him when he says that he is a piece of ice and that Curtis could have slid from his shoulder to his heel with no greater a run but his head to his neck. Grumio was born only a year before Falstaff and he has in him some of the elements that entered into his making.

But there is no more real piece of flesh and blood in the play than "Christophero Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath." He is a Warwickshire man and Shakespeare probably knew him better than did Marian Hacket. All the more unaccountable that he should have so far overlooked him as to leave him sitting on the stage under the delusion that he was nothing more than a noble lord, when in fact he belonged to the famous Sly family—no rogues, the Slys— and came in with Richard Conqueror. Now that we reflect, however, Sly was not a movable. Even Marian Hacket stood helpless before him and threatened to "fetch the third-borough." But Richard Conqueror's invincible courage sounds in the reply: "Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I 'll answer him by law. I 'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly."

Best let Sly sit!

# THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

A Lord.  
CHRISTOPHER SLY, a Tinker. } Persons  
Hostess, Page, Players, } in the  
Huntsmen, and Servants. } Induction.  
BAPTISTA, a rich Gentleman of Padua.  
VINCENTIO, an old Gentleman of Pisa.  
LUCENTIO, Son of Vincentio, in love with  
Bianca.  
PETRUCHIO, a Gentleman of Verona, a  
suitor to Katharina.

GREMIO, } Suitors to Bianca.  
HORTENSIO, }  
TRANIO, } Servants to Lucentio.  
BIONDELLO, }  
GRUMIO, } Servants to Petruchio.  
CURTIS, }  
A Pedant.  
KATHARINA, the shrew, } Daughters to  
Baptista.  
Bianca, }  
Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.

SCENE.—Sometimes in Padua, and sometimes in Petruchio's House in the Country.

## INDUCTION

SCENE I.—Before an Alehouse on a Heath.

Enter Hostess and SLY.

Sly. I'll phreeze you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y' are a baggage: the Slys are no rogues; look in the chronicles; we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris*; let the world slide. Sessa!

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Sly. No, not a denier. Go by, Jeronimy; go to thy cold bed, and warm thee. 10

Host. I know my remedy: I must go fetch the third-borough. Exit.

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough. I'll answer him by law. I'll not budge an inch, boy: let him come, and kindly.

Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.

Horns winded. Enter a Lord from hunting, with Huntsmen and Servants.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:

Brach Merriman, the poor cur, is emboss'd, And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.

Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good

At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault? 20 I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

First Hun. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;

He cried upon it at the merest loss, And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:

Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool: if Echo were as fleet,

I would esteem him worth a dozen such. But sup them well, and look unto them all: To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

First Hun. I will, my lord. 30

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

Second Hun. He breathes, my lord.

Were he not warm'd with ale, This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!

Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!

Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man. What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,

Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,

A most delicious banquet by his bed, And brave attendants near him when he wakes, 40

Would not the beggar then forget himself? First Hun. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

Second Hun. It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream or worthless fancy.

Then take him up and manage well the jest. Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,

And hang it round with all my wanton pictures;

Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters, And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet.

Procure me music ready when he wakes, 50 To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;

And if he chance to speak, be ready straight, And with a low submissive reverence

Say, 'What is it your honour will command?' Let one attend him with a silver basin

Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;

Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,  
And say, 'Will 't please your lordship cool  
your hands?'

Some one be ready with a costly suit,  
And ask him what apparel he will wear; m  
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,  
And that his lady mourns at his disease.  
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic;  
And, when he says he is—say that he  
dreams.

For he is nothing but a mighty lord.  
This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs:  
It will be pastime passing excellent,  
If it be husbanded with modesty.

*First Hun.* My lord, I warrant you we  
will play our part,

As he shall think, by our true diligence, m  
He is no less than what we say he is.

*Lord.* Take him up gently, and to bed with  
him,  
And each one to his office when he wakes.

*SLY is borne out. A trumpet sounds.*  
*Sirrah,* go see what trumpet 't is that sounds:

*Exit Servant.*  
Belike, some noble gentleman that means,  
Travelling some journey, to repose him  
here.

#### *Re-enter Servant.*

How now! who is it?

*Serv.* An it please your honour,  
Players that offer service to your lordship.  
*Lord.* Bid them come near.

#### *Enter Players.*

Now, fellows, you are welcome.  
*Players.* We thank your honour. 80  
*Lord.* Do you intend to stay with me  
to-night?

*A Player.* So please your lordship to ac-  
cept our duty.

*Lord.* With all my heart. This fellow I  
remember,

Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son:  
'T was where you woo'd the gentlewoman  
so well.

I have forgot your name; but, sure, that  
part

Was aptly fitted and naturally perform'd.

*A Player.* I think 't was Soto that your  
honour means.

*Lord.* 'T is very true: thou didst it excel-  
lent.

Well, you are come to me in happy time, 90  
The rather for I have some sport in hand.  
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.  
There is a lord will hear you play to-night;  
But I am doubtful of your modesties,  
Lest, over-eyeing of his odd behaviour,  
For yet his honour never heard a play,  
You break into some merry passion  
And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,  
If you should smile he grows impatient.

*A Player.* Fear not, my lord: we can con-  
tain ourselves 100

Were he the veriest antick in the world.

*Lord.* Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,  
And give them friendly welcome every one:

Let them want nothing that my house affords.

*Exit one with the Players.*

*Sirrah,* go you to Barthol'mew my page,  
And see him dress'd in all suits like a  
lady:

That done, conduct him to the drunkard's  
chamber;

And call him 'madam'; do him obeisance.  
Tell him from me, as he will win my love,

He bear himself with honourable action, 110  
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies

Unto their lords, by them accomplished:  
Such duty to the drunkard let him do

With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy;  
And say 'What is 't your honour will com-  
mand,

Wherein your lady and your humble wife  
May show her duty, and make known her  
love?'

And then, with kind embracements, tempt-  
ing kisses,

And with declining head into his bosom,  
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd 120

To see her noble lord restor'd to health,  
Who for this seven years hath esteemed him

No better than a poor and loathsome beggar.  
And if the boy have not a woman's gift

To rain a shower of commanded tears,  
An onion will do well for such a shift,

Which in a napkin being close convey'd,  
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.

See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou  
canst:

Anon I'll give thee more instructions. 130

*Exit Servant.*

I know the boy will well usurp the grace,  
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:

I long to hear him call the drunkard husband,  
And how my men will stay themselves from  
laughter

When they do homage to this simple peasant.  
I'll in to counsel them: haply, my presence

May well abate the over-merry spleen  
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE II.—*A Bedchamber in the Lord's House.*

*Enter aloft SLY in a rich night-gown, with  
Attendants; some with apparel, others  
with basin, ewer and other appurte-*

*nances; and LORD, dressed like a  
servant.*

*Sly.* For God's sake! a pot of small ale.  
*First Serv.* Will 't please your lordship  
drink a cup of sack?

*Second Serv.* Will 't please your honour  
taste of these conserves?

*Third Serv.* What raiment will your hon-  
our wear to-day?

*Sly.* I am Christophero Sly; call not me  
honour, nor lordship: I ne'er drank sack in  
my life; and if you give me any conserves,

give me conserves of beef. Ne'er ask me  
what raiment I'll wear, for I have no more  
doublets than back, no more stockings than  
legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay,

sometime more feet than shoes, or such

shoes as my toes look through the over-leather.

*Lord.* Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!

O! that a mighty man, of such descent, 15  
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,  
Should be infused with so foul a spirit.

*Sly.* What! would you make me mad?  
Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of  
Burton-heath, by birth a pedlar, by educa-  
tion a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-  
herd, and now by present profession a  
tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-  
wife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she  
say I am not fourteen pence on the score for  
sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave  
in Christendom. What! I am not be-  
straught: here's—

*First Serv.* O! this it is that makes your  
lady mourn.

*Second Serv.* O! this it is that makes  
your servants droop.

*Lord.* Hence comes it that your kindred  
shuns your house, 30

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.  
O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth,  
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banish-  
ment,

And banish hence these abject lowly dreams,  
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,  
Each in his office ready at thy beck:

Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays,  
*Music.*

And twenty caged nightingales do sing:  
Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a  
couch

Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed 40  
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.  
Say thou wilt walk, we will bestrew the  
ground:

Or wilt thou ride, thy horses shall be trapp'd,  
Their harness studded all with gold and  
pearl.

Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks  
will soar

Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt?  
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer  
them,

And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow  
earth.

*First Serv.* Say thou wilt course; thy  
greyhounds are as swift 49

As breathed stags, ay, fleetier than the roe.  
*Second Serv.* Dost thou love pictures?  
we will fetch thee straight

Adonis painted by a running brook,  
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,  
Which seem to move and wanton with her  
breath,

Even as the waving sedges play with wind.  
*Lord.* We'll show thee Io as she was a  
maid,

And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,  
As lively painted as the deed was done.

*Third Serv.* Or Daphne roaming through  
a thorny wood,

Scratching her legs that one shall swear she  
bleeds; 60

And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,

So workmanly the blood and tears are  
drawn.

*Lord.* Thou art a lord and nothing but a  
lord:

Thou hast a lady far more beautiful  
Than any woman in this waning age.

*First Serv.* And till the tears that she hath  
shed for thee

Like envious floods o'er-run her lovely face,  
She was the fairest creature in the world;  
And yet she is inferior to none. 69

*Sly.* Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?  
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?

I do not sleep; I see, I hear, I speak;  
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:

Upon my life, I am a lord indeed,  
And not a tinker, nor Christophero Sly.

Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;  
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

*Second Serv.* Will't please your mighti-  
ness to wash your hands?

*Servants present an ewer, basin,  
and napkin.*

O! how we joy to see your wit restor'd,  
O! that once more you knew but what you  
are. 80

These fifteen years you have been in a  
dream,

Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.  
*Sly.* These fifteen years! by my fay, a  
goodly nap.

But did I never speak of all that time?  
*First Serv.* O! yes, my lord, but very idle  
words;

For though you lay here in this goodly  
chamber,

Yet would you say ye were beaten out of  
door,

And rail upon the hostess of the house,  
And say you would present her at the  
leet.

Because she brought stone jugs and no  
seal'd quarts. 90

Sometimes you would call out for Cicely  
Hacket.

*Sly.* Ay, the woman's maid of the house.  
*Third Serv.* Why, sir, you know no house,  
nor no such maid,

Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,  
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of  
Greece,

And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell,  
And twenty more such names and men as  
these.

Which never were nor no man ever saw.  
*Sly.* Now, Lord be thanked for my good  
amends!

*All.* Amen. 100

*Sly.* I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

*Enter the Page, as a lady, with Attendants.*

*Page.* How fares my noble lord?

*Sly.* Marry, I fare well, for here is cheer  
enough.

Where is my wife?

*Page.* Here, noble lord: what is thy will  
with her?

*Sly.* Are you my wife, and will not call me  
husband?

My men should call me lord: I am your goodman.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;

I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well. What must I call her?

Lord. Madam. 111

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else: so lords call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd

And slept above some fifteen year or more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,

Being all this time abandon'd from your bed. Sly. 'T is much. Servants, leave me and her alone.

Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice-noble lord, let me entreat of you 120

To pardon me yet for a night or two,

Or if not so, until the sun be set;

For your physicians have expressly charg'd,

In peril to incur your former malady,

That I should yet absent me from your bed: I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long; but I would be loath to fall into my dreams again: I will therefore tarry in despite of the flesh and the blood. 130

*Enter a Servant.*

Serv. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,

Are come to play a pleasant comedy;

For so your doctors hold it very meet,

Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,

And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy:

Therefore they thought it good you hear a play.

And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,

Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play it. Is not a comonty a Christmas gambold or a tumbling-trick? 141

Page. No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What! household stuff?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see 't. Come, madam wife, sit by my side,

And let the world slip: we shall ne'er be younger. *Flourish.*

## ACT I

SCENE I.—Padua. A public Place.

*Enter LUCENTIO and TRANIO.*

Luc. Tranio, since for the great desire I had

To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,

I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,

The pleasant garden of great Italy;

And by my father's love and leave am arm'd

With his good will and thy good company,

My trusty servant, well approv'd in all,  
Here let us breathe, and haply institute  
A course of learning and ingenious studies.  
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens, 10  
Gave me my being and my father first,  
A merchant of great traffic through the world,

Vincenzio, come of the Bentivolii.

Vincenzio's son, brought up in Florence,

It shall become to serve all hopes conceiv'd,

To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:

And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,

Virtue and that part of philosophy

Will I apply that treats of happiness

By virtue specially to be achiev'd. 20

Tell me thy mind; for I have Pisa left

And am to Padua come, as he that leaves

A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep,

And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. *Mi perdonate*, gentle master mine,

I am in all affected as yourself,

Glad that you thus continue your resolve

To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.

Only, good master, while we do admire

This virtue and this moral discipline, 30

Let's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray;

Or so devote to Aristotle's checks

As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd.

Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,

And practise rhetoric in your common talk;

Music and poesy use to quicken you;

The mathematics and the metaphysics,

Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you;

No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en:

In brief, sir, study what you most affect. 40

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.

If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,

We could at once put us in readiness,

And take a lodging fit to entertain

Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.

But stay awhile: what company is this?

Tra. Master, some show to welcome us to town.

*Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA,*

*GREMIO, and HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO*

*and TRANIO stand aside.*

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no further,

For how I firmly am resolv'd you know;

That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter 50

Before I have a husband for the elder.

If either of you both love Katharina,

Because I know you well and love you well,

Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. *Aside.* To cart her rather: she's too rough for me.

There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

Kath. I pray you, sir, is it your will

To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that?

no mates for you,

Unless you were of gentler, milder mould. 60

Kath. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear:-

I wis it is not half way to her heart;

But if it were, doubt not her care should be  
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd  
stool,

And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

*Hor.* From all such devils, good Lord  
deliver us!

*Gre.* And me too, good Lord!

*Tra.* Hush, master! here is some good  
pastime toward:

That wench is stark mad or wonderful frow-  
ward.

*Luc.* But in the other's silence do I see 70  
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.

Peace, Tranio!

*Tra.* Well said, master; mum! and gaze  
your fill.

*Bap.* Gentlemen, that I may soon make  
good

What I have said,—Bianca, get you in:  
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,  
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

*Kath.* A pretty peat! it is best

Put finger in the eye, an she knew why.

*Bian.* Sister, content you in my discon-  
tent. 80

Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:  
My books and instruments shall be my  
company,

On them to look and practise by myself.

*Luc.* Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear  
Minerva speak.

*Hor.* Signior Baptista, will you be so  
strange?

Sorry am I that our good will effects  
Bianca's grief.

*Gre.* Why, will you mew her up,  
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,  
And make her bear the penance of her  
tongue?

*Bap.* Gentlemen, content ye; I am re-  
solv'd. 80

Go in, Bianca. *Exit* BIANCA.

And for I know she taketh most delight  
In music, instruments, and poetry,

Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,  
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,

Or Signior Gremio, you, know any such,  
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men

I will be very kind, and liberal  
To mine own children in good bringing-up;

And so farewell. Katharina, you may  
stay; 100

For I have more to commune with Bianca.  
*Exit.*

*Kath.* Why, and I trust I may go too;  
may I not?

What! shall I be appointed hours, as though,  
belike,

I knew not what to take, and what to leave?  
Ha! *Exit.*

*Gre.* You may go to the devil's dam:  
your gifts are so good, here's none will hold

you. Their love is not so great, Hortensio,  
but we may blow our nails together, and

fast it fairly out: our cake's dough on both  
sides. Farewell; yet, for the love I bear

my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means  
light on a fit man to teach her that wherein

she delights, I will wish him to her father. 114

*Hor.* So will I, Signior Gremio: but a  
word, I pray. Though the nature of our  
quarrel yet never brooked parle, know now,  
upon advice, it toucheth us both,—that we  
may yet again have access to our fair mis-  
tress and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,—  
to labour and effect one thing specially. 121

*Gre.* What's that, I pray?

*Hor.* Marry, sir, to get a husband for her  
sister.

*Gre.* A husband! a devil.

*Hor.* I say, a husband.

*Gre.* I say, a devil. Thinkest thou,  
Hortensio, though her father be very rich,  
any man is so very a fool to be married to  
hell? 129

*Hor.* Tush, Gremio! though it pass your  
patience and mine to endure her loud  
alarums, why, man, there be good fellows  
in the world, an a man could light on them,  
would take her with all faults, and money  
enough.

*Gre.* I cannot tell; but I had as lief take  
her dowry with this condition, to be whipped  
at the high-cross every morning.

*Hor.* Faith, as you say, there's small  
choice in rotten apples. But, come; since  
this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be  
so far forth friendly maintained, till by  
helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a hus-  
band, we set his youngest free for a hus-  
band, and then have to 't afresh. Sweet  
Bianca! Happy man be his dole! He  
that runs fastest gets the ring. How say  
you, Signior Gremio? 146

*Gre.* I am agreed: and would I had given  
him the best horse in Padua to begin his  
wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed  
her, and bed her, and rid the house of her.  
Come on. 150

*Exeunt* GREMIO and HORTENSIO.

*Tra.* I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible  
That love should of a sudden take such  
hold?

*Luc.* O Tranio! till I found it to be true,  
I never thought it possible or likely;

But see, while idly I stood looking on,  
I found the effect of love in idleness;

And now in plainness do confess to thee,  
That art to me as secret and as dear

As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was,  
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio. 150

If I achieve not this young modest girl,  
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst:

Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

*Tra.* Master, it is no time to chide you  
now;

Affection is not rated from the heart:  
If love have touch'd you, nought remains

but so,  
*Redime te captum quam queas minimo.*

*Luc.* Gramercies, lad; go forward: this  
contents:

The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's  
sound.

*Tra.* Master, you look'd so longly on the  
maid, 170

Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of  
all.

*Luc.* O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,  
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,  
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,  
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

*Tra.* Saw you no more? mark'd you not how her sister  
Began to scold and raise up such a storm  
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

*Luc.* Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,  
And with her breath she did perfume the air; 180

Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

*Tra.* Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.

I pray, awake, sir: if you love the maid,  
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her.

Thus it stands:  
Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,  
That till the father rid his hands of her,  
Master, your love must live a maid at home;  
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,  
Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.

*Luc.* Ah! Tranio, what a cruel father's he; 190

But art thou not advis'd he took some care  
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

*Tra.* Ay, marry am I, sir; and now 't is plotted.

*Luc.* I have it, Tranio.

*Tra.* Master, for my hand,  
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

*Luc.* Tell me thine first.

*Tra.* You will be schoolmaster,  
And undertake the teaching of the maid:  
That's your device.

*Luc.* It is: may it be done?  
*Tra.* Not possible; for who shall bear your part,

And be in Padua here Vincentio's son; 200  
Keep house and ply his book, welcome his friends,

Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

*Luc.* Basta, content thee; for I have it full.

We have not yet been seen in any house,  
Nor can we be distinguished by our faces  
For man or master: then, it follows thus:  
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,  
Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should:

I will some other be; some Florentine, 209  
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.

'T is hatch'd and shall be so: Tranio, at once  
Uncase thee, take my colour'd hat and cloak:  
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;  
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

*Tra.* So had you need.

In brief then, sir, sith it your pleasure is,  
And I am tied to be obedient;  
For so your father charg'd me at our parting,  
'Be serviceable to my son,' quoth he, 219  
Although I think 't was in another sense;  
I am content to be Lucentio,  
Because so well I love Lucentio.

*Luc.* Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves;  
And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid  
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

*Enter BIONDELLO.*

Here comes the rogue. Sirrah, where have you been?

*Bion.* Where have I been! Nay, how now! where are you?

Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes?

Or you stol'n his? or both? pray, what's the news? 230

*Luc.* Sirrah, come hither: 't is no time to jest,

And therefore frame your manners to the time.

Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,  
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,

And I for my escape have put on his;  
For in a quarrel since I came ashore

I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried.  
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,

While I make way from hence to save my life:

You understand me?

*Bion.* I, sir! ne'er a whit. 240

*Luc.* And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth:

Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

*Bion.* The better for him: would I were so too!

*Tra.* So could I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after,

That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.

But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I advise

You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies; 247

When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;  
But in all places else your master Lucentio.

*Luc.* Tranio, let's go. One thing more rests, that thyself execute, to make one among these wooers: if thou ask me why, sufficeth my reasons are both good and weighty. *Exeunt.*

*The Presenters above speak.*

*First Serv.* My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.

*Sly.* Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely: comes there any more of it?

*Page.* My lord, 't is but begun.

*Sly.* 'T is a very excellent piece of work, madam lady: would 't were done! 259

*They sit and mark.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. Before HORTENSIO'S House.*

*Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.*

*Pet.* Verona, for a while I take my leave,  
To see my friends in Padua; but of all  
My best beloved and approved friend,  
Hortensio; and I trow this in his house.  
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

*Gru.* Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there any man has rebused your worship?

*Pet.* Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

*Gru.* Knock you here, sir! why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir? 10

*Pet.* Villain, I say, knock me at this gate; And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

*Gru.* My master is grown quarrelsome. I should knock you first.

And then I know after who comes by the worst.

*Pet.* Will it not be?

*Faith,* sirrah, 'an you'll not knock, I'll ring it:

I'll try how you can *sol fa*, and sing it.

*He wrings GRUMIO by the ears.*

*Gru.* Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

*Pet.* Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain! 19

*Enter HORTENSIO.*

*Hor.* How now! what's the matter? My old friend Grumio, and my good friend Petruchio! How do you all at Verona?

*Pet.* Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?

*Con tutto il cuore ben trovato,* may I say.

*Hor.* *Alla nostra casa ben venuto; molto honorato signior mio Petruchio.*

Rise, Grumio, rise: we will compound this quarrel. 26

*Gru.* Nay, 't is no matter, sir, what he 'leges in Latin. If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service, look you, sir, he bid me knock him and rap him soundly, sir: well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so; being perhaps, for aught I see, two-and-thirty, a pip out?

Whom would to God I had well knock'd at first.

Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

*Pet.* A senseless villain! Good Hortensio,

I bade the rascal knock upon your gate, And could not get him for my heart to do it.

*Gru.* Knock at the gate! O heavens! Spake you not these words plain, 'Sirrah,

knock me here,

Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly? 41

And come you now with 'knocking at the gate'?

*Pet.* Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

*Hor.* Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge.

Why, this's a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,

Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.

And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale

Blows you to Padua here from old Verona?

*Pet.* Such wind as scatters young men through the world 50

To seek their fortunes further than at home.

Where small experience grows. But in a few,

Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me: Antonio, my father, is deceas'd,

And I have thrust myself into this maze, Haply to wive and thrive as best I may.

Crowns in my purse I have and goods at home,

And so am come abroad to see the world.

*Hor.* Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,

And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife? 60

Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel;

And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich, And very rich: but thou'rt too much my friend,

And I'll not wish thee to her.

*Pet.* Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we

Few words suffice; and therefore, if thou know

One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife, As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance,

Be she as foul as was Florentius' love, As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd 70

As Socrates' Xanthippe, or a worse, She moves me not, or not removes, at least,

Affection's edge in me, were she as rough As are the swelling Adriatic seas:

I come to wive it wealthily in Padua; If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

*Gru.* Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: why, give him gold

enough and marry him to a puppet or an aglet-baby; or an old trot with ne'er a

tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two-and-fifty horses: why,

nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal. 82

*Hor.* Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in,

I will continue that I broach'd in jest. I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife

With wealth enough, and young, and beautiful,

Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman: Her only fault, and that is faults enough,

Is, that she is intolerable curst

And shrewd and froward, so beyond all measure. 90

That, were my state far worse than it is, I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

*Pet.* Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not gold's effect.

Tell me her father's name, and 't is enough; For I will board her, though she chide as

loud As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

*Hor.* Her father is Baptista Minola, An affable and courteous gentleman;

Her name is Katharina Minola, 99

Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

*Pet.* I know her father, though I know not her;

And he knew my deceased father well. I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;

And therefore let me be thus bold with you,  
To give you over at this first encounter,  
Unless you will accompany me thither. 106

*Gru.* I pray you, sir, let him go while the  
humour lasts. O! my word, an she knew  
him as well as I do, she would think scolding  
would do little good upon him. She may  
perhaps call him half a score knaves or so;  
why, that's nothing: an he begin once,  
he'll rail on his rope-tricks. I'll tell you  
what, sir, an she stand him but a little, he  
will throw a figure in her face, and so dis-  
figure her with it, that she shall have no  
more eyes to see withal than a cat. You  
know him not, sir. 116

*Hor.* Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with  
thee.

For in Baptista's keep my treasure is:  
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,  
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca, 120  
And her withholds from me and other more,  
Suitors to her and rivals in my love;  
Supposing it a thing impossible,  
For those defects I have before rehears'd,  
That ever Katharina will be woo'd:  
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,  
That none shall have access unto Bianca,  
Till Katharine the curst have got a hus-  
band.

*Gru.* Katharine the curst!  
A title for a maid of all titles the worst. 130

*Hor.* Now shall my friend Petruchio do  
me grace,

And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,  
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster  
Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca;  
That so I may, by this device, at least  
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,  
And unsuspected court her by herself.

*Gru.* Here's no knavery! See, to beguile  
the old folks, how the young folks lay their  
heads together! 140

*Enter GREMIO, and LUCENTIO disguised,  
with books under his arm.*

Master, master, look about you: who goes  
there, ha?

*Hor.* Peace, Grumio! 't is the rival of my  
love.

Petruchio, stand by awhile.

*Gru.* A proper stripling, and an amorous!  
*Gre.* O! very well; I have perus'd the  
note.

Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly  
bound:

All books of love, see that at any hand,  
And see you read no other lectures to her.  
You understand me. Over and beside

Signior Baptista's liberality, 150  
I'll mend it with a largess. Take your  
papers too,

And let me have them very well perfum'd;  
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,  
To whom they go to. What will you read  
to her?

*Luc.* Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead  
for you,

As for my patron, stand you so assur'd,  
As firmly as yourself were still in place;

Yea, and perhaps with more successful  
words 158

Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

*Gre.* O! this learning, what a thing it is.

*Gru.* O! this woodcock, what an ass it is.

*Pet.* Peace, sirrah!

*Hor.* Grumio, mum! God save you,  
Signior Gremio!

*Gre.* And you're well met, Signior Hor-  
tensio. Trow you

Whither I am going? To Baptista Minola.

I promis'd to inquire carefully

About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca;

And, by good fortune, I have lighted well  
On this young man; for learning and be-  
haviour

Fit for her turn; well read in poetry 170  
And other books, good ones, I warrant ye.

*Hor.* 'T is well: and I have met a gentle-  
man

Hath promis'd me to help me to another,

A fine musician to instruct our mistress:

So shall I no whit be behind in duty

To fair Bianca, so below'd of me.

*Gre.* Below'd of me, and that my deeds  
shall prove.

*Gru.* And that his bags shall prove.

*Hor.* Gremio, 't is now no time to vent our  
love:

Listen to me, and if you speak me fair, 180

I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.

Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,  
Upon agreement from us to his liking,

Will undertake to woo curst Katharine;

Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

*Gre.* So said, so done, is well.

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

*Pet.* I know she is an irksome, brawling  
scold:

If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

*Gre.* No, say'st me so, friend? What  
countryman? 190

*Pet.* Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:  
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;  
And I do hope good days and long to see.

*Gre.* O! sir, such a life, with such a wife,  
were strange;

But if you have a stomach, to 't i' God's  
name:

You shall have me assisting you in all.

But will you woo this wild-cat?

*Pet.*

Will I live?

*Gru.* Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.

*Pet.* Why came I hither but to that intent?

Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?

Have I not in my time heard lions roar? 201

Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with  
winds,

Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?

Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,

And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?

Have I not in a pitched battle heard

Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trump-  
ets' clang?

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,

That gives not half so great a blow to hear

As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire? 210

Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs.

*Gru.*

For he fears none.

*Gre.* Hortensio, hark.  
This gentleman is happily arriv'd,  
My mind presumes, for his own good and  
ours.

*Hor.* I promis'd we would be contributors,  
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

*Gre.* And so we will, provided that he  
win her.

*Gru.* I would I were as sure of a good  
dinner.

*Enter TRANIO, bravely apparelled; and  
BIONDELLO.*

*Tra.* Gentlemen, God save you! If I may  
be bold,

Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest  
way 220

To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?

*Gre.* He that has the two fair daughters:  
is 't he you mean?

*Tra.* Even he. Biondello!

*Gre.* Hark you, sir: you mean not her  
to—

*Tra.* Perhaps, him and her, sir: what  
have you to do?

*Pet.* Not her that chides, sir, at any hand,  
I pray.

*Tra.* I love no chiders, sir. Biondello,  
let 's away.

*Luc.* Aside. Well begun, Tranio.

*Hor.* Sir, a word ere you go:  
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea  
or no? 230

*Tra.* And if I be, sir, is it any offence?

*Gre.* No; if without more words you will  
get you hence.

*Tra.* Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets  
as free

For me as for you?

*Gre.* But so is not she.

*Tra.* For what reason, I beseech you?

*Gre.* For this reason, if you 'll know,  
That she's the choice love of Signior  
Gremio.

*Hor.* That she's the chosen of Signior  
Hortensio.

*Tra.* Softly, my masters! if you be gen-  
tlemen,

Do me this right; hear me with patience.  
Baptista is a noble gentleman, 240

To whom my father is not all unknown;  
And were his daughter fairer than she is,  
She may more suitors have, and me for one.  
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;  
Then well one more may fair Bianca have,  
And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one.  
Though Paris come in hope to speed alone.

*Gre.* What! this gentleman will out-talk  
us all.

*Luc.* Sir, give him head: I know he 'll  
prove a jade.

*Pet.* Hortensio, to what end are all these  
words? 250

*Hor.* Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,  
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

*Tra.* No, sir; but hear I do that he hath  
two,

The one as famous for a scolding tongue  
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

*Pet.* Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her  
go by.

*Gre.* Yea, leave that labour to great  
Hercules,

And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

*Pet.* Sir, understand you this of me in  
sooth:

The youngest daughter, whom you hearken  
for, 260

Her father keeps from all access of suitors,  
And will not promise her to any man

Until the elder sister first be wed;

The younger then is free, and not before.

*Tra.* If it be so, sir, that you are the man  
Must stead us all, and me amongst the rest;

And if you break the ice, and do this feat,  
Achieve the elder, set the younger free

For our access, whose hap shall be to have  
her

Will not so graceless be to be ingrate. 270

*Hor.* Sir, you say well, and well you do  
conceive;

And since you do profess to be a suitor,  
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,

To whom we all rest generally beholding.

*Tra.* Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign  
whereof,

Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,  
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health,

And do as adversaries do in law,  
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

*Gru., Bion.* O excellent motion! Fellows,  
let 's be gone. 280

*Hor.* The motion's good indeed, and be  
it so,

Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT II

SCENE I.—*Padua. A Room in BAPTISTA'S  
House.*

*Enter KATHARINA and BIANCA.*

*Bian.* Good sister, wrong me not, nor  
wrong yourself,

To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;  
That I disdain: but for these other gawds,

Unbind my hands, I 'll pull them off myself,  
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;

Or what you will command me will I do,  
So well I know my duty to my elders.

*Kath.* Of all thy suitors, here I charge  
thee, tell

Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble  
not.

*Bian.* Believe me, sister, of all the men  
alive 10

I never yet beheld that special face

Which I could fancy more than any other.

*Kath.* Minion, thou liest. Is 't not Hor-  
tensio?

*Bian.* If you affect him, sister, here I  
swear

I 'll plead for you myself, but you shall have  
him.

*Kath.* O! then, belike, you fancy riches  
more:

You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

*Bian.* Is it for him you do envy me so?  
Nay then you jest; and now I well perceive  
You have butjested with me all this while: 20  
I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

*Kath.* If that be jest, then all the rest  
was so. *Strikes her.*

*Enter BAPTISTA.*

*Bap.* Why, how now, dame! whence  
grows this insolence?

*Bianca,* stand aside. Poor girl! she weeps.  
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.  
For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,  
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er  
wrong thee?

When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

*Kath.* Her silence flouts me, and I'll be  
reveng'd. *Flies after BIANCA.*

*Bap.* What! in my sight? *Bianca,* get  
thee in. *Exit BIANCA.* 30

*Kath.* What! will you not suffer me?  
Nay, now I see

She is your treasure, she must have a hus-  
band;

I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day,  
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.

Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep  
Till I can find occasion of revenge. *Exit.*

*Bap.* Was ever gentleman thus griev'd  
as I?

But who comes here?

*Enter GREMIO, with LUCENTIO in the habit  
of a mean man; PETRUCHIO, with  
HORTENSIO as a musician; and TRANIO,  
with BIONDELLO bearing a lute and  
books.*

*Gre.* Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

*Bap.* Good morrow, neighbour Gremio.  
God save you, gentlemen! 40

*Pet.* And you, good sir. Pray, have you not  
a daughter

Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?

*Bap.* I have a daughter, sir, call'd  
Katharina.

*Gre.* You are too blunt: go to it orderly.

*Pet.* You wrong me, Signior Gremio:  
give me leave.

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,  
That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,  
Her affability and bashful modesty,  
Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour,  
Am bold to show myself a forward guest 51  
Within your house, to make mine eye the  
witness

Of that report which I so oft have heard.

And, for an entrance to my entertainment,  
I do present you with a man of mine,

*Presenting HORTENSIO.*

Cunning in music and the mathematics,

To instruct her fully in those sciences,

Whereof I know she is not ignorant.

Accept of him, or else you do me wrong:

His name is Licio, born in Mantua. 60

*Bap.* You're welcome, sir; and he, for  
your good sake.

But for my daughter Katharine, this I know,  
She is not for your turn, the more my  
grief.

*Pet.* I see you do not mean to part with  
her,

Or else you like not of my company.

*Bap.* Mistake me not; I speak but as I  
find.

Whence are you, sir? what may I call your  
name?

*Pet.* Petruchio is my name; Antonio's  
son;

A man well known throughout all Italy.

*Bap.* I know him well: you are welcome  
for his sake. 70

*Gre.* Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,  
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too.  
Baccare! you are marvellous forward.

*Pet.* O! pardon me, Signior Gremio; I  
would fain be doing.

*Gre.* I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse  
your wooing. 75

Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am  
sure of it. To express the like kindness,  
myself, that have been more kindly behold-  
ing to you than any, freely give unto you  
this young scholar, *Presenting LUCENTIO.*  
that hath been long studying at Rheims;  
as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other lan-  
guages, as the other in music and mathe-  
matics. His name is Cambio; pray accept  
his service. 84

*Bap.* A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio:  
welcome, good Cambio. *To TRANIO.* But,  
gentle sir, methinks you walk like a  
stranger: may I be so bold to know the  
cause of your coming?

*Tra.* Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine  
own,

That, being a stranger in this city here, 90  
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,  
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.

Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,

In the preferment of the eldest sister.

This liberty is all that I request,

That, upon knowledge of my parentage,  
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that  
woo.

And free access and favour as the rest:

And, toward the education of your daughters,  
I here bestow a simple instrument, 100

And this small packet of Greek and Latin  
books:

If you accept them, then their worth is  
great.

*Bap.* Lucentio is your name? of whence,  
I pray?

*Tra.* Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

*Bap.* A mighty man of Pisa; by report  
I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.  
Take you the lute, and you the set of books;  
You shall go see your pupils presently.  
Holla, within!

*Enter a Servant.*

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen

To my two daughters, and then tell them  
both 110

These are their tutors: bid them use them  
well. *Exit Servant, with HORTENSIO,*

LUCENTIO, and BIONDELLO.

We will go walk a little in the orchard,

And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,

And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

*Pet.* Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,

And every day I cannot come to woo.

You knew my father well, and in him me,  
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,  
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd:  
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,  
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

*Bap.* After my death the one half of my lands, 122

And in possession twenty thousand crowns.

*Pet.* And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of

Her widowhood, be it that she survive me.  
In all my lands and leases whatsoever.

Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,

That covenants may be kept on either hand.

*Bap.* Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd.

That is, her love; for that is all in all. 130

*Pet.* Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,

I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;  
And where two raging fires meet together

They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:

Though little fire grows great with little wind,  
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all;

So I to her and so she yields to me;  
For I am rough and woo not like a babe.

*Bap.* Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy speed! 139

But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

*Pet.* Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,

That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

*Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head broke.*

*Bap.* How now, my friend! why dost thou look so pale?

*Hor.* For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

*Bap.* What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

*Hor.* I think she'll sooner prove a soldier:  
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

*Bap.* Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

*Hor.* Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.

I did but tell her she mistook her frets, 150  
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;

When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,

'Frets call you these?' quoth she; 'I'll fume with them.'

And with that word she struck me on the head,

And through the instrument my pate made way;

And there I stood amazed for a while,  
As on a pillory, looking through the lute;

While she did call me rascal fiddler,

And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,

As had she studied to misuse me so. 160

*Pet.* Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench!

I love her ten times more than e'er I did;  
O! how I long to have some chat with her.

*Bap.* Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited:

Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;

She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.

Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,  
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

*Pet.* I pray you do; I will attend her here,  
*Exeunt BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO,*  
*and HORTENSIO.*

And woo her with some spirit when she comes. 170

Say that she rail; why then I'll tell her plain

She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:

Say that she frown; I'll say she looks as clear

As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:  
Say she be mute and will not speak a word;

Then I'll commend her volubility,  
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:

If she do bid me pack; I'll give her thanks,  
As though she bid me stay by her a week:

If she deny to wed; I'll crave the day 180  
When I shall ask the banns, and when be

married.

But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

*Enter KATHARINA.*

Good-morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

*Kath.* Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing:

They call me Katharine that do talk of me.

*Pet.* You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,

And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;

But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom;  
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,

For dainties are all kates: and therefore, Kate, 190

Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;  
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every

town,

Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,

Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,  
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

*Kath.* Mov'd! in good time; let him that mov'd you hither

Remove you hence, I knew you at the first,  
You were a moveable.

*Pet.* Why, what's a moveable?

*Kath.* A joint-stool.

*Pet.* Thou hast hit it; come, sit on me.

*Kath.* Asses are made to bear, and so are you. 200

*Pet.* Women are made to bear, and so are you.

- Kath.* No such jade as bear you, if me you mean.
- Pet.* Alas! good Kate, I will not burden thee;
- For,* knowing thee to be but young and light,—
- Kath.* Too light for such a swain as you to catch,
- And yet* as heavy as my weight should be.
- Pet.* Should be! should buzz.
- Kath.* Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.
- Pet.* O slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?
- Kath.* Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.
- Pet.* Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are too angry. 210
- Kath.* If I be waspish, best beware my sting.
- Pet.* My remedy is then, to pluck it out.
- Kath.* Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.
- Pet.* Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?
- In his tail.*
- Kath.* In his tongue.
- Pet.* Whose tongue?
- Kath.* Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell.
- Pet.* What! with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again:
- Good Kate, I am a gentleman.*
- Kath.* That I'll try.  
*Striking him.*
- Pet.* I swear I'll cuff you if you strike again. 221
- Kath.* So may you lose your arms:
- If you strike me, you are no gentleman;*
- And if no gentleman, why then no arms.*
- Pet.* A herald, Kate? O! put me in thy books.
- Kath.* What is your crest? a coxcomb?
- Pet.* A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.
- Kath.* No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.
- Pet.* Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.
- Kath.* It is my fashion when I see a crab.
- Pet.* Why, here's no crab, and therefore look not sour. 231
- Kath.* There is, there is.
- Pet.* Then show it me.
- Kath.* Had I a glass, I would.
- Pet.* What, you mean my face?
- Kath.* Well aim'd of such a young one.
- Pet.* Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.
- Kath.* Yet you are wither'd.
- Pet.* 'T is with cares. 240
- Kath.* I care not.
- Pet.* Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth you 'scape not so.
- Kath.* I chafe you if I tarry: let me go.
- Pet.* No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle.
- 'T was told me you were rough and coy and sullen,*
- And now I find report a very liar;*
- For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,*
- But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers.*
- Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,*
- Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will; 250*
- Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;*
- But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,*
- With gentle conference, soft and affable.*
- Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?*
- O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twig,*
- Is straight and slender, and as brown in hue*
- As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.*
- O! let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.*
- Kath.* Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.
- Pet.* Did ever Dian so become a grove
- As Kate this chamber with her princely gait? 262*
- O! be thou Dian, and let her be Kate,*
- And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful.*
- Kath.* Where did you study all this goodly speech?
- Pet.* It is extempore, from my mother-wit.
- Kath.* A witty mother! witless else her son.
- Pet.* Am I not wise?
- Kath.* Yes: keep you warm.
- Pet.* Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed.
- And therefore, setting all this chat aside, 270*
- Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented*
- That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;*
- And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.*
- Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;*
- For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,*
- Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,*
- Thou must be married to no man but me:*
- For I am he am born to tame you, Kate,*
- And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate*
- Conformable as other household Kates. 280*
- Here comes your father: never make denial;*
- I must and will have Katharine to my wife.*
- Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO.*
- Bap.* Now, Signior Petrucchio, how speed you with my daughter?
- Pet.* How but well, sir? how but well?
- It were impossible I should speed amiss.*
- Bap.* Why, how now, daughter Katharine! in your dumps?
- Kath.* Call you me daughter? now, I promise you
- You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,*
- To wish me wed to one half lunatic;*
- A mad-cap ruffian and a swearing Jack, 290*
- That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.*
- Pet.* Father, 't is thus: yourself and all the world,
- That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her:*
- If she be curst, it is for policy,*

For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;  
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;  
For patience she will prove a second Grissel,  
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity;  
And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together,  
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day. 300  
*Kath.* I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.  
*Gre.* Hark, Petruchio: she says she'll see thee hang'd first.  
*Tra.* Is this your speeding? nay then, good night our part.  
*Pet.* Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself:  
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?  
'T is bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,  
That she shall still be curst in company.  
I tell you, 't is incredible to believe  
How much she loves me: O! the kindest Kate.  
She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss 310  
She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,  
That in a twink she won me to her love.  
O! you are novices: 't is a world to see,  
How tame, when men and women are alone,  
A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.  
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice  
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.  
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;  
I will be sure my Katharine shall be fine.  
*Bap.* I know not what to say; but give me your hands: 320  
God send you joy, Petruchio! 't is a match.  
*Gre., Tra.* Amen, say we: we will be witnesses.  
*Pet.* Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu.  
I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace:  
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;  
And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.  
*Exeunt PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA, severally.*  
*Gre.* Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?  
*Bap.* Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,  
And venture madly on a desperate mart.  
*Tra.* 'T was a commodity lay fretting by you: 330  
'T will bring you gain, or perish on the seas.  
*Bap.* The gain I seek is, quiet in the match.  
*Gre.* No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.  
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter.  
Now is the day we long have looked for:  
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.  
*Tra.* And I am one that love Bianca more  
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.  
*Gre.* Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.  
*Tra.* Greybeard, thy love doth freeze.

*Gre.* But thine doth fry.  
Skipper, stand back: 't is age that nourisheth. 341  
*Tra.* But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.  
*Bap.* Content you, gentlemen; I will compound this strife:  
'T is deeds must win the prize; and he, of both,  
That can assure my daughter greatest dower  
Shall have my Bianca's love.  
Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her?  
*Gre.* First, as you know, my house within the city  
Is richly furnished with plate and gold:  
Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands; 350  
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry;  
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;  
In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,  
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,  
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,  
Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,  
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong  
To house or housekeeping: then, at my farm  
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,  
Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls, 360  
And all things answerable to this portion.  
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;  
And if I die to-morrow, this is hers,  
If whilst I live she will be only mine.  
*Tra.* That 'only' came well in. Sir, list to me:  
I am my father's heir and only son:  
If I may have your daughter to my wife,  
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,  
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one  
Old Signior Gremio has in Padua; 370  
Besides two thousand ducats by the year  
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.  
What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio?  
*Gre.* Two thousand ducats by the year of laud!  
My land amounts not to so much in all:  
That she shall have; besides an argosy,  
That now is lying in Marseilles' road.  
What, have I chok'd you with an argosy?  
*Tra.* Gremio, 't is known my father hath no less  
Than three great argosies, besides two galliasses. 380  
And twelve tight galleys: these I will assure her,  
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.  
*Gre.* Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;  
And she can have no more than all I have:  
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.  
*Tra.* Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,  
By your firm promise. Gremio is out-vied.  
*Bap.* I must confess your offer is the best;  
And, let your father make her the assurance.  
She is your own; else, you must pardon me: 390

If you should die before him, where's her dower?

*Tra.* That's but a cavi: he is old, I young.

*Gre.* And may not young men die as well as old?

*Bab.* Well, gentlemen,  
I am thus resolv'd. On Sunday next, you know

My daughter Katharine is to be married:  
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca  
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance:  
If not, to Signior Gremio: 399  
And so I take my leave, and thank you both.

*Exit.*

*Gre.* Adieu, good neighbour. Now I fear thee not:

Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool

To give thee all, and in his waning age  
Set foot under thy table. Tut! a toy!  
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy.

*Exit.*

*Tra.* A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!

Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.  
'Tis in my head to do my master good:  
I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio  
Must get a father, call'd 'suppos'd Vincentio'; 410

And that's a wonder: fathers commonly  
Do get their children; but in this case of wooing,

A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning. *Exit*

### ACT III

SCENE I.—*Padua. A Room in BAPTISTA'S House.*

*Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA.*

*Luc.* Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir.

Have you so soon forgot the entertainment  
Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal?

*Hor.* But, wrangling pedant, this is  
The patroness of heavenly harmony:

Then give me leave to have prerogative;  
And when in music we have spent an hour,  
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

*Luc.* Preposterous ass, that never read so far  
To know the cause why music was ordain'd! 10

Was it not to refresh the mind of man  
After his studies or his usual pain?

Then give me leave to read philosophy,  
And while I pause, serve in your harmony.

*Hor.* Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

*Bian.* Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,

To strive for that which resteth in my choice.  
I am no breeching scholar in the schools;  
I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,  
But learn my lessons as I please myself. 20  
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:

Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;

His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.  
*Hor.* You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune? *Retires.*

*Luc.* That will be never: tune your instrument.

*Bian.* Where left we last?

*Luc.* Here, madam:—

*Hic ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus:  
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.*

*Bian.* Construe them. 30

*Luc.* *Hic ibat*, as I told you before,  
*Simois*, I am Lucentio, *hic est*, son unto  
Vincentio of Pisa, *Sigeia tellus*, disguised  
thus to get your love; *Hic steterat*, and that  
Lucentio that comes a-wooing, *Priami*, is  
my man *Tranio, regia*, bearing my port,  
*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old  
pantaloon.

*Hor.* *Returning.* Madam, my instrument's in tune.

*Bian.* Let's hear. *HORTENSIO plays.*  
O fie! the treble jars.

*Luc.* Spit in the hole, man, and tune again. 40

*Bian.* Now let me see if I can construe it:  
*Hic ibat Simois*, I know you not; *hic est*  
*Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not; *Hic steterat*  
*Priami*, take heed he hear us not; *regia*,  
presume not; *celsa senis*, despair not.

*Hor.* Madam, 'tis now in tune.

*Luc.* All but the base.  
*Hor.* *Aside.* The base is right; 'tis the  
base knave that jars.

How fiery and forward our pendant is!  
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my  
love:

*Pedascule*, I'll watch you better yet. 50

*Bian.* In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

*Luc.* Mistrust it not; for, sure, *Æacides*  
Was Ajax, call'd so from his grandfather.

*Bian.* I must believe my master; else, I  
promise you,

I should be arguing still upon that doubt:  
But let it rest. Now, Licio, to you.

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,  
That I have been thus pleasant with you  
both.

*Hor.* You may go walk, and give me leave  
a while:

My lessons make no music in three parts, 60  
*Luc.* Are you so formal, sir? *Aside.*

Well, I must wait,

And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,  
Our fine musician groweth amorous.

*Hor.* Madam, before you touch the instrument,

To learn the order of my fingering,  
I must begin with rudiments of art;

To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,  
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,

Than hath been taught by any of my trade:  
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn. 70

*Bian.* Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

*Hor.* Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. 'Gamut' I am, the arround of all  
accord,  
'A re,' to plead Hortensio's passion;  
'B mi,' Bianca, take him for thy  
lord,  
'C fa ut,' that loves with all  
affection:  
'D sol re,' one clef, two notes have I:  
'E la mi,' show pity, or I die.

Call you this gamut? tut! I like it not:  
Old fashions please me best; I am not so  
nice, 80

To change true rules for odd inventions.

*Enter a Servant.*

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you  
leave your books,

And help to dress your sister's chamber up:  
You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet masters both: I  
must be gone.

*Exeunt BIANCA and Servant.*

Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no  
cause to stay. *Exit.*

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this  
pedant:

Methinks he looks as though he were in love.  
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble  
To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale, 90  
Seize thee that list: if once I find thee  
ranging,

Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.  
*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. Before BAPTISTA'S  
House.*

*Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHA-  
RINA, BIANCA, LUCENTIO, and Attendants.*

Bap. To TRANIO. Signior Lucentio, this  
is the 'pointed day

That Katharine and Petruchio should be  
married,

And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.  
What will be said? what mockery will it be  
To want the bridegroom when the priest  
attends

To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!  
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine: I must, for-  
sooth, be forc'd

To give my hand oppos'd against my heart  
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen; 10  
Who wo'd in haste and means to wed at  
leisure.

I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,  
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour;

And to be noted for a merry man,  
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of  
marriage,

Make friends, invite, and proclaim the  
banns;

Yet never means to wed where he hath  
wo'd.

Now must the world point at poor Katharine,  
And say, 'Lo! there is mad Petruchio's wife,  
If it would please him come and marry  
her.' 20

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Bap-  
tista too.

Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,  
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:  
Though he be blunt, I know him passing  
wise;

Though he be merry, yet withal he 's honest.  
Kath. Would Katharine had never seen  
him though!

*Exit, weeping, followed by BIANCA  
and others.*

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now  
to weep,

For such an injury would vex a very saint,  
Much more a shrew of thy impatient  
humour.

*Enter BIONDELLO.*

Bion. Master, master! old news, and  
such news as you never heard of! 31

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may  
that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news to hear of  
Petruchio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am and  
sees you there. 41

Tra. But say, what to thine old news?

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a  
new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old  
breeches thrice turned; a pair of boots that  
have been candle-cases, one buckled, an-  
other laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out  
of the town-armoury, with a broken hilt, and  
chapeless; with two broken points: his  
horse hipped with an old mothy saddle and  
stirrups of no kindred; besides, possessed  
with the glanders and like to mose in the  
chine; troubled with the lampass, infected  
with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped  
with spavins, rayed with the yellows, past  
cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the  
staggers, begnawn with the bots, swayed in  
the back, and shoulder-shotten; near-  
legged before, and with a half-checked bit,  
and a head-stall of sheep's leather, which,  
being restrained to keep him from stum-  
bling, hath been often burst and now re-  
paired with knots; one girth six times  
pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure,  
which hath two letters for her name fairly  
set down in studs, and here and there pieced  
with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him? 65

Bion. O, sir! his lackey, for all the world  
caparisoned like the horse; with a linen  
stock on one leg and a kersey boot-hose on  
the other, gartered with a red and blue list;  
an old hat and 'the humour of forty fancies'  
pricked in 't for a feather: a monster, a very  
monster in apparel, and not like a Christian  
footboy or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'T is some odd humour pricks him  
to this fashion;

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparel'd.

*Bap.* I am glad he is come, howsoe'er he comes.

*Bion.* Why, sir, he comes not.

*Bap.* Didst thou not say he comes?

*Bion.* Who? that Petruchio came?

*Bap.* Ay, that Petruchio came. 80

*Bion.* No, sir; I say his horse comes, with him on his back.

*Bap.* Why, that's all one.

*Bion.* Nay, by Saint Jany,

I hold you a penny,

A horse and a man

Is more than one,

And yet not many.

*Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.*

*Pet.* Come, where be these gallants? who's at home?

*Bap.* You are welcome, sir.

*Pet.* And yet I come not well. 90

*Bap.* And yet you halt not.

*Tra.* Not so well apparell'd

As I wish you were.

*Pet.* Were it better, I should rush in thus. But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?

How does my father? Gentles, methinks you frown:

And wherefore gaze this goodly company, As if they saw some wondrous monument, Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

*Bap.* Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-day.

First were we sad, fearing you would not come; 100

Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.

Fie! doff this habit, shame to your estate, An eye-sore to our solemn festival.

*Tra.* And tell us what occasion of import Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife, And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

*Pet.* Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:

Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word, Though in some part enforced to digress; Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse 110 As you shall well be satisfied withal.

But where is Kate? I stay too long from her: The morning wears, 't is time we were at church.

*Tra.* See not your bride in these unreverent robes:

Go to my chamber: put on clothes of mine.

*Pet.* Not I, believe me: thus I'll visit her.

*Bap.* But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

*Pet.* Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with words:

To me she's married, not unto my clothes. Could I repair what she will wear in me 120

As I can change these poor accoutrements, 'T were well for Kate and better for myself.

But what a fool am I to chat with you When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,

And seal the title with a lovely kiss!

*Exeunt PETRUCHIO, GRUMIO, and BIONDELLO.*

*Tra.* He hath some meaning in his mad attire.

We will persuade him, be it possible, To put on better ere he go to church.

*Bap.* I'll after him, and see the event of this. *Exeunt BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and Attendants.*

*Tra.* But to her love concerneth us to add 130

Her father's liking: which to bring to pass, As I before imparted to your worship,

I am to get a man,—whate'er he be, It skills not much, we'll fit him to our turn,—

And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa, And make assurance here in Padua

Of greater sums than I have promised.

So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,

And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

*Luc.* Were it not that my fellow-school-master 140

Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,

'T were good, methinks, to steal our marriage;

Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,

I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

*Tra.* That by degrees we mean to look into,

And watch our vantage in this business.

We'll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio,

The narrow-prying father, Minola,

The quaint musician, amorous Licio;

All for my master's sake, Lucentio. 150

*Re-enter GREMIO.*

Signior Gremio, came you from the church?

*Gre.* As willingly as e'er I came from school.

*Tra.* And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

*Gre.* A bridegroom say you? 't is a groom indeed,

A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

*Tra.* Curster than she? why, 't is impossible.

*Gre.* Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

*Tra.* Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

*Gre.* Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him. 159

I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest Should ask, if Katharine should be his wife,

'Ay, by gogs-wouns,' quoth he; and swore so loud,

That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book; And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,

This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff

That down fell priest and book and book and priest:

'Now take them up,' quoth he, 'if any list.'

*Tra.* What said the wench when he arose again?

*Gre.* Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd and swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him. 170

But after many ceremonies done,  
He calls for wine: 'A health!' quoth he, as if  
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates  
After a storm; quaff'd off the muscadell,  
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;  
Having no other reason  
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,  
And seem'd to drink him sops as he was  
drinking.

This done, he took the bride about the neck,  
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous  
smack 180

That at the parting all the church did echo:  
And I, seeing this, came thence for very  
shame;

And after me, I know, the rout is coming:  
Such a mad marriage never was before.  
Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play.

*Music.*

*Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA,  
BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, and  
Train.*

*Pet.* Gentlemen and friends, I thank you  
for your pains:

I know you think to dine with me to-day,  
And have prepar'd great store of wedding  
cheer;

But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,  
And therefore here I mean to take my  
leave. 190

*Bap.* Is 't possible you will away to-night?  
*Pet.* I must away to-day, before night  
come.

Make it no wonder: if you knew my busi-  
ness,

You would entreat me rather go than stay.  
And, honest company, I thank you all,  
That have beheld me give away myself  
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous  
wife.

Dine with my father, drink a health to me,  
For I must hence; and farewell to you all.

*Tra.* Let us entreat you stay till after  
dinner. 200

*Pet.* It may not be.

*Gre.* Let me entreat you.

*Pet.* It cannot be.

*Kath.* Let me entreat you.

*Pet.* I am content.

*Kath.* Are you content to stay?

*Pet.* I am content you shall entreat me  
stay,

But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

*Kath.* Now, if you love me, stay.

*Pet.* Grumio, my horse!

*Gru.* Ay, sir, they be ready: the oats  
have eaten the horses.

*Kath.* Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day; 210

No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.

The door is open, sir, there lies your way,

You may be jogging whiles your boots are  
green;

For me, I'll not be gone till I please myself.

'T is like you 'll prove a jolly surly groom,

That take it on you at the first so roundly.

*Pet.* O, Kate! content thee: prithee, be  
not angry.

*Kath.* I will be angry: what hast thou  
to do?

Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

*Gre.* Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to  
work. 220

*Kath.* Gentlemen, forward to the bridal  
dinner:

I see a woman may be made a fool,

If she had not a spirit to resist.

*Pet.* They shall go forward, Kate, at thy  
command.

Obeys the bride, you that attend on her:

Go to the feast, revel and domineer,

Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,

Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves.

But for my bonny Kate, she must with  
me.

Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor  
fret; 230

I will be master of what is mine own.

She is my goods, my chattels; she is my  
house,

My household stuff, my field, my barn,

My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything;

And here she stands, touch her whoever  
dare;

I'll bring mine action on the proudest he

That stops my way in Padua. Grumio,

Draw forth thy weapon, we're beset with  
thieves;

Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.

Fear not, sweet wench; they shall not touch  
thee, Kate: 240

I'll buckler thee against a million.

*Exeunt PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and  
GRUMIO.*

*Bap.* Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet  
ones.

*Gre.* Went they not quickly I should die  
with laughing.

*Tra.* Of all mad matches never was the  
like.

*Luc.* Mistress, what's your opinion of  
your sister?

*Bian.* That, being mad herself, she's  
madly mated.

*Gre.* I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

*Bap.* Neighbours and friends, though  
bride and bridegroom wants

For to supply the places at the table,

You know there wants no junkets at the  
feast. 250

Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's  
place,

And let Bianca take her sister's room.

*Tra.* Shall sweet Bianca practise how to  
bride it?

*Bap.* She shall, Lucentio. Come, gentle-  
men, let's go. *Exeunt.*

## ACT IV

SCENE I.—A Hall in PETRUCHIO'S Country  
House.

*Enter GRUMIO.*

*Gru.* Fie, fie, on all tired jades, on all  
mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever  
man so beaten? was ever man so rayed?

was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me; but I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, ho! Curtis. 11

*Enter CURTIS.*

*Curt.* Who is that calls so coldly?

*Gr.* A piece of ice: if thou doubt it, thou mayest slide from my shoulder to my heel with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

*Curt.* Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

*Gr.* O! ay, Curtis, ay; and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water. 21

*Curt.* Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

*Gr.* She was, good Curtis, before this frost; but, thou knowest, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

*Curt.* Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

*Gr.* Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand, she being now at hand, thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office? 34

*Curt.* I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

*Gr.* A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and therefore fire. Do thy duty, and have thy duty, for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death. 40

*Curt.* There's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news.

*Gr.* Why, 'Jack, boy! ho, boy!' and as much news as thou wilt.

*Curt.* Come, you are so full of cony-catching.

*Gr.* Why therefore fire: for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the servingmen in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order? 51

*Curt.* All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news.

*Gr.* First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

*Curt.* How?

*Gr.* Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale. 60

*Curt.* Let's ha't, good Grumio.

*Gr.* Lend thine ear.

*Curt.* Here.

*Gr.* There.

*Striking him.*

*Curt.* This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

*Gr.* And therefore 't is called a sensible tale; and this cuff was but to knock at your ear and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*; we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress,— 70

*Curt.* Both of one horse?

*Gr.* What's that to thee?

*Curt.* Why, a horse.

*Gr.* Tell thou the tale: but hadst thou not crossed me thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard in how miry a place, how she was bemoiled; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she prayed, that never prayed before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper; with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave. 88

*Curt.* By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

*Gr.* Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsope, and the rest: let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit: let them curtsy with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horsetail till they kiss their hands. Am they all ready? 98

*Curt.* They are.

*Gr.* Call them forth.

*Curt.* Do you hear! ho? you must meet my master to countenance my mistress. 101

*Gr.* Why, she hath a face of her own.

*Curt.* Who knows not that?

*Gr.* Thou, it seems, that callest for company to countenance her.

*Curt.* I call them forth to credit her.

*Gr.* Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

*Enter several Servants.*

*Nath.* Welcome home, Grumio!

*Phil.* How now, Grumio! 110

*Jos.* What, Grumio!

*Nich.* Fellow Grumio!

*Nath.* How now, old lad!

*Gr.* Welcome, you; how now, you; what, you; fellow, you; and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

*Nath.* All things is ready. How near is our master? 118

*Gr.* E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not—Cock's passion, silence! I hear my master.

*Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA.*

*Pet.* Where be these knaves? What! no man at door

To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse.  
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?—

*All Serv.* Here, here, sir; here, sir.

*Pet.* Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!

You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!  
What! no attendance? no regard? no duty?  
Where is the foolish knave I sent before? 130

*Gru.* Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

*Pet.* You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,  
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

*Gru.* Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,

And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel,

There was no link to colour Peter's hat,  
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing,

There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;

The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly; 140  
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

*Pet.* Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in. *Exeunt Servants.*

*Where is the life that late I led?*

Where are those?— Sit down, Kate, and welcome.

Soud, soud, soud, soud!

*Re-enter Servants, with supper.*

Why, when, I say? Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.

Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains! When?

*It was the friar of orders grey,  
As he forth walked on his way:—*

Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry: 150  
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other. *Strikes him.*

Be merry, Kate. Some water, here; what, ho!

Where's my spaniel Troilus? Sirrah, get you hence

And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither: *Exit Servant.*

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.

Where are my slippers? Shall I have some water?

*Enter a Servant with a basin and ewer.*

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall? *Strikes him.*

*Kath.* Patience, I pray you; 't was a fault unwilling.

*Pet.* A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave! 160

Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.

Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?

What's this? mutton?

*First Serv.*

*Ay.*

*Pet.* Who brought it?

*Peter.*

*I.*

*Pet.* 'T is burnt; and so is all the meat.  
What dogs are these! Where is the rascal cook?

How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,

And serve it thus to me that love it not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all. *Throws the meat, etc., at them.*

You heedless joltheads and unmanner'd slaves!

What! do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

*Kath.* I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet: 170

The meat was well if you were so contented.

*Pet.* I tell thee, Kate, 't was burnt and dried away,

And I expressly am forbid to touch it.  
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;

And better 't were that both of us did fast,  
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,

Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.  
Be patient; to-morrow 't shall be mended,

And for this night we'll fast for company. 180  
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

*Exeunt PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and CURTIS.*

*Nath.* Peter, didst ever see the like?

*Peter.* He kills her in her own humour.

*Re-enter CURTIS.*

*Gru.* Where is he?

*Curt.* In her chamber, making a sermon of continency to her;

And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor soul,

Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,

And sits as one new-risen from a dream.  
Away, away! for he is coming hither. 190

*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter PETRUCHIO.*

*Pet.* Thus have I politically begun my reign,  
And 't is my hope to end successfully.

My falcon now is sharp and passing empty,  
And till she stoop she must not be full-gorg'd,

For then she never looks upon her lure.  
Another way I have to man my haggard,

To make her come and know her keeper's call;

That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites

That bate and beat and will not be obedient.  
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat; 200

Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not:

As with the meat, some undeserved fault  
I'll find about the making of the bed;

And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,

This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:

Ay, and amid this hurly I intend  
That all is done in reverend care of her;  
And in conclusion she shall watch all night;  
And if she chance to nod I'll rail and brawl,  
And with the clamour keep her still awake. 210  
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;  
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong  
humour.

He that knows better how to tame a shrew,  
Now let him speak: 't is charity to show.

*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S House.*

*Enter TRANIO and HORTENSIO.*

*Tra.* Is 't possible, friend Licio, that  
Mistress Bianca  
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?  
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

*Hor.* Sir, to satisfy you in what I have  
said,  
Stand by, and mark the manner of his  
teaching. *They stand aside.*

*Enter BIANCA and LUCENTIO.*

*Luc.* Now, mistress, profit you in what  
you read?

*Bian.* What, master, read you? first re-  
solve me that.

*Luc.* I read that I profess, the Art of Love.

*Bian.* And may you prove, sir, master of  
your art!

*Luc.* While you, sweet dear, prove mis-  
tress of my heart. *They retire.* 10

*Hor.* Quick proceeders, marry! Now tell  
me, I pray,

You that durst swear that your mistress  
Bianca

Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.

*Tra.* O spiteful love! unconstant wom-  
ankind!

I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

*Hor.* Mistake no more: I am not Licio,  
Nor a musician, as I seem to be,  
But one that scorns to live in this disguise,  
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,  
And makes a god of such a cullion; 20  
Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

*Tra.* Signior Hortensio, I have often heard  
Of your entire affection to Bianca;  
And since mine eyes are witness of her  
lightness,

I will with you, if you be so contented,  
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

*Hor.* See, how they kiss and court!  
Signior Lucentio,

Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow  
Never to woo her more; but to forswear her,  
As one unworthy all the former favours 30  
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

*Tra.* And here I take the like unfeigned  
oath,

Never to marry with her though she would  
entreat.

Fie on her! see how beastly she doth court  
him.

*Hor.* Would all the world but he had  
quite forsworn!

For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,  
I will be married to a wealthy widow  
Ere three days pass, which hath as long  
lov'd me

As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard.

And so farewell, Signior Lucentio. 40

Kindness in women, not their beauteous  
looks,

Shall win my love; and so I take my leave,  
In resolution as I swore before. *Exit.*

*Tra.* Mistress Bianca, bless you with such  
grace

As longth to a lover's blessed case!

Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,

And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

*Bian.* Tranio, you jest. But have you  
both forsworn me?

*Tra.* Mistress, we have.

*Luc.* Then we are rid of Licio.

*Tra.* I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow  
now, 50

That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

*Bian.* God give him joy!

*Tra.* Ay, and he'll tame her.

*Bian.* He says so, Tranio.

*Tra.* Faith, he is gone unto the taming-  
school.

*Bian.* The taming-school! what, is there  
such a place?

*Tra.* Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the  
master;

That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty  
long,

To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering  
tongue.

*Enter BIONDELLO, running.*

*Bion.* O master, master! I have watch'd  
so long

That I am dog-weary; but at last I spied 60

An ancient angel coming down the hill  
Will serve the turn.

*Tra.* What is he, Biondello?

*Bion.* Master, a mercatante, or a pedant,  
I know not what; but formal in apparel,

In gait and countenance surely like a father.

*Luc.* And what of him, Tranio?

*Tra.* If he be credulous and trust my tale,  
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,

And give assurance to Baptista Minola,

As if he were the right Vincentio. 70

Take in your love, and then let me alone.

*Exeunt LUCENTIO and BIANCA.*

*Enter a Pedant.*

*Ped.* God save you, sir!

*Tra.* And you, sir! you are welcome.  
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

*Ped.* Sir, at the farthest for a week or  
two;

But then up farther, and as far as Rome;  
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.

*Tra.* What countryman, I pray?

*Ped.* Of Mantua.

*Tra.* Of Mantua, sir? marry, God forbid!  
And come to Padua careless of your life?

*Ped.* My life, sir! how, I pray? for that  
goes hard. 80

*Tra.* 'T is death for any one in Mantua

To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?  
 Your ships are stay'd at Venice; and the duke,  
 For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,  
 Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly.  
 'Tis marvel, but that you are but newly come,  
 You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

*Ped.* Alas! sir, it is worse for me than so;  
 For I have bills for money by exchange  
 From Florence, and must here deliver them. 80

*Tra.* Well, sir, to do you courtesy,  
 This will I do, and this I will advise you.  
 First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

*Ped.* Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;  
 Pisa renowned for grave citizens.

*Tra.* Among them know you one Vincentio?

*Ped.* I know him not, but I have heard of him;

A merchant of incomparable wealth.

*Tra.* He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,

In countenance somewhat doth resemble you. 100

*Bion. Aside.* As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.

*Tra.* To save your life in this extremity,  
 This favour will I do you for his sake;  
 And think it not the worst of all your fortunes  
 That you are like to Sir Vincentio.

His name and credit shall you undertake,  
 And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd.  
 Look that you take upon you as you should!  
 You understand me, sir; so shall you stay  
 Till you have done your business in the city. 110

If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

*Ped.* O! sir, I do; and will repute you ever

The patron of my life and liberty.

*Tra.* Then go with me to make the matter good.

This, by the way, I let you understand:  
 My father is here look'd for every day,  
 To pass assurance of a dower in marriage  
 'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:  
 In all these circumstances I'll instruct you.  
 Go with me to clothe you as becomes you.

*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.—A Room in PETRUCHIO'S House.

*Enter KATHARINA and GRUMIO.*

*Gru.* No, no, forsooth; I dare not for my life.

*Kath.* The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.

What! did he marry me to famish me?  
 Beggars, that come unto my father's door,  
 Upon entreaty have a present alms;  
 If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:  
 But I, who never knew how to entreat,  
 Nor never needed that I should entreat,  
 Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;

With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed. 10

And that which spites me more than all these wants,

He does it under name of perfect love;  
 As who should say, if I should sleep or eat  
 'T were deadly sickness, or else present death.

I prithee go and get me some repast;  
 I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

*Gru.* What say you to a neat's foot?

*Kath.* 'T is passing good: I prithee let me have it.

*Gru.* I fear it is too choleric a meat.  
 How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd? 20

*Kath.* I like it well: good Grumio, fetch it me.

*Gru.* I cannot tell; I fear 't is choleric.  
 What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

*Kath.* A dish that I do love to feed upon.

*Gru.* Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

*Kath.* Why then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.

*Gru.* Nay then, I will not: you shall have the mustard,

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

*Kath.* Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

*Gru.* Why then, the mustard without the beef. 30

*Kath.* Go, get thee gone, thou false leading slave, *Beats him.*

That feed'st me with the very name of meat.  
 Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you,  
 That triumph thus upon my misery!  
 Go, get thee gone, I say.

*Enter PETRUCHIO, with a dish of meat, and HORTENSIO.*

*Pet.* How fares my Kate? What, sweetening, all amorf?

*Hor.* Mistress, what cheer?

*Kath.* Faith, as cold as can be.

*Pet.* Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me.

Here, love; thou seest how diligent I am  
 To dress thy meat myself and bring it thee; 40  
 I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.

What! not a word? Nay, then thou lov'st it not.

And all my pains is sorted to no proof.

Here, take away this dish.

*Kath.* I pray you, let it stand.

*Pet.* The poorest service is repaid with thanks,

And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

*Kath.* I thank you, sir.

*Hor.* Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.

Come, Mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

*Pet.* *Aside.* Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me. 50

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!  
 Kate, eat apace: and now, my honey love,  
 Will we return unto thy father's house,

And revel it as bravely as the best,  
 With silken coats and caps and golden rings,  
 With ruffs and cuffs and farthingales and  
 things;  
 With scarfs and fans and double change of  
 bravery,  
 With amber bracelets, beads and all this  
 knavery.  
 What! hast thou din'd? The tailor stays  
 thy leisure,  
 To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure. 60

*Enter Tailor.*

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;  
 Lay forth the gown.

*Enter Haberdasher.*

What news with you, sir?

*Hab.* Here is the cap your worship did  
 bespeak.

*Pet.* Why, this was moulded on a por-  
 ringer;

A velvet dish: fie, fie! 't is lewd and filthy:  
 Why, 't is a cockle or a walnut-shell,

A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap:  
 Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.

*Kath.* I'll have no bigger: this doth fit  
 the time,

And gentlewomen wear such caps, as  
 these. 70

*Pet.* When you are gentle, you shall have  
 one too;

And not till then.

*Hor. Aside.* That will not be in haste.

*Kath.* Why, sir, I trust I may have leave  
 to speak,

And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:  
 Your betters have endur'd me say my  
 mind,

And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.  
 My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,  
 Or else my heart, concealing it, will break:

And rather than it shall, I will be free 79  
 Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

*Pet.* Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry  
 cap,

A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie.

I love thee well in that thou lik'st it not.

*Kath.* Love me or love me not, I like the  
 cap.

And it I will have, or I will have none.

*Exit Haberdasher.*

*Pet.* Thy gown? why, ay: come, tailor,  
 let us see 't.

O, mercy, God! what masquing stuff is  
 here?

What's this? a sleeve? 't is like a demi-  
 cannon:

What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-  
 tart?

Here's snip and nip and cut and slish and  
 slash, 93

Like to a censer in a barber's shop.

Why, what, i' devil's name, tailor, call'st  
 thou this?

*Hor. Aside.* I see, she's like to have  
 neither cap nor gown.

*Tai.* You bid me make it orderly and well,  
 According to the fashion and the time.

*Pet.* Marry, and did; but if you be  
 remember'd,

I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Go, hop me over every kennel home,

For you shall hop without my custom, sir. 99  
 I'll none of it: hence! make your best of it.

*Kath.* I never saw a better-fashion'd  
 gown,

More quaint, more pleasing, nor more com-  
 mendable.

Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

*Pet.* Why, true; he means to make a  
 puppet of thee.

*Tai.* She says your worship means to  
 make a puppet of her.

*Pet.* O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest,  
 thou thread,

Thou thimble,

Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quar-  
 ter, nail!

Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket  
 thou! 110

Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of  
 thread?

Away! thou rag, thou quantity, thou rem-  
 nant,

Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard  
 As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou  
 liv'st!

I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

*Tai.* Your worship is deceiv'd: the gown  
 is made

Just as my master had direction.

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

*Gru.* I gave him no order; I gave him the  
 stuff.

*Tai.* But how did you desire it should be  
 made? 120

*Gru.* Marry, sir, with needle and  
 thread.

*Tai.* But did you not request to have it  
 cut?

*Gru.* Thou hast faced many things.

*Tai.* I have.

*Gru.* Face not me: thou hast braved  
 many men; brave not me: I will neither  
 be faced nor braved. I say unto thee, I bid  
 thy master cut out the gown; but I did not  
 bid him cut it to pieces: *ergo*, thou liest. 129

*Tai.* Why, here is the note of the fashion  
 to testify.

*Pet.* Read it.

*Gru.* The note lies in 's throat if he say I  
 said so.

*Tai.* *Imprimis, A loose-bodied gown.*

*Gru.* Master, if ever I said 'loose-bodied  
 gown,' sew me in the skirts of it, and beat  
 me to death with a bottom of brown thread.

I said a gown.

*Pet.* Proceed.

*Tai.* *With a small compassed cape.* 140

*Gru.* I confess the cape.

*Tai.* *With a trunk sleeve.*

*Gru.* I confess two sleeves.

*Tai.* *The sleeves curiously cut.*

*Pet.* Ay, there 's the villany.

*Gru.* Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill.

I commanded the sleeves should be cut out  
 and sewed up again; and that I'll prove

upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

*Tai.* This is true that I say: an I had thee in place where thou should'st know it. 151

*Gru.* I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

*Hor.* God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

*Pet.* Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

*Gru.* You are i' the right, sir: 'tis for my mistress.

*Pet.* Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

*Gru.* Villain, not for thy life! Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use! 161

*Pet.* Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

*Gru.* O sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for:

Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!

O, fie, fie, fie!

*Pet.* *Aside.* Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid.

Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

*Hor.* Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow:

Take no unkindness of his hasty words. 169  
Away! I say; commend me to thy master.

*Exit Tailor.*

*Pet.* Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,

Even in these honest mean habiliments.  
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;  
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,

So honour peereth in the meanest habit.  
What is the jay more precious than the lark

Because his feathers are more beautiful?  
Or is the adder better than the eel 179

Because his painted skin contents the eye?  
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse

For this poor furniture and mean array.  
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;

And therefore frolic: we will hence forth-  
with,

To feast and sport us at thy father's house.  
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;

And bring our horses unto Long-lane end;  
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.

Let's see; I think 'tis now some seven  
o'clock,

And well we may come there by dinner-time.

*Kath.* I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost  
two; 191

And 'twill be supper-time ere you come  
there.

*Pet.* It shall be seven ere I go to horse.  
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,

You are still crossing it. Sirs, let 't alone:  
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,

It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

*Hor.* Why, so this gallant will command  
the sun.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Padua.* Before BAPTISTA'S  
House.

*Enter TRANIO, and the Pedant dressed like  
VINCENTIO.*

*Tra.* Sir, this is the house: please it you  
that I call?

*Ped.* Ay, what else? and but I be de-  
ceived

Signior Baptista may remember me,

Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,

Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

*Tra.* 'Tis well; and hold your own, in  
any case,

With such austerity as longeth to a father.

*Enter BIONDELLO.*

*Ped.* I warrant you. But, sir, here comes  
your boy;

'T were good he were school'd.

*Tra.* Fear you not him. Sirrah Bion-  
dello, 10

Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you:  
Imagine 't were the right Vincentio.

*Bion.* Tut! fear not me.

*Tra.* But hast thou done thy errand to  
Baptista?

*Bion.* I told him that your father was at  
Venice,

And that you look'd for him this day in  
Padua.

*Tra.* Thou 'rt a tall fellow: hold thee that  
to drink.

Here comes Baptista. Set your counte-  
nance, sir.

*Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO.*

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.

*To the Pedant.* Sir, this is the gentleman I  
told you of. 20

I pray you, stand good father to me now,  
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

*Ped.* Soft, son!

Sir, by your leave: having come to Padua  
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio

Made me acquainted with a weighty cause  
Of love between your daughter and himself:

And, for the good report I hear of you,  
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,

And she to him, to stay him not too long, 30  
I am content, in a good father's care,

To have him match'd; and if you please to  
like

No worse than I, upon some agreement  
Me shall you find ready and willing

With one consent to have her so bestow'd;  
For curious I cannot be with you,

Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

*Bap.* Sir, pardon me in what I have to say:  
Your plainness and your shortness please me  
well.

Right true it is, your son Lucentio here 40  
Doth love my daughter and she loveth  
him,

Or both dissemble deeply their affections:  
And therefore, if you say no more than this,

That like a father you will deal with him  
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,

The match is made, and all is done:

Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

*Tra.* I thank you, sir. Where then do you know best

We be affied and such assurance ta'en  
As shall with either part's agreement stand? 50

*Bap.* Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,

Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants.

Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still,  
And happily we might be interrupted.

*Tra.* Then at my lodging an it like you:  
There doth my father lie, and there this night

We'll pass the business privately and well.  
Send for your daughter by your servant here;

My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.  
The worst is this, that at so slender warning, 60

You're like to have a thin and slender pit-tance.

*Bap.* It likes me well: Cambio, hie you home,

And bid Bianca make her ready straight;  
And, if you will, tell what hath happened:

Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,  
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

*Bion.* I pray the gods she may, with all my heart!

*Tra.* Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.

Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?

Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer. 70

Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.

*Bap.* I follow you.

*Exeunt TRANIO, Pedant, and BAPTISTA.*

*Bion.* Cambio!

*Luc.* What sayest thou, Biondello?

*Bion.* You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

*Luc.* Biondello, what of that?

*Bion.* Faith, nothing; but has left me here behind to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens. 80

*Luc.* I pray thee, moralise them.

*Bion.* Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

*Luc.* And what of him?

*Bion.* His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

*Luc.* And then?

*Bion.* The old priest at Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

*Luc.* And what of all this? 90

*Bion.* I cannot tell, except they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*. To the church! take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses.

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,

But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

*Luc.* Hearest thou, Biondello?

*Bion.* I cannot tarry; I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. *Exit.* 104

*Luc.* I may, and will, if she be so contented:

She will be pleas'd; then wherefore should I doubt?

Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her:

It shall go hard if Cambio go without her. *Exit.*

#### SCENE V.—A public Road.

*Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO and Servants.*

*Pet.* Come on, i' God's name; once more toward our father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

*Kath.* The moon! the sun: it is not moonlight now.

*Pet.* I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

*Kath.* I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

*Pet.* Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,

It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,  
Or ere I journey to your father's house.

Go one, and fetch our horses back again.  
Evermore cross'd and cross'd; nothing but cross'd! 10

*Hor.* Say as he says, or we shall never go.

*Kath.* Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,

And be it moon, or sun, or what you please.  
An if you please to call it a rush-candle,

Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

*Pet.* I say it is the moon.

*Kath.* I know it is the moon.

*Pet.* Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun.

*Kath.* Then God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun:

But sun it is not when you say it is not,  
And the moon changes even as your mind, 20

What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;  
And so it shall be so for Katharine.

*Hor.* Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

*Pet.* Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl should run,  
And not unluckily against the bias.

But soft! what company is coming here?

*Enter VINCENTIO.*

To VINCENTIO. Good morrow, gentle mistress, where away?

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,  
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?

Such war of white and red within her cheeks! 30

What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,

As those two eyes become that heavenly face?

Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.

Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

*Hor.* A' will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

*Kath.* Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet.

Whither away, or where is thy abode?

Happy the parents of so fair a child;

Happier the man, whom favourable stars allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!

*Pet.* Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad:

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd, And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

*Kath.* Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,

That have been so bedazzled with the sun

That every thing I look on seemeth green: Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;

*Pet.* Do, good old grandsire; and, withal make known

Which way thou travellest: if along with us,

We shall be joyful of thy company.

*Vin.* Fair sir, and you my merry mistress, That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me,

My name is call'd Vincentio; my dwelling Pisa;

And bound I am to Padua, there to visit A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

*Pet.* What is his name?

*Vin.* Lucentio, gentle sir.

*Pet.* Happily met; the happier for thy son.

And now by law, as well as reverend age, so I may entitle thee my loving father:

The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman, Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,

Nor be not griev'd: she is of good esteem, Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;

Beside, so qualified as may beseem The spouse of any noble gentleman.

Let me embrace with old Vincentio; And wander we to see thy honest son,

Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

*Vin.* But is this true? or is it else your pleasure.

Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest Upon the company you overtake?

*Hor.* I do assure thee, father, so it is.

*Pet.* Come, go along, and see the truth hereof:

For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

*Exeunt all but HORTENSIO.*

*Hor.* Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.

Have to my widow! and if she be froward, Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.

*Exit.*

## ACT V

## SCENE I.—Padua. Before LUCENTIO'S House.

GREMIO discovered. Enter behind, BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and BIANCA.

*Bion.* Softly and swiftly, sir, for the priest is ready.

*Luc.* I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home; therefore leave us.

*Bion.* Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back; and then come back to my master as soon as I can.

*Exeunt LUCENTIO, BIANCA, and BIONDELLO.*

*Gre.* I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, and Attendants.

*Pet.* Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house:

My father's bears more toward the marketplace;

Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

*Vin.* You shall not choose but drink before you go.

I think I shall command your welcome here, And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

*Knocks.*

*Gre.* They're busy within; you were best knock louder.

*Enter Pedant above, at a window.*

*Ped.* What's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

*Vin.* Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

*Ped.* He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

*Vin.* What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

*Ped.* Keep your hundred pounds to yourself: he shall need none so long as I live.

*Pet.* Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in Padua. Do you hear, sir?

To leave frivolous circumstances, I pray you tell Signior Lucentio that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

*Ped.* Thou liest: his father is come from Padua, and here looking out at the window.

*Vin.* Art thou his father?

*Ped.* Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

*Pet.* To VINCENTIO. Why, how now, gentleman! Why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

*Ped.* Lay hands on the villain: I believe a' means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

*Re-enter BIONDELLO.*

*Bion.* I have seen them in the church together: God send 'em good shipping!

But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio! now we are undone and brought to nothing.

*Vin.* Seeing BIONDELLO. Come hither, crackhemp.

*Bion.* I hope I may choose, sir.

*Vin.* Come hither, you rogue. What have you forgot me? 53

*Bion.* Forgot you! no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

*Vin.* What, you notorious villain! didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

*Bion.* What, my old worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir; see where he looks out of the window.

*Vin.* Is 't so, indeed? *Beats* BIONDELLO.

*Bion.* Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. Exit. 61

*Ped.* Help, son! help, Signior Baptista.

*Pet.* Prithce, Kate, let 's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. Exit above.

*They retire.*

*Enter Pedant, BAPTISTA, TRANIO, and Servants.*

*Tra.* Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?

*Vin.* What am I, sir! nay, what are you, sir? O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat! O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university. 72

*Tra.* How now! what 's the matter?

*Bap.* What, is the man lunatic?

*Tra.* Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what 'cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it. 79

*Vin.* Thy father! O villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

*Bap.* You mistake, sir; you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

*Vin.* His name! as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio. 86

*Ped.* Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio.

*Vin.* Lucentio! O! he hath murdered his master. Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name. O! my son, my son. Tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio? 93

*Tra.* Call forth an officer.

*Enter one with an Officer.*

Carry this mad knave to the gaol. Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

*Vin.* Carry me to the gaol!

*Gre.* Stay, officer: he shall not go to prison. 100

*Bap.* Talk not, Signior Gremio: I say he shall go to prison.

*Gre.* Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be cony-catched in this business: I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

*Ped.* Swear, if thou darest.

*Gre.* Nay, I dare not swear it.

*Tra.* Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.

*Gre.* Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

*Bap.* Away with the dotard! to the gaol with him! 110

*Vin.* Thus strangers may be haled and abused. O monstrous villain!

*Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO and BIANCA.*

*Bion.* O! we are spoiled; and yonder he is: deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

*Luc.* Pardon, sweet father. Kneeling.

*Vin.* Lives my sweet son?

*BIONDELLO, TRANIO, and Pedant*  
*run out.*

*Bian.* Pardon, dear father. Kneeling.

*Bap.* How hast thou offended?

Where is Lucentio?

*Luc.* Here 's Lucentio,

Right son to the right Vincentio;

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine, 117

While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.

*Gre.* Here 's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all!

*Vin.* Where is that damned villain Tranio,

That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

*Bap.* Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

*Bian.* Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

*Luc.* Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love

Made me exchange my state with Tranio, While he did bear my countenance in the town;

And happily I have arriv'd at last 120  
Unto the wished haven of my bliss.

What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to; Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

*Vin.* I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the gaol.

*Bap.* But do you hear, sir? Have you married my daughter without asking my good will?

*Vin.* Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to: but I will in, to be revenged for this villany. Exit. 140

*Bap.* And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. Exit.

*Luc.* Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown.

*Exeunt LUCENTIO and BIANCA.*

*Gre.* My cake is dough; but I'll in among the rest,

Out of hope of all but my share of the feast. Exit.

PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA advance.

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What! in the midst of the street?

Pet. What! art thou ashamed of me?

Kath. No, sir, God forbid; but ashamed to kiss. 151

Pet. Why, then let's home again. Come, sirrah, let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well? Come, my sweet Kate:

Better once than never, for never too late.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Room in LUCENTIO'S House.*

*A banquet set out. Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, the Pedant, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, and Widow; TRANIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, and others, attending.*

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree:

And time it is, when raging war is done,

To smile at scapes and perils overblown.

My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,

While I with self-same kindness welcome thine.

Brother Petruchio, sister Katharina,

And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow, Feast with the best, and welcome to my house:

My banquet is to close our stomachs up,

After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down; 10

For now we sit to chat as well as eat.

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Wid. Then never trust me, if I be afraid.

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense:

I mean, Hortensio is afraid of you.

Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round. 20

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceive by me! How likes Hortensio that?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended. Kiss him for that, good widow.

Kath. 'He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.'

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,

Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe: And now you know my meaning. 30

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate!

Hor. To her, widow!

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer: ha' to thee, lad. *Drinks to HORTENSIO.*

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head and butt! an hasty-witted body 40

Would say your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awakend you?

Bian. Ay, but not frightened me; therefore I'll sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun,

Have at you for a bitter jest or two.

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush;

And then pursue me as you draw your bow. You are welcome all.

*Exeunt BIANCA, KATHARINA, and Widow.*

Pet. She hath prevented me. Here, Signior Tranio;

This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not: 50

Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tra. O sir! Lucentio slipp'd me, like his greyhound,

Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift simile, but something currish.

Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself:

'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. O ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

Pet. A' has a little gall'd me, I confess; 60

And, as the jest did glance away from me, 'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,

I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say no; and therefore, for assurance,

Let's each one send unto his wife; And he whose wife is most obedient To come at first when he doth send for her, Shall win the wager which we will propose.

*Hor.* Content. What is the wager?  
*Luc.* Twenty crowns.  
*Pet.* Twenty crowns! 71  
 I'll venture so much of my hawk, or hound,  
 But twenty times so much upon my wife.  
*Luc.* A hundred then.  
*Hor.* Content.  
*Pet.* A match! 't is done.  
*Hor.* Who shall begin?  
*Luc.* That will I.  
 Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.  
*Bion.* I go. *Exit.*  
*Bap.* Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.  
*Luc.* I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

## Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?  
*Bion.* Sir, my mistress sends you word  
 That she is busy and she cannot come. 81  
*Pet.* How! she is busy, and she cannot come!  
 Is that an answer?  
*Gre.* Ay, and a kind one too:  
 Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.  
*Pet.* I hope, better.  
*Hor.* Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife  
 To come to me forthwith. *Exit BIONDELLO.*  
*Pet.* O ho! entreat her!  
 Nay, then she must needs come.  
*Hor.* I am afraid, sir,  
 Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

## Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now, where's my wife? 90  
*Bion.* She says you have some goodly jest in hand:  
 She will not come: she bids you come to her.  
*Pet.* Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,  
 Intolerable, not to be endur'd!  
 Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress; say,  
 I command her come to me. *Exit GRUMIO.*  
*Hor.* I know her answer.  
*Pet.* What?  
*Hor.* She will not.  
*Pet.* The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

## Enter KATHARINA.

*Bap.* Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!  
*Kath.* What is your will, sir, that you send for me? 100  
*Pet.* Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?  
*Kath.* They sit conferring by the parlour fire.  
*Pet.* Go fetch them hither: if they deny to come,  
 Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands.  
 Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.  
*Exit KATHARINA.*

*Luc.* Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.  
*Hor.* And so it is. I wonder what it bodes.  
*Pet.* Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life, 110  
 And awful rule and right supremacy;  
 And, to be short, what not that's sweet and happy?  
*Bap.* Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio!  
 The wager thou hast won; and I will add  
 Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;  
 Another dowry to another daughter,  
 For she is chang'd, as she had never been.  
*Pet.* Nay, I will win my wager better yet,  
 And show more sign of her obedience,  
 Her new-built virtue of obedience.  
 See where she comes, and brings your forward wives  
 As prisoners to her womanly persuasion. 120

## Re-enter KATHARINA, with BIANCA and Widow.

Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not:  
 Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.  
*KATHARINA pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*  
*Wid.* Lord! let me never have a cause to sigh,  
 Till I be brought to such a silly pass!  
*Bian.* Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?  
*Luc.* I would your duty were as foolish too:  
 The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,  
 Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.  
*Bian.* The more fool you for laying on my duty.  
*Pet.* Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women 130  
 What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.  
*Wid.* Come, come, you're mocking: we will have no telling.  
*Pet.* Come on, I say; and first begin with her.  
*Wid.* She shall not.  
*Pet.* I say she shall: and first begin with her.  
*Kath.* Fie, fie! unknot that threatening unkind brow,  
 And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,  
 To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:  
 It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,  
 Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds, 140  
 And in no sense is meet or amiable.  
 A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,  
 Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;  
 And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty  
 Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.  
 Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,  
 Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,

And for thy maintenance commits his body  
To painful labour both by sea and land, 149  
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,  
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and  
safe;

And craves no other tribute at thy hands  
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;  
Too little payment for so great a debt.  
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,  
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;  
And when she's froward, peevish, sullen,

sour,  
And not obedient to his honest will,  
What is she but a foul contending rebel,  
And graceless traitor to her loving lord? 160  
I am asham'd that women are so simple  
To offer war where they should kneel for  
peace,

Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,  
When they are bound to serve, love, and  
obey.

Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and  
smooth,

Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,  
But that our soft conditions and our hearts  
Should well agree with our external parts?  
Come, come, you froward and unable  
worms! 169

My mind hath been as big as one of yours,  
My heart as great, my reason haply more,

To bandy word for word and frown for frown;  
But now I see our lances are but straws,  
Our strength as weak, our weakness past  
compare,

That seeming to be most which we indeed  
least are.

Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,  
And place your hands below your husband's  
foot:

In token of which duty, if he please,  
My hand is ready; may it do him ease.

*Pet.* Why, there's a wench! Come on,  
and kiss me, Kate. 180

*Luc.* Well, go thy ways, old lad, for thou  
shalt ha't.

*Vin.* 'Tis a good hearing when children  
are toward.

*Luc.* But a harsh hearing when women  
are froward.

*Pet.* Come, Kate, we'll to bed.

We three are married, but you two are sped.  
*To LUCENTIO.* 'Twas I won the wager,  
though you hit the white;

And being a winner, God give you good  
night!

*Exeunt PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA.*

*Hor.* Now go thy ways; thou hast tam'd  
a curst shrew. 188

*Luc.* 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she  
will be tam'd so. *Exeunt.*

## ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

THE similarity of the deception practised upon Bertram by Helena and Diana in *All's Well that Ends Well* to that practised upon Angelo by Isabella and Marianna in *Measure for Measure* is so obvious that it cannot escape the notice of the most casual reader. The unusual nature of the deception, combined with the fact that in each instance the man while performing a guilty act is unconsciously consummating a sacred vow, leads one to suspect that Shakespeare intended these two plays to be regarded as companion pieces; and the added fact that in each play the interest centers in the heroine and that Helena and Isabella are so much unlike that it would be impossible to substitute one for the other without completely wrecking both plays, forces us to the conclusion that the significance of these plays lies in the contrast between the characters of their heroines.

In our discussion of *Measure for Measure* we have already given our estimate of the character of Isabella. We believe that Shakespeare has consciously portrayed in her a cold, passionless woman, highly intellectual, but incapable of realizing through experience the deeper facts of life; and we believe that so conceived her character unifies the play and gives to it in its closing scenes a consistency which otherwise it appears to lack. The great mistake in appraising the character of Isabella has been in extolling her for a virtue which was in fact but the manifestation of an abnormality.

Helena, in *All's Well*, is on the other hand a thoroughly normal woman. She is equally chaste with Isabella, far surpasses her in clearness of intellect and will power, has capacity for the deepest of life's experiences and the daring to translate thought and passion into deed. Thus equipped, she faces one of the most trying situations that can confront a woman, and without reproach to her sex or loss of modesty she attains the object of her love. In his portrayal of the character of Helena, Shakespeare has challenged the convention which ascribes to the man the sole right to lay siege to the object of his affections.

It is worth while observing the first impression we receive of Helena's character as a corrective for whatever misconception we may have of Isabella upon our first meeting with her. Isabella is, when we first see her, upon the point of joining a sisterhood, deploring even the freedom allowed there, and wishes a more strict restraint upon the order. Helena comes silently before us along with the Countess, LaFeu and Bertram, and listens to the conversation preparatory to Bertram's departure for the court. The Countess hears her weeping softly, and thinking that she is weeping for her father's death, gently chides her lest she be thought to "affect a sorrow." Helena replies: "I do affect a sorrow, but I have it too." Bertram departs, and Helena is left alone. Then we learn the cause of her tears:

" . . . I think not on my father;

. . . . .  
I have forgot him: my imagination  
Carries no favour in 't but Bertram's.  
I am undone: there is no living, none,  
If Bertram be away. It were all one  
That I should love a bright particular star  
And think to wed it, he is so above me."

Here are love and passion of which we never have a sign in Isabella. To be sure, hopelessness and despair of wedding one so far above her might have suggested to Helena the life of a nun, had she been made of different metal. But nothing is more certain than that no disappointment in love was responsible for Isabella's choice of a life of religious seclusion. We need not yet ask which of these two characters is the more admirable,

but it is fair to ask which is the more natural? The answer we shall find in the words of the Countess when she first learns of Helena's passion for her son:

"Even so it was with me when I was young:  
If ever we are nature's, these are ours;

. . . . .  
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,  
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth:  
By our remembrances of days foregone,  
Such were our faults; or then we thought them none."

Now this is not only a great speech, revelatory of the characters of both the Countess and Helena; it is at the same time the keynote of the play: If ever we are natural women these passions are ours. It is a daring acknowledgment, a full facing of a fact at which society has blinked for centuries. This speech, like many of the speeches in this play, is in rhyme, a fact which has led many critics to conjecture that *All's Well* is Shakespeare's later revision of one of his early plays to which Meres refers in 1598 under the name of *Love's Labour's Won*. But this kind of rhyming reveals a deeper insight into life than we find in Shakespeare's early plays. *All's Well*, in our judgment, belongs in its entirety to the same period as *Measure for Measure* and was written primarily with a view to contrasting these two supreme examples of the normal and the abnormal woman.

It is impossible within these space limits to trace fully the development of Helena's character. We must not fail, however, to recognize the driving power of her love, its utter unselfishness, its primary concern for Bertram, and its effect upon both her will and her intellect. It is her love for Bertram that suggests the attempt to cure the king, that leads her to venture her life on his recovery, and that wins for her the right to choose a husband from among his lords. It is her love that leads her to say, when her choice falls on Bertram:

"I dare not say I take you; but I give  
Me and my service, ever whilst I live,  
Into your guiding power."

It is her love that pleads with the king, upon Bertram's rejection of her, to "let the rest go." And when, as his wedded wife, she finds herself cast off by him, confronted by a seemingly impossible condition, it is her love that condemns her as responsible for having placed his life in jeopardy by driving him to the Italian war, and that determines her to make possible his return by leaving France. Love with her is a compelling power. It does not content itself with fine speeches; it drives her into hazardous action. It sends her forth from her native country, disguised as a pilgrim, to embrace death in order to set free the object of her love. But heaven strives for the lover. Her chance meeting with Diana opens to her the possibility of fulfilling the hard conditions which her husband has imposed upon her. She grasps at the opportunity and in her success translates Bertram's "wicked meaning" into a "lawful deed."

The conclusion of the whole matter is that Helena, with nature's full endowment of passion, combined with a refinement and modesty such as come only from being bred by one whose nobility rests more in her nature than in her title, overcomes the impossible and attains in the end the fulfillment of her heart's desire. There is no fear for her future, nor for that of Bertram. They will be happy together and under her influence he too will attain to a true nobility. There is much significance in that remark of Helena's when, pointing to Diana, she says to Bertram:

"O my good lord! when I was like this maid,  
I found you wondrous kind."

It is nothing that Helena becomes a Countess; of that she had no care. True to her nature, she wins the goal for which she first set out—the attainment of the object of her soul's affection. Isabella purposed to be a nun. She becomes a Duchess—and nothing more.

# ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING OF FRANCE.  
DUKE OF FLORENCE.  
BERTRAM, *Count of Rousillon.*  
LAFEU, *an old Lord.*  
PAROLLES, *a Follower of Bertram.*  
Steward to the Countess of Rousillon.  
Clown, *in her household.*  
A Page.

COUNTRESS OF ROUSILLON, *Mother to Bertram.*  
HELENA, *a Gentlewoman protected by the Countess.*  
A Widow of Florence.  
DIANA, *Daughter to the Widow.*  
VIOLENTA, } *Neighbours and Friends to the*  
MARIANA, } *Widow.*

*Lords, Officers, Soldiers, etc., French and Florentine.*

SCENE.—Rousillon; Paris; Florence; Marseilles.

### ACT I

SCENE I.—Rousillon. A Room in the  
COUNTRESS'S Palace.

Enter BERTRAM, the COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, HELENA, and LAFEU, all in black.

Count. In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew; but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam; you, sir, a father. He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you, whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted rather than lack it where there is such abundance. 12

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time. 18

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father,—O, that 'had'! how sad a passage 't is!—whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king's disease.

Laf. How called you the man you speak of madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon. 31

Laf. He was excellent indeed, madam: the king very lately spoke of him admiringly and mournfully. He was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before. 40

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises: her dispositions she inherits, which make fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, these commendations go with pity; they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty and achieves her goodness. 52

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'T is the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all liveli-hood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena; go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow than have it. 61

Hel. I do affect a sorrow indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram; and succeed thy father 70  
In manners, as in shape! thy blood and virtue

Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness

Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few,

Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy  
Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend

Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,  
But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will  
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,  
Fall on thy head! Farewell, my lord; 79  
'Tis an unseason'd courtier; good mylord, Advise him.

*Laf.* He cannot want the best  
That shall attend his love.

*Count.* Heaven bless him! Farewell, Bertram. *Exit.*

*Ber. To HELENA.* The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

*Laf.* Farewell, pretty lady: you must hold the credit of your father.

*Exeunt BERTRAM and LAFEU.*

*Hel.* O! were that all. I think not on my father; 90

And these great tears grace his remembrance more  
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?

I have forgot him: my imagination  
Carries no favour in 't but Bertram's.  
I am undone: there is no living, none,  
If Bertram be away. It were all one  
That I should love a bright particular star  
And think to wed it, he is so above me:  
In his bright radiance and collateral light  
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere. 100  
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:  
The hind that would be mated by the lion  
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague.

To see him every hour; to sit and draw  
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,

In our heart's table; heart too capable  
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour:  
But now he 's gone, and my idolatrous fancy  
Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here?  
One that goes with him: I love him for his sake; 110

And yet I know him a notorious liar,  
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;

Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,  
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones

Look bleak i' the cold wind: withal, full oft we see

Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

*Enter PAROLLES.*

*Par.* Save you, fair queen!

*Hel.* And you, monarch!

*Par.* No.

*Hel.* And no. 125

*Par.* Are you meditating on virginity?

*Hel.* Ay. You have some stain of soldier in you; let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

*Par.* Keep him out.

*Hel.* But he assails; and our virginity,

though valiant in the defence, yet is weak. Unfold to us some war-like resistance.

*Par.* There is none: man, sitting down before you, will undermine you and blow you up. 130

*Hel.* Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers up! Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

*Par.* Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase, and there was never virgin got till virginity was first lost. That you were made of is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found; by being ever kept, it is ever lost. 'Tis too cold a companion: away with 't. 144

*Hel.* I will stand for 't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

*Par.* There's little can be said in 't; 't is against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity is to accuse your mothers, which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin: virginity murders itself, and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offender against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese, consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by 't. Out with 't! within the year it will make itself two, which is a goodly increase, and the principal itself not much the worse. Away with 't.

*Hel.* How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking? 164

*Par.* Let me see: marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth: off with 't while 't is vendible; answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and the toothpick, which wear not now. Your date is better in your pie and your porridge than in your cheek: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears; it looks ill, it eats drily; marry, 't is a withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet 'tis a withered pear. Will you any thing with it?

*Hel.* Not my virginity yet.

There shall your master have a thousand loves, 180

A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,  
A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,  
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,  
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;  
His humble ambition, proud humility,  
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,  
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world  
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,

That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—  
I know not what he shall. God send him  
well! 190

The court's a learning-place, and he is one—  
*Par.* What one, i' faith?

*Hel.* That I wish well. 'Tis pity—

*Par.* What's pity?

*Hel.* That wishing well had not a body  
in 't.

Which might be felt; that we, the poorer  
born,

Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,  
Might with effects of them follow our friends,  
And show what we alone must think, which  
never

Returns us thanks. 200

*Enter a Page.*

*Page.* Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls  
for you. *Exit.*

*Par.* Little Helen, farewell: if I can  
remember thee, I will think of thee at  
court.

*Hel.* Monsieur Parolles, you were born  
under a charitable star.

*Par.* Under Mars, I.

*Hel.* I especially think, under Mars.

*Par.* Why under Mars?

*Hel.* The wars have so kept you under  
that you must needs be born under Mars.

*Par.* When he was predominant. 211

*Hel.* When he was retrograde, I think  
rather.

*Par.* Why think you so?

*Hel.* You go so much backward when you  
fight.

*Par.* That's for advantage.

*Hel.* So is running away, when fear pro-  
poses the safety: but the composition that  
your valour and fear makes in you is a  
virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear  
well. 219

*Par.* I am so full of businesses I cannot  
answer thee acutely. I will return perfect  
courtier; in the which my instruction shall  
serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be  
capable of a courtier's counsel, and under-  
stand what advice shall thrust upon thee;  
else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and  
thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell.  
When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers;  
when thou hast none, remember thy friends.  
Get thee a good husband, and use him as he  
uses thee: so farewell. *Exit.* 239

*Hel.* Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie  
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky  
Gives us free scope; only doth backward  
pull

Our slow designs when we ourselves are  
dull.

What power is it which mounts my love so  
high;

That makes me see, and cannot feed mine  
eye?

The mightiest space in fortune nature brings  
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.  
Impossible be strange attempts to those—  
That weigh their pains in sense, and do

suppose 240

What hath been cannot be. Who ever  
strove

To show her merit that did miss her love?  
The king's disease—my project may deceive  
me,

But my intents are fix'd and will not leave  
me. *Exit.*

SCENE II.—Paris. A Room in the KING'S  
Palace.

*Flourish of Cornets. Enter the KING, with  
letters; Lords and others attending.*

*King.* The Florentines and Senoys are  
by the ears;

Have fought with equal fortune, and continue  
A braving war.

*First Lord.* So 't is reported, sir.

*King.* Nay, 't is most credible: we here  
receive it

A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria.  
With caution that the Florentine will move us  
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend  
Prejudicates the business, and would seem  
To have us make denial.

*First Lord.* His love and wisdom,  
Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead 10  
For amplest credence.

*King.* He hath arm'd our answer,  
And Florence is denied before he comes:  
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see  
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave  
To stand on either part.

*Second Lord.* It well may serve  
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick  
For breathing and exploit.

*King.* What's he comes here?

*Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.*

*First Lord.* It is the Count Rousillon, my  
good lord,

Young Bertram.

*King.* Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;  
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste, 20  
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's  
moral parts

May'st thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

*Ber.* My thanks and duty are your  
majesty's.

*King.* I would I had that corporal sound-  
ness now,

As when thy father and myself in friendship  
First tried our soldiery! He did look far  
Into the service of the time and was

Disciplined of the bravest: he lasted long;  
But on us both did haggish age steal on, 29

And wore us out of act. It much repairs me  
To talk of your good father. In his youth

He had the wit which I can well observe  
To-day in our young lords; but they may  
jest

Till their own scorn return to them unnoted  
Ere they can hide their levity in honour.

So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness  
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,

His equal had awak'd them; and his honour,  
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when

Exception bid him speak, and at this time  
His tongue obey'd his hand: who were

below him 41

He us'd as creatures of another place,  
And bow'd his eminent top to their low  
ranks,

Making them proud of his humility,  
In their poor praise he humbled. Such a  
man

Might be a copy to these younger times,  
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate  
them now

But goes backward.

*Ber.* His good remembrance, sir,  
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his  
tomb;

So in ap proof lives not his epitaph 50  
As in your royal speech.

*King.* Would I were with him! He would  
always say,

Methinks I hear him now: his plausible  
words

He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,  
To grow there and to bear; 'Let me not  
live,'—

Thus his good melancholy oft began,  
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,

When it was out,—'Let me not live,' quoth he,  
'After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff

Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive  
senses 60

All but new things disdain; whose judg-  
ments are

Mere fathers of their garments; whose con-  
stancies

Expire before their fashions.' This he  
wish'd:

I, after him, do after him wish too,  
Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,

I quickly were dissolved from my hive,  
To give some labourers room.

*Second Lord.* You are lov'd, sir;  
They that least lend it you shall lack you  
first.

*King.* I fill a place, I know 't. How long  
is 't, count, 69

Since the physician at your father's died?  
He was much fam'd.

*Ber.* Some six months since, my lord.

*King.* If he were living, I would try him  
yet:

Lend me an arm: the rest have worn me  
out

With several applications: nature and sick-  
ness

Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;  
My son's no dearer.

*Ber.* Thank your majesty.  
*Flourish. Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.—*Rousillon. A Room in the COUNTESS'S Palace.*

*Enter COUNTESS, Steward, and Clown.*

*Count.* I will now hear: what say you of  
this gentlewoman?

*Stew.* Madam, the care I have had to  
even your content, I wish might be found in  
the calendar of my past endeavours; for  
then we wound our modesty and make foul  
the clearness of our deservings, when of  
ourselves we publish them.

*Count.* What does this knave here? Get  
you gone, sirrah: the complaints I have  
heard of you I do not all believe: 'tis my  
slowness that I do not; for I know you lack  
not folly to commit them, and have ability  
enough to make such knaveries yours. 13

*Clo.* 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I  
am a poor fellow.

*Count.* Well, sir.

*Clo.* No, madam, 'tis not so well that I am  
poor, though many of the rich are damned.  
But, if I may have your ladyship's good will  
to go to the world, Isbel the woman and I  
will do as we may. 21

*Count.* Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

*Clo.* I do beg your good will in this case.

*Count.* In what case?

*Clo.* In Isbel's case and mine own. Serv-  
ice is no heritage; and I think I shall never  
have the blessing of God till I have issue o'  
my body, for they say barnes are blessings.

*Count.* Tell me thy reason why thou wilt  
marry. 29

*Clo.* My poor body, madam, requires it:  
I am driven on by the flesh; and he must  
needs go that the devil drives.

*Count.* Is this all your worship's reason?

*Clo.* Faith, madam, I have other holy  
reasons, such as they are.

*Count.* May the world know them?

*Clo.* I have been, madam, a wicked crea-  
ture, as you and all flesh and blood are; and  
indeed, I do marry that I may repent.

*Count.* Thy marriage, sooner than thy  
wickedness. 41

*Clo.* I am out o' friends, madam; and I  
hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

*Count.* Such friends are thine enemies,  
knave.

*Clo.* You're shallow, madam, in great  
friends; for the knaves come to do that for  
me which I am away of. He that ears  
my land spares my team, and gives me leave  
to in the crop: if I be his cuckold, he's my  
drudge. He that comforts my wife is the  
cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that  
cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh  
and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood  
is my friend: *ergo*, he that kisses my wife is  
my friend. If men could be contented to be  
what they are, there were no fear in mar-  
riage; for young Charbon the puritan, and  
old Poysam the papist, howsome'er their  
hearts are severed in religion, their heads  
are both one; they may joll horns together,  
like any deer i' the herd.

*Count.* Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed  
and calumnious knave? 61

*Clo.* A prophet I, madam; and I speak  
the truth the next way:

*For I the ballad will repeat,*

*Which men full true shall find;*

*Your marriage comes by destiny,*

*Your cuckoo sings by kind.*

*Count.* Get you gone, sir: I'll talk with  
you more anon. 69

*Stew.* May it please you, madam, that he  
bid Helen come to you: of her I am to speak.

*Count.* Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her; Helen I mean.

*Clo.* Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,  
*Why the Grecians sacked Troy?*  
*Fond done, done fond,*  
*Was this King Priam's joy?*  
*With that she sighed as she stood,*  
*With that she sighed as she stood,*  
*And gave this sentence then;*  
*Among nine bad if one be good,*  
*Among nine bad if one be good,*  
*There's yet one good in ten.*

*Count.* What! one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

*Clo.* One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song. Would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tithe-woman if I were the parson. One in ten, quoth a'! An we might have a good woman born but for every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well: a man may draw his heart out ere a' pluck one.

*Count.* You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you!

*Clo.* That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done! Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart. I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither.

*Exit.* 101

*Count.* Well, now.

*Stew.* I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

*Count.* Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her than is paid, and more shall be paid her than she'll demand.

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*Stew.* Madam, I was very late more near her than I think she wished me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Dian, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight surprised, without rescue in the first assault or ransom afterward. This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in; which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal, sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

126

*Count.* You have discharged this honestly: keep it to yourself. Many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance that I could neither believe nor misdoubt. Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom; and I thank you for your honest care. I will speak with you further anon.

*Exit Steward.*

*Enter HELENA.*

Even so it was with me when I was young:

If ever we are nature's, these are ours;  
 this thorn

Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;  
 Our blood to us, this to our blood is born:  
 It is the show and seal of nature's truth,  
 Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth:

By our remembrances of days foregone,  
 Such were our faults; or then we thought them none.

Her eye is sick on 't: I observe her now.

*Hel.* What is your pleasure, madam?

*Count.* You know, Helen, I am a mother to you.

*Hel.* Mine honourable mistress.

*Count.* Nay, a mother;

Why not a mother? When I said 'a mother,' Methought you saw a serpent: what's in 'mother'

That you start at it? I say, I am your mother; And put you in the catalogue of those

149

That were unwombed mine: 'tis often seen Adoption strives with nature, and choice breeds

A native slip to us from foreign seeds;

You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,

Yet I express to you a mother's care.

God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood

To say I am thy mother? What's the matter, That this distemper'd messenger of wet,

The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye? Why? that you are my daughter?

*Hel.* That I am not.

159

*Count.* I say, I am your mother.

*Hel.* Pardon, madam;

The Count Rousillon cannot be my brother: I am from humble, he from honour'd name;

No note upon my parents, his all noble: My master, my dear lord he is; and I

His servant live, and will his vassal die. He must not be my brother.

*Count.* Nor I your mother?

*Hel.* You are my mother, madam: would you were,

So that my lord your son were not my brother,

Indeed my mother! or were you both our mothers,

I care no more for than I do for heaven,

170

So I were not his sister. Can't no other, But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?

*Count.* Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law.

God shield you mean it not! daughter and mother

So strive upon your pulse. What! pale again?

My fear hath catch'd your fondness: now I see

The mystery of your loneliness, and find Your salt tears' head: now to all sense 'tis gross

You love my son: invention is asham'd, Against the proclamation of thy passion,

180

To say thou dost not: therefore tell me true;  
 But tell me then, 'tis so; for, look, thy  
 cheeks  
 Confess it, the one to the other; and thine  
 eyes  
 See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours  
 That in their kind they speak it: only sin  
 And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue.  
 That truth should be suspected. Speak,  
 is 't so?  
 If it be so, you have wound a goodly clew;  
 If it be not, forswear 't: howe'er, I charge  
 thee,  
 As heaven shall work in me for thine avail, 190  
 To tell me truly.

*Hel.* Good madam, pardon me!

*Count.* Do you love my son?

*Hel.* Your pardon, noble mistress!

*Count.* Love you my son?

*Hel.* Do not you love him, madam?

*Count.* Go not about; my love hath in 't  
 a bond,

Whereof the world takes note; come, come,  
 disclose

The state of your affection, for your passions  
 Have to the full appeach'd.

*Hel.* Then, I confess,  
 Here on my knee before high heaven and  
 you,

That before you, and next unto high  
 heaven,

I love your son. 200  
 My friends were poor, but honest; so's my  
 love:

Be not offended, for it hurts not him  
 That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not  
 By any token of presumptuous suit;  
 Nor would I have him till I do deserve  
 him;

Yet never know how that desert should  
 be.

I know I love in vain, strive against hope;  
 Yet in this captious and intenable sieve  
 I still pour in the waters of my love,  
 And lack not to lose still. Thus, Indian-like,  
 Religious in mine error, I adore 211

The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,  
 But knows of him no more. My dearest  
 madam,

Let not your hate encounter with my love  
 For loving where you do: but if yourself,  
 Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,  
 Did ever in so true a flame of liking  
 Wish chastely and love dearly, that your  
 Dian

Was both herself and Love: O! then, give  
 pity

To her, whose state is such that cannot  
 choose 220

But lend and give where she is sure to  
 lose;

That seeks not to find that her search  
 implies,

But riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.  
*Count.* Had you not lately an intent,  
 speak truly,

To go to Paris?

*Hel.* Madam, I had.  
*Count.* Wherefore? tell true.

*Hel.* I will tell truth; by grace itself I  
 swear.

You know my father left me some prescrip-  
 tions

Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his  
 reading

And manifest experience had collected  
 For general sovereignty; and that he will'd  
 me 230

In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them,  
 As notes whose faculties inclusive were  
 More than they were in note. Amongst the  
 rest,

There is a remedy approv'd, set down  
 To cure the desperate languishings whereof  
 The king is render'd lost.

*Count.* This was your motive  
 For Paris, was it? speak.

*Hel.* My lord your son made me to think  
 of this;

Else Paris, and the medicine, and the  
 king, 239

Had from the conversation of my thoughts  
 Happily been absent then.

*Count.* But think you, Helen,  
 If you should tender your supposed aid,  
 He would receive it? He and his physicians  
 Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help  
 him,

They, that they cannot help. How shall  
 they credit

A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,  
 Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off  
 The danger to itself?

*Hel.* There's something in 't,  
 More than my father's skill, which was the  
 greatest

Of his profession, that his good receipt 250  
 Shall for my legacy be sanctified  
 By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would  
 your honour

But give me leave to try success, I'd venture  
 The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure  
 By such a day and hour.

*Count.* Dost thou believe 't?  
*Hel.* Ay, madam, knowingly.

*Count.* Why, Helen, thou shalt have my  
 leave and love,

Means and attendants, and my loving  
 greetings

To those of mine in court. I'll stay at  
 home 251

And pray God's blessing into thy attempt.  
 Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,  
 What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss.

*Exeunt.*

ACT II

SCENE I.—Paris. A Room in the KING'S  
 Palace.

*Flourish.* Enter the KING, with divers  
 young Lords taking leave for the Floren-  
 tine war; BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and  
 Attendants.

*King.* Farewell, young lords: these war-  
 like principles

Do not throw from you: and you, my lords,  
 farewell:

Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain,  
all

The gift doth stretch itself as 't is receiv'd,  
And is enough for both.

*First Lord.* 'Tis our hope, sir,  
After well enter'd soldiers, to return  
And find your grace in health.

*King.* No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart

Will not confess he owes the malady  
That doth my life besiege. Farewell,  
young lords;

Whether I live or die, be you the sons  
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy,  
Those baited that inherit but the fall  
Of the last monarchy, see that you come  
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when  
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,

That fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.

*Second Lord.* Health, at your bidding,  
serve your majesty!

*King.* Those girls of Italy, take heed of them:

They say our French lack language to deny 20  
If they demand: beware of being captives,  
Before you serve.

*Both.* Our hearts receive your warnings.

*King.* Farewell. Come hither to me.

*Exit attended.*

*First Lord.* O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!

*Par.* 'Tis not his fault, the spark.

*Second Lord.* O! 'tis brave wars.

*Par.* Most admirable: I have seen those wars.

*Ber.* I am commanded here, and kept a coil with,—

'Too young,' and 'the next year,' and "'tis too early.'

*Par.* An thy mind stand to 't, boy, steal away bravely.

*Ber.* I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock, 30

Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,  
Till honour be bought up and no sword worn

But one to dance with. By heaven! I'll steal away.

*First Lord.* There's honour in the theft.

*Par.* Commit it, count.

*Second Lord.* I am your accessary; and so farewell.

*Ber.* I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.

*First Lord.* Farewell, captain. 38

*Second Lord.* Sweet Monsieur Parolles!

*Par.* Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals: you shall find in the regiment of the Spinii one Captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek: it was this very sword entrenched it: say to him, I live, and observe his reports for me.

*Second Lord.* We shall, noble captain.

*Exeunt Lords.*

*Par.* Mars dote on you for his novices! What will ye do?

*Ber.* Stay; the king—

*Re-enter KING. PAROLLES and BERTRAM retire.*

*Par.* Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them; for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed. After them, and take a more dilated farewell.

*Ber.* And I will do so. 60

*Par.* Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy swordmen.

*Exeunt BERTRAM and PAROLLES.*

*Enter LAFEU.*

*Laf. Kneeling.* Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.

*King.* I'll fee thee to stand up.

*Laf.* Then here's a man stands that has bought his pardon.

I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy,

And that at my bidding you could so stand up.

*King.* I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,

And ask'd thee mercy for 't.

*Laf.* Good faith, across. But, my good lord, 'tis thus; 70

Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

*King.* No.

*Laf.* O! will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?

Yes, but you will my noble grapes an if  
My royal fox could reach them. I have seen a medicine

That's able to breathe life into a stone.  
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary  
With spritely fire and motion; whose simple touch

Is powerful to arise King Pepin, nay,  
To give great Charlemain a pen in 's hand

And write to her a love-line.

*King.* What 'her' is this?

*Laf.* Why, Doctor She. My lord, there's one arriv'd, 82

If you will see her: now, by my faith and honour,

If seriously I may convey my thoughts

In this my light deliverance, I have spoke  
With one, that in her sex, her years, profession,

Wisdom and constancy, hath amaz'd me more

Than I dare blame my weakness. Will you see her,

For that is her demand, and know her business?

That done, laugh well at me.

*King.* Now, good Lafeu,

Bring in the admiration, that we with thee 91  
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine  
By wond'ring how thou took'st it.

*Laf.* Nay, I'll fit you,  
And not be all day neither. *Exit.*

*King.* Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

*Re-enter LAFEU, with HELENA.*

*Laf.* Nay, come your ways.

*King.* This haste hath wings indeed.

*Laf.* Nay, come your ways.

This is his majesty, say your mind to him:  
A traitor you do look like; but such traitors  
His majesty seldom fears: I am Cressid's  
uncle. 100

That dare leave two together. Fare you  
well. *Exit.*

*King.* Now, fair one, does your business  
follow us?

*Hel.* Ay, my good lord.

Gerard de Narbon was my father;

In what he did profess well found.

*King.* I knew him.

*Hel.* The rather will I spare my praises  
towards him;

Knowing him is enough. On's bed of  
death

Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,  
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,  
And of his old experience the only darling,  
He bade me store up as a triple eye, 111  
Safer than mine own two, more dear. I  
have so;

And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd  
With that malignant cause wherein the  
honour

Of my dear father's gift stands chief in  
power,

I come to tender it and my appliance,

With all bound humbleness.

*King.* We thank you, maiden;

But may not be so credulous of cure,

When our most learned doctors leave us,  
and

The congregated college have concluded

That labouring art can never ransom  
nature 121

From her inaidable estate; I say we must  
not

So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,  
To prostitute our past-cure malady

To empirics, or to disserve so

Our great self and our credit, to esteem

A senseless help when help past sense we  
deem.

*Hel.* My duty then shall pay me for my  
pains:

I will no more enforce mine office on you;  
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts

A modest one, to bear me back again. 131

*King.* I cannot give thee less, to be call'd  
grateful.

Thou thought'st to help me, and such thanks  
I give

As one near death to those that wish him  
live;

But what at full I know, thou know'st no  
part.

I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

*Hel.* What I can do can do no hurt to  
try,

Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.  
He that of greatest works is finisher

Oft does them by the weakest minister: 140  
So holy writ in babes hath judgment  
shown,

When judges have been babes; great  
floods have flown

From simple sources; and great seas have  
dried

When miracles have by the greatest been  
denied.

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there

Where most it promises; and oft it hits

Where hope is coldest and despair most fits.

*King.* I must not hear thee: fare thee  
well, kind maid.

Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid:  
Proffers not took reap thanks for their  
reward. 150

*Hel.* Inspired merit so by breath is  
barr'd.

It is not so with him that all things knows,  
As 't is with us that square our guess by  
shows;

But most it is presumption in us when  
The help of heaven we count the act of men.

Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent;

Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.

I am not an impostor that proclaim

Myself against the level of mine aim;

But know I think, and think I know most  
sure, 160

My art is not past power nor you past  
cure.

*King.* Art thou so confident? Within  
what space

Hop'st thou my cure?

*Hel.* The great'st grace lending grace,  
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring

Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring,

Ere twice in morn and occidental damp

Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy  
lamp,

Or four-and-twenty times the pilot's glass  
Hath told the thievish minutes how they  
pass,

What is infirm from your sound parts shall  
fly. 170

Health shall live free, and sickness freely  
die.

*King.* Upon thy certainty and confidence  
What dar'st thou venture?

*Hel.* Tax of impudence,  
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,

Traduc'd by odious ballads: my maiden's  
name

Sear'd otherwise; nay worse, if worse,  
extended

With vilest torture let my life be ended.

*King.* Methinks in thee some blessed  
spirit doth speak

His powerful sound within an organ weak;  
And what impossibility would slay 180

In common sense, sense saves another  
way.

Thy life is dear; for all that life can rate

Worth name of life in thee hath estimate;

Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all

That happiness and prime can happy call:

Thou this to hazard needs must intimate

Skill infinite or monstrous desperate.

Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,

That ministers thine own death if I die.

*Hel.* If I break time, or flinch in property

Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die, 191  
And well deserv'd. Not helping, death's  
my fee;

But, if I help, what do you promise me?

*King.* Make thy demand.

*Hel.* But will you make it even?

*King.* Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes  
of heaven.

*Hel.* Then shalt thou give me with thy  
kingly hand

What husband in thy power I will command:  
Exempted be from me the arrogance

To choose from forth the royal blood of  
France,

My low and humble name to propagate 200

With any branch or image of thy state;

But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know

Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

*King.* Here is my hand; the premises  
observ'd,

Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd:

So make the choice of thy own time, for I,

Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.

More should I question thee, and more I  
must,

Though more to know could not be more to  
trust,

From whence thou cam'st, how tended on;

but rest 210

Unquestion'd welcome and undoubted  
blest.

Give me some help here, ho! If thou proceed

As high as word, my deed shall match thy  
meed.

*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Rousillon. A Room in the  
COUNTESS's Palace.

*Enter COUNTESS and Clown.*

*Count.* Come on, sir; I shall now put you  
to the height of your breeding.

*Clo.* I will show myself highly fed and  
lowly taught. I know my business is but  
to the court.

*Count.* To the court! why, what place  
make you special, when you put off that  
with such contempt? 'But to the court!'

*Clo.* Truly, madam, if God have lent a  
man any manners, he may easily put it off  
at court: he that cannot make a leg, put  
off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing,  
has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and  
indeed such a fellow, to say precisely, were  
not for the court. But for me, I have an  
answer will serve all men.

*Count.* Marry, that's a bountiful answer  
that fits all questions. 16

*Clo.* It is like a barber's chair that fits all  
buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-  
buttock, the brawn buttock, or any buttock.

*Count.* Will your answer serve fit to all  
questions?

*Clo.* As fit as ten groats is for the hand  
of an attorney, as your French crown for  
your taffeta punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's  
forefinger, as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday,  
a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole,  
the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean  
to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the

friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his  
skin.

*Count.* Have you, I say, an answer of  
such fitness for all questions? 31

*Clo.* From below your duke to beneath  
your constable, it will fit any question.

*Count.* It must be an answer of most  
monstrous size that must fit all demands.

*Clo.* But a trifle neither, in good faith, if  
the learned should speak truth of it. Here  
it is, and all that belongs to't: ask me if I  
am a courtier; it shall do you no harm to  
learn. 39

*Count.* To be young again, if we could,  
I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the  
wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are  
you a courtier?

*Clo.* O Lord, sir! there's a simple put-  
ting off. More, more, a hundred of them.

*Count.* Sir, I am a poor friend of yours,  
that loves you.

*Clo.* O Lord, sir! Thick, thick, spare not  
me.

*Count.* I think, sir, you can eat none of  
this homely meat. 49

*Clo.* O Lord, sir! Nay, put me to't, I  
warrant you.

*Count.* You were lately whipped, sir, as  
I think.

*Clo.* O Lord, sir! Spare not me.

*Count.* Do you cry, 'O Lord, sir!' at your  
whipping, and 'spare not me'? Indeed your  
'O Lord, sir!' is very sequent to your whip-  
ping: you would answer very well to a  
whipping, if you were but bound to't. 58

*Clo.* I ne'er had worse luck in my life in  
my 'O Lord, sir!' I see things may serve  
long, but not serve ever.

*Count.* I play the noble housewife with  
the time,

To entertain it so merrily with a fool.

*Clo.* O Lord, sir! why, there't serves well  
again.

*Count.* An end, sir: to your business.

Give Helen this,

And urge her to a present answer back:

Commend me to my kinsmen and my son.  
This is not much.

*Clo.* Not much commendation to them. 70

*Count.* Not much employment for you:  
you understand me?

*Clo.* Most fruitfully: I am there before  
my legs.

*Count.* Haste you again.

*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.—Paris. A Room in the KING'S  
Palace.

*Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.*

*Laf.* They say miracles are past; and we  
have our philosophical persons, to make  
modern and familiar, things supernatural  
and causeless. Hence is it that we make  
trifles of terrors, ensconcing ourselves into  
seeming knowledge, when we should sub-  
mit ourselves to an unknown fear.

*Par.* Why, 'tis the rarest argument of  
wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.

*Ber.* And so 'tis.

*Laf.* To be relinquished of the artists,—

*Par.* So I say.

*Laf.* Both of Galen and Paracelsus.

*Par.* So I say.

*Laf.* Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

*Par.* Right; so I say.

*Laf.* That gave him our incurable,—

*Par.* Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

*Laf.* Not to be helped,—

*Par.* Right; as 't were a man assured of a—

*Laf.* Uncertain life, and sure death. 20  
*Par.* Just, you say well: so would I have said.

*Laf.* I may truly say it is a novelty to the world.

*Par.* It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in—what do you call there?

*Laf.* A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

*Par.* That's it I would have said; the very same.

*Laf.* Why, your dolphin is not lustier: fore me, I speak in respect— 32

*Par.* Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he's of a most facinorous spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the—

*Laf.* Very hand of heaven.

*Par.* Ay, so I say.

*Laf.* In a most weak and debile minister, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made than alone the recovery of the king, as to be generally thankful. 43

*Par.* I would have said it: you say well. Here comes the king.

*Enter KING, HELENA, and Attendants.*

*Laf.* *Lustig*, as the Dutchman says: I 'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head. Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

*Par.* *Mort du vinaigre!* Is not this Helen?

*Laf.* Fore God, I think so. 51

*King.* Go, call before me all the lords in court.

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side:

And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense

Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive  
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,  
Which but attends thy naming.

*Enter several Lords.*

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel

Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,  
O'er whom both sovereign power and

father's voice 60

I have to use: thy frank election make;

Thou hast power to choose, and they none  
to forsake.

*Hel.* To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress

9 Fall, when Love please! marry, to each, but one.

*Laf.* I'd give bay Curtal and his furniture,  
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',

And writ as little beard.

*King.* Peruse them well:  
Not one of those but had a noble father.

*Hel.* Gentlemen,  
Heaven hath through me restor'd the king  
to health. 70

All. We understand it, and thank heaven  
for you.

*Hel.* I am a simple maid; and therein  
wealthiest

That I protest I simply am a maid.

Please it your majesty, I have done already:  
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me.

'We blush that thou should'st choose; but,  
be refus'd,

Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever;  
We 'll ne'er come there again.'

*King.* Make choice; and, see,  
Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

*Hel.* Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly,  
And to imperial Love, that god most high, 81

Do my sighs stream. Sir, will you hear my  
suit?

*First Lord.* And grant it.

*Hel.* Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.

*Laf.* I had rather be in this choice than  
throw ames-ace for my life.

*Hel.* The honour, sir, that flames in your  
fair eyes,

Before I speak, too threateningly replies:  
Love make your fortunes twenty times above  
Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

*Second Lord.* No better, if you please,  
*Hel.* My wish receive,

Which great Love grant! and so I take my  
leave. 91

*Laf.* Do all they deny her? An they were  
sons of mine I'd have them whipped, or I  
would send them to the Turk to make  
eunuchs of.

*Hel.* Be not afraid that I your hand should  
take;

I 'll never do you wrong for your own sake:  
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed  
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

*Laf.* These boys are boys of ice, they 'll  
none have her: sure, they are bastards to  
the English; the French ne'er got 'em. 101

*Hel.* You are too young, too happy, and  
too good,

To make yourself a son out of my blood.

*Fourth Lord.* Fair one, I think not so.

*Laf.* There's one grape yet; I am sure  
thy father drank wine. But if thou be'st not  
an ass, I am a youth of fourteen: I have  
known thee already.

*Hel.* To BERTRAM. I dare not say I take  
you; but I give

Me and my service, ever whilst I live, 110  
Into your guiding power. This is the man.

*King.* Why, then, young Bertram, take  
her; she's thy wife.

*Ber.* My wife, my liege! I shall beseech  
your highness,

In such a business give me leave to use  
The help of mine own eyes.

*King.* Know'st thou not, Bertram,  
What she has done for me?

*Ber.* Yes, my good lord;  
But never hope to know why I should marry  
her.

*King.* Thou know'st she has rais'd me  
from my sickly bed.

*Ber.* But follows it, my lord, to bring me  
down

Must answer for your raising? I know her  
well: 121

She had her breeding at my father's  
charge.

A poor physician's daughter my wife! Dis-  
dain

Rather corrupt me ever!

*King.* 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in  
her, the which

I can build up. Strange is it that our bloods,  
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all  
together,

Would quite confound distinction, yet stand  
off

In differences so mighty. If she be  
All that is virtuous, save what thou dislik'st,  
A poor physician's daughter, thou dislik'st  
Of virtue for the name; but do not so: 131  
From lowest place when virtuous things  
proceed,

The place is dignified by the doer's deed:  
Where great additions swell's, and virtue  
none,

It is a drop-sied honour. Good alone  
Is good without a name: vileness is so:  
The property by what it is should go,  
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;  
In these to nature she's immediate heir,  
And these breed honour: that is honour's  
scorn 143

Which challenges itself as honour's born,  
And is not like the sire: honours thrive  
When rather from our acts we them derive  
Than our foregoers. The mere word's a  
slave,

Debosh'd on every tomb, on every grave  
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb  
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the  
tomb

Of honour'd bones indeed. What should  
be said?

If thou canst like this creature as a maid,  
I can create the rest: virtue and she 153  
Is her own dower; honour and wealth from  
me.

*Ber.* I cannot love her, nor will strive to  
do't.

*King.* Thou wrong'st thyself if thou  
should'st strive to choose.

*Hel.* That you are well restor'd, my lord,  
I'm glad:

Let the rest go.

*King.* My honour's at the stake, which  
to defeat

I must produce my power. Here, take her  
hand,

Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift,  
That dost in vile misprision shackle up

My love and her desert; that canst not  
dream. 160

We, poisoning us in her defective scale,  
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not  
know,

It is in us to plant thine honour where  
We please to have it grow. Check thy con-  
tempt:

Obeys our will, which travails in thy good:  
Believe not thy disdain, but presently  
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right  
Which both thy duty owes and our power  
claims;

Or I will throw thee from my care for ever  
Into the staggers and the careless lapse 170  
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge  
and hate

Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice,  
Without all terms of pity. Speak; thine  
answer.

*Ber.* Pardon, my gracious lord; for I  
submit

My fancy to your eyes. When I consider  
What great creation and what dole of honour  
Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which  
late

Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now  
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,  
Is, as 't were, born so.

*King.* Take her by the hand,  
And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise  
A counterpoise, if not to thy estate 182  
A balance more replete.

*Ber.* I take her hand.

*King.* Good fortune and the favour of the  
king

Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony  
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief.  
And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast  
Shall more attend upon the coming space,  
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st  
her,

Thy love's to me religious; else, does err.  
*Exeunt KING, BERTRAM, HELENA, Lords,  
and Attendants.*

*Laf.* Do you hear, monsieur? a word  
with you. 192

*Par.* Your pleasure, sir?

*Laf.* Your lord and master did well to  
make his recantation.

*Par.* Recantation! My lord! my master!

*Laf.* Ay; is it not a language I speak?

*Par.* A most harsh one, and not to be  
understood without bloody succeeding. My  
master!

*Laf.* Are you companion to the Count  
Rousillon? 201

*Par.* To any count; to all counts; to what  
is man.

*Laf.* To what is count's man: count's  
master is of another style.

*Par.* You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you,  
you are too old.

*Laf.* I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man;  
to which title age cannot bring thee. 209

*Par.* What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

*Laf.* I did think thee, for two ordinaries,  
to be a pretty well fellow: thou didst make  
tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass:

yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not; yet art thou good for nothing but taking up, and that thou'rt scarce worth.

*Par.* Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,— 221

*Laf.* Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if— Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well: thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

*Par.* My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

*Laf.* Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it. 231

*Par.* I have not, my lord, deserved it.

*Laf.* Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

*Par.* Well, I shall be wiser.

*Laf.* E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say in the default, he is a man I know. 242

*Par.* My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

*Laf.* I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. *Exit.*

*Par.* Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord! Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again! 256

#### *Re-enter LAFEU.*

*Laf.* Sirrah, your lord and master's married; there's news for you; you have a new mistress.

*Par.* I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: he is my good lord: whom I serve above is my master. 261

*Laf.* Who? God?

*Par.* Ay, sir.

*Laf.* The devil it is that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks 't thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee: I think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee. 272

*Par.* This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

*Laf.* Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy

for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. *Exit.* 281

*Par.* Good, very good; it is so then: good, very good. Let it be concealed awhile.

#### *Re-enter BERTRAM.*

*Ber.* Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

*Par.* What's the matter, sweet heart?

*Ber.* Although before the solemn priest I have sworn,

I will not bed her.

*Par.* What, what, sweet heart?

*Ber.* O my Parolles, they have married me!

I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

*Par.* France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits 291

The tread of a man's foot. To the wars!

*Ber.* There's letters from my mother: what the import is

I know not yet.

*Par.* Ay, that would be known. To the wars, my boy! to the wars!

He wears his honour in a box, unseen, That hugs his kicky-wicky here at home, Spending his manly marrow in her arms, Which should sustain the bound and high curvet

Of Mar's fiery steed. To other regions! 300  
France is a stable; we that dwell in 't jades; Therefore, to the war!

*Ber.* It shall be so: I'll send her to my house,

Acquaint my mother with my hate to her, And wherefore I am fled; write to the king That which I durst not speak: his present gift

Shall furnish me to those Italian fields, Where noble fellows strike. War is no strife

To the dark house and the detested wife.

*Par.* Will this capriccio hold in thee? art sure?

*Ber.* Go with me to my chamber, and advise me. 311

I'll send her straight away: to-morrow

I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

*Par.* Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it. 'T is hard:

A young man married is a man that's marr'd: Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go: The king has done you wrong: but, hush! 't is so. *Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.—*Another Room in the Same.*

*Enter HELENA and Clown.*

*Hel.* My mother greets me kindly: is she well?

*Cl.* She is not well; but yet she has her health: she's very merry; but yet she is not well: but thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing i' the world; but yet she is not well.

*Hel.* If she be very well, what does she ail that she's not very well?

*Clo.* Truly, she's very well indeed, but for two things.

*Hel.* What two things? 10

*Clo.* One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

*Enter PAROLLES.*

*Par.* Bless you, my fortunate lady!

*Hel.* I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

*Par.* You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still. O! my knave, how does my old lady?

*Clo.* So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say. 21

*Par.* Why, I say nothing.

*Clo.* Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing. To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

*Par.* Away! thou'rt a knave.

*Clo.* You should have said, sir, before a knave thou'rt a knave; that is, before me thou'rt a knave: this had been truth, sir. 31

*Par.* Go to, thou art a witty fool; I have found thee.

*Clo.* Did you find me in yourself, sir, or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure and the increase of laughter.

*Par.* A good knave, i' faith, and well fed. Madam, my lord will go away to-night; 40  
A very serious business calls on him. The great prerogative and rite of love, Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge.

But puts it off to a compell'd restraint;  
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets,

Which they distil now in the curbed time.  
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,  
And pleasure drown the brim.

*Hel.* What's his will else?

*Par.* That you will take your instant leave o' the king,  
And make this haste as your own good proceeding. 50

Strengthen'd with what apology you think  
May make it probable need.

*Hel.* What more commands he?

*Par.* That, having this obtain'd, you presently  
Attend his further pleasure.

*Hel.* In every thing I wait upon his will.

*Par.* I shall report it so.

*Hel.* I pray you. Come, sirrah. Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Another Room in the Same.

*Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM.*

*Laf.* But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

*Ber.* Yes, my lord, and of very valiant proof.

*Laf.* You have it from his own deliverance.

*Ber.* And by other warranted testimony.

*Laf.* Then my dial goes not true: I took this lark for a bunting.

*Ber.* I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge and accordingly valiant. 9

*Laf.* I have then sinned against his experience and transgressed against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes; I pray you, make us friends; I will pursue the amity. 15

*Enter PAROLLES.*

*Par.* To BERTRAM. These things shall be done, sir.

*Laf.* Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?

*Par.* Sir?

*Laf.* O! I know him well. Ay, sir; he, sir, is a good workman, a very good tailor. 21

*Ber.* Aside to PAROLLES. Is she gone to the king?

*Par.* She is.

*Ber.* Will she away to-night?

*Par.* As you'll have her.

*Ber.* I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure.

Given order for our horses; and to-night,  
When I should take possession of the bride,  
End ere I do begin. 29

*Laf.* A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard and thrice beaten. God save you, captain.

*Ber.* Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

*Par.* I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure. 38

*Laf.* You have made shift to run into 't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

*Ber.* It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.

*Laf.* And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes. Trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you than you have or will to deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil. Exit.

*Par.* An idle lord, I swear.

*Ber.* I think so. 55

*Par.* Why, do you not know him?

*Ber.* Yes, I do know him well; and common speech

Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

*Enter HELENA.*

*Hel.* I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,

Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his  
leave 60

For present parting; only he desires  
Some private speech with you.

*Ber.* I shall obey his will.  
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,  
Which holds not colour with the time, nor  
does

The ministration and required office  
On my particular: prepar'd I was not  
For such a business; therefore am I found  
So much unsettled. This drives me to en-  
treat you

That presently you take your way for  
home; 69

And rather muse than ask why I entreat you;  
For my respects are better than they seem,  
And my appointments have in them a need  
Greater than shows itself at the first view  
To you that know them not. This to my  
mother. *Giving a letter.*

'T will be two days ere I shall see you, so  
I leave you to your wisdom.

*Hel.* Sir, I can nothing say,  
But that I am your most obedient servant.  
*Ber.* Come, come, no more of that.

*Hel.* And ever shall  
With true observance seek to eke out that  
Wherein toward me my homely stars have  
fail'd 80

To equal my great fortune.  
*Ber.* Let that go:  
My haste is very great. Farewell: hie home.

*Hel.* Pray sir, your pardon.  
*Ber.* Well, what would you say?

*Hel.* I am not worthy of the wealth I owe,  
Nor dare I say 't is mine, and yet it is;  
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would  
steal

What law does vouch mine own.  
*Ber.* What would you have?

*Hel.* Something, and scarce so much:  
nothing, indeed.

I would not tell you what I would, my  
lord:—

Faith, yes; 90  
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

*Ber.* I pray you, stay not, but in haste to  
horse.

*Hel.* I shall not break your bidding, good  
my lord.

*Ber.* Where are my other men, monsieur?  
Farewell. *Exit HELENA.*

Go thou toward home; where I will never  
come

Whilst I can shake my sword or hear the  
drum.

Away! and for our flight.  
*Par.* Bravely, coragio!  
*Exeunt.*

## ACT III

SCENE I.—Florence. A Room in the DUKE'S  
Palace.

*Flourish.* Enter DUKE, attended; two  
French Lords, and Soldiers.

*Duke.* So that from point to point now  
have you heard

The fundamental reasons of this war,  
Whose great decision hath much blood let  
forth.

And more thirsts after.

*First Lord.* Holy seems the quarrel  
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful  
On the opposer.

*Duke.* Therefore we marvel much our  
cousin France  
Would in so just a business shut his bosom  
Against our borrowing prayers.

*Second Lord.* Good my lord,  
The reasons of our state I cannot yield, 10  
But like a common and an outward man,  
That the great figure of a council frames  
By self-unable motion: therefore dare not  
Say what I think of it, since I have found  
Myself in my incertain grounds to fail  
As often as I guess'd.

*Duke.* Be it his pleasure.  
*Second Lord.* But I am sure the younger  
of our nature,

That surfeit on their ease, will day by day  
Come here for physic.

*Duke.* Welcome shall they be,  
And all the honours that can fly from us 20  
Shall on them settle. You know your places  
well;

When better fall, for your avails they fell.  
To-morrow to the field. *Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Rousillon. A Room in the  
COUNTESS'S Palace.

*Enter COUNTESS and Clown.*

*Count.* It hath happened all as I would  
have had it, save that he comes not along  
with her.

*Clo.* By my troth, I take my young lord  
to be a very melancholy man.

*Count.* By what observance, I pray you?

*Clo.* Why, he will look upon his boot and  
sing; mend the ruff and sing; ask ques-  
tions and sing; pick his teeth and sing.  
I know a man that had this trick of melan-  
choly sold a goodly manor for a song. 10

*Count.* Let me see what he writes, and  
when he means to come.

*Clo.* I have no mind to Isbel since I was  
at court. Our old ling and our Isbels o' the  
country are nothing like your old ling and  
your Isbels o' the court: the brains of my  
Cupid's knocked out, and I begin to love,  
as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

*Count.* What have we here?  
*Clo.* E'en that you have there. *Exit.* 20

*Count.* I have sent you a daughter-in-  
law: she hath recovered the king, and un-  
done me. I have wedded her, not bedded  
her; and sworn to make the 'not' eternal.  
You shall hear I am run away; know it  
before the report come. If there be breadth  
enough in the world, I will hold a long dis-  
tance. My duty to you.

Your unfortunate son,  
BERTRAM.

This is not well: rash and unbridled boy, 30  
To fly the favours of so good a king!

To pluck his indignation on thy head  
By the misprising of a maid too virtuous  
For the contempt of empire!

*Re-enter Clown.*

*Clo.* O madam! yonder is heavy news  
within between two soldiers and my young  
lady.

*Count.* What is the matter?

*Clo.* Nay, there is some comfort in the  
news, some comfort; your son will not be  
killed so soon as I thought he would.

*Count.* Why should he be killed? 41

*Clo.* So say I, madam, if he run away, as  
I hear he does: the danger is in standing  
to 't; that's the loss of men, though it be  
the getting of children. Here they come  
will tell you more; for my part, I only hear  
your son was run away. *Exit.*

*Enter HELENA and two Gentlemen.*

*First Gent.* Save you, good madam.

*Hel.* Madam, my lord is gone, for ever  
gone.

*Second Gent.* Do not say so.

*Count.* Think upon patience. Pray you,  
gentlemen, 50  
I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,  
That the first face of neither, on the start,  
Can woman me unto 't: where is my son,  
I pray you?

*Second Gent.* Madam, he's gone to serve  
the Duke of Florence:  
We met him thitherward; for thence we  
came,

And after some dispatch in hand at court,  
Thither we bend again. 57

*Hel.* Look on his letter, madam: here's  
my passport.

*When thou canst get the ring upon my  
finger, which never shall come off, and show  
me a child begotten of thy body that I am  
father to, then call me husband: but in  
such a 'then' I write a 'never.'*

This is a dreadful sentence.

*Count.* Brought you this letter, gentle-  
men?

*First Gent.* Ay, madam;  
And for the contents' sake are sorry for our  
pains.

*Count.* I prithee, lady, have a better cheer;  
If thou engrossed all the griefs are thine,  
Thou robb'st me of a moiety: he was my  
son,

But I do wash his name out of my blood, 70  
And thou art all my child. Towards Flor-  
ence is he?

*Second Gent.* Ay, madam.

*Count.* And to be a soldier?

*Second Gent.* Such is his noble purpose;  
and, believe 't,

The duke will lay upon him all the honour  
That good convenience claims.

*Count.* Return you thither?

*First Gent.* Ay, madam, with the swiftest  
wing of speed.

*Hel.* Till I have no wife, I have nothing  
in France.

'Tis bitter.

*Count.* Find you that there?

*Hel.*

*First Gent.* 'Tis but the boldness of his  
hand, haply, which his heart was not con-  
senting to. 80

*Count.* Nothing in France until he have  
no wife!

There's nothing here that is too good for  
him

But only she; and she deserves a lord

That twenty such rude boys might tend  
upon,

And call her hourly mistress. Who was  
with him?

*First Gent.* A servant only, and a gentle-  
man

Which I have sometime known.

*Count.* Parolles, was it not?

*First Gent.* Ay, my good lady, he.

*Count.* A very tainted fellow, and full of  
wickedness.

My son corrupts a well-derived nature 90  
With his inducement,

*First Gent.* Indeed, good lady,  
The fellow has a deal of that too much,  
Which holds him much to have.

*Count.* Y' are welcome, gentlemen.  
I will entreat you, when you see my son,  
To tell him that his sword can never win  
The honour that he loses: more I'll entreat  
you

Written to bear along.

*Second Gent.* We serve you, madam,  
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

*Count.* Not so, but as we change our  
courtesies. 100

Will you draw near?

*Exeunt COUNTESS and Gentlemen.*

*Hel.* 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing  
in France.'

Nothing in France until he has no wife!

Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in  
France;

Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is 't I  
That chase thee from thy country, and  
expose

Those tender limbs of thine to the event  
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I 109

That drive thee from the sportive court,  
where thou

Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark  
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden mes-  
sengers,

That ride upon the violent speed of fire,  
Fly with false aim; move the still-piecing  
air,

That sings with piercing; do not touch my  
lord!

Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;  
Whoever charges on his forward breast,

I am the catiff that do hold him to it;

And, though I kill him not, I am the cause  
His death was so effected: better 'twere

I met the ravin lion when he roar'd 120  
With sharp constraint of hunger; better

't were

That all the miseries which nature owes  
Were mine at once. No, come thou home,  
Rousillon,

Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,  
As oft it loses all: I will be gone;  
My being here it is that holds thee hence:  
Shall I stay here to do 't? no, no, although  
The air of paradise did fan the house,  
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone,  
That pitiful rumour may report my flight, 130  
To console thine ear. Come, night; end,  
day!

For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away.  
*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Florence. Before the DUKE'S  
Palace.*

*Flourish. Enter DUKE, BERTRAM, PAROLLES, Soldiers, Drum and Trumpets.*

*Duke.* The general of our horse thou art;  
and we,  
Great in our hope, lay our best love and  
credence  
Upon thy promising fortune.

*Ber.* Sir, it is  
A charge too heavy for my strength, but yet  
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake  
To the extreme edge of hazard.

*Duke.* Then go thou forth,  
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm  
As thy auspicious mistress!

*Ber.* This very day,  
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file;  
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall  
prove 10  
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Rousillon. A Room in the  
COUNTESS'S Palace.*

*Enter COUNTESS and Steward.*

*Count.* Alas! and would you take the  
letter of her?  
Might you not know she would do as she  
has done,  
By sending me a letter? Read it again.

*Stew.* I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither  
gone:

*Ambitious love hath so in me offended  
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon  
With sainted vow my faults to have  
amended.*

*Write, write, that from the bloody course of  
war,*

*My dearest master, your dear son, may  
hie;*

*Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from  
far 10*

*His name with zealous fervour sanctify:  
His taken labours bid him me forgive;*

*I, his despiteful Juno, sent him forth  
From courtly friends, with camping foes to  
live,*

*Where death and danger dogs the heels  
of woe:*

*He is too good and fair for Death and me;  
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.*

*Count.* Ah! what sharp stings are in her  
mildest words;

*Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much,  
As letting her pass so: had I spoke with  
her, 20*

*I could have well diverted her intents,  
Which thus she hath prevented.*

*Stew.* Pardon me, madam:  
If I had given you this at over-night  
She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she  
writes,

*Pursuit would be but vain.*

*Count.* What angel shall  
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot  
thrive,

*Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights  
to hear,  
And loves to grant, relieve him from the  
wrath*

*Of greatest justice. Write, write, Rinaldo,  
To this unworthy husband of his wife; 30  
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth  
That he does weigh too light: my greatest  
grief,*

*Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.  
Dispatch the most convenient messenger:  
When haply he shall hear that she is gone,  
He will return; and hope I may that she,  
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,  
Led hither by pure love. Which of them  
both*

*Is dearest to me I have no skill in sense  
To make distinction. Provide this mes-  
senger. 40*

*My heart is heavy and mine age is weak;  
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me  
speak. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Without the Walls of Florence.*

*A tucket afar off. Enter a Widow of Flo-  
rence, DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA, and  
other Citizens.*

*Wid.* Nay, come; for if they do approach  
the city we shall lose all the sight.

*Dia.* They say the French count has done  
most honourable service.

*Wid.* It is reported that he has taken their  
greatest commander, and that with his own  
hand he slew the duke's brother. We have  
lost our labour; they are gone a contrary  
way: hark! you may know by their  
trumpets. 9

*Mar.* Come; let's return again, and suf-  
fice ourselves with the report of it. Well,  
Diana, take heed of this French earl: the  
honour of a maid is her name, and no legacy  
is so rich as honesty.

*Wid.* I have told my neighbour how you  
have been solicited by a gentleman his  
companion.

*Mar.* I know that naave; hang him! one  
Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those sug-  
gestions for the young earl. Beware of  
them, Diana; their promises, enticements,  
oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust,  
are not the things they go under: many a  
maid hath been seduced by them; and the  
miserly is, example, that so terrible shows

in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not to advise you further; but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known but the modesty which is so lost. 30

*Dia.* You shall not need to fear me.

*Wid.* I hope so. Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will lie at my house; thither they send one another. I'll question her.

*Enter HELENA, in the dress of a pilgrim.*

God save you, pilgrim! whither are you bound?

*Hel.* To Saint Jaques le Grand.  
Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

*Wid.* At the Saint Francis, here beside the port.

*Hel.* Is this the way? 40

*Wid.* Ay, marry, is 't. Hark you!

*A march afar off.*

They come this way. If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,

But till the troops come by,  
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd:  
The rather, for I think I know your hostess  
As ample as myself.

*Hel.* Is it yourself?

*Wid.* If you shall please so, pilgrim.

*Hel.* I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

*Wid.* You came, I think, from France?

*Hel.* I did so.

*Wid.* Here you shall see a countryman of yours 50

That has done worthy service.

*Hel.* His name, I pray you.

*Dia.* The Count Rousillon: know you such a one?

*Hel.* But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him;

His face I know not.

*Dia.* Whatso'er he is,

He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,

As 't is reported, for the king had married him

Against his liking. Think you it is so?

*Hel.* Ay, surely, mere the truth: I know his lady.

*Dia.* There is a gentleman that serves the count 59

Reports but coarsely of her.

*Hel.* What's his name?

*Dia.* Monsieur Parolles.

*Hel.* O! I believe with him.

In argument of praise, or to the worth  
Of the great count himself, she is too mean  
To have her name repeated: all her de-  
serving

Is a reserved honesty, and that

I have not heard examin'd.

*Dia.* Alas! poor lady;

'T is a hard bondage to become the wife  
Of a detesting lord.

*Wid.* Ay, right; good creature; where-  
so'er she is,

Her heart weighs sadly. This young maid  
might do her 70

A shrewd turn if she pleas'd.

*Hel.* How do you mean?

May be the amorous count solicits her

In the unlawful purpose.

*Wid.* He does indeed;

And brokes with all that can in such a suit

Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:

But she is arm'd for him and keeps her  
guard

In honestest defence.

*Mar.* The gods forbid else!

*Enter, with drum and colours, a party of  
the Florentine army, BERTRAM and  
PAROLLES.*

*Wid.* So, now they come.

That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;

That, Escalus.

*Hel.* Which is the Frenchman?

*Dia.* He;

That with the plume: 't is a most gallant  
fellow; 81

I would he lov'd his wife. If he were hon-  
ester

He were much goodlier; is 't not a hand-  
some gentleman?

*Hel.* I like him well.

*Dia.* 'T is pity he is not honest. Yond 's

that same knave

That leads him to these places: were I his  
lady

I would poison that vile rascal.

*Hel.* Which is he?

*Dia.* That jack-an-apes with scarfs. Why  
is he melancholy?

*Hel.* Perchance he 's hurt i' the battle. 90

*Par.* Lose our drum! well.

*Mar.* He 's shrewdly vexed at something.  
Look, he has spied us.

*Wid.* Marry, hang you!

*Mar.* And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!

*Exeunt BERTRAM, PAROLLES, Officers  
and Soldiers.*

*Wid.* The troop is past. Come, pilgrim,  
I will bring you

Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents  
There 's four or five, to Great Saint Jaques

bound,

Already at my house.

*Hel.* I humbly thank you.

Please it this matron and this gentle maid  
To eat with us to-night, the charge and

thanking 101

Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,  
I will bestow some precepts of this virgin

Worthy the note.

*Both.* We'll take your offer kindly.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Camp before Florence.

*Enter BERTRAM and the two French Lords.*

*First Lord.* Nay, my good lord, put him  
to 't: let him have his way.

*Second Lord.* If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

*First Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

*Ber.* Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

*First Lord.* Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment. 13

*Second Lord.* It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might at some great and trusty business in a main danger fail you.

*Ber.* I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

*Second Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do. 21

*First Lord.* I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him: such I will have whom I am sure he knows not from the enemy. We will bind and hoodwink him, so that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries when we bring him to our own tents. Be but your lordship present at his examination; if he do not, for the promise of his life and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing. 25

*Second Lord.* O! for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum: he says he has a stratagem for 't. When your lordship sees the bottom of his success in 't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes. 42

*First Lord.* O! for the love of laughter, hinder not the honour of his design: let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

*Enter PAROLLES.*

*Ber.* How now, monsieur! this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

*Second Lord.* A pox on 't! let it go: 't is but a drum. 49

*Par.* 'But a drum!' Is 't 'but a drum'? A drum so lost! There was an excellent command, to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers!

*Second Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command of the service: it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented if he had been there to command.

*Ber.* Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

*Par.* It might have been recovered. 61  
*Ber.* It might; but it is not now.

*Par.* It is to be recovered. But that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*. 68

*Ber.* Why, if you have a stomach, to 't, monsieur. If you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness. 75

*Par.* By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

*Ber.* But you must not now slumber in it.

*Par.* I'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and by midnight look to hear further from me. 83

*Ber.* May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it?

*Par.* I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

*Ber.* I know thou'rt valiant; and to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewell. 90

*Par.* I love not many words. *Exit.*

*First Lord.* No more than a fish loves water. Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares better be damned than to do 't?

*Second Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out you have him ever after. 101

*Ber.* Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this that so seriously he does address himself unto?

*First Lord.* None in the world; but return with an invention and clap upon you two or three probable lies. But we have almost embossed him: you shall see his fall to-night; for indeed he is not for your lordship's respect. 109

*Second Lord.* We'll make you some sport with the fox ere we case him. He was first smoked by the old Lord Lafau: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

*First Lord.* I must go look my twigs: he shall be caught.

*Ber.* Your brother he shall go along with me.

*First Lord.* As 't please your lordship: I'll leave you. *Exit.*

*Ber.* Now will I lead you to the house, and show you  
The lass I spoke of.

*Second Lord.* But you say she's honest.

*Ber.* That's all the fault. I spoke with  
her but once, 120  
And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to  
her,  
By this same coxcomb that we have i' the  
wind,  
Tokens and letters which she did re-send;  
And this is all I have done. She's a fair  
creature;  
Will you go see her?  
*Second Lord.* With all my heart, my lord.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*Florence. A Room in the  
Widow's House.*

*Enter HELENA and Widow.*

*Hel.* If you misdoubt me that I am not  
she,  
I know not how I shall assure you further,  
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

*Wid.* Though my estate be fall'n, I was  
well born,  
Nothing acquainted with these businesses;  
And would not put my reputation now  
In any staining act.

*Hel.* Nor would I wish you.  
First, give me trust, the count he is my  
husband,  
And what to your sworn counsel I have  
spoken

Is so from word to word; and then you can-  
not, 10

By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,  
Err in bestowing it.

*Wid.* I should believe you;  
For you have show'd me that which well  
approves  
You're great in fortune.

*Hel.* Take this purse of gold,  
And let me buy your friendly help thus  
far,  
Which I will over-pay and pay again  
When I have found it. The count he woos  
your daughter,

Lays down his wanton siege before her  
beauty,  
Resolved to carry her: let her in fine con-  
sent,

As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it. 20  
Now, his important blood will nought deny  
That she'll demand: a ring the county  
wears,

That downward hath succeeded in his house  
From son to son, some four or five descents  
Since the first father wore it: this ring he  
holds

In most rich choice; yet in his idle fire,  
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,  
Howe'er repented after.

*Wid.* Now I see  
The bottom of your purpose.

*Hel.* You see it lawful then. It is no  
more 30  
But that your daughter, ere she seems as  
won,

Desires this ring, appoints him an encounter,  
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,  
Herself most chastely absent. After this,

To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns  
To what is past already.

*Wid.* I have yielded.  
Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,  
That time and place with this deceit so  
lawful

May prove coherent. Every night he comes  
With musics of all sorts and songs com-  
pos'd 40

To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us  
To chide him from our eaves, for he persists  
As if his life lay on 't.

*Hel.* Why then to-night  
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,  
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,  
And lawful meaning in a lawful act,  
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact.  
But let's about it. Exeunt.

## ACT IV

SCENE I.—*Without the Florentine Camp.*

*Enter First French Lord, with five or six  
Soldiers in ambush.*

*First Lord.* He can come no other way  
but by this hedge-corner. When you sally  
upon him, speak what terrible language you  
will: though you understand it not your-  
selves, no matter; for we must not seem to  
understand him, unless some one among  
us whom we must produce for an inter-  
preter.

*First Sold.* Good captain, let me be the  
interpreter.

*First Lord.* Art not acquainted with him?  
knows he not thy voice? 11

*First Sold.* No, sir, I warrant you.

*First Lord.* But what linsey-woolsey hast  
thou to speak to us again?

*First Sold.* E'en such as you speak to me.

*First Lord.* He must think us some band  
of strangers i' the adversary's entertain-  
ment. Now he hath a smack of all neigh-  
bouring languages; therefore we must  
every one be a man of his own fancy, not to  
know what we speak one to another; so we  
seem to know, is to know straight our pur-  
pose: choughs' language, gabble enough,  
and good enough. As for you, interpreter,  
you must seem very politic. But couch, ho!  
here he comes, to beguile two hours in a  
sleep, and then to return and swear the lies  
he forges. 26

*Enter PAROLLES*

*Par.* Ten o'clock: within these three  
hours 't will be time enough to go home.  
What shall I say I have done? It must be a  
very plausible invention that carries it. They  
begin to smoke me, and disgraces have of  
late knocked too often at my door. I find  
my tongue is too foolhardy; but my heart  
hath the fear of Mars before it and of his  
creatures, not daring the reports of my  
tongue.

*First Lord.* This is the first truth that e'er  
thine own tongue was guilty of. 36

*Par.* What the devil should move me to

undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts and say I got them in exploit. Yet slight ones will not carry it; they will say, 'Came you off with so little?' and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore, what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

*First Lord.* Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is? 49

*Par.* I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

*First Lord.* We cannot afford you so.

*Par.* Or the baring of my beard, and to say it was in stratagem.

*First Lord.* 'T would not do.

*Par.* Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripped.

*First Lord.* Hardly serve.

*Par.* Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel— 61

*First Lord.* How deep?

*Par.* Thirty fathom.

*First Lord.* Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed.

*Par.* I would I had any drum of the enemy's: I would swear I recovered it.

*First Lord.* You shall hear one anon.

*Par.* A drum now of the enemy's!

*Alarum within.*

*First Lord.* *Throca movousus, cargo,* 71  
*cargo, cargo.*

*All.* *Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.*

*Par.* O! ransom, ransom! Do not hide mine eyes.

*They seize and blindfold him.*

*First Sold.* *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

*Par.* I know you are the Muskos' regiment;

And I shall lose my life for want of language. If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,

Italian, or French, let him speak to me: I will discover that which shall undo 80  
The Florentine.

*First Sold.* *Boskos vauvado:*

I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue: *Kerelybonto:* Sir,

Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen 81  
poniards

Are at thy bosom.

*Par.* O!

*First Sold.* O! pray, pray, pray.  
*Manka revania dulce.*

*First Lord.* *Oscorbidulchos volivorco.*

*First Sold.* The general is content to spare thee yet;

And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee 82  
on

To gather from thee: haply thou may'st inform

Something to save thy life.

*Par.* O! let me live,

And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,

Their force, their purposes; nay, I'll speak that

Which you will wonder at.

*First Sold.* But wilt thou faithfully?

*Par.* If I do not, damn me.

*First Sold.*

*Acordo tinta.*

Come on; thou art granted space.

*Exit, with PAROLLES guarded. A short alarum within.*

*First Lord.* Go, tell the Count Rousillon, and my brother,

We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled 100

Till we do hear from them.

*Second Sold.*

Captain, I will.

*First Lord.* A' will betray us all unto ourselves:

Inform on that.

*Second Sold.* So I will, sir.

*First Lord.* Till then I'll keep him dark and safely lock'd. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Florence. A Room in the Widow's House.*

*Enter BERTRAM and DIANA.*

*Ber.* They told me that your name was Fontibell.

*Dia.* No, my good lord, Diana.

*Ber.* Titled goddess;

And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul, in your fine frame hath love no quality?

If the quick fire of youth light not your mind, You are no maiden, but a monument:

When you are dead you should be such a one

As you are now, for you are cold and stern; And now you should be as your mother was

When your sweet self was got. 10

*Dia.* She then was honest.

*Ber.* So should you be.

*Dia.* No:

My mother did but duty; such, my lord, As you owe to your wife.

*Ber.* No more o' that! I prithee do not strive against my vows.

I was compell'd to her; but I love thee By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever

Do thee all rights of service.

*Dia.* Ay, so you serve us Till we serve you; but when you have our

roses,

You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves

And mock us with our bareness.

*Ber.* How have I sworn! *Dia.* 'T is not the many oaths that make the truth, 21

But the plain single vow that is vow'd true. What is not holy, that we swear not by,

But take the Highest to witness: then, pray you, tell me,

If I should swear by God's great attributes, I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my

oaths,

When I did love you ill? This has no holding,

To swear by him whom I protest to love,

That I will work against him: therefore  
your oaths  
Are words and poor conditions, but un-  
seal'd; 30  
At least in my opinion.

*Ber.* Change it, change it.  
Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy;  
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts  
That you do charge men with. Stand no  
more off,  
But give thyself unto my sick desires,  
Who then recover; say thou art mine, and  
ever  
My love as it begins shall so persevere.

*Dia.* I see that men make ropes in such a  
scarre  
That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that  
ring.

*Ber.* I'll lend it thee, my dear; but have  
no power 40  
To give it from me.

*Dia.* Will you not, my lord?  
*Ber.* It is an honour longing to our house,  
Bequeathed down from many ancestors,  
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world  
In me to lose.

*Dia.* Mine honour's such a ring:  
My chastity's the jewel of our house,  
Bequeathed down from many ancestors,  
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world  
In me to lose. Thus your own proper wisdom  
Brings in the champion honour on my part 50  
Against your vain assault.

*Ber.* Here, take my ring:  
My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be  
thine,  
And I'll be bid by thee.

*Dia.* When midnight comes, knock at my  
chamber-window:

I'll order take my mother shall not hear.  
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,  
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden  
bed,

Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me.  
My reasons are most strong; and you shall  
know them

When back again this ring shall be de-  
liver'd: 60

And on your finger in the night I'll put  
Another ring, that what in time proceeds  
May token to the future our past deeds.  
Adieu, till then; then, fail not. You have  
won

A wife of me, though there my hope be  
done.

*Ber.* A heaven on earth I have won by  
wooing thee. *Exit.*

*Dia.* For which live long to thank both  
heaven and me!

You may so in the end.  
My mother told me just how he would woo  
As if she sat in's heart; she says all men 70  
Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry  
me

When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie  
with him

When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are  
so braid,

Marry that will, I live and die a maid:

Only in this disguise I think 't no sin  
To cozen him that would unjustly win. *Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Florentine Camp.*

*Enter the two French Lords, and two or three  
Soldiers.*

*First Lord.* You have not given him his  
mother's letter?

*Second Lord.* I have delivered it an hour  
since: there is something in 't that stings  
his nature, for on the reading it he changed  
almost into another man.

*First Lord.* He has much worthy blame  
laid upon him for shaking off so good a wife  
and so sweet a lady. 9

*Second Lord.* Especially he hath incurred  
the everlasting displeasure of the king, who  
had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness  
to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall  
let it dwell darkly within you.

*First Lord.* When you have spoken it, 'tis  
dead, and I am the grave of it. 16

*Second Lord.* He hath perverted a young  
gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most  
chaste renown; and this night he fleshes  
his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath  
given her his monumental ring, and thinks  
himself made in the unchaste composition.

*First Lord.* Now, God delay our rebel-  
lion! as we are ourselves, what things are  
we. 24

*Second Lord.* Merely our own traitors;  
and as in the common course of all treasons,  
we still see them reveal themselves, till they  
attain to their abhorred ends, so he that in  
this action contrives against his own nobility,  
in his proper stream o'erflows himself. 30

*First Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in  
us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents?  
We shall not then have his company to-  
night?

*Second Lord.* Not till after midnight, for  
he is dic'ted to his hour.

*First Lord.* That approaches apace: I  
would gladly have him see his company  
anatomized, that he might take a measure  
of his own judgments, wherein so curiously  
he had set this counterfeit. 40

*Second Lord.* We will not meddle with  
him till he come, for his presence must be  
the whip of the other.

*First Lord.* In the meantime what hear  
you of these wars?

*Second Lord.* I hear there is an overture  
of peace.

*First Lord.* Nay, I assure you, a peace  
concluded.

*Second Lord.* What will Count Rousillon  
do then? will he travel higher, or return  
again into France? 51

*First Lord.* I perceive by this demand,  
you are not altogether of his council.

*Second Lord.* Let it be forbid, sir; 52  
should I be a great deal of his act.

*First Lord.* Sir, his wife some two months  
since fled from his house: her pretence is a  
pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le Grand; which

holy undertaking with most austere sanctimony she accomplished; and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

*Second Lord.* How is this justified? 64

*First Lord.* The stronger part of it by her own letters, which makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place. 69

*Second Lord.* Hath the count all this intelligence?

*First Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

*Second Lord.* I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.

*First Lord.* How mightily sometimes we make us comforts of our losses!

*Second Lord.* And how mightily some other times we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity that his valour hath here acquired for him shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample. 82

*First Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues.

*Enter a Servant.*

How now! where's your master?

*Serv.* He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave: his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

*Second Lord.* They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

*First Lord.* They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now.

*Enter BERTRAM.*

How now, my lord! is't not after midnight? 97

*Ber.* I have to-night dispatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have congied with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest, buried a wife, mourned for her, writ to my lady mother I am returning, entertained my convoy; and between these main parcels of dispatch effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

*Second Lord.* If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship. 109

*Ber.* I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit module has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

*Second Lord.* Bring him forth.

*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Has sat i' the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

*Ber.* No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself? 120

*First Lord.* I have told your lordship already, the stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood; he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk; he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks; and what think you he hath confessed?

*Ber.* Nothing of me, has a'? 129

*Second Lord.* His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

*Re-enter Soldiers, with PAROLLES.*

*Ber.* A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me: hush! hush!

*First Lord.* Hoodman comes! *Porto taro*ssa.

*First Sold.* He calls for the tortures: what will you say without 'em?

*Par.* I will confess what I know without constraint: if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more. 141

*First Sold.* *Bosko chimurcho.*

*Second Lord.* *Boblibindo, chicurmurco.*

*First Sold.* You are a merciful general. Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

*Par.* And truly, as I hope to live.

*First Sold.* *First, demand of him how many horse the duke is strong.* What say you to that? 150

*Par.* Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

*First Sold.* Shall I set down your answer so?

*Par.* Do: I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

*Ber.* All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this! 159

*First Lord.* You are deceived, my lord: this is Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist,—that was his own phrase,—that had the whole theoric of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

*Second Lord.* I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have every thing in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

*First Sold.* Well, that's set down. 169

*Par.* Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down, for I'll speak truth.

*First Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

*Ber.* But I can him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.

*Par.* Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

*First Sold.* Well, that 's set down.

*Par.* I humbly thank you, sir. A truth 's a truth; the rogues are marvellous poor.

*First Sold.* Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot. What say you to that?

*Par.* By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio, a hundred and fifty; Sebastian, so many; Corambus, so many; Jaques, so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each: mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

*Ber.* What shall be done to him?

*First Lord.* Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the duke.

*First Sold.* Well, that 's set down. You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke; what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt. What say you to this? what do you know of it?

*Par.* I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the inter'gatories: demand them singly.

*First Sold.* Do you know this Captain Dumain?

*Par.* I know him: a' was a botcher's prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the shrieve's fool with child; a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay.

*DUMAIN lifts his hand in anger.*

*Ber.* Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

*First Sold.* Well, is this captain in the Duke of Florence's camp?

*Par.* Upon my knowledge he is, and lousy.

*First Lord.* Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

*First Sold.* What is his reputation with the duke?

*Par.* The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine, and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' the band: I think I have his letter in my pocket.

*First Sold.* Marry, we 'll search.

*Par.* In good sadness, I do not know: either it is there, or it is upon a file with the duke's other letters in my tent.

*First Sold.* Here 'tis; here 's a paper; shall I read it to you?

*Par.* I do not know if it be it or no.

*Ber.* Our interpreter does it well.

*First Lord.* Excellently.

*First Sold.* Dian, the count 's a fool, and full of gold—

*Par.* That is not the duke's letter, sir:

that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one Count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but for all that very ruttish. I pray you, sir, put it up again.

*First Sold.* Nay, I 'll read it first, by your favour.

*Par.* My meaning in 't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

*Ber.* Damnable both-sides rogue!

*First Sold.* When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;

After he scores, he never pays the score: Half won is match well made; match, and well make it:

He ne'er pays after-debts; take it before, And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this, Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss; For count of this, the count 's a fool, I know it,

Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES.

*Ber.* He shall be whipped through the army with this rime in 's forehead.

*Second Lord.* This is your devoted friend, sir; the manifold linguist and the armipotent soldier.

*Ber.* I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he 's a cat to me.

*First Sold.* I perceive, sir, by our general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

*Par.* My life, sir, in any case! not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or anywhere, so I may live.

*First Sold.* We 'll see what may be done, so you confess freely: therefore, once more to this Captain Dumain. You have answered to his reputation with the duke and to his valour: what is his honesty?

*Par.* He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister; for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus; he professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking 'em he is stronger than Hercules; he will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool; drunkenness is his best virtue, for he will be swine-drunk, and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty; he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

*First Lord.* I begin to love him for this.

*Ber.* For this description of thine honesty. A pox upon him for me! he is more and more a cat.

*First Sold.* What say you to his expertness in war?

*Par.* Faith, sir, has led the drum before the English tragedians,—to belie him I will not,—and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain. 304

*First Lord.* He hath out-villain'd villany so far that the rarity redeems him.

*Ber.* A pox on him! he's a cat still.

*First Sold.* His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt. 310

*Par.* Sir, for a *quart d'écu* he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

*First Sold.* What's his brother, the other Captain Dumain?

*Second Lord.* Why does he ask him of me?

*First Sold.* What's he? 318

*Par.* E'en a crow o' the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

*First Sold.* If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

*Par.* Ay, and the captain of his horse, Count Rousillon.

*First Sold.* I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure. 330

*Par. Aside.* I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger. Yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

*First Sold.* There is no remedy, sir, but you must die. The general says, you that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

*Par.* O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my death! 345

*First Sold.* That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. *Unmuffling him.* So, look about you: know you any here?

*Ber.* Good morrow, noble captain.

*Second Lord.* God bless you, Captain Parolles. 350

*First Lord.* God save you, noble captain.

*Second Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafew? I am for France.

*First Lord.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the Count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward I'd compel it of you; but fare you well.

*Exeunt BERTRAM and Lords.*

*First Sold.* You are undone, captain; all but your scarf; that has a knot on't yet.

*Par.* Who cannot be crushed with a plot? 350

*First Sold.* If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare ye well, sir; I am for France too: we shall speak of you there. *Exit.*

*Par.* Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great

'T would burst at this. Captain I'll be no more;

But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft As captain shall: simply the thing I am Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart, 370

Let him fear this; for it will come to pass That every braggart shall be found an ass. Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live

Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!

There's place and means for every man alive.

I'll after them. *Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Florence. A Room in the Widow's House.*

*Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA.*

*Hel.* That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,

One of the greatest in the Christian world Shall be my surety; fore whose throne 'tis needful,

Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.

Time was, I did him a desired office, Dear almost as his life; which gratitude

Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,

And answer, thanks. I duly am inform'd His grace is at Marseilles; to which place

We have convenient convoy. You must know, 10

I am supposed dead: the army breaking, My husband hies him home; where, heaven

aiding,

And by the leave of my good lord the king, We'll be before our welcome.

*Wid.* Gentle madam, You never had a servant to whose trust

Your business was more welcome. *Hel.* Nor you, mistress,

Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour

To recompense your love. Doubt not but heaven

Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,

As it hath fated her to be my motive. 20 And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!

That can such sweet use make of what they hate,

When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts Defiles the pitchy night: so lust doth play

With what it loathes for that which is away.

But more of this hereafter. You, Diana, Under my poor instructions, yet must suffer Something in my behalf.

*Dia.* Let death and honesty Go with your impositions, I am yours Upon your will to suffer.

*Hel.* Yet, I pray you: 30 But with the word the time will bring on summer,

When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,

And be as sweet as sharp. We must away; Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us:

All's well that ends well: still the fine's the crown;

Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Rousillon. A Room in the COUNTESS'S Palace.*

*Enter COUNTESS, LAFEU, and Clown.*

*Laf.* No, no, no; your son was misled with a snipt-taffeta fellow there, whose villanous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home, more advanced by the king than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of. 7

*Count.* I would I had not known him; it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for creating. If she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love. 13

*Laf.* 'T was a good lady, 't was a good lady: we may pick a thousand salads ere we light on such another herb.

*Clo.* Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marijoram of the salad, or rather the herb of grace.

*Laf.* They are not salad-herbs, you knave; they are nose-herbs. 20

*Clo.* I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.

*Laf.* Whether dost thou profess thyself, a knave or a fool?

*Clo.* A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

*Laf.* Your distinction?

*Clo.* I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

*Laf.* So you were a knave at his service, indeed. 31

*Clo.* And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

*Laf.* I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

*Clo.* At your service.

*Laf.* No, no, no.

*Clo.* Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

*Laf.* Who's that? a Frenchman? 40

*Clo.* Faith, sir, a' has an English name; but his phisnomy is more hotter in France than there.

*Laf.* What prince is that?

*Clo.* The black prince, sir; *alias*, the prince of darkness; *alias*, the devil.

*Laf.* Hold thee, there's my purse. I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of: serve him still. 48

*Clo.* I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world: let his nobility remain in's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some that humble themselves may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire. 58

*Laf.* Go thy ways, I begin to be aweary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways: let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks. 62

*Clo.* If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks, which are their own right by the law of nature. *Exit.*

*Laf.* A shrewd knave and an unhappy.

*Count.* So he is. My lord that's gone made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will. 71

*Laf.* I like him well; 't is not amiss. And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose. His highness hath promised me to do it; and to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it? 82

*Count.* With very much content, my lord; and I wish it happily effected.

*Laf.* His highness comes post from Mar-seilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty: he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

*Count.* It rejoices me that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together. 92

*Laf.* Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

*Count.* You need but plead your honourable privilege.

*Laf.* Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but I thank my God it holds yet.

*Re-enter Clown.*

*Clo.* O madam! yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face: whether there be a scar under it or no, the velvet knows; but 't is a goodly patch of velvet. His left cheek is a cheek of two

pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

*Laf.* A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so belike is that.

*Clo.* But it is your carbonadoed face.

*Laf.* Let us go see your son, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

*Clo.* Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats and most courteous feathers, which bow the head and nod at every man.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT V

### SCENE I.—Marseilles. A Street.

*Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA, with two Attendants.*

*Hel.* But this exceeding posting, day and night,  
Must wear your spirits low; we cannot help it:

But since you have made the days and nights as one,

To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,

Be bold you do so grow in my requital

As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;

*Enter a Gentleman.*

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,  
If he would spend his power. God save you, sir.

*Gent.* And you.

*Hel.* Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

*Gent.* I have been sometimes there.

*Hel.* I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen

From the report that goes upon your goodness;

And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,

Which lay nice manners by, I put you to the use of your own virtues, for the which I shall continue thankful.

*Gent.* What's your will?

*Hel.* That it will please you

To give this poor petition to the king,

And aid me with that store of power you have

To come into his presence.

*Gent.* The king's not here.

*Hel.* Not here, sir!

*Gent.* Not, indeed:

He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste

Than is his use.

*Wid.* Lord, how we lose our pains!

*Hel.* All's well that ends well yet,

Though time seem so adverse and means unfit.

I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

*Gent.* Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;

Whither I am going.

*Hel.* I do beseech you, sir,

Since you are like to see the king before me,

Commend the paper to his gracious hand;

Which I presume shall render you no blame,

But rather make you thank your pains for it. I will come after you with what good speed. Our means will make us means.

*Gent.*

This I'll do for you.

*Hel.* And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,

Whate'er falls more. We must to horse again:

Go, go, provide.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Rousillon. The inner Court of the COUNTESS'S Palace.

*Enter Clown and PAROLLES.*

*Par.* Good Monsieur LAFACHE, give my Lord Lafeu this letter. I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddled in fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

*Clo.* Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Prithee, allow the wind.

*Par.* Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir: I spake but by a metaphor.

*Clo.* Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Prithee, get thee further.

*Par.* Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

*Clo.* Foh! prithee, stand away: a paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

*Enter LAFEU.*

Here is a purr of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat, but not a musk-cat, that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddled withal. Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may, for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my similes of comfort, and leave him to your lordship.

*Exit.*

*Par.* My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched.

*Laf.* And what would you have me to do?

'T is too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a *quart d'écu* for you. Let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

*Par.* I beseech your honour to hear me one single word.

*Laf.* You beg a single penny more: come, you shall have it; save your word.

*Par.* My name, my good lord, is PAROLLES.

*Laf.* You beg more than one word then.

Cox my passion! give me your hand. How does your drum?

*Par.* O my good lord! you were the first that found me.

*Laf.* Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

*Par.* It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

*Laf.* Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? One brings thee in grace and the other brings thee out. *Trumpets sound.* The king's coming; I know by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night: though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat: go to, follow.

*Par.* I praise God for you. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Room in the COUNTESS'S Palace.*

*Flourish.* Enter KING, COUNTESS, LAFEU, Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, etc.

*King.* We lost a jewel of her, and our esteem

Was made much poorer by it: but your son, As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know Her estimation home.

*Count.* 'Tis past, my liege; And I beseech your majesty to make it Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth; When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,

O'erbears it and burns on.

*King.* My honour'd lady, I have forgiven and forgotten all, Though my revenges were high bent upon him, 10

And watch'd the time to shoot.

*Laf.* This I must say,— But first I beg my pardon,—the young lord Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady, Offence of mighty note, but to himself The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife Whose beauty did astonish the survey Of richest eyes, whose words all ears took captive,

Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve

Humbly call'd mistress.

*King.* Praising what is lost Makes the remembrance dear. Well, call him hither; 20

We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill All repetition. Let him not ask our pardon: The nature of his great offence is dead, And deeper than oblivion we do bury The incensing relics of it: let him approach, A stranger, no offender; and inform him So 'tis our will he should.

*Gent.* I shall, my liege. *Exit.* *King.* What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?

*Laf.* All that he is hath reference to your highness.

*King.* Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me 30 That set him high in fame.

*Enter BERTRAM.*

*Laf.* He looks well on 't. *King.* I am not a day of season,

For thou may'st see a sunshine and a hail In me at once; but to the brightest beams Distracted clouds give way: so stand thou forth;

The time is fair again.

*Ber.* My high-repent'd blames, Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

*King.* All is whole; Not one word more of the consumed time. Let's take the instant by the forward top, For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees 40 The inaudible and noiseless foot of time Steals ere we can effect them. You remember

The daughter of this lord?

*Ber.* Admiringly, my liege. At first I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart

Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue, Where the impression of mine eye infixing, Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,

Which warp'd the line of every other favour; Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stolen; Extended or contracted all proportions 51 To a most hideous object: thence it came That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,

Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye

The dust that did offend it.

*King.* Well excus'd: That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away

From the great compt. But love, that comes too late,

Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried, To the great sender turns a sour offence, Crying, 'That's good that's gone.' Our rash faults 60

Make trivial price of serious things we have,

Not knowing them until we know their grave:

Off our displeasures, to ourselves unjust, Destroy our friends and after weep their dust:

Our own love waking cries to see what's done,

While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.

Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.

Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:

The main consents are had; and here we'll stay

To see our widower's second marriage-day.

*Count.* Which better than the first, O dear heaven, bless! 71

Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cesse!

*Laf.* Come on, my son, in whom my

house's name Must be digested, give a favour from you To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter, That she may quickly come.

*BERTRAM gives a ring.*

By my old beard, And every hair that's on 't, Helen, that's dead,

Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this, The last that e'er I took her leave at court, I saw upon her finger.

*Ber.* Hers it was not. 80

*King.* Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,  
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to 't.  
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,

I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood Necessitated to help, that by this token I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reave her

Of what should stead her most?

*Ber.* My gracious sovereign,  
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,  
The ring was never hers.

*Count.* Son, on my life, 69  
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it At her life's rate.

*Laf.* I am sure I saw her wear it.  
*Ber.* You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never saw it:

In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,

Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name

Of her that threw it. Noble she was, and thought

I stood engag'd: but when I had subscrib'd To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully I could not answer in that course of honour As she had made the overture, she ceas'd In heavy satisfaction, and would never 100 Receive the ring again.

*King.* Plutus himself,  
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,

Hath not in nature's mystery more science Than I have in this ring: 't was mine, 't was Helen's,

Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know That you are well acquainted with yourself, Confess 't was hers, and by what rough enforcement

You got it from her. She call'd the saints to surety,

That she would never put it from her finger Unless she gave it to yourself in bed 110 Where you have never come, or sent it us Upon her great disaster.

*Ber.* She never saw it.  
*King.* Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour;

And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove

That thou art so inhuman,—'t will not prove so;—

And yet I know not:—thou didst hate her deadly,

And she is dead; which nothing, but to close Her eyes myself, could win me to believe, More than to see this ring.—Take him away.

*Guards seize BERTRAM.*  
My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall, 121

Shall tax my fears of little vanity,  
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him!

We'll sift this matter further.

*Ber.* If you shall prove  
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy

Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,  
Where yet she never was. *Exit, guarded.*

*King.* I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Gent.* Gracious sovereign,  
Whether I have been to blame or no, I know not:

Here's a petition from a Florentine, 130  
Who hath for four or five removes come short

To tender it herself. I undertook it,  
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech

Of the poor suppliant, who by this I know Is here attending: her business looks in her With an importing visage, and she told me, In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern 137 Your highness with herself.

*King.* Upon his many protestations to marry me when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the Count Rousillon a widower: his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice. Grant it me, O king! in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone. *DIANA CAPILET.*

*Laf.* I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for this: I'll none of him.

*King.* The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu, 150  
To bring forth this discovery. Seek these suitors:

Go speedily and bring again the count.

*Exeunt Gentleman and some Attendants.*  
I am afraid the life of Helen, lady,  
Was foully snatch'd.

*Count.* Now, justice on the doers!

*Re-enter BERTRAM, guarded.*

*King.* I wonder, sir, sith wives are monsters to you,  
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,  
Yet you desire to marry.

*Re-enter Gentleman, with Widow and DIANA.*

*Dia.* What woman's that?  
I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,  
Derived from the ancient Capilet:

My suit, as I do understand, you know, 160  
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

*Wid.* I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour

Both suffer under this complaint we bring,  
And both shall cease, without your remedy.

*King.* Come hither, count; do you know these women?

*Ber.* My lord, I neither can nor will deny  
But that I know them: do they charge me further?

*Dia.* Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

*Ber.* She's none of mine, my lord.

*Dia.* If you shall marry,  
You give away this hand, and that is mine;  
You give away heaven's vows, and those are  
mine; 171  
You give away myself, which is known  
mine;

For I by vow am so embodied yours  
That she which marries you must marry me;  
Either both or none.

*Laf.* Your reputation comes too short for  
my daughter: you are no husband for her.

*Ber.* My lord, this is a fond and desperate  
creature,

Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let  
your highness 179

Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour  
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

*King.* Sir, for my thoughts, you have  
them ill to friend

Till your deeds gain them: fairer prove your  
honour

Than in my thought it lies.

*Dia.* Good my lord,  
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think

He had not my virginity.

*King.* What say'st thou to her?

*Ber.* She's impudent, my lord;  
And was a common gamester to the camp.

*Dia.* He does me wrong, my lord; if I  
were so,

He might have bought me at a common  
price: 190

Do not believe him. O! behold this ring,  
Whose high respect and rich validity

Did lack a parallel; yet for all that

He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,

If I be one.

*Count.* He blushes, and 'tis it:

Of six preceding ancestors, that gem

Confer'd by testament to the sequent issue,

Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his  
wife:

That ring's a thousand proofs.

*King.* Methought you said  
You saw one here in court could witness it.

*Dia.* I did, my lord, but loath am to pro-  
duce 201

So bad an instrument: his name's  
Parolles.

*Laf.* I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

*King.* Find him, and bring him hither.

*Exit an Attendant.*  
*Ber.* What of him?

He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,  
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and  
debosh'd;

Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth.

Am I or that or this for what he'll utter,

That will speak any thing?

*King.* She hath that ring of yours.

*Ber.* I think she has: certain it is I lik'd  
her, 210

And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth.  
She knew her distance and did angle for  
me,

Madding my eagerness with her restraint,  
As all impediments in fancy's course

Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,  
Her infinite cunning, with her modern grace,

Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring,  
And I had that which any inferior might  
At market-price have bought.

*Dia.* I must be patient;  
You, that have turn'd off a first so noble wife,  
May justly diet me. I pray you yet, 221

Since you lack virtue I will lose a husband,  
Send for your ring: I will return it home,

And give me mine again.

*Ber.* I have it not.

*King.* What ring was yours, I pray you?

*Dia.* Sir, much like

The same upon your finger.

*King.* Know you this ring? this ring was  
his of late.

*Dia.* And this was it I gave him, being  
a-bed.

*King.* The story then goes false you threw  
it him

Out of a casement.

*Dia.* I have spoke the truth. 230

*Re-enter Attendant with PAROLLES.*

*Ber.* My lord, I do confess the ring was  
hers.

*King.* You boggle shrewdly, every feather  
starts you.

Is this the man you speak of?

*Dia.* Ay, my lord.

*King.* Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I  
charge you,

Not fearing the displeasure of your master,  
Which, on your just proceeding I'll keep off,

By him and by this woman here what know  
you?

*Par.* So please your majesty, my master  
hath been an honourable gentleman: tricks

he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.

*King.* Come, come, to the purpose: did  
he love this woman? 242

*Par.* Faith, sir, he did love her; but how?

*King.* How, I pray you?

*Par.* He did love her, sir, as a gentleman  
loves a woman.

*King.* How is that?

*Par.* He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

*King.* As thou art a knave, and no knave.

What an equivocal companion is this! 250

*Par.* I am a poor man, and at your maj-  
esty's command.

*Laf.* He's a good drum, my lord, but a  
naughty orator.

*Dia.* Do you know he promised me mar-  
riage? 255

*Par.* Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

*King.* But wilt thou not speak all thou  
knowest?

*Par.* Yes, so please your majesty. I did  
go between them, as I said; but more than

that, he loved her, for indeed he was mad for  
her, and talked of Satan, and of limbo, and

of Furies, and I know not what: yet I was in  
that credit with them at that time, that I

knew of their going to bed, and of other  
motions, as promising her marriage, and  
things that would derive me ill will to speak  
of: therefore I will not speak what I know.

*King.* Thou hast spoken all already, un-  
less thou canst say they are married: but

thou art too fine in thy evidence; therefore, stand aside. 'This ring, you say, was yours?

*Dia.* Ay, my good lord.

*King.* Where did you buy it? or who gave it you? 272

*Dia.* It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

*King.* Who lent it you?

*Dia.* It was not lent me neither.

*King.* Where did you find it then?

*Dia.* I found it not.

*King.* If it were yours by none of all these ways,

How could you give it him?

*Dia.* I never gave it him.

*Laf.* This woman's an easy glove, my lord: she goes off and on at pleasure.

*King.* This ring was mine: I gave it his first wife. 283

*Dia.* It might be yours or hers, for aught I know.

*King.* Take her away; I do not like her now.

To prison with her; and away with him. Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring

Thou diest within this hour.

*Dia.* I'll never tell you.

*King.* Take her away.

*Dia.* I'll put in bail, my liege.

*King.* I think thee now some common customer.

*Dia.* By Jove, if ever I knew man, 't was you.

*King.* Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

*Dia.* Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty. 290

He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't:

I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.

Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life; I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

*Pointing to LAFEU.*

*King.* She does abuse our ears: to prison with her!

*Dia.* Good mother, fetch my bail.

*Exit Widow.*

Stay, royal sir:

The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for, And he shall surety me. But for this lord,

Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself, Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him: 300

He knows himself my bed he hath defil'd, And at that time he got his wife with child:

Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick:

So there's my riddle: one that's dead is quick;

And now behold the meaning.

*Re-enter Widow, with HELENA.*

*King.* Is there no exorcist

Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes? Is't real that I see?

*Hel.* No, my good lord; 'T is but the shadow of a wife you see;

The name and not the thing.

*Ber.* Both, both. O! pardon.

*Hel.* O my good lord! when I was like this maid, 310

I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring;

And, look you, here's your letter; this it says:

*When from my finger you can get this ring, And are by me with child, etc.*

This is done:

Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

*Ber.* If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly.

I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

*Hel.* If it appear not plain and prove untrue,

Deadly divorce step between me and you! O! my dear mother; do I see you living? 320

*Laf.* Mine eyes smell onions; I shall weep anon. To PAROLLES. Good Tom

Drum, lend me a handkercher: so, I thank thee. Wait on me home, I'll make sport with thee: let thy courtesies alone, they are

scurvy ones.

*King.* Let us from point to point this story know,

To make the even truth in pleasure flow. To DIANA. If thou be'st yet a fresh un-

cropped flower, Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;

For I can guess that by thy honest aid Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid. 330

Of that and all the progress, more and less, Resolvedly more leisure shall express:

All yet seems well; and if it end so meet, The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

*Flourish. Exeunt.*

## EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY THE KING.

*The king's a beggar now the play is done: All is well ended if this suit be won*

*That you express content; which we will pay,*

*With strife to please you, day exceeding day:*

*Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;*

*Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.* 340

## TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL

THE chief temptation into which one falls through long familiarity with a Shakespearean play is to disregard its sequence; that is, to draw from later passages and incidents conclusions which are not warranted in the light of what precedes. The way to read *Twelfth Night*, or any of Shakespeare's plays for that matter, is to begin at the beginning and read through to the end. Observance of this simple and obvious method will go far toward safeguarding us against misunderstanding and also toward developing a reliance on our own judgments. If we read intelligently, avoid jumping to conclusions, keep our minds open, and follow Shakespeare, we shall find that the first impressions he gives of his characters are of the utmost importance and are wholly reliable. They may later be supplemented, but they are never corrected. However great the changes wrought in the character, these first impressions remain a necessary condition to our full comprehension of its significance.

In the first two scenes of this play we receive our first impressions of the principal characters of the main plot—the Duke, Olivia and Viola. In the first scene the Duke is talking to his lords about his love for Olivia. The very setting leads us to doubt the sincerity of his professed passion, and the first lines he speaks reveal the languor and sentimentality of his nature. He is not in love. Desires do not pursue him. He loves music and flowers and soft discourse while he dispatches messages to his lady and imagines himself in love with her. It is in this scene, too, that we receive our first impression of Olivia through the report of Valentine. She is in mourning for her brother's death and has determined to remain in seclusion for a period of seven years to keep fresh his memory. The Duke's comment on this evidence of the loving nature of Olivia indicates either that he considers it no hardship to wait seven years for her, or that he has little faith that she will hold to her determination. At the close of this scene we have a fairly distinct impression of the sentimentality and self-deception of the Duke and are doubtful about the depth of character in a sister whose grief at a brother's death betrays her into such extravagance.

The second scene introduces to us Viola. She has just escaped death from a shipwreck in which she fears her brother has been drowned. The Captain's assurance that he had seen her brother clinging to a mast brings from Viola a reward and an expressed hope of his escape. She institutes no search for him, reveals no concern for him, and never mentions him again until she hears his name from Antonio's lips at the close of the third Act. Instead she at once turns the conversation into an inquiry about the country, the Duke, and Olivia, and determines to enter the Duke's service disguised as a boy. She has no definite plan, but commits what "else may hap" to time. Now assuming that we know nothing more of Viola than we have learned from this scene, what is our impression of her? Does she not stand distinctly in contrast with Olivia as one to whom the loss of a brother seems of little moment? If Olivia's grief seems extravagant, does not Viola's lack of even sisterly concern seem unnatural? If there were the slightest hint that in seeking service with the Duke she aimed to solicit his aid in a search for her brother, our impression would be different; but nothing that occurs later in the play corrects the impression that we first receive, namely, that Viola plans to enter the Duke's service without further thought or concern for her brother's fate.

Up to this point we can hardly escape the impression that these people are not real. In any love affair that may develop among them our interest seems likely to be as fanciful as is the Duke's love. But at this point we turn to scene three and with the first words of Sir Toby find ourselves in a real world with real people. They are members of Olivia's household. No seven years of cloistered life can be possible for Olivia now. Already Sir Toby has introduced a wooer, and for another month at least we may be sure that

Sir Toby and Sir Andrew will be drunk nightly with drinking healths to Olivia. Our first impression of Olivia's extravagance of profession is strengthened, and our interest now centers in her and her household.

In the next scene we see Viola in man's attire. She has been but three days in the Duke's service and is already in love with him. Not a word do we hear about her brother. Can it be possible that her's is a shallow nature that, in utter uncertainty of a brother's fate, she could so quickly fall in love with any man? Or are we beginning to suspect that with these principal characters we are in a world of fancy, the chief significance of which is to set off that real world to which we have been already introduced? When Viola sets out to plead with Olivia in the Duke's behalf, we are ready to accept whatever complications may arise and to share in them to the fullest extent just as we might accept a fairy tale; but to neither character nor incident shall we be deceived into applying any test determined by life's experience. Gladly we follow Viola to Olivia's house, not only for her own sake, but also because we are eager to know more about the members of Olivia's household.

In the last scene of the first Act we meet for the first time the clown Feste, Malvolio, and Olivia herself. As we suspected, Olivia's grief is no more real than is the Duke's love. But the clown is real—and now for the first time we stand puzzled as we watch this silent, statuesque, dignified figure with the immobile face, who apparently neither listens nor observes while Feste catechises his mistress. He seems fortified against any betrayal of his dignity, as if he had studied deportment from a book. This is no common mortal; but surely we have seen him somewhere before. "What think you of this fool, Malvolio?" asks Olivia. Malvolio need not have replied. His whole bearing had already testified to his contempt for the fool. He speaks, and his voice sounds familiar. Orotund! (they all affect it). "These wise men," says Malvolio, "that crow so at these set kind of fools are no better than the fools' zanies." And then from Olivia we learn what is the matter with him: "O, you are sick of self love. Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets." To be sure. Now we recognize him. He is Olivia's steward, chief among her servants. We have known him for years; but this is the first time that we ever met with him in literature. He is deserving of study. It was well worth writing an entire play to acquaint us thoroughly with this man.

I doubt whether it has been remarked that Malvolio's office is an essential part of his character. "Art any more than a steward?" cries Sir Toby. "Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?" Malvolio, in his pride of office, has apparently forgotten that cakes and ale are a part of his business. It is a common failing with stewards. Kings and Emperors have suffered of late from the same oversight. Presidents and Generals, Executives and Administrators, Directors and Superintendents, all with silver chains about their necks, their badge of office, are prone to forget that without cakes and ale their occupation's gone.

The fact is that Malvolio is an exceptionally high type of steward. No misappropriation of funds, no favored few, no incompetency. "I would not have him miscarry," says Olivia, "for the half of my dowry." Simply inability to recognize the true nature of his office. Chief among the servants of the household, he is the victim of the common mistake of assuming in his own person an importance which belongs only to the place he fills. From his cruel humiliation all men may learn; for after all, whatever the position occupied, "Art any more than a steward?"

# TWELFTH-NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ORSINO, *Duke of Illyria.*  
 SEBASTIAN, *Brother to Viola.*  
 ANTONIO, *a Sea Captain, Friend to Sebastian.*  
 VALENTINE, } *Gentlemen attending on the*  
 CURIO, } *Duke.*  
 SIR TOBY BELCH, *Uncle to Olivia.*  
 SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

MALVOLIO, *Steward to Olivia.*  
 FABIAN, } *Servants to Olivia.*  
 Clown, }  
 A Sea Captain, *Friend to Viola.*  
 OLIVIA, *a rich Countess.*  
 VIOLA, *in love with the Duke.*  
 MARIA, *Olivia's Woman.*

*Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.*

*SCENE.—A City in Illyria; and the Sea-coast near it.*

### ACT I

*SCENE I.—A Room in the DUKE'S Palace.*

*Enter DUKE, CURIO, Lords; Musicians attending.*

*Duke.* If music be the food of love, play on;

Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,  
 The appetite may sicken, and so die.  
 That strain again! it had a dying fall:  
 O! it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound  
 That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
 Stealing and giving odour. Enough! no more:

'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.  
 O spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou,

That, notwithstanding thy capacity  
 Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,  
 Of what validity and pitch soe'er,  
 But falls into abatement and low price,  
 Even in a minute: so full of shapes is fancy,  
 That it alone is high fantastical.

*Cur.* Will you go hunt, my lord?

*Duke.* What, Curio?

*Cur.* The hart.

*Duke.* Why, so I do, the noblest that I have.

O! when mine eyes did see Olivia first,  
 Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence.  
 That instant was I turn'd into a hart  
 And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,  
 E'er since pursue me.

*Enter VALENTINE.*

How now! what news from her?

*Val.* So please my lord, I might not be admitted;

But from her handmaid do return this answer:

The element itself, till seven years' heat,  
 Shall not behold her face at ample view;  
 But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,  
 And water once a day her chamber round  
 With eye-offending brine: all this to season

A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh

And lasting in her sad remembrance.

*Duke.* O! she that hath a heart of that fine frame

To pay this debt of love but to a brother,  
 How will she love, when the rich golden shaft

Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else  
 That live in her: when liver, brain, and heart,

These sovereign thrones, are all supplied,  
 and fill'd

Her sweet perfections with one self king.  
 Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;  
 Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.

*Exeunt.*

### SCENE II.—The Sea-coast.

*Enter VIOLA, Captain, and Sailors.*

*Vio.* What country, friends, is this?

*Cap.* This is Illyria, lady.

*Vio.* And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance he is not drown'd: what think you, sailors?

*Cap.* It is perchance that you yourself were sav'd.

*Vio.* O my poor brother! and so perchance may he be.

*Cap.* True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,

Assure yourself, after our ship did split,  
 When you and those poor number saved with you

Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,

Most provident in peril, bind himself,  
 Courage and hope both teaching him the practice,

To a strong mast that lived upon the sea;  
 Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,  
 I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves  
 So long as I could see.

*Vio.* For saying so there's gold.

Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,  
Whereto thy speech serves for authority, 20  
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

*Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born*

Not three hours' travel from this very place.

*Vio. Who governs here?*

*Cap. A noble duke, in nature as in name.*

*Vio. What is his name?*

*Cap. Orsino.*

*Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:*

He was a bachelor then.

*Cap. And so is now, or was so very late; For but a month ago I went from hence, 31 And then 't was fresh in murmur, as you know*

What great ones do the less will prattle of,  
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

*Vio. What's she?*

*Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count*

That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her

In the protection of his son, her brother,  
Who shortly also died; for whose dear love,  
They say she hath abjur'd the company 40  
And sight of men.

*Vio. O! that I serv'd that lady, And might not be deliver'd to the world. Till I had made mine own occasion mellow, What my estate is.*

*Cap. That were hard to compass, Because she will admit no kind of suit, No, not the duke's.*

*Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain; And though that nature with a beauteous wall*

Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee  
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits 50  
With this thy fair and outward character.  
I prithee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,  
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid  
For such disguise as haply shall become  
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke:  
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him:  
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing  
And speak to him in many sorts of music  
That will allow me very worth his service.  
What else may hap to time I will commit;  
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit. 61

*Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:*  
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes  
not see.

*Vio. I thank thee: lead me on. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—A Room in OLIVIA'S House.

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and MARIA.*

*Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.*

*Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.*

*Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.*

*Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order. 9*

*Sir To. Confine! I'll confine myself no finer than I am. These clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too: an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.*

*Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.*

*Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Aguecheek?*

*Mar. Ay, he.*

*Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria. 20*

*Mar. What's that to the purpose?*

*Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.*

*Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats: he's a very fool and a prodigal.*

*Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature. 29*

*Mar. He hath indeed, almost natural; for besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.*

*Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?*

*Mar. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company. 39*

*Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece. I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria. He's a coward and a coystil that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench! Castiliano vulgo! for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.*

*Enter Sir ANDREW AGUECHECK.*

*Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch!*

*Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!*

*Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew. 50*

*Mar. And you too, sir.*

*Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.*

*Sir And. What's that?*

*Sir To. My niece's chambermaid.*

*Sir And. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.*

*Mar. My name is Mary, sir.*

*Sir And. Good Mistress Mary Accost,—*

*Sir To. You mistake, knight: 'accost' is front her, board her, woo her, assail her. 60*

*Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of 'accost'?*

*Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.*

*Sir To. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou might'st never draw sword again!*

*Sir And.* An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

*Mar.* Sir, I have not you by the hand.

*Sir And.* Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

*Mar.* Now, sir, 'thought is free': I pray you, bring your hand to the buttry-bar and let it drink.

*Sir And.* Wherefore, sweetheart? what's your metaphor?

*Mar.* It's dry, sir.

*Sir And.* Why, I think so: I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest? 80

*Mar.* A dry jest, sir.

*Sir And.* Are you full of them?

*Mar.* Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. *Exit.*

*Sir To.* O knight! thou lackest a cup of canary: when did I see thee so put down?

*Sir And.* Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit. 91

*Sir To.* No question.

*Sir And.* An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

*Sir To.* *Pourquoi*, my dear knight?

*Sir And.* What is '*pourquoi*'? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O! had I but followed the arts.

*Sir To.* Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair. 101

*Sir And.* Why, would that have mended my hair?

*Sir To.* Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

*Sir And.* But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

*Sir To.* Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff, and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off. 110

*Sir And.* Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me. The count himself here hard by woos her.

*Sir To.* She'll none o' the count; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

*Sir And.* I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether. 121

*Sir To.* Art thou good at these kick-shawses, knight?

*Sir And.* As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters: and yet I will not compare with an old man.

*Sir To.* What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

*Sir And.* Faith, I can cut a caper.

*Sir To.* And I can cut the mutton to't. 130

*Sir And.* And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

*Sir To.* Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig: I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard. 142

*Sir And.* Ay, 'tis strong, and it does in different well in a flame-coloured stock. Shall we set about some revels?

*Sir To.* What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

*Sir And.* Taurus! that's sides and heart.

*Sir To.* No, sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper. Ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent! *Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.—A Room in the DUKE'S Palace.

*Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in man's attire.*

*Val.* If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced: he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

*Vio.* You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

*Val.* No, believe me.

*Vio.* I thank you. Here comes the count.

*Enter DUKE, CURIO, and Attendants.*

*Duke.* Who saw Cesario, ho? 10

*Vio.* On your attendance, my lord; here.

*Duke.* Stand you awhile aloof. Cesario, Thou know'st no less but all; I have un-

clasp'd  
To thee the book even of my secret soul:  
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;

Be not denied access, stand at her doors,  
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow

Till thou have audience.

*Vio.* Sure, my noble lord,

If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow  
As it is spoke, she never will admit me. 20

*Duke.* Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds

Rather than make unprofitable return.

*Vio.* Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

*Duke.* O! then unfold the passion of my love;

Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:  
It shall become thee well to act my woes;

She will attend it better in thy youth  
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

*Vio.* I think not so, my lord.

*Duke.* Dear lad, believe it;

For they shall yet belie thy happy years  
That say thou art a man: Diana's lip

Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe  
 Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,  
 And all is semblative a woman's part.  
 I know thy constellation is right apt  
 For this affair. Some four or five attend him;  
 All, if you will; for I myself am best  
 When least in company. Prosper well in this,  
 And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,  
 To call his fortunes thine.  
*Vio.* I'll do my best 40  
 To woo your lady: *Aside.* Yet, a barful strife!  
 Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.  
*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.—A Room in OLIVIA'S House.

*Enter MARIA and Clown.*

*Mar.* Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse. My lady will hang thee for thy absence.

*Clo.* Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colours.

*Mar.* Make that good.

*Clo.* He shall see none to fear.

*Mar.* A good leaten answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of 'I fear no colours.'

*Clo.* Where, good Mistress Mary? 11

*Mar.* In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

*Clo.* Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

*Mar.* Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent; or, to be turned away, is not that so good as a hanging to you?

*Clo.* Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and for turning away, let summer bear it out. 22

*Mar.* You are resolute then?

*Clo.* Not so neither; but I am resolved on two points.

*Mar.* That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

*Clo.* Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way: if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria. 31

*Mar.* Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. *Exit.*

*Clo.* Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus? 'Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.' 40

*Enter OLIVIA with MALVOLIO.*

God bless thee, lady!

*Oli.* Take the fool away.

*Clo.* Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

*Oli.* Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

*Clo.* Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself: if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patched: virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower. The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

*Oli.* Sir, I bade them take away you. 60

*Clo.* Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, *cucullus non facit monachum*: that's as much to say as I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

*Oli.* Can you do it?

*Clo.* Dexteriously, good madonna.

*Oli.* Make your proof.

*Clo.* I must catechize you for it, madonna: good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

*Oli.* Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof. 71

*Clo.* Good madonna, why mournest thou?

*Oli.* Good fool, for my brother's death.

*Clo.* I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

*Oli.* I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

*Clo.* The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.

*Oli.* What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend? 80

*Mal.* Yes; and shall do till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

*Clo.* God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox, but he will not pass his word for two pence that you are no fool.

*Oli.* How say you to that, Malvolio? 87

*Mal.* I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already: unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies. 96

*Oli.* O! you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets. There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

*Clo.* Now Mercury endure thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools! 106

*Re-enter MARIA.*

*Mar.* Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

*Oli.* From the Count Orsino, is it?

*Mar.* I know not, madam: 'tis a fair young man, and well attended. 111

*Oli.* Who of my people hold him in delay?

*Mar.* Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

*Oli.* Fetch him off, I pray you: he speaks nothing but madman. Fie on him!

*Exit MARIA.*

Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. *Exit MALVOLIO.*

Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

*Clo.* Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove cram with brains! for here he comes, one of thy kin has a most weak *pia mater*.

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH.*

*Oli.* By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, cousin? 125

*Sir To.* A gentleman.

*Oli.* A gentleman! What gentleman? 130

*Sir To.* 'Tis a gentleman here,—a plague o' these pickle-herring! How now, sot!

*Clo.* Good Sir Toby! 130

*Oli.* Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

*Sir To.* Lechery! I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.

*Oli.* Ay, marry; what is he?

*Sir To.* Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. *Exit.*

*Oli.* What's a drunken man like, fool?

*Clo.* Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool, the second mads him, and the third drowns him. 141

*Oli.* Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drowned: go, look after him.

*Clo.* He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. *Exit.*

*Re-enter MALVOLIO.*

*Mal.* Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick: he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep: he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

*Oli.* Tell him he shall not speak with me.

*Mal.* Ha's been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

*Oli.* What kind o' man is he?

*Mal.* Why, of mankind. 160

*Oli.* What manner of man?

*Mal.* Of very ill manner: he'll speak with you, will you or no.

*Oli.* Of what personage and years is he?

*Mal.* Not yet old enough for a man, nor

young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured, and he speaks very shrewishly: one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him. 171

*Oli.* Let him approach. Call in my gentlewoman.

*Mal.* Gentlewoman, my lady calls. *Exit.*

*Re-enter MARIA.*

*Oli.* Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face. We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

*Enter VIOLA and Attendants.*

*Vio.* The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

*Oli.* Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will? 180

*Vio.* Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech; for besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

*Oli.* Whence came you, sir? 189

*Vio.* I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

*Oli.* Are you a comedian?

*Vio.* No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

*Oli.* If I do not usurp myself, I am.

*Vio.* Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

*Oli.* Come to what is important in 't: I forgive you the praise. 205

*Vio.* Alas! I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

*Oli.* It is the more like to be feigned: I pray you keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

*Mar.* Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way. 216

*Vio.* No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.

*Oli.* Tell me your mind.

*Vio.* I am a messenger.

*Oli.* Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

*Vio.* It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage: I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter.

*Oli.* Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you? 229

*Vio.* The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead; to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

*Oli.* Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity.

*Exeunt MARIA and Attendants.*

Now, sir; what is your text?

*Vio.* Most sweet lady,—

*Oli.* A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

*Vio.* In Orsino's bosom. 241

*Oli.* In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

*Vio.* To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

*Oli.* O! I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

*Vio.* Good madam, let me see your face.

*Oli.* Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir; such a one I was this present: is 't not well done? *Unveiling.*

*Vio.* Excellently done, if God did all.

*Oli.* 'Tis in grain, sir; 't will endure wind and weather. 256

*Vio.* 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white

Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:

Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive, 259  
If you will lead these graces to the grave  
And leave the world no copy.

*Oli.* O! sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labelled to my will; as, *Item,* Two lips indifferent red; *Item,* Two grey eyes with lids to them; *Item,* One neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

*Vio.* I see you what you are: you are too proud;

But, if you were the devil, you are fair. 270  
My lord and master loves you: O! such love

Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd

The nonpareil of beauty.

*Oli.* How does he love me?

*Vio.* With adorations, with fertile tears, With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

*Oli.* Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble, Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;

In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant;

And in dimension and the shape of nature A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him: 281

He might have took his answer long ago.

*Vio.* If I did love you in my master's flame, With such a suffering, such a deadly life, In your denial I would find no sense; I would not understand it.

*Oli.* Why, what would you?

*Vio.* Make me a willow cabin at your gate,

And call upon my soul within the house; Write loyal cantons of contemned love, And sing them loud even in the dead of night; 290

Holla your name to the reverberate hills, And make the babbling gossip of the air Cry out 'Olivia!' O! you should not rest Between the elements of air and earth, But you should pity me.

*Oli.* You might do much. What is your parentage?

*Vio.* Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:

I am a gentleman.

*Oli.* Get you to your lord: I cannot love him. Let him send no more, Unless, perchance, you come to me again, To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well: I thank you for your pains: spend this for me. 302

*Vio.* I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse:

My master, not myself, lacks recompense. Love make his heart of flint that you shall love,

And let your fervour, like my master's, be Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. *Exit.*

*Oli.* 'What is your parentage?'

'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well: I am a gentleman.' I'll be sworn thou art: Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit, 311

Do give thee five-fold blazon. Not too fast: soft! soft!

Unless the master were the man. How now! Even so quickly may one catch the plague? Methinks I feel this youth's perfections

With an invisible and subtle stealth To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.

What, ho! Malvolio.

*Re-enter MALVOLIO.*

*Mal.* Here, madam, at your service.

*Oli.* Run after that same peevish messenger, The county's man: he left this ring behind him, 320

Would I or not: tell him I'll none of it. Desire him not to flatter with his lord, Nor hold him up with hopes: I am not for him. If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,

I'll give him reasons for 't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

*Mal.* Madam, I will.

*Oli.* I do I know not what, and fear to find *Exit.*

Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.  
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not  
owe; 329  
What is decreed must be, and be this so.  
*Exit.*

ACT II

SCENE I.—*The Sea-coast.*

*Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.*

*Ant.* Will you stay no longer? nor will  
you not that I go with you?

*Seb.* By your patience, no. My stars  
shine darkly over me; the malignancy of  
my fate might, perhaps, distemper yours;  
therefore I shall crave of you your leave that  
I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad  
recompense for your love to lay any of them  
on you.

*Ant.* Let me yet know of you whither you  
are bound. 10

*Seb.* No, sooth, sir: my determinate  
voyage is mere extravagancy. But I per-  
ceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty  
that you will not extort from me what I am  
willing to keep in; therefore it charges me  
in manners the rather to express myself.  
You must know of me then, Antonio, my  
name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo.  
My father was that Sebastian of Messaline,  
whom I know you have heard of. He left  
behind him myself and a sister, both born  
in an hour: if the heavens had been pleased,  
would we had so ended! but you, sir, al-  
tered that; for some hour before you took  
me from the breach of the sea was my sister  
drowned. 24

*Ant.* Alas the day!

*Seb.* A lady, sir, though it was said she  
much resembled me, was yet of many  
accounted beautiful: but, though I could  
not with such estimable wonder overfar  
believe that, yet thus far I will boldly pub-  
lish her: she bore a mind that envy could  
not but call fair. She is drowned already,  
sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown  
her remembrance again with more.

*Ant.* Pardon me, sir, your bad entertain-  
ment.

*Seb.* O good Antonio! forgive me your  
trouble. 35

*Ant.* If you will not murder me for my  
love, let me be your servant.

*Seb.* If you will not undo what you have  
done, that is, kill him whom you have re-  
covered, desire it not. Fare ye well at  
once: my bosom is full of kindness; and  
I am yet so near the manners of my mother,  
that upon the least occasion more mine eyes  
will tell tales of me. I am bound to the  
Count Orsino's court: farewell. *Exit.*

*Ant.* The gentleness of all the gods go  
with thee! 45

I have many enemies in Orsino's court,  
Else would I very shortly see thee there;  
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,  
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go.  
*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

*Enter VIOLA; MALVOLIO following.*

*Mal.* Were not you even now with the  
Countess Olivia?

*Vio.* Even now, sir; on a moderate pace  
I have since arrived but hither.

*Mal.* She returns this ring to you, sir:  
you might have saved me my pains, to have  
taken it away yourself. She adds, more-  
over, that you should put your lord into a  
desperate assurance she will none of him.  
And one thing more; that you be never so  
hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it  
be to report your lord's taking of this.  
Receive it so. 11

*Vio.* She took the ring of me; I'll none  
of it.

*Mal.* Come, sir, you peevishly threw it  
to her; and her will is it should be so  
returned: if it be worth stooping for, there  
it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that  
finds it. *Exit.*

*Vio.* I left no ring with her: what means  
this lady?

Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd  
her!

She made good view of me; indeed so  
much, 20

That sure methought her eyes had lost her  
tongue,

For she did speak in starts distractedly.  
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her  
passion

Invites me in this churlish messenger.  
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her  
none.

I am the man: if it be so, as 'tis,  
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.

Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness,  
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.

How easy is it for the proper-false 30  
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!

Alas! our frailty is the cause, not we,  
For such as we are made of, such we be.

How will this fadge? My master loves her  
dearly;

And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;  
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.

What will become of this? As I am man,  
My state is desperate for my master's love;

As I am woman, now alas the day!  
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia

breathe! 40

O time! thou must untangle this, not I;  
It is too hard a knot for me to untie. *Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in OLIVIA'S House.*

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and Sir ANDREW  
AGUECHEEK.*

*Sir To.* Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be  
a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes;  
and *diluculo surgere*, thou knowest,—

*Sir And.* Nay, by my troth, I know not;  
but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

*Sir To.* A false conclusion; I hate it as  
an unfilled can. To be up after midnight  
and to go to bed then, is early; so that to

go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements? <sup>10</sup>

*Sir And.* Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

*Sir To.* Thou 'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say! a stoup of wine.

*Enter Clown.*

*Sir And.* Here comes the fool, i' faith.

*Clo.* How now, my hearts! Did you never see the picture of 'we three'?

*Sir To.* Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

*Sir And.* By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Picrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus: 't was very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: hadst it? <sup>26</sup>

*Clo.* I did impeticoes thy gratillity, for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

*Sir And.* Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song. <sup>31</sup>

*Sir To.* Come on; there is sixpence for you; let's have a song.

*Sir And.* There's a testril of me too: if one knight gave a—

*Clo.* Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

*Sir To.* A love-song, a love-song.

*Sir And.* Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

*Clo.* O mistress mine! where are you roaming? <sup>43</sup>

*O! stay and hear; your true love's coming,*

*That can sing both high and low.*

*Trip no further, pretty sweeting;*

*Journeys end in lovers meeting,*

*Every wise man's son doth know.*

*Sir And.* Excellent good, i' faith.

*Sir To.* Good, good.

*Clo.* What is love? 't is not hereafter;

*Present mirth hath present laughter;*

*What's to come is still unsure: 50*

*In delay there lies no plenty;*

*Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty,*

*Youth's a stuff will not endure.*

*Sir And.* A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

*Sir To.* A contagious breath.

*Sir And.* Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

*Sir To.* To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that? <sup>61</sup>

*Sir And.* An you love me, let's do 't: I am dog at a catch.

*Clo.* By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

*Sir And.* Most certain. Let our catch be, 'Thou knave.'

*Clo.* 'Hold thy peace, thou knave,' knight? I shall be constrained in 't to call thee knave, knight. <sup>70</sup>

*Sir And.* 'T is not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins 'Hold thy peace.'

*Clo.* I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

*Sir And.* Good, i' faith. Come, begin.

*They sing a catch.*

*Enter MARIA.*

*Mar.* What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me. <sup>79</sup>

*Sir To.* My lady's a Cataian; we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and 'Three merry men be we,' Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tillyvally; lady!

*There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!*

*Clo.* Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

*Sir And.* Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural. <sup>89</sup>

*Sir To.* O! the twelfth day of December,—

*Mar.* For the love of God, peace!

*Enter MALVOLIO.*

*Mal.* My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you? <sup>99</sup>

*Sir To.* We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up!

*Mal.* Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

*Sir To.* Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone. <sup>110</sup>

*Mar.* Nay, good Sir Toby.

*Clo.* His eyes do show his days are almost done.

*Mal.* Is 't even so?

*Sir To.* But I will never die.

*Clo.* Sir Toby, there you lie.

*Mal.* This is much credit to you.

*Sir To.* Shall I bid him go?

*Clo.* What an if you do?

*Sir To.* Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

*Clo.* O! no, no, no, no, you dare not. <sup>121</sup>

*Sir To.* Out o' time, sir? ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

*Clo.* Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

*Sir To.* Thou 'rt i' the right. Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria!

*Mal.* Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand. *Exit.*

*Mar.* Go shake your ears. 134

*Sir And.* 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him to the field, and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him.

*Sir To.* Do't, knight: I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth. 141

*Mar.* Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night: since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nay-word, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed. I know I can do it.

*Sir To.* Possess us, possess us: tell us something of him. 150

*Mar.* Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

*Sir And.* O! if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

*Sir To.* What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

*Sir And.* I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough. 153

*Mar.* The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself; so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work. 166

*Sir To.* What wilt thou do?

*Mar.* I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expreasure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece: on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands. 175

*Sir To.* Excellent! I smell a device.

*Sir And.* I have't in my nose too.

*Sir To.* He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him. 180

*Mar.* My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

*Sir And.* And your horse now would make him an ass.

*Mar.* Ass, I doubt not.

*Sir And.* O! 'twill be admirable.

*Mar.* Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. *Exit.* 190

*Sir To.* Good night, Penthesilea.

*Sir And.* Before me, she's a good wench.

*Sir To.* She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me: what o' that?

*Sir And.* I was adored once too.

*Sir To.* Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

*Sir And.* If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out. 201

*Sir To.* Send for money, knight: if thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.

*Sir And.* If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

*Sir To.* Come, come: I'll go burn some sack; 'tis too late to go to bed now. Come, knight; come, knight. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—A Room in the DUKE'S Palace.

*Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and Others.*

*Duke.* Give me some music. Now, good morrow, friends.

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song, That old and antique song we heard last night;

Methought it did relieve my passion much, More than light airs and recollected terms Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times: Come; but one verse.

*Cur.* He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

*Duke.* Who was it? 10

*Cur.* Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the Lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

*Duke.* Seek him out, and play the tune the while. *Exit CURIO. Music.*

Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love, In the sweet pangs of it remember me;

For such as I am all true lovers are: Unstaid and skittish in all motions else

Save in the constant image of the creature That is below'd. How dost thou like this tune? 20

*Vio.* It gives a very echo to the seat Where love is thron'd.

*Duke.* Thou dost speak masterly. My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye

Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves; Hath it not, boy?

*Vio.* A little, by your favour.

*Duke.* What kind of woman is't?

*Vio.* Of your complexion.

*Duke.* She is not worth thee then. What years, i' faith?

*Vio.* About your years, my lord.

*Duke.* Too old, by heaven. Let still the woman take 30

An elder than herself, so wears she to him, So sways she level in her husband's heart: For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,

Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,  
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and  
worn,

Than women's are.

*Vio.* I think it well, my lord.

*Duke.* Then let thy love be younger than  
thyself,

Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;  
For women are as roses, whose fair flower  
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

*Vio.* And so they are: alas! that they  
are so; 41

To die, even when they to perfection grow.

*Re-enter CURIO and Clown.*

*Duke.* O fellow! come, the song we had  
last night.

Mark it, Cesario; it is old and plain;  
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,  
And the free maids that weave their thread  
with bones,

Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,  
And dallies with the innocence of love,

Like the old age.

*Clo.* Are you ready, sir? 50

*Duke.* Ay; prithee, sing. *Musical.*

*Clo.* Come away, come away, death,  
And in sad cybress let me be laid;

*Fly away, fly away, breath;*

*I am slain by a fair cruel maid.*

*My shroud of white, stuck all with  
yew,*

*O! prepare it:*

*My part of death, no one so true  
Did share it.*

*Not a flower, not a flower sweet, 60  
On my black coffin let there be  
strown;*

*Not a friend, not a friend greet  
My poor corpse, where my bones  
shall be thrown.*

*A thousand thousand sighs to save,  
Lay me, O! where*

*Sad true lover never find my grave,  
To weep there.*

*Duke.* There 's for thy pains.

*Clo.* No pains, sir; I take pleasure in  
singing, sir. 70

*Duke.* I'll pay thy pleasure then.

*Clo.* Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid,  
one time or another.

*Duke.* Give me now leave to leave thee.

*Clo.* Now, the melancholy god protect  
thee, and the tailor make thy doublet of  
changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very  
opal! I would have men of such constancy  
put to sea, that their business might be  
every thing and their intent every where;  
for that's it that always makes a good  
voyage of nothing. Farewell. *Exit.* 81

*Duke.* Let all the rest give place.

*Exeunt CURIO and Attendants.*

Once more, Cesario,

Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:  
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,  
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands:  
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon  
her,

Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;  
But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems  
That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.

*Vio.* But if she cannot love you, sir? 90

*Duke.* I cannot be so answer'd.

*Vio.* Sooth, but you must.

Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,  
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart  
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;  
You tell her so; must she not then be an-  
swer'd?

*Duke.* There is no woman's sides

Can bide the beating of so strong a passion  
As love doth give my heart; no woman's  
heart

So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.  
Alas! their love may be call'd appetite, 100

No motion of the liver, but the palate,  
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;  
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,  
And can digest as much. Make no compare  
Between that love a woman can bear me  
And that I owe Olivia.

*Vio.* Ay, but I know—

*Duke.* What dost thou know?

*Vio.* Too well what love women to men  
may owe:

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.  
My father had a daughter lov'd a man, 110  
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,  
I should your lordship.

*Duke.* And what 's her history?

*Vio.* A blank, my lord. She never told  
her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in  
thought,

And with a green and yellow melancholy,  
She sat like Patience on a monument,  
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?  
We men may say more, swear more; but  
indeed

Our shows are more than will, for still we  
prove 120

Much in our vows, but little in our love.  
*Duke.* But died thy sister of her love, my  
boy?

*Vio.* I am all the daughters of my father's  
house,

And all the brothers too; and yet I know not.  
Sir, shall I to this lady?

*Duke.* Ay, that 's the theme.  
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say  
My love can give no place, bide no denial.  
*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE V.—OLIVIA'S Garden.

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, Sir ANDREW AGUE-  
CHEEK, and FABIAN.*

*Sir To.* Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

*Fab.* Nay, I'll come: if I lose a scruple  
of this sport, let me be boiled to death with  
melancholy.

*Sir To.* Would'st thou not be glad to have  
the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by  
some notable shame?

*Fab.* I would exult, man: you know he

brought me out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here. 10

*Sir To.* To anger him we 'll have the bear again, and we will fool him black and blue; shall we not, Sir Andrew?

*Sir And.* An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

*Enter MARIA.*

*Sir To.* Here comes the little villain. How now, my metal of India!

*Mar.* Get ye all three into the box-tree. Malvolio 's coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow, this half hour. Observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! Lie thou there: *Throws down a letter.*

for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. *Exit. 26*

*Enter MALVOLIO.*

*Mal.* 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on 't?

*Sir To.* Here 's an overweening rogue! 34

*Fab.* O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes.

*Sir And.* 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

*Sir To.* Peace! I say.

*Mal.* To be Count Malvolio!

*Sir To.* Ah, rogue!

*Sir And.* Pistol him, pistol him.

*Sir To.* Peace! peace!

*Mal.* There is example for 't: the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

*Sir And.* Fie on him, Jezebel!

*Fab.* O, peace! now he 's deeply in; look how imagination blows him.

*Mal.* Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,— 50

*Sir To.* O! for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye.

*Mal.* Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping,—

*Sir To.* Fire and brimstone!

*Fab.* O, peace! peace!

*Mal.* And then to have the humour of state: and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby,— 61

*Sir To.* Bolts and shackles!

*Fab.* O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

*Mal.* Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him. I frown the while; and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my—some rich jewel. Toby approaches; courtesies there to me,—

*Sir To.* Shall this fellow live?

*Fab.* Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace! 71

*Mal.* I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control,—

*Sir To.* And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

*Mal.* Saying, 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech,—'

*Sir To.* What, what? 80

*Mal.* 'You must amend your drunkenness.'

*Sir To.* Out, scab!

*Fab.* Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

*Mal.* 'Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,—'

*Sir And.* That 's me, I warrant you.

*Mal.* 'One Sir Andrew,—'

*Sir And.* I knew 't was I; for many do call me fool. 90

*Mal.* Seeing the letter. What employment have we here?

*Fab.* Now is the woodcock near the gin.

*Sir To.* O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

*Mal.* Taking up the letter. By my life, this is my lady's hand! these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

*Sir And.* Her C's, her U's, and her T's: why that? 100

*Mal.* To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:

Her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?

*Fab.* This wins him, liver and all.

*Mal.* Jove knows I love;

But who?

Lips, do not move;

No man must know. 110

'No man must know.' What follows? the numbers altered! 'No man must know.' If this should be thee, Malvolio?

*Sir To.* Marry. hang thee, brock!

*Mal.* I may command where I adore;

But silence, like a Lucrece knife,  
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;

M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.

*Fab.* A fustian riddle!

*Sir To.* Excellent wench, say I. 120

*Mal.* 'M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.'

Nay, but first, let me see, let me see.

*Fab.* What a dish o' poison has she dressed him!

*Sir To.* And with what wing the staniel checks at it!

*Mal.* 'I may command where I adore,' Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity; there is no obstruction in this. And the end, what should that alpha-

betical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly!  
*M, O, A, I,*—<sup>132</sup>

*Sir To.* O! ay, make up that: he is now at a cold scent.

*Fab.* Sowter will cry upon 't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

*Mal. M.* Malvolio; *M*, why that begins my name.

*Fab.* Did not I say he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.<sup>140</sup>

*Mal. M.*—but then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: A should follow, but *O* does.

*Fab.* And *O* shall end, I hope.

*Sir To.* Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry *O*!

*Mal.* And then *I* comes behind.

*Fab.* Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.<sup>150</sup>

*Mal. M, O, A, I;* this simulation is not as the former; and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose.

*If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,*<sup>171</sup>

#### THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.

Daylight and champaign discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be pointed-devise the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me, for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript.

*Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become*

*thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.*

Jove, I thank thee. I will smile: I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. *Exit.*

*Fab.* I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

*Sir To.* I could marry this wench for this device.<sup>200</sup>

*Sir And.* So could I too.

*Sir To.* And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

*Sir And.* Nor I neither.

*Fab.* Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

#### Re-enter MARIA.

*Sir To.* Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

*Sir And.* Or o' mine either?

*Sir To.* Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

*Sir And.* I' faith, or I either?<sup>210</sup>

*Sir To.* Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

*Mar.* Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

*Sir To.* Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

*Mar.* If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady; he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 't is a colour she abhors; and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.<sup>225</sup>

*Sir To.* To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

*Sir And.* I'll make one too. *Exeunt.*

#### ACT III

#### SCENE I.—OLIVIA'S Garden.

*Enter VIOLA, and Clown with a tabor.*

*Vio.* Save thee, friend, and thy music. Dost thou live by thy tabor?

*Clo.* No, sir, I live by the church.

*Vio.* Art thou a churchman?

*Clo.* No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

*Vio.* So thou mayest say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.<sup>11</sup>

*Clo.* You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

*Vio.* Nay, that's certain: they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

*Clo.* I would therefore my sister had had no name, sir.<sup>20</sup>

*Vio.* Why, man?

*Clo.* Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word might make my

sister wanton. But indeed words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them.

*Vio.* Thy reason, man?

*Clo.* Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them. 29

*Vio.* I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

*Clo.* Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

*Vio.* Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

*Clo.* No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger. I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words. 41

*Vio.* I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

*Clo.* Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun; it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress. I think I saw your wisdom there.

*Vio.* Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

*Clo.* Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard! 51

*Vio.* By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one, though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

*Clo.* Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

*Vio.* Yes, being kept together and put to use.

*Clo.* I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

*Vio.* I understand you, sir; 't is well begged. 60

*Clo.* The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are and what you would are out of my welkin; I might say 'element,' but the word is overworn. *Exit.*

*Vio.* This fellow's wise enough to play the fool,

And to do that well craves a kind of wit: He must observe their mood on whom he jests,

The quality of persons, and the time, 70 And, like the haggard, check at every feather

That comes before his eye. This is a practice

As full of labour as a wise man's art; For folly that he wisely shows is fit; But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK.*

*Sir To.* Save you, gentleman.

*Vio.* And you, sir.

*Sir And.* *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*

*Vio.* *Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.*

*Sir And.* I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours. 81

*Sir To.* Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

*Vio.* I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

*Sir To.* Taste your legs, sir: put them to motion.

*Vio.* My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs. 91

*Sir To.* I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

*Vio.* I will answer you with gait and entrance. But we are prevented.

*Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.*

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

*Sir And.* That youth's a rare courtier. 'Rain odours!' well.

*Vio.* My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear. 100

*Sir And.* 'Odours,' 'pregnant,' and 'vouchsafed': I'll get 'em all three all ready.

*Oli.* Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

*Exeunt Sir TOBY, Sir ANDREW, and MARIA.*

Give me your hand, sir.

*Vio.* My duty, madam, and most humble service.

*Oli.* What is your name?

*Vio.* Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

*Oli.* My servant, sir! 'T was never merry world 109

Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment. You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

*Vio.* And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:

Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

*Oli.* For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,

Would they were blanks rather than fill'd with me!

*Vio.* Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts

On his behalf.

*Oli.* O! by your leave, I pray you, I bade you never speak again of him:

But, would you undertake another suit, I had rather hear you to solicit that 120

Than music from the spheres.

*Vio.* Dear lady,—

*Oli.* Give me leave, beseech you. I did send

After the last enchantment you did here, A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse

Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you: Under your hard construction must I sit,

To force that on you, in a shameful cunning, Which you knew none of yours: what might you think?

Have you not set mine honour at the stake, And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts

That tyrannous heart can think? To one of  
your receiving 131

Enough is shown; a cypress, not a bosom.  
Hideth my heart. So, let me hear you  
speak.

*Vio.* I pity you.

*Oli.* That's a degree to love.

*Vio.* No, not a grize; for 'tis a vulgar  
proof

That very oft we pity enemies.

*Oli.* Why, then, methinks 'tis time to  
smile again.

O world! how apt the poor are to be  
proud.

If one should be a prey, how much the better  
To fall before the lion than the wolf! 140

*Clock strikes.*

The clock upbraids me with the waste of  
time.

Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have  
you:

And yet, when wit and youth is come to  
harvest.

Your wife is like to reap a proper man.

There lies your way, due west.

*Vio.* Then westward-ho!

Grace and good disposition attend your  
ladyship!

You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

*Oli.* Stay:

I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me.

*Vio.* That you do think you are not what  
you are. 151

*Oli.* If I think so, I think the same of you.

*Vio.* Then think you right: I am not what  
I am.

*Oli.* I would you were as I would have  
you be!

*Vio.* Would it be better, madam, than  
I am?

I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

*Oli.* O! what a deal of scorn looks beau-  
tiful

In the contempt and anger of his lip.

A murderous guilt shows not itself more  
soon

Than love that would seem hid; love's night  
is noon. 160

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,

By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,

I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,

Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.

Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,

For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;

But rather reason thus with reason fetter,

Love sought is good, but given unsought is  
better.

*Vio.* By innocence I swear, and by my  
youth, 169

I have one heart, one bosom, and - one  
truth,

And that no woman has; nor never none

Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.

And so adieu, good madam: never more

Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

*Oli.* Yet come again, for thou perhaps  
may'st move

That heart, which now abhors, to like his  
love. *Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—A Room in OLIVIA'S House.

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, Sir ANDREW AGUE-  
CHEEK, and FABIAN.*

*Sir And.* No, faith, I'll not stay a jot  
longer.

*Sir To.* Thy reason, dear venom; give  
thy reason.

*Fab.* You must needs yield your reason,  
*Sir Andrew.*

*Sir And.* Marry, I saw your niece do more  
favour to the count's serving-man than  
ever she bestowed upon me; I saw 't i' the  
orchard.

*Sir To.* Did she see thee the while, old  
boy? tell me that. 10

*Sir And.* As plain as I see you now.

*Fab.* This was a great argument of love  
in her toward you.

*Sir And.* 'Slight! will you make an ass o'  
me?

*Fab.* I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon  
the oaths of judgment and reason. 16

*Sir To.* And they have been grand-jury-  
men since before Noah was a sailor.

*Fab.* She did show favour to the youth in  
your sight only to exasperate you, to awake  
your dormouse valour, to put fire in your  
heart, and brimstone in your liver. You  
should then have accosted her, and with  
some excellent jests, fire-new from the  
mint, you should have banged the youth  
into dumbness. This was looked for at  
your hand, and this was balked: the double  
gilt of this opportunity you let time wash  
off, and you are now sailed into the north  
of my lady's opinion; where you will hang  
like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless  
you do redeem it by some laudable attempt,  
either of valour or policy. 31

*Sir And.* An't be any way, it must be  
with valour, for policy I hate: I had as lief  
be a Brownist as a politician.

*Sir To.* Why then, build me thy fortunes  
upon the basis of valour: challenge me the  
count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in  
certain places: my niece shall take note of  
it; and assure thyself, there is no love-  
broker in the world can more prevail in  
man's commendation with woman than  
report of valour. 41

*Fab.* There is no way but this, *Sir Andrew.*

*Sir And.* Will either of you bear me a  
challenge to him?

*Sir To.* Go, write it in a martial hand; be  
curst and brief; it is no matter how witty,  
so it be eloquent and full of invention:  
taunt him with the license of ink: if thou  
thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be  
amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy  
sheet of paper, although the sheet were big  
enough for the bed of Ware in England, set  
'em down: go, about it. Let there be gall  
enough in thy ink, though thou write with  
a goose-pen, no matter: about it. 54

*Sir And.* Where shall I find you?

*Sir To.* We'll call thee at the *cubiculo*: go.

*Exit Sir ANDREW.*

*Fab.* This is a dear manikin to you, Sir Toby.

*Sir To.* I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong, or so.

*Fab.* We shall have a rare letter from him; but you 'll not deliver it?

*Sir To.* Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I 'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

*Fab.* And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

*Enter MARIA.*

*Sir To.* Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

*Mar.* If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegade; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He 's in yellow stockings.

*Sir To.* And cross-gartered?

*Mar.* Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church. I have dogged him like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies. You have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him: if she do, he 'll smile and take 't for a great favour.

*Sir To.* Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

*Exeunt. 90*

SCENE III.—A Street.

*Enter SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO.*

*Seb.* I would not by my will have troubled you;

But since you make your pleasure of your pains,

I will no further chide you.

*Ant.* I could not stay behind you: my desire,

More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;

And not all love to see you, though so much As might have drawn one to a longer voyage, But jealousy what might befall your travel, Being skillless in these parts; which to a stranger,

Unguided and unfriended, often prove 10 Rough and unhospitable: my willing love, The rather by these arguments of fear, Set forth in your pursuit.

*Seb.* My kind Antonio, I can no other answer make but thanks, And thanks, and ever thanks; and oft good turns

Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay: But, were my worth, as is my conscience, firm,

You should find better dealing. What 's to do?

Shall we go see the reliques of this town? *Ant* To-morrow, sir: best first go see your lodging.

*Seb.* I am not weary, and 't is long to night. I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes With the memorials and the things of fame That do renown this city.

*Ant.* Would you 'd pardon me; I do not without danger walk these streets: Once, in a sea-fight 'gainst the count his galleys,

I did some service; of such note indeed, That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answer'd.

*Seb.* Belike you slew great number of his people.

*Ant.* The offence is not of such a bloody nature,

Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel 30 Might well have given us bloody argument. It might have since been answer'd in repaying

What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,

Most of our city did: only myself stood out;

For which, if I be lapsed in this place, I shall pay dear.

*Seb.* Do not then walk too open.

*Ant.* It doth not fit me. Hold, sir; here 's my purse.

In the south suburbs, at the Elephant, is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet, 40 Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge

With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.

*Seb.* Why I your purse?

*Ant.* Haply your eye shall light upon some toy

You have desire to purchase; and your store,

I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

*Seb.* I 'll be your purse-bearer and leave you for an hour.

*Ant.* To the Elephant.

*Seb.* I do remember. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—OLIVIA'S Garden.

*Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.*

*Oli.* I have sent after him: he says he 'll come;

How shall I feast him? what bestow of him? For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.

I speak too loud.

Where is Malvolio? he is sad, and civil,

And suits well for a servant with my fortunes: Where is Malvolio?

*Mar.* He 's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is sure possessed, madam.

*Oli.* Why, what 's the matter? does he rave?

*Mar.* No, madam; he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best to have 10

some guard about you if he come, for sure the man is tainted in 's wits.

*Oli.* Go call him hither. *Exit MARIA.*  
I am as mad as he,  
If sad and merry madness equal be.

*Re-enter MARIA, with MALVOLIO.*

How now, Malvolio!

*Mal.* Sweet lady, ho, ho.

*Oli.* Smilest thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion. 20

*Mal.* Sad, lady! I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is, 'Please one, and please all.'

*Oli.* Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

*Mal.* Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed: I think we do know the sweet Roman hand. 31

*Oli.* Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

*Mal.* To bed! ay, sweetheart, and I'll come to thee.

*Oli.* God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so and kiss thy hand so oft?

*Mar.* How do you, Malvolio?

*Mal.* At your request! Yes; nightingales answer daws.

*Mar.* Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady? 41

*Mal.* 'Be not afraid of greatness:' 'twas well writ.

*Oli.* What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

*Mal.* 'Some are born great,'—

*Oli.* Ha!

*Mal.* 'Some achieve greatness,'—

*Oli.* What sayest thou?

*Mal.* 'And some have greatness thrust upon them.' 50

*Oli.* Heaven restore thee!

*Mal.* 'Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,'—

*Oli.* Thy yellow stockings!

*Mal.* 'And wished to see thee cross-gartered.'

*Oli.* Cross-gartered!

*Mal.* 'Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so:'—

*Oli.* Am I made? 59

*Mal.* 'If not, let me see thee a servant still.'

*Oli.* Why, this is very midsummer madness.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned. I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

*Oli.* I'll come to him.

*Exit Servant.*

Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him: I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry. 70

*Exeunt OLIVIA and MARIA.*

*Mal.* O, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. 'Cast thy humble slough,' says she; 'be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity;' and consequently sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, 'Let this fellow be looked to:' fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance— What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked. 91

*Re-enter MARIA, with SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN.*

*Sir To.* Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

*Fab.* Here he is, here he is. How is 't with you, sir? how is 't with you, man?

*Mal.* Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private; go off. 100

*Mar.* Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

*Mal.* Ah, ha! does she so?

*Sir To.* Go to, go to: peace! peace! we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is 't with you? What, man! defy the devil; consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

*Mal.* Do you know what you say? 110

*Mar.* La you! an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart. Pray God, he be not bewitched!

*Fab.* Carry his water to the wise-woman.

*Mar.* Marry, and it shall be done tomorrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

*Mal.* How now, mistress!

*Mar.* O Lord! 119

*Sir To.* Prithce, hold thy peace; this is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

*Fab.* No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

*Sir To.* Why, how now, my bawcock! how dost thou, chuck?

*Mal.* Sir!

*Sir To.* Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan; hang him, foul collier! 130

*Mar.* Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

*Mal.* My prayers, minx!

*Mar.* No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

*Mal.* Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element. You shall know more hereafter.

*Exit.*

*Sir To.* Is 't possible?

*Fab.* If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction. 141

*Sir To.* His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

*Mar.* Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air, and taint.

*Fab.* Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

*Mar.* The house will be the quieter.

*Sir To.* Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see. 155

*Enter Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK.*

*Fab.* More matter for a May morning.

*Sir And.* Here's the challenge; read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in 't.

*Fab.* Is 't so saucy?

*Sir And.* Ay, is 't, I warrant him; do but read. 161

*Sir To.* Give me.

*Youth,* whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.

*Fab.* Good and valiant.

*Sir To.* Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for 't.

*Fab.* A good note, that keeps you from the blow of the law. 169

*Sir To.* Thou comest to the Lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

*Fab.* Very brief, and to exceeding good sense—less.

*Sir To.* I will waylay thee going home; where, if it be thy chance to kill me,—

*Fab.* Good.

*Sir To.* Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain. 189

*Fab.* Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good.

*Sir To.* Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine, but my hope is better; and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,

ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot. I'll give 't him. 189

*Mar.* You may have very fit occasion for 't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

*Sir To.* Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailly: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away! 200

*Sir And.* Nay, let me alone for swearing. *Exit.*

*Sir To.* Now will not I deliver his letter, for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less: therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth; he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, as I know his youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices. 215

*Fab.* Here he comes with your niece: give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

*Sir To.* I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. 220

*Exeunt Sir TOBY, FABIAN, and MARIA.*

*Re-enter OLIVIA, with VIOLA.*

*Oli.* I have said too much unto a heart of stone,

And laid mine honour too uncharly out: There's something in me that reproves my fault,

But such a headstrong potent fault it is That it but mocks reproof.

*Vio.* With the same haviour that your passion bears

Goes on my master's grief.

*Oli.* Here; wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture:

Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you; 222

And I beseech you come again to-morrow. What shall you ask of me that I'll deny, That honour sav'd may upon asking give?

*Vio.* Nothing but this; your true love for my master.

*Oli.* How with mine honour may I give him that

Which I have given to you?

*Vio.* I will acquit you.

*Oli.* Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well:

A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. *Exit.*

*Re-enter Sir TOBY BELCH and FABIAN.*

*Sir To.* Gentleman, God save thee.

*Vio.* And you, sir. 239

*Sir To.* That defence thou hast, betake thee to 't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy

interceptor, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end. Dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

*Vio.* You mistake, sir: I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man. 250

*Sir To.* You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

*Vio.* I pray you, sir, what is he? 256

*Sir To.* He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier, and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three, and his incensement at this moment is so implacable that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. Hob, nob, is his word: give 't or take 't. 263

*Vio.* I will return again into the house and desire some conduct of the lady: I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others to taste their valour; belike this is a man of that quirk. 268

*Sir To.* Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury: therefore, get you on and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him; therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you. 276

*Vio.* This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose. 283

*Sir To.* I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. *Exit.*

*Vio.* Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

*Fab.* I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement, but nothing of the circumstance more.

*Vio.* I beseech you, what manner of man is he? 289

*Fab.* Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can.

*Vio.* I shall be much bound to you for 't: I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight; I care not who knows so much of my mettle. 300

*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter Sir TOBY, with Sir ANDREW.*

*Sir To.* Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a frago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all, and he

gives me the stuck-in with such a mortal motion that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

*Sir And.* Pox on 't, I'll not meddle with him.

*Sir To.* Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder. 310

*Sir And.* Plague on 't; an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

*Sir To.* I'll make the motion. Stand here; make a good show on 't: this shall end without the perdition of souls. *Aside.* Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. 319

*Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA.*

*To FABIAN.* I have his horse to take up the quarrel. I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

*Fab.* He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

*Sir To.* *To VIOLA.* There's no remedy, sir: he will fight with you for's oath sake. Marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw for the supportance of his vow: he protests he will not hurt you. 330

*Vio.* *Aside.* Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

*Fab.* Give ground, if you see him furious.

*Sir To.* Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy: the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to 't. 340

*Sir And.* Pray God, he keep his oath! *Draws.*

*Vio.* I do assure you, 'tis against my will. *Draws.*

*Enter ANTONIO.*

*Ant.* Put up your sword. If this young gentleman

Have done offence, I take the fault on me: If you offend him, I for him defy you.

*Drawing.*

*Sir To.* You, sir! why, what are you?

*Ant.* One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more

Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

*Sir To.* Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you. *Draws.* 350

*Fab.* O good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

*Sir To.* I'll be with you anon.

*Vio.* Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

*Sir And.* Marry will I, sir: and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you easily and reins well.

*Enter Two Officers.*

*First Off.* This is the man; do thy office.

*Second Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit 360

Of Court Orsino.

*Ant.* You do mistake me, sir.

*First Off.* No, sir, no jot: I know your favour well,  
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.

Take him away: he knows I know him well.

*Ant.* I must obey. *To VIOLA.* This comes with seeking you;

But there's no remedy: I shall answer it.

What will you do, now my necessity

Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me

Much more for what I cannot do for you 370

Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd;

But be of comfort.

*Second Off.* Come, sir, away.

*Ant.* I must entreat of you some of that money.

*Vio.* What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,

And part, being prompted by your present trouble,

Out of my lean and low ability

I'll lend you something: my having is not much: 379

I'll make division of my present with you. Hold, there is half my coffer.

*Ant.* Will you deny me now?

Is 't possible that my deserts to you

Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,

Lest that it make me so unsound a man

As to upbraid you with those kindnesses

That I have done for you.

*Vio.* I know of none;

Nor know I you by voice or any feature.

I hate ingratitude more in a man

Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness, 389

Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption

Inhabits our frail blood.

*Ant.* O heavens themselves!

*Second Off.* Come, sir: I pray you, go.

*Ant.* Let me speak a little. This youth

that you see here

I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death,

Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,

And to his image, which methought did promise

Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

*First Off.* What's that to us? The time goes by: away!

*Ant.* But, O! how vile an idol proves this god.

Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame. 400

In nature there's no blemish but the mind;

None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind:

Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil

Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.

*First Off.* The man grows mad: away with him! Come, come, sir.

*Ant.* Lead me on.

*Exeunt Officers with ANTONIO.*

*Vio.* Methinks his words do from such passion fly,

That he believes himself; so do not I.

Prove true, imagination, O! prove true,

That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you. 410

*Sir To.* Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian: we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

*Vio.* He nam'd Sebastian: I my brother know

Yet living in my glass; even such and so

In favour was my brother; and he went

Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,

For him I imitate. O! if it prove

Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love. *Exit.* 419

*Sir To.* A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare. His dishonesty

appears in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

*Fab.* A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

*Sir And.* 'Slid, I'll after him again and beat him.

*Sir To.* Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

*Sir And.* An I do not,— *Exit.* 420

*Fab.* Come, let's see the event.

*Sir To.* I dare lay any money 't will be nothing yet. *Exeunt.*

## ACT IV

### SCENE I.—*The Street before OLIVIA'S House.*

*Enter SEBASTIAN and Clown.*

*Clo.* Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

*Seb.* Go to, go to; thou art a foolish fellow:

Let me be clear of thee.

*Clo.* Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady to bid you come speak with her; nor

your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so

is so.

*Seb.* I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else:

Thou know'st not me. 11

*Clo.* Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this

great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness and

tell me what I shall vent to my lady. Shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

*Seb.* I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me:

There's money for thee: if you tarry longer 28

I shall give worse payment.

*Clo.* By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.

*Enter Sir ANDREW.*

*Sir And.* Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you. *Striking SEBASTIAN.*

*Seb.* Why, there's for thee, and there, and there. Are all the people mad?

*Beating Sir ANDREW.*

*Enter Sir TOBY and FABIAN.*

*Sir To.* Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house. <sup>31</sup>

*Clo.* This will I tell my lady straight. I would not be in some of your coats for twopence. *Exit.*

*Sir To.* Come on, sir: hold.

*Sir And.* Nay, let him alone; I'll go another way to work with him: I'll have an action of battery against him if there be any law in Illyria. Though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

*Seb.* Let go thy hand. <sup>40</sup>

*Sir To.* Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

*Seb.* I will be free from thee. What would'st thou now?

If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

*Sir To.* What, what! Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. *Draws.*

*Enter OLIVIA.*

*Oli.* Hold, Toby! on thy life I charge thee, hold!

*Sir To.* Madam! <sup>50</sup>

*Oli.* Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch!

Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,

Where manners ne'er were preach'd. Out of my sight!

Be not offended, dear Cesario.

Rudesby, be gone!

*Exeunt Sir TOBY, Sir ANDREW, and FABIAN.*

I prithee, gentle friend,

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway In this uncivil and unjust extent

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,

And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks

This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby <sup>60</sup>

May'st smile at this. Thou shalt not choose but go:

Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,

He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

*Seb.* What relish is in this? how runs the stream?

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;

If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

*Oli.* Nay; come, I prithee; would thou'dst be rul'd by me!

*Seb.* Madam, I will.

*Oli.* O! say so, and so be. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Room in OLIVIA'S House.

*Enter MARIA and Clown.*

*Mar.* Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard: make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate: do it quickly; I'll call Sir Toby the whilst. *Exit.*

*Clo.* Well, I'll put it on and I will dissemble myself in 't: and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter. <sup>12</sup>

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and MARIA.*

*Sir To.* Jove bless thee, Master parson.

*Clo.* *Bonos dies,* Sir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, 'That that is is;'—so I, being Master parson, am Master parson, for what is 'that' but 'that,' and 'is' but 'is'?

*Sir To.* To him, Sir Topas. <sup>20</sup>

*Clo.* What, ho! I say. Peace in this prison.

*Sir To.* The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

*Mal.* *Within.* Who calls there?

*Clo.* Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

*Mal.* Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

*Clo.* Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man! Talkest thou nothing but of ladies? <sup>30</sup>

*Sir To.* Well said, Master parson.

*Mal.* Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged. Good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

*Clo.* Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy. Sayest thou that house is dark?

*Mal.* As hell, Sir Topas. <sup>39</sup>

*Clo.* Why, it hath bay-windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clerestories toward the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

*Mal.* I am not mad, Sir Topas. I say to you, this house is dark.

*Clo.* Madman, thou errest: I say there is no darkness but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog. <sup>48</sup>

*Mal.* I say this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say there was never man thus

abused. I am no more mad than you are: make the trial of it in any constant question.

*Clo.* What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

*Mal.* That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

*Clo.* What thinkest thou of his opinion?

*Mal.* I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion. 69

*Clo.* Fare thee well: remain thou still in darkness. Thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

*Mal.* Sir Topas! Sir Topas!

*Sir To.* My most exquisite Sir Topas!

*Clo.* Nay, I am for all waters.

*Mal.* Thou might'st have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not. 70

*Sir To.* To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

*Exeunt Sir TOBY and MARIA.*

*Clo.* *Hey Robin, jolly Robin,  
Tell me how thy lady does.*

*Mal.* Fool! 80

*Clo.* *My lady is unkind, perdu.*

*Mal.* Fool!

*Clo.* *Alas! why is she so?*

*Mal.* Fool, I say!

*Clo.* *She loves another.* Who calls, ha?

*Mal.* Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper. As I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for 't.

*Clo.* Master Malvolio! 90

*Mal.* Ay, good fool.

*Clo.* Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

*Mal.* Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

*Clo.* But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

*Mal.* They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses! and do all they can to face me out of my wits. 101

*Clo.* Advise you what you say: the minister is here. Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babbie.

*Mal.* Sir Topas!

*Clo.* Maintain no words with him, good fellow. Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God be wi' you, good Sir Topas. Marry, amen. I will, sir, I will.

*Mal.* Fool, fool, fool, I say! 110

*Clo.* Alas! sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

*Mal.* Good fool, help me to some light and some paper: I tell thee I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

*Clo.* Well-a-day, that you were, sir!

*Mal.* By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper, and light; and convey what I will set down to my lady: it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did. 120

*Clo.* I will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

*Mal.* Believe me, I am not: I tell thee true.

*Clo.* Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.

*Mal.* Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I prithee, be gone.

*Clo.* *I am gone, sir,* 130

*And anon, sir,  
I'll be with you again,  
In a trice,*

*Like to the old Vice,  
Your need to sustain;*

*Who with dagger of lath,  
In his rage and his wrath,  
Cries, Ah, ha! to the devil:*

*Like a mad lad,  
Pare thy nails, dad;* 140

*Adieu, Goodman Devil.* *Exit.*

### SCENE III.—OLIVIA'S Garden.

*Enter SEBASTIAN.*

*Seb.* This is the air; that is the glorious sun;

This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't and see 't; And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,

Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then?

I could not find him at the Elephant;

Yet there he was, and there I found this credit,

That he did range the town to seek me out. His counsel now might do me golden service; For though my soul disputes well with my sense

That this may be some error, but no madness, 10

Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune So far exceed all instance, all discourse,

That I am ready to distrust mine eyes, And wrangle with my reason that persuades me

To any other trust but that I am mad

Or else the lady's mad: yet, if 't were so, She could not sway her house, command her followers,

Take and give back affairs and their dispatch With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing

As I perceive she does. There's something in 't 20

That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

*Enter OLIVIA and a Priest.*

*Oli.* Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,

Now go with me and with this holy man  
Into the chantry by; there, before him,  
And underneath that consecrated roof,  
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;  
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul  
May live at peace. He shall conceal it  
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,  
What time we will our celebration keep  
According to my birth. What do you say? 30

*Seb.* I'll follow this good man, and go with you;

And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.  
*Oli.* Then lead the way, good father; and  
heavens so shine

That they may fairly note this act of mine!  
*Exeunt.*

## ACT V

### SCENE I.—*The Street before OLIVIA'S House.*

*Enter Clown and FABIAN.*

*Fab.* Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

*Clo.* Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

*Fab.* Any thing.

*Clo.* Do not desire to see this letter.

*Fab.* This is, to give a dog, and in recompense desire my dog again.

*Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and Attendants.*  
*Duke.* Belong you to the Lady Olivia friends?

*Clo.* Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings. 10

*Duke.* I know thee well: how dost thou, my good fellow?

*Clo.* Truly sir, the better for my foes and the worse for my friends.

*Duke.* Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

*Clo.* No, sir, the worse.

*Duke.* How can that be? 18

*Clo.* Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself, and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then, the worse for my friends and the better for my foes. 26

*Duke.* Why, this is excellent.

*Clo.* By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

*Duke.* Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there's gold. 31

*Clo.* But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

*Duke.* O! you give me ill counsel.

*Clo.* Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

*Duke.* Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer: there's another. 37

*Clo.* *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the *triplex*, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; one, two, three. 42

*Duke.* You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further. 46

*Clo.* Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness; but as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. *Exit.*

*Vio.* Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

*Enter ANTONIO and Officers.*

*Duke.* That face of his I do remember well;

Yet when I saw it last, it was besmear'd  
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war.  
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,  
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable;  
With which such scathful grapple did he make

With the most noble bottom of our fleet, 60  
That very envy and the tongue of loss  
Cried fame and honour on him. What's the matter?

*First Off.* Orsino, this is that Antonio  
That took the Phoenix and her fraught from Candy;

And this is he that did the Tiger board,  
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg.  
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,

In private brabble did we apprehend him.

*Vio.* He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side;

But in conclusion put strange speech upon me: 70

I know not what 't was but distraction.

*Duke.* Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!

What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,

Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,  
Hast made thine enemies?

*Ant.* Orsino, noble sir,  
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me:

Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,  
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,

Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:

That most ungrateful boy there by your side, 80

From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth

Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:  
His life I gave him, and did thereto add

My love, without retention or restraint,  
All his in dedication; for his sake

Did I expose myself, pure for his love,  
Into the danger of this adverse town;

Drew to defend him when he was beset:  
Where being apprehended, his false cunning, 89  
Not meaning to partake with me in danger,  
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,

And grew a twenty years removed thing  
While one would wink, denied me mine own purse,  
Which I had recommended to his use  
Not half an hour before.

*Vio.* How can this be?  
*Duke.* When came he to this town?  
*Ant.* To-day, my lord; and for three months before.  
No interim, not a minute's vacancy,  
Both day and night did we keep company.

*Enter OLIVIA and Attendants.*

*Duke.* Here comes the countess; now heaven walks on earth! 100  
But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are madness:

Three months this youth hath tended upon me;

But more of that anon. Take him aside.  
*Oli.* What would my lord, but that he may not have,

Wherein OLIVIA may seem serviceable?  
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

*Vio.* Madam!

*Duke.* Gracious OLIVIA,—

*Oli.* What do you say, Cesario? Good, my lord,—

*Vio.* My lord would speak; my duty hushes me. 110

*Oli.* If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,

It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear  
As howling after music.

*Duke.* Still so cruel?

*Oli.* Still so constant, lord.

*Duke.* What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,

To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars  
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd out

That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

*Oli.* Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

*Duke.* Why should I not, had I the heart to do it, 120

Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,  
Kill what I love? a savage jealousy  
That sometime savours nobly. But hear me this:

Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,  
And that I partly know the instrument  
That screws me from my true place in your favour,

Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still;  
But this your minion, whom I know you love,  
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,

Him will I tear out of that cruel eye, 130  
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.  
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief;

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,  
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.  
*Vio.* And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,  
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

*Oli.* Where goes Cesario?  
*Vio.* After him I love  
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,

More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.

If I do feign, you witnesses above, 140  
Punish my life for tainting of my love!

*Oli.* Ay me, detested! how am I beguill'd!  
*Vio.* Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

*Oli.* Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?

Call forth the holy father.

*Duke.* Come away!  
*Oli.* Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.

*Duke.* Husband!

*Oli.* Ay, husband: can he that deny?

*Duke.* Her husband, sirrah!

*Vio.* No, my lord, not I.

*Oli.* Alas! it is the baseness of thy fear

That makes thee strangle thy propriety. 150

Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up;  
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art

As great as that thou fear'st.

*Enter Priest.*

O welcome, father!

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,  
Here to unfold, though lately we intended  
To keep in darkness what occasion now  
Reveals before 't is ripe, what thou dost know  
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

*Priest.* A contract of eternal bond of love, 159

Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,  
Attested by the holy close of lips,  
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;

And all the ceremony of this compact  
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:

Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave

I have travelled but two hours.

*Duke.* O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be

When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?  
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow 169

That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?  
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet

Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

*Vio.* My lord, I do protest,—

*Oli.* O! do not swear:  
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

*Enter Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK.*

*Sir And.* For the love of God, a surgeon!  
send one presently to Sir Toby.

*Oli.* What's the matter?

*Sir And.* He has broke my head across, and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too. For the love of God, your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home. 181

*Oli.* Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

*Sir And.* The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

*Duke.* My gentleman, Cesario?

*Sir And.* 'Od's lifelings! here he is. You broke my head for nothing! and that that I did, I was set on to do 't by Sir Toby.

*Vio.* Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you: 190

You drew your sword upon me without cause; But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

*Sir And.* If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and Clown.*

Here comes Sir Toby halting; you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

*Duke.* How now, gentleman! how is 't with you? 200

*Sir To.* That 's all one: he has hurt me and there 's the end on 't. *Sot,* didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

*Clo.* O! he 's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago: his eyes were set at eight 't the morning.

*Sir To.* Then he 's a rogue, and a passy-measures pavin. I hate a drunken rogue.

*Oli.* Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

*Sir And.* I 'll help you, Sir Toby, because we 'll be dressed together. 211

*Sir To.* Will you help? an ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull!

*Oli.* Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

*Exeunt Clown, FABIAN, Sir TOBY, and Sir ANDREW.*

*Enter SEBASTIAN.*

*Seb.* I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman; But had it been the brother of my blood, I must have done no less with wit and safety.

You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that

I do perceive it hath offended you: 220

Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows We made each other but so late ago.

*Duke.* One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons;

A natural perspective, that is, and is not!

*Seb.* Antonio! O my dear Antonio!

How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me Since I have lost thee!

*Ant.* Sebastian are you?

*Seb.* Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

*Ant.* How have you made division of yourself?

An apple cleft in two is not more twin 230  
Than these two creatures. Which is

Sebastian?

*Oli.* Most wonderful!

*Seb.* Do I stand there? I never had a brother;

Nor can there be that deity in my nature, Of here and every where. I had a sister, Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.

Of charity, what kin are you to me?

What countryman? what name? what parentage?

*Vio.* Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;

Such a Sebastian was my brother too, 240  
So went he suited to his watery tomb.

If spirits can assume both form and suit You come to fright us.

*Seb.* A spirit I am indeed;

But am in that dimension grossly clad Which from the womb I did participate.

Were you a woman, as the rest goes even, I should my tears let fall upon your cheek, And say 'Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!'

*Vio.* My father had a mole upon his brow.

*Seb.* And so had mine. 250

*Vio.* And died that day when Viola from her birth

Had number'd thirteen years.

*Seb.* O! that record is lively in my soul. He finished indeed his mortal act

That day that made my sister thirteen years.

*Vio.* If nothing lets to make us happy both But this my masculine usurp'd attire,

Do not embrace me till each circumstance Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump

That I am Viola: which to confirm, 260

I 'll bring you to a captain in this town, Where lie my maiden weeds: by whose

gentle help I was preserv'd to serve this noble count.

All the occurrence of my fortune since Hath been between this lady and this lord.

*Seb.* To OLIVIA. So comes it, lady, you have been mistook;

But nature to her bias drew in that. You would have been contracted to a maid;

Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd. 269

You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

*Duke.* Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.

If this be so, as yet the glass seems true, I shall have share in this most happy wreck.

To VIOLA. Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times

Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

*Vio.* And all those sayings will I over-swear,

And all those swearings keep as true in soul As doth that orb'd continent the fire

That severs day from night.

*Duke.* Give me thy hand;

And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

*Vio.* The captain that did bring me first on shore 281

Hath my maid's garments: he upon some action

Is now in durance at Malvolio's suit,  
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

*Oli.* He shall enlarge him. Fetch Malvolio hither.

And yet, alas! now I remember me,  
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own  
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.

*Re-enter Clown, with a letter, and FABIAN.*

How does he, sirrah? 290

*Clo.* Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stove's end as well as a man in his case may do. He has here writ a letter to you: I should have given 't you to-day morning; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.

*Oli.* Open 't, and read it.

*Clo.* Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers the madman.

*By the Lord, madam,—* 300

*Oli.* How now! art thou mad?

*Clo.* No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow vox.

*Oli.* Prithee, read i' thy right wits.

*Clo.* So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

*Oli.* To FABIAN. Read it you, sirrah. 309

*Fab.* *By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of and speak out of my injury.*

THE MADLY-USED MALVOLIO.

*Oli.* Did he write this? 320

*Clo.* Ay, madam.

*Duke.* This savours not much of distraction.

*Oli.* See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither. *Exit FABIAN.*

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,

To think me as well a sister as a wife,  
One day shall crown the alliance on 't, so please you,

Here at my house and at my proper cost.

*Duke.* Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.

To VIOLA. Your master quits you; and for your service done him,

So much against the mettle of your sex, 330  
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,  
And since you call'd me master for so long,  
Here is my hand: you shall from this time be  
Your master's mistress.

*Oli.* A sister! you are she.

*Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO.*

*Duke.* Is this the madman?

*Oli.* Ay, my lord, this same.

How now, Malvolio!

*Mal.* Madam, you have done me wrong,  
Notorious wrong.

*Oli.* Have I, Malvolio? no.

*Mal.* Lady, you have. Pray you peruse that letter.

You must not now deny it is your hand: 335  
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase;

Or say 'tis not your seal nor your invention:  
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,

And tell me, in the modesty of honour,  
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,

Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,

To put on yellow stockings, and to frown

Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people;

And, acting this in an obedient hope,

Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd, 349  
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,

And made the most notorious geck and gull  
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

*Oli.* Alas! Malvolio, this is not my writing,

Though, I confess, much like the character;  
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand:

And now I do bethink me, it was she  
First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling,

And in such forms which here were pre-suppos'd

Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content:

This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee; 360

But when we know the grounds and authors of it,

Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge

Of thine own cause.

*Fab.* Good madam, hear me speak,  
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come  
Taint the condition of this present hour,  
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,

Most freely I confess, myself and Toby

Set this device against Malvolio here,

Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts 369

We had conceiv'd against him. Maria writ  
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;  
In recompense whereof he hath married her.

How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,  
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge

If that the injuries be justly weigh'd

That have on both sides pass'd.

*Oli.* Alas! poor fool, how have they baffled thee. 377

*Clo.* Why, 'some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness

thrown upon them.' I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all one. 'By the Lord, fool, I am not mad.' But do you remember? 'Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gag'd': and thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

*Mal.* I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you. *Exit.*

*Oli.* He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

*Duke.* Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace.

He hath not told us of the captain yet: 390  
When that is known and golden time con-  
vents,

A solemn combination shall be made  
Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,  
We will not part from hence. Cesario  
come;

For so you shall be, while you are a  
man;

But when in other habits you are seen,  
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen.

*Exeunt all, except Clown.*

*Clo.* When that I was and a little tiny boy,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;  
A foolish thing was but a toy, 400  
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;  
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut  
their gates,  
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;  
By swaggering could I never thrive,  
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my beds, 410  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;  
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,  
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;  
But that's all one, our play is done,  
And we'll strive to please you every  
day. *Exit.*

## THE WINTER'S TALE

**I**N *Macbeth*, the last of his great tragedies, Shakespeare emphasized the inevitability of consequence and the irrevocability of a deed. We learn from that play that what's done is not done; that consequences—in this life—follow inevitably upon deeds; and that what's done cannot be undone. In the light of these terrible truths even the stoutest hearts may well quail as they face that unknown to-morrow into which are projected the errors of to-day. Is there, then, no hope of escape? Is there not somewhere provided in the economy of Nature a healer that can mitigate at least the seeming cruelty and harshness of these inexorable laws? These, we believe, were the questions that troubled Shakespeare when in 1608 he laid aside his completed manuscript of *Macbeth*; and these were the questions that he attempted to answer when a year or two later he entered upon what we have come to call his "final period," the period of his great romances, *Cymbeline*, *The Tempest*, and *The Winter's Tale*.

We shall, perhaps, find no better opportunity than this to record our belief, that in writing these late plays Shakespeare gave no thought to dramatic experimentation. For him there no longer existed any laws of the drama. "Nice customs court'sy to great kings" and the drama's laws bow to so great a master as Shakespeare. There now opened before him visions of life which neither tragedy nor comedy could reveal. The master seized his instrument, it responded to his touch, and vision became reality. There was no experimentation about it. It belittles Shakespeare to assume that after *Hamlet*, *Lear*, *Othello* and *Macbeth* he could have been influenced, by any changing taste of the public or by the success of rival dramatists, to begin experimenting with new dramatic forms. The form was essential to his purpose—and the form appeared.

*The Winter's Tale* will serve well to illustrate our meaning. The first three Acts of this play are tragedy; the last two Acts, pastoral comedy. Connecting these two portions of the play is a Chorus, spoken by Time, ostensibly for the simple purpose of acquainting us with the fact that sixteen years have elapsed since the events set forth in the last scene of the third Act. We say ostensibly, for it has, in our judgment, a much deeper significance. Many have derided this Chorus as unworthy of Shakespeare even at his worst, while others have gone so far as to declare that Shakespeare never wrote it. As to its versification we will leave the dispute to the critics, although we are unable to see wherein the verse itself does not accord admirably with the purpose for which it was written. But that purpose is not merely to inform us; it is also to remind us. As a revealer of the underlying significance of this play TIME is the most important personage in it. Time reminds us that tragedy is not the last word in any true comment upon life. It is true that consequences are inevitable; that there is no possibility of undoing what is done. But so long as life remains, Time operates. For "thought's the slave of life, and life Time's fool." Time reminds us of his part in life's drama. He is the great healer, the great restorer. This is the one underlying fact of the play—a fact of which few are ignorant but of which all need constantly to be reminded. "Thou must be patient," says Lear. "Be cheerful, sir," says Prospero. Whatever our error, with its resulting pain, its grief or sorrow, we must be patient and we must be cheerful; for hear the words of Time:

"I that please some, try all; both joy and terror  
Of good and bad; that makes and unfolds error,  
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,  
To use my wings."

These words constitute the very heart of the play. Time pleases some, puts all to the test, is the joy of the good, the terror of the bad. Without Time there could be no error,

for life itself is dependent on Time. But—and here is the climax—Time is the revealer of error. Time does not cease with the catastrophe of tragedy; and it is within Time's power to transform tragedy into comedy, to mitigate consequences and to bring to pass reconciliation. The Chorus reveals the significance of both the form and the content of *The Winter's Tale*.

Nor is it only in the Chorus that we are reminded of the part that Time plays in life's drama. No one who reads those opening lines of Scene 2, Act I, should fail to observe that all the future action of the play springs from the error of disregarding a mere common sense respect for domestic proprieties. "Nine changes of the watery star"—nine months—is too long a time for any man, leaving his wife at home, to extend his visit even in the home of a childhood friend. Perhaps we might better say, especially in the home of a childhood friend; for the more intimate the friendship between guest and host the greater the danger of serious consequences. This is possibly too prosaic a statement to pass for criticism, but few will question its common sense; and we believe that Shakespeare, even "on the heights," never violates common sense.

It is, for instance, no mere accident that Shakespeare fixes so definitely the exact length of Polixenes' visit. It serves the double purpose of accounting for Leontes' sudden outbreak of jealousy and of giving a semblance of probability to his later rejection of the infant Perdita. Chiefly important is the explanation it affords for Leontes' sudden passion of jealousy.

We shall greatly misconceive the play if we look upon Leontes as a monstrosity. He is thoroughly human, generally beloved and respected, and of unusual attainments. It is because of these obviously good qualities in the man that his character has proved so puzzling to readers and critics. His jealousy does not manifestly spring from a "genuine jealousy of disposition," else Hermione would have observed it earlier and in her wisdom safeguarded him against it. It is not a sudden fit of perversity, for such fits do not last so long, withstand such efforts at correction, and finally carry their victims to such extremes. His jealousy is but a manifestation of the sudden giving way of his moral fibre, weakened by that prolonged period of sharing daily his wife's society with his dearest friend. That that period happens to correspond with the period of his wife's pregnancy further intensifies the strain upon his nature. Furthermore, the intimacy of his friendship with Polixenes and the necessity which good manners impose upon him to urge a longer stay, together with a long exercise of restraint lest he reveal any sign of impatience either to his wife or to his friend, add greatly to the strain under which he has long and perhaps almost unconsciously suffered. Let no man test the truth of this theory by experience. Rather let him read carefully the first 120 lines of this scene in the light of this comment. During 50 lines Leontes does not speak, but he cannot help overhearing—a psychologically significant fact. He is breaking under it. Hermione is in a particularly happy mood. At last she uses a fatally ambiguous word:

"The one forever earned a royal husband,  
The other for some while a *friend*."

That word *friend* fires the magazine; it is susceptible of the meaning of *paramour*. "To mingle *friendship* far," he cries, "is mingling bloods." His weakened fibre breaks and henceforth he is in the toils of the monster that has devoured thousands of men as good as he.

The rest is clear. The marvellous beauty and courage of Hermione under accusation; her disregard for her life compared with her honor; Paulina's challenge: "It is an heretic that makes the fire"; the death of Mamillius and the apparent death of Hermione; the vindication of the oracle. And then the mother's beauty living in Perdita; her mother's courage in "I was not much afear'd"; the shepherd's cottage upon which the sun shines as upon the court; the rogue Autolycus, whose thievery has enriched the world; and the final resurrection and reconciliation. But Mamillius is dead.

# THE WINTER'S TALE

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

LEONTES, *King of Sicilia.*  
 MAMILLIUS, *young Prince of Sicilia.*  
 CAMILLO,  
 ANTIGONUS, } *Lords of Sicilia.*  
 CLEOMENES, }  
 DION,  
 POLIXENES, *King of Bohemia.*  
 FLORIZEL, *Prince of Bohemia.*  
 ARCHIDAMUS, *a Lord of Bohemia.*  
 An old Shepherd, *reputed Father of Perdita.*  
 Clown, *his Son.*

AUTOLYCUS, *a Rogue.*  
 A Mariner.  
 A Gaoler.  
 HERMIONE, *Queen to Leontes.*  
 PERDITA, *Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.*  
 PAULINA, *Wife to Antigonus.*  
 EMILIA, *a Lady attending on Hermione.*  
 MOPSA, } *Shepherdesses.*  
 DORCAS, }

*Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen, Officers, and Servants, Shepherds and Shepherdesses, Guards, etc.*

TIME, as Chorus.

SCENE.—*Sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.*

## ACT I

SCENE I.—*Sicilia. An Antechamber in LEONTES' Palace.*

Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves: for indeed,—

Cam. Beseech you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say. We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed with interchange of gifts,

letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent, shook hands, as over a vast, and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young Prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him. It is a gallant child; one that indeed physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh; they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, and Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the watery star have been  
 The shepherd's note since we have left our throne

Without a burden: time as long again  
 Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;

And yet we should for perpetuity  
 Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cipher,

Yet standing in rich place, I multiply  
With one 'We thank you' many thousands  
more  
That go before it.

*Leon.* Stay your thanks awhile,  
And pay them when you part.

*Pol.* Sir, that's to-morrow.  
I am question'd by my fears, of what may  
chance

Or breed upon our absence; that may blow  
No sneaping winds at home, to make us  
say,

'This is put forth too truly!' Besides, I have  
stay'd

To tire your royalty.

*Leon.* We are tougher, brother,  
Than you can put us to 't.

*Pol.* No longer stay.

*Leon.* One seven-night longer.

*Pol.* Very sooth, to-morrow.

*Leon.* We'll part the time between's  
then; and in that

I'll no gainsaying.

*Pol.* Press me not, beseech you, so.  
There is no tongue that moves, none, none  
i' the world,

So soon as yours could win me: so it should  
now,

Were there necessity in your request, al-  
though

'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs  
Do even drag me homeward; which to  
hinder

Were in your love a whip to me; my stay  
to you a charge and trouble: to save both,  
Farewell, our brother.

*Leon.* Tongue-tied, our queen? speak  
you.

*Her.* I had thought, sir, to have held my  
peace until

You had drawn oaths from him not to stay.  
You, sir,

Charge him too coldly: tell him, you are  
sure

All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction  
The by-gone day proclaim'd: say this to  
him,

He's beat from his best ward.

*Leon.* Well said, Hermione.

*Her.* To tell he longs to see his son were  
strong:

But let him say so then, and let him go;  
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay.

We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.

To POLIXENES. Yet of your royal presence  
I'll adventure

The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia  
You take my lord, I'll give him my com-  
mission

To let him there a month behind the gest  
Prefix'd for's parting: yet, good deed,  
Leontes,

I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind  
What lady she her lord. You'll stay?

*Pol.* No, madam.

*Her.* Nay, but you will?

*Pol.* I may not, verily.

*Her.* Verily!  
You put me off with limber vows; but I,

Though you would seek to unsphere the  
stars with oaths,

Should yet say, 'Sir, no going.' Verily,

You shall not go: a lady's 'verily' 's

As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?

Force me to keep you as a prisoner,  
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees

When you depart, and save your thanks.  
How say you?

My prisoner or my guest? by your dread  
'verily,'

One of them you shall be.

*Pol.* Your guest then, madam:  
To be your prisoner should import offending;

Which is for me less easy to commit  
Than you to punish.

*Her.* Not your gaoler then.  
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question  
you

Of my lord's tricks and yours when you  
were boys:

You were pretty lordings then.

*Pol.* We were, fair queen,  
Two lads that thought there was no more  
behind

But such a day to-morrow as to-day,  
And to be boy eternal.

*Her.* Was not my lord the verier wag o'  
the two?

*Pol.* We were as twinn'd lambs that did  
frisk i' the sun,

And bleat the one at the other: what we  
chang'd

Was innocence for innocence; we knew not  
The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd

That any did. Had we pursu'd that life,  
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher  
rear'd

With stronger blood, we should have an-  
swer'd heaven

Boldly 'not guilty;' the imposition clear'd  
Hereditary ours.

*Her.* By this we gather  
You have tripp'd since.

*Pol.* O! my most sacred lady,  
Temptations have since then been born to's;

for

In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;  
Your precious self had then not cross'd the  
eyes

Of my young playfellow.

*Her.* Grace to boot! 80  
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say,  
Your queen and I are devils; yet, go on:

The offences we have made you do we'll  
answer,

If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us  
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd  
not

With any but with us.

*Leon.* Is he won yet?

*Her.* He'll stay, my lord.

*Leon.* At my request he would not.  
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st  
To better purpose.

*Her.* Never?

*Leon.* Never, but once.

*Her.* What! have I twice said well? when  
was 't before? 90

I prithee tell me; cram 's with praise, and make 's

As fat as tame things: one good deed dying tongueless

Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.

Our praises are our wages: you may ride 's

With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere

With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal:

My last good deed was to entreat his

stay:

What was my first? it has an elder sister,

Or I mistake you: O! would her name were

Grace.

But once before I spoke to the purpose:

when? 100

Nay, let me have 't; I long.

*Leon.* Why, that was when

Three crabbed months had sour'd them-

selves to death,

Ere I could make thee open thy white hand

And clap thyself my love: then didst thou

utter

'I am yours for ever.'

*Her.* 'T is grace indeed.

Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the pur-

pose twice:

The one for ever earn'd a royal husband,

The other for some while a friend.

*Giving her hand to POLIXENES.*

*Leon. Aside.* Too hot, too hot!

To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.

I have tremor cordis on me; my heart

dances; 110

But not for joy; not joy. This entertainment

May a free face put on, derive a liberty

From heartiness, from bounty's fertile

bosom,

And well become the agent: 't may, I grant;

But to be paddling palms, and pinching

fingers,

As now they are, and making practis'd

smiles,

As in a looking-glass; and then to sigh, as

't were

The mort o' the deer; O! that is entertain-

ment

My bosom likes not, nor my brows. Ma-

millius,

Art thou my boy?

*Mam.* Ay, my good lord.

*Leon.* I fecks!

Why, that's my bawcock. What! hast

smutch'd thy nose? 121

They say it's a copy out of mine. Come,

captain,

We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly,

captain:

And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,

Are all call'd neat. Still virginalling

Upon his palm! How now, you wanton calf!

Art thou my calf?

*Mam.* Yes, if you will, my lord.

*Leon.* Thou want'st a rough pash and the

shoots that I have,

To be full like me: yet they say we are

Almost as like as eggs; women say so, 130

That will say any thing: but were they false

As o'er-dyed blacks, as wind, as waters, false

As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes

No bourn 'twixt his and mine, yet were it true

To say this boy were like me. Come, sir

page,

Look on me with your welkin eye: sweet

villain!

Most dear'st! my collop! Can thy dam?—

may 't be?—

Affection! thy intention stabs the centre:

Thou dost make possible things not so held,

Communicat'st with dreams;—how can this

be?— 140

With what's unreal thou co-active art,

And fellow'st nothing: then 't is very credent

Thou may'st co-join with something; and

thou dost.

And that beyond commission, and I find it,

And that to the infection of my brains

And hardening of my brows.

*Pol.* What means Sicilia?

*Her.* He something seems unsettled.

*Pol.* How, my lord!

What cheer? how is 't with you, best

brother?

*Her.* You look

As if you held a brow of much distraction:

Are you mov'd, my lord?

*Leon.* No, in good earnest. 150

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,

Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime

To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines

Of my boy's face, methought I did recoil

Twenty-three years, and saw myself un-

breech'd,

In my green velvet coat, my dagger muzzled,

Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,

As ornaments oft do, too dangerous:

How like, methought, I then was to this

kernel,

This squash, this gentleman. Mine honest

friend, 160

Will you take eggs for money?

*Mam.* No, my lord, I'll fight.

*Leon.* You will! why, happy man be 's

dole! My brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince as we

Do seem to be of ours?

*Pol.* If at home, sir,

He 's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter,

Now my sworn friend and then mine enemy;

My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:

He makes a July's day short as December,

And with his varying childness cures in

me 170

Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

*Leon.* So stands this squire

Off'd with me. We two will walk, my lord,

And leave you to your graver steps. Her-

mione,

How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's

welcome:

Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap.

Next to thyself and my young rover, he 's

Apparent to my heart.

*Her.* If you would seek us,

We are yours i' the garden: shall 's attend

you there?

*Leon.* To your own bents dispose you:

you 'll be found,

Be you beneath the sky. *Aside.* I am angling now, 180  
 Though you perceive me not how I give line.  
 Go to, go to!  
 How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!  
 And arms her with the boldness of a wife  
 To her allowing husband!

*Exeunt POLIXENES, HERMIONE, and Attendants.*

*Gone already!*

Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one!

Go play, boy, play; thy mother plays, and I Play too, but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue

Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour

Will be my knell. Go play, boy, play. There have been, 190

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now; And many a man there is, even at this present,

Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,

That little thinks she has been sluic'd in 's absence,

And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there 's comfort in 't,

Whiles other men have gates, and those gates open'd,

As mine, against their will. Should all despair

That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind

Would hang themselves. Physic for 't there is none; 200

It is a bawdy planet, that will strike Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,

From east, west, north, and south: be it concluded,

No barricado for a belly: know 't; It will let in and out the enemy

With bag and baggage. Many a thousand on 's

Have the disease, and feel 't not. How now, boy!

*Mam.* I am like you, they say. *Leon.* Why, that 's some comfort.

What! Camillo there?

*Cam.* Ay, my good lord. 210 *Leon.* Go play, Mamillius; thou 'rt an honest man.

*Exit MAMILLIUS.* Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

*Cam.* You had much ado to make his anchor hold:

When you cast out, it still came home. *Leon.* Didst note it?

*Cam.* He would not stay at your petitions; made

His business more material. *Leon.* Didst perceive it?

*Aside.* They 're here with me already, whispering, rounding

'*Sicilia is a so-forth,*' 'Tis far gone, When I shall gust it last. How came 't, Camillo,

That he did stay?

*Cam.* At the good queen's entreaty.

*Leon.* At the queen's, be 't: 'good' should be pertinent; 221

But so it is, it is not. Was this taken By any understanding pate but thine?

For thy conceit is soaking; will draw in More than the common blocks: not noted, is 't,

But of the finer natures? by some severals Of head-piece extraordinary; lower messes

Perchance are to this business purblind? say.

*Cam.* Business, my lord! I think most understand

Bohemia stays here longer. *Leon.* Ha!

*Cam.* Stays here longer. *Leon.* Ay, but why? 231

*Cam.* To satisfy your highness and the entreaties

Of our most gracious mistress. *Leon.* Satisfy!

The entreaties of your mistress! satisfy! Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,

With all the nearest things to my heart, as well

My chamber-councils, wherein priest-like, thou

Hast cleans'd my bosom: I from thee departed

Thy penitent reform'd; but we have been Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd 240

In that which seems so. *Cam.* Be it forbid, my lord!

*Leon.* To bide upon 't, thou art not honest; or,

If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward, Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining

From course requir'd; or else thou must be counted

A servant grafted in my serious trust, And therein negligent; or else a fool

That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,

And tak'st it all for jest. *Cam.* My gracious lord,

I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful; 250 In every one of these no man is free,

But that his negligence, his folly, fear, Among the infinite doings of the world,

Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,

If ever I were wilful-negligent, It was my folly; if industriously

I play'd the fool, it was my negligence, Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful

To do a thing, where I the issue doubted, Whereof the execution did cry out 260

Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,

Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty Is never free of: but, beseech your grace,

Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass

By its own visage; if I then deny it, 'T is none of mine.

*Leon.* Ha? not you seen, Camillo,—

But that's past doubt; you have, or your  
eye-glass  
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn,—or  
heard,—

For to a vision so apparent rumour 270  
Cannot be mute,—or thought,—for cogitation

Resides not in that man that does not  
think,—

My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,  
Or else be impudently negative,  
To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought, then  
say

My wife's a hobby-horse, deserves a name  
As rank as any flax-wench that puts to  
Before her troth-plight: say 't and justify 't.

*Cam.* I would not be a stander-by, to hear  
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without  
My present vengeance taken: 'shrew my  
heart, 281

You never spoke what did become you less  
Than this; which to reiterate were sin  
As deep as that, though true.

*Leon.* Is whispering nothing?  
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?  
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career  
Of laughter with a sigh? a note infallible  
Of breaking honesty; horsing foot on foot?  
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more  
swift?

Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all  
eyes 290

Blind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs  
only,

That would unseen be wicked? is this  
nothing?

Why, then the world and all that is in 't is  
nothing;

The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia  
nothing;

My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these  
nothings,

If this be nothing.

*Cam.* Good my lord, be cur'd  
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;  
For 'tis most dangerous.

*Leon.* Say it be; 't is true.

*Cam.* No, no, my lord.

*Leon.* It is; you lie, you lie:  
I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee; 300

Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless  
slave,

Or else a hovering temporizer, that  
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and  
evil,

Inclining to them both: were my wife's liver  
Infected as her life, she would not live

The running of one glass.

*Cam.* Who does infect her?

*Leon.* Why, he that wears her like her  
medal, hanging

About his neck, Bohemia: who, if I  
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes

To see alike mine honour as their profits, 310  
Their own particular thrifts, they would do  
that

Which should undo more doing: ay, and  
thou,

His cup-bearer, whom I from meaner form

Have bench'd and rear'd to worship, who  
may'st see

Plainly as heaven sees earth, and earth sees  
heaven,

How I am galled, might'st bespice a cup,  
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;

Which draught to me were cordial.

*Cam.* Sir, my lord,  
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,  
But with a lingering dram that should not  
work 320

Maliciously like poison: but I cannot  
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,  
So sovereignly being honourable.

I have lov'd thee,—

*Leon.* Make that thy question, and go rot!  
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,

To appoint myself in this vexation; sully  
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,

Which to preserve is sleep; which being  
spotted

Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps;  
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my  
son, 330

Who I do think is mine, and love as mine,  
Without ripe moving to 't? Would I do this?

Could man so blench?

*Cam.* I must believe you, sir:  
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for 't;

Provided that when he's remov'd, your  
highness

Will take again your queen as yours at first,  
Even for your son's sake; and thereby for  
sealing

The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms  
Known and allied to yours.

*Leon.* Thou dost advise me  
Even so as I mine own course have set  
down: 340

I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

*Cam.* My lord,  
Go then; and with a countenance as clear  
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with  
Bohemia,

And with your queen. I am his cup-bearer;  
If from me he have wholesome beverage,  
Account me not your servant.

*Leon.* This is all:  
Do 't, and thou hast the one half of my  
heart;

Do 't not, thou split'st thine own.

*Cam.* I'll do 't, my lord.

*Leon.* I will seem friendly, as thou hast  
advise'd me. *Exit.*

*Cam.* O miserable lady! But, for me, 351  
What case stand I in? I must be the  
poisoner

Of good Polixenes; and my ground to do 't  
Is the obedience to a master; one

Who in rebellion with himself will have  
All that are his so too. To do this deed

Promotion follows. If I could find example  
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings,  
And flourish'd after, I'd not do 't; but  
since

Nor brass nor stone nor parchment bears  
not one, 360

Let villany itself forswear 't. I must  
Forsake the court: to do 't, or no, is certain

To me a break-neck. Happy star reign now!  
Here comes Bohemia.

*Re-enter POLIXENES.*

*Pol.* This is strange: methinks  
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?  
Good day, Camillo.

*Cam.* Hail, most royal sir!

*Pol.* What is the news i' the court?

*Cam.* None rare, my lord.

*Pol.* The king hath on him such a countenance

As he had lost some province and a region  
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met  
him

With customary compliment, when he,  
Wasting his eyes to the contrary, and falling  
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me  
and

So leaves me to consider what is breeding  
That changes thus his manners.

*Cam.* I dare not know, my lord.

*Pol.* How! dare not! do not! Do you  
know, and dare not

Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts;  
For, to yourself, what you do know, you  
must,

And cannot say you dare not. Good Ca-  
millo, 389

Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror  
Which shows me mine chang'd too; for I  
must be

A party in this alteration, finding  
Myself thus alter'd with 't.

*Cam.* There is a sickness  
Which puts some of us in distemper; but  
I cannot name the disease, and it is caught  
Of you that yet are well.

*Pol.* How caught of me?  
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:  
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped  
the better

By my regard, but kill'd none so. Ca-  
millo, 390

As you are certainly a gentleman, thereto  
Clerk-like experienc'd, which no less adorns  
Our gentry than our parents' noble names,  
In whose success we are gentle, I beseech  
you,

If you know aught which does behove my  
knowledge

Thereof to be inform'd, imprison 't not  
In ignorant concealment.

*Cam.* I may not answer.

*Pol.* A sickness caught of me, and yet I  
well!

I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, Ca-  
millo;

I conjure thee, by all the parts of man 400  
Which honour does acknowledge, whereof  
the least

Is not this suit of mine, that thou declare  
What incidency thou dost guess of harm  
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how  
near;

Which way to be prevented if to be;

If not, how best to bear it.

*Cam.* Sir, I will tell you;  
Since I am charg'd in honour and by him

That I think honourable. Therefore mark  
my counsel,

Which must be even as swiftly follow'd as  
I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me  
Cry 'lost,' and so good night! 411

*Pol.* On, good Camillo.

*Cam.* I am appointed him to murder you.

*Pol.* By whom, Camillo?

*Cam.* By the king.

*Pol.* For what?

*Cam.* He thinks, nay, with all confidence  
he swears,

As he had seen 't or been an instrument  
To vice you to 't, that you have touch'd his  
queen

Forbiddenly.

*Pol.* O! then my blest blood turn  
To an infected jelly, and my name  
Be yok'd with his that did betray the Best;  
Turn then my freshest reputation to 420  
A savour that may strike the dullest nostril  
Where I arrive; and my approach be  
shunn'd,

Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st in-  
fection

That e'er was heard or read!

*Cam.* Swear his thought over  
By each particular star in heaven and  
By all their influences, you may as well  
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon  
As or by oath remove or counsel shake  
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation  
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue 430  
The standing of his body.

*Pol.* How should this grow?  
*Cam.* I know not: but I am sure 't is safer  
to

Avoid what's grown than question how 'tis  
born.

If therefore you dare trust my honesty,  
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you  
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night!  
Your followers I will whisper to the business,  
And will by twos and threes at several  
posterns

Clear them o' the city. For myself, I'll put  
My fortunes to your service, which are  
here 440

By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;  
For, by the honour of my parents, I  
Have utter'd truth, which if you seek to  
prove,

I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer  
Than one condemn'd by the king's own  
mouth, thereon

His execution sworn.

*Pol.* I do believe thee:  
I saw his heart in 's face. Give me thy  
hand:

Be pilot to me and thy places shall  
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready  
and

My people did expect my hence departure  
Two days ago. This jealousy 451

Is for a precious creature: as she's rare  
Must it be great, and as his person's mighty  
Must it be violent, and as he does conceive  
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever  
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must

In that be made more bitter. Fear o'er-shades me:  
 Good expedition be my friend, and comfort  
 The gracious queen, part of his theme, but  
 nothing  
 Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo:  
 I will respect thee as a father if I saw 461  
 Thou bear'st my life off hence: let us avoid.  
*Cam.* It is in mine authority to command  
 The keys of all the posterns: please your  
 highness  
 To take the urgent hour. Come, sir: away!  
*Exeunt.*

## ACT II

SCENE I.—*Sicilia. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and Ladies.*

*Her.* Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,

'Tis past enduring.

*First Lady.* Come, my gracious lord, Shall I be your playfellow?

*Mam.* No, I'll none of you.

*First Lady.* Why, my sweet lord?

*Mam.* You'll kiss me hard and speak to me as if

I were a baby still. I love you better.

*Second Lady.* And why so, my lord?

*Mam.* Not for because Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,

Become some women best, so that there be not

Too much hair there, but in a semicircle, 10  
 Or a half-moon made with a pen.

*Second Lady.* Who taught you this?

*Mam.* I learn'd it out of women's faces.  
 Pray now,

What colour are your eyebrows?

*First Lady.* Blue, my lord.

*Mam.* Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a lady's nose

That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

*Second Lady.* Hark ye: The queen your mother rounds apace: we shall

Present our services to a fine new prince  
 One of these days; and then you'd wanton  
 with us,

If we would have you.

*First Lady.* She is spread of late  
 Into a goodly bulk: good time encounter  
 her! 20

*Her.* What wisdom stirs amongst you?

Come, sir; now

I am for you again: pray you, sit by us,  
 And tell's a tale.

*Mam.* Merry or sad shall't be?

*Her.* As merry as you will.

*Mam.* A sad tale's best for winter.  
 I have one of sprites and goblins.

*Her.* Let's have that, good sir.

Come on, sit down: come on, and do your  
 best

To fright me with your sprites: you're  
 powerful at it.

*Mam.* There was a man,—

*Her.* Nay, come, sit down; then on.

*Mam.* Dwelt by a churchyard. I will tell  
 it softly; 30

Yond crickets shall not hear it.

*Her.* Come on then,  
 And give't me in mine ear.

*Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and  
 Others.*

*Leon.* Was he met there? his train?  
 Camillo with him?

*First Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met  
 them: never

Saw I men scour so on their way: I eyed  
 them

Even to their ships.

*Leon.* How blest am I  
 In my just censure, in my true opinion!

Alack, for lesser knowledge! how accurs'd  
 In being so blest! There may be in the cup  
 A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,  
 And yet partake no venom, for his knowl-  
 edge 41

Is not infected; but if one present

The abhorrd ingredient to his eye, make  
 known

How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his  
 sides,

With violent hefts. I have drunk, and seen  
 the spider.

Camillo was his help in this, his pandar:  
 There is a plot against my life, my crown;  
 All's true that is mistrusted: that false  
 villain

Whom I employ'd was pre-employ'd by  
 him:

He has discover'd my design, and I 50  
 Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick

For them to play at will. How came the  
 posterns

So easily open?

*First Lord.* By his great authority;  
 Which often hath no less prevail'd than so  
 On your command.

*Leon.* I know't too well.  
 Give me the boy: I am glad you did not  
 nurse him:

Though he does bear some signs of me, yet  
 you

Have too much blood in him.

*Her.* What is this? sport?

*Leon.* Bear the boy hence; he shall not  
 come about her;

Away with him! and let her sport herself 60  
 With that she's big with; for'tis Polixenes  
 Has made thee swell thus.

*Her.* But I'd say he had not,  
 And I'll be sworn you would believe my  
 saying,

Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

*Leon.* You, my lords,  
 Look on her, mark her well; be but about  
 To say 'she is a goodly lady,' and

The justice of your hearts will thereto add  
 'Tis pity she's not honest, honourable':

Praise her but for this her without-door  
 form,

Which on my faith deserves high speech,  
 and straight

The shrug, the hum or ha, these petty brands  
That calumny doth use—O, I am out!—  
That mercy does, for calumny will sear  
Virtue itself: these shrugs, these hums and  
ha's,  
When you have said 'she's goodly,' come  
between  
Ere you can say 'she's honest.' But be't  
known,  
From him that has most cause to grieve it  
should be,  
She's an adulteress.

*Her.* Should a villain say so,  
The most replenish'd villain in the world,  
He were as much more villain: you, my  
lord, 30

Do but mistake.

*Leon.* You have mistook, my lady,  
Polixenes for Leontes. O thou thing!  
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,  
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,  
Should a like language use to all degrees,  
And mannerly distinguishment leave out  
Betwixt the prince and beggar: I have said  
She's an adulteress; I have said with  
whom:

More, she's a traitor; and Camillo is  
A federy with her, and one that knows 90  
What she should shame to know herself  
But with her most vile principal, that she's  
A bed-swarver, even as bad as those  
That vulgarly give bold'st titles; ay, and  
privy

To this their late escape.

*Her.* No, by my life,  
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve  
you

When you shall come to clearer knowledge  
that

You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my  
lord,

You scarce can right me thoroughly then to  
say

You did mistake.

*Leon.* No; if I mistake 100  
In those foundations which I build upon,  
The centre is not big enough to bear  
A school-boy's top. Away with her to  
prison!

He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty  
But that he speaks.

*Her.* There's some ill planet reigns:  
I must be patient till the heavens look  
With an aspect more favourable. Good my  
lords,

I am not prone to weeping, as our sex  
Commonly are; the want of which vain  
dew

Perchance shall dry your pities; but I  
have 110

That honourable grief lodg'd here which  
burns

Worse than tears down. Beseech you all,  
my lords,

With thoughts so qualified as your charities  
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so  
The king's will be perform'd!

*Leon.* Shall I be heard?

*Her.* Who is't that goes with me? Be-  
seech your highness,

My women may be with me; for you see  
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good  
fools;

There is no cause: when you shall know  
your mistress

Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears 120  
As I come out: this action I now go on  
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord:

I never wish'd to see you sorry; now  
I trust I shall. My women, come; you have  
leave.

*Leon.* Go, do our bidding; hence!

*Exit Queen, guarded; with Ladies.*

*First Lord.* Beseech your highness, call  
the queen again.

*Ant.* Be certain what you do, sir, lest your  
justice

Prove violence; in the which three great  
ones suffer,

Yourself, your queen, your son.

*First Lord.* For her, my lord,  
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir, 130

Please you to accept it, that the queen is  
spotless

I' the eyes of heaven and to you: I mean,  
In this which you accuse her.

*Ant.* If it prove  
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where  
I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her;

Than when I feel and see her no further  
trust her;

For every inch of woman in the world,  
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh is false,

If she be.

*Leon.* Hold your peaces!

*First Lord.* Good my lord,—

*Ant.* It is for you we speak, not for our-  
selves. 140

You are abus'd, and by some putter-on  
That will be damn'd for't; would I knew  
the villain,

I would land-damn him. Be she honour-  
flaw'd,—

I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven,  
The second and the third, nine, and some  
five;

If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by  
mine honour,

I'll geld them all; fourteen they shall not  
see,

To bring false generations: they are co-  
heirs;

And I had rather glib myself than they 150  
Should not produce fair issue.

*Leon.* Cease! no more,  
You smell this business with a sense as cold  
As is a dead man's nose; but I do see't

and feel't,

As you feel doing thus, and see withal  
The instruments that feel.

*Ant.* If it be so,  
We need no grave to bury honesty:

There's not a grain of it the face to sweeten  
Of the whole dungy earth.

*Leon.* What! lack I credit?

*First Lord.* I had rather you did lack than  
I, my lord,

Upon this ground; and more it would content me

To have her honour true than your suspicion. 160

Be blam'd for 't how you might.

*Leon.* Why, what need we Commune with you of this, but rather follow Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness

Imparts this; which if you, or stupefied Or seeming so in skill, cannot or will not Relish a truth like us, inform yourselves, We need no more of your advice: the matter, The loss, the gain, the ordering on 't, is all Properly ours.

*Ant.* And I wish, my liege, 170 You had only in your silent judgment tried it, Without more overture.

*Leon.* How could that be? Either thou art most ignorant by age, Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight, Added to their familiarity, Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,

That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation

But only seeing, all other circumstances Made up to the deed, doth push on this proceeding:

Yet, for a greater confirmation, 180 For in an act of this importance 't were Most piteous to be wild, I have dispatch'd in post

To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple, Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know Of stuff'd sufficiency. Now from the oracle They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,

Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well? *First Lord.* Well done, my lord.

*Leon.* Though I am satisfied and need no more

Than what I know, yet shall the oracle 190 Give rest to the minds of others, such as he Whose ignorant credulity will not

Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good

From our free person she should be confin'd, Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence

Be left her to perform. Come, follow us: We are to speak in public; for this business

Will raise us all.

*Ant. Aside.* To laughter, as I take it, If the good truth were known. *Exeunt.* 200

SCENE II.—*The Same. The outer Room of a Prison.*

*Enter PAULINA and Attendants.*

*Paul.* The keeper of the prison, call to him:

Let him have knowledge who I am.

*Exit an Attendant.*

Good lady, No court in Europe is too good for thee; What dost thou then in prison?

*Re-enter Attendant, with the Gaoler.*

Now, good sir,

You know me, do you not?

*Gaoler.* For a worthy lady And one whom much I honour.

*Paul.* Pray you then, Conduct me to the queen.

*Gaoler.* I may not, madam: to the contrary

I have express commandment.

*Paul.* Here 's ado, To lock up honesty and honour from 10

The access of gentle visitors! Is 't lawful, pray you,

To see her women? any of them? *Emilia?*

*Gaoler.* So please you, madam, To put apart these your attendants, I

Shall bring Emilia forth. *Paul.* I pray now, call her.

Withdraw yourselves. *Exeunt Attendants.*

*Gaoler.* And, madam,

I must be present at your conference.

*Paul.* Well, be 't so, prithee. *Exit Gaoler.* Here 's such ado to make no stain a stain, As passes colouring.

*Re-enter Gaoler, with EMILIA.*

Dear gentlewoman, 20

How fares our gracious lady?

*Emil.* As well as one so great and so forlorn

May hold together. On her frights and griefs,

Which never tender lady hath borne greater, She is something before her time deliver'd.

*Paul.* A boy?

*Emil.* A daughter; and a goodly babe, Lusty and like to live: the queen receives

Much comfort in 't; says 'My poor prisoner, I am innocent as you.'

*Paul.* I dare be sworn: These dangerous unsafe lures i' the king,

beswore them! 30

He must be told on 't, and he shall: the office

Becomes a woman best; I'll take 't upon me.

If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister,

And never to my red-look'd anger be The trumpet any more. Pray you, Emilia,

Command my best obedience to the queen: If she dares trust me with her little babe,

I'll show 't the king and undertake to be Her advocate to the loud'st. We do not

know

How he may soften at the sight o' the child: 40

The silence often of pure innocence Persuades when speaking fails.

*Emil.* Most worthy madam, Your honour and your goodness is so evident

That your free undertaking cannot miss A thriving issue: there is no lady living

So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship

To visit the next room, I'll presently Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer, Who but to-day hammer'd of this design,

But durst not tempt a minister of honour, 50  
Lest she should be denied.

*Paul.* Tell her, Emilia,  
I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow  
from 't  
As boldness from my bosom, let 't not be  
doubted

I shall do good.

*Emil.* Now be you blest for it!  
I'll to the queen. Please you, come some-  
thing nearer.

*Gaoler.* Madam, if 't please the queen to  
send the babe,

I know not what I shall incur to pass it,  
Having no warrant.

*Paul.* You need not fear it, sir:  
The child was prisoner to the womb, and is  
By law and process of great nature thence 60  
Freed and enfranchis'd; not a party to  
The anger of the king, nor guilty of,  
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

*Gaoler.* I do believe it.

*Paul.* Do not you fear: upon mine hon-  
our, I  
Will stand betwixt you and danger. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Room in the  
Palace.*

*Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and  
other Attendants.*

*Leon.* Nor night nor day no rest: it is  
but weakness  
To bear the matter thus; mere weakness.

If  
The cause were not in being,—part o' the  
cause,

She the adulteress; for the harlot king  
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank  
And level of my brain, plot-proof; but she  
I can hook to me: say that she were  
gone,

Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest  
Might come to me again. Who 's there?

*First Atten.* My lord.

*Leon.* How does the boy?

*First Atten.* He took good rest to-night;  
'Tis hop'd his sickness is discharg'd. 11

*Leon.* To see his nobleness!

Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,  
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply,  
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on 't in him-  
self,

Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,  
And downright languish'd. Leave me  
solely go.

See how he fares. *Exit Attendant.*

Fie, fie! no thought of him:  
The very thought of my revenges that way  
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty, 20  
And in his parties, his alliance; let him be  
Until a time may serve: for present ven-  
geance.

Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes  
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my  
sorrow:

They should not laugh if I could reach them,  
nor  
Shall she within my power.

*Enter PAULINA, with a Child.*

*First Lord.* You must not enter.

*Paul.* Nay, rather, good my lords, be  
second to me:

Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas!  
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent  
soul,

More free than he is jealous.

*Ant.* That 's enough.

*Second Attend.* Madam, he hath not slept  
to-night; commanded 31

None should come at him.

*Paul.* Not so hot, good sir:

I come to bring him sleep. 'T is such as you,  
That creep like shadows by him and do sigh  
At each his needless heavings, such as you

Nourish the cause of his awaking: I  
Do come with words as med'cinal as true,

Honest as either, to purge him of that  
humour

That presses him from sleep.

*Leon.* What noise there, ho?

*Paul.* No noise, my lord; but needful con-  
ference 40

About some gossips for your highness.

*Leon.* How!

Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus,  
I charg'd thee that she should not come

about me:

I knew she would.

*Ant.* I told her so, my lord,  
On your displeasure's peril and on mine,  
She should not visit you.

*Leon.* What! canst not rule her!

*Paul.* From all dishonesty he can: in this,  
Unless he take the course that you have  
done,

Commit me for committing honour, trust it,  
He shall not rule me.

*Ant.* La you now! you hear;  
When she will take the rein I let her run; 51  
But she 'll not stumble.

*Paul.* Good my liege, I come;  
And I beseech you, hear me, who professes  
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,  
Your most obedient counsellor, yet that  
dares

Less appear so in comforting your evils  
Than such as most seem yours: I say I come  
From your good queen.

*Leon.* Good queen!

*Paul.* Good queen, my lord, good queen;  
I say, good queen;

And would by combat make her good, so  
were I 60

A man, the worst about you.

*Leon.* Force her hence.

*Paul.* Let him that makes but trifles of  
his eyes

First hand me: on mine own accord I 'll off;  
But first I 'll do my errand. The good queen,  
For she is good, hath brought you forth a  
daughter:

Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

*Laying down the Child.*

*Leon.* Out!

A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o'  
door:

A most intelligencing bawd!

*Paul.* Not so:  
I am as ignorant in that as you  
In so entitling me, and no less honest 70  
Than you are mad: which is enough, I'll  
warrant,  
As this world goes, to pass for honest.  
*Leon.* Traitors!  
Will you not push her out? Give her the  
bastard.  
To ANTIGONUS, Thou dotard! thou art  
woman-tir'd, unroosted  
By thy dame Partlet here. Take up the  
bastard;  
Take 't up, I say; give 't to thy crone.  
*Paul.* For ever  
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou  
Tak'st up the princess by that forced base-  
ness  
Which he has put upon 't!  
*Leon.* He dreads his wife.  
*Paul.* So I would you did; then 'twere  
past all doubt 80  
You'd call your children yours.  
*Leon.* A nest of traitors!  
*Ant.* I am none, by this good light.  
*Paul.* Nor I; nor any  
But one that's here, and that's himself;  
for he  
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,  
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to  
slander,  
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's;  
and will not,  
For, as the case now stands, it is a curse  
He cannot be compell'd to 't, once remove  
The root of his opinion, which is rotten  
As ever oak or stone was sound.  
*Leon.* A callat  
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat  
her husband 91  
And now baits me! This brat is none of  
mine;  
It is the issue of Polixenes.  
Hence with it; and together with the dam  
Commit them to the fire!  
*Paul.* It is yours;  
And, might we lay the old proverb to your  
charge,  
'So like you, 't is the worse.' Behold, my  
lords,  
Although the print be little, the whole mat-  
ter  
And copy of the father; eye, nose, lip,  
The trick of 's frown, his forehead, nay, the  
valley, 100  
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek,  
his smiles,  
The very mould and frame of hand, nail,  
finger:  
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast  
made it  
So like to him that got it, if thou hast  
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all  
colours  
No yellow in 't; lest she suspect, as he does,  
Her children not her husband's.  
*Leon.* A gross hag!  
And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd, 109  
That wilt not stay her tongue.

*Ant.* Hang all the husbands  
That cannot do that feat, you 'll leave your-  
self  
Hardly one subject.  
*Leon.* Once more, take her hence.  
*Paul.* A most unworthy and unnatural  
lord  
Can do no more.  
*Leon.* I'll ha' thee burn'd.  
*Paul.* I care not:  
It is an heretic that makes the fire,  
Not she which burns in 't. I'll not call you  
tyrant;  
But this most cruel usage of your queen,  
Not able to produce more accusation  
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy, some-  
thing savours  
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you, 120  
Yea, scandalous to the world.  
*Leon.* On your allegiance,  
Out of the chamber with her! Were I a  
tyrant,  
Where were her life? she durst not call  
me so  
If she did know me one. Away with her!  
*Paul.* I pray you do not push me; I'll be  
gone.  
Look to your babe, my lord; 't is yours:  
Jove send her  
A better guiding spirit! What needs these  
hands?  
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,  
Will never do him good, not one of you.  
So, so: farewell; we are gone. *Exit.*  
*Leon.* Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife  
to this. 131  
My child! away with 't! Even thou, that  
hast  
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence  
And see it instantly consum'd with fire:  
Even thou and none but thou. Take it  
up straight:  
Within this hour bring me word 't is done,  
And by good testimony, or I'll seize thy  
life,  
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou  
refuse  
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so:  
The bastard brains with these my proper  
hands 140  
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;  
For thou set'st on thy wife.  
*Ant.* I did not, sir:  
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,  
Can clear me in 't.  
*First Lord.* We can, my royal liege:  
He is not guilty of her coming hither.  
*Leon.* You are liars all.  
*First Lord.* Beseech your highness, give  
us better credit:  
We have always truly serv'd you, and be-  
seech you  
So to esteem of us; and on our knees we  
beg,  
As recompense of our dear services 150  
Past and to come, that you do change this  
purpose,  
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must  
Lead on to some foul issue. We all kneel.

*Leon.* I am a feather for each wind that blows.

Shall I live on to see this bastard kneel  
And call me father? Better burn it now  
Than curse it then. But be it; let it live:  
It shall not neither. You, sir, come you  
hither;

You that have been so tenderly officious  
With Lady Margery, your midwife there, 160  
To save this bastard's life, for 't is a bastard  
So sure as this beard's grey, what will you  
adventure

To save this brat's life?

*Ant.* Any thing, my lord,  
That my ability may undergo,  
And nobleness impose: at least thus much:  
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,  
To save the innocent: any thing possible.

*Leon.* It shall be possible. Swear by  
this sword  
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

*Ant.* I will, my lord.  
*Leon.* Mark and perform it, seest thou!  
for the fail 170

Of any point in 't shall not only be  
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongued  
wife,

Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin  
thee,

As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry  
This female bastard hence; and that thou  
bear it

To some remote and desert place quite out  
Of our dominions; and that there thou  
leave it,

Without more mercy, to its own protection  
And favour of the climate. As by strange  
fortune 179

It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,  
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,  
That thou commend it strangely to some  
place

Where chance may nurse or end it. Take  
it up.

*Ant.* I swear to do this, though a present  
death  
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor  
babe:

Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and  
ravens

To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they  
say,

Casting their savageness aside have done  
Like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous

In more than this deed doth require! And  
blessing 180

Against this cruelty fight on thy side,  
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!

*Leon.* *Exit with the Child.*  
No; I'll not rear  
Another's issue.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Please your highness, posts  
From those you sent to the oracle are come  
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,  
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both  
landed,  
Hasting to the court.

*First Lord.* So please you, sir, their speed  
Hath been beyond account.

*Leon.* Twenty-three days  
They have been absent: 't is good speed;  
foretells

The great Apollo suddenly will have 200  
The truth of this appear. Prepare you,  
lords;

Summon a session, that we may arraign  
Our most disloyal lady; for, as she hath  
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have  
A just and open trial. While she lives  
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me,  
And think upon my bidding. *Exeunt.*

### ACT III

#### SCENE I.—A Sea-port in Sicilia.

*Enter CLEOMENES and DION.*

*Cleo.* The climate's delicate, the air most  
sweet,  
Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing  
The common praise it bears.

*Dion.* I shall report,  
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,  
Methinks I so should term them, and the  
reverence

Of the grave wearers. O! the sacrifice;  
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly  
It was i' the offering!

*Cleo.* But of all, the burst  
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,  
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my  
sense, 10

That I was nothing.

*Dion.* If the event o' the journey  
Prove as successful to the queen, O, be 't so!  
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant,  
speedy.

The time is worth the use on 't.

*Cleo.* Great Apollo  
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,  
So forcing faults upon Hermione,  
I little like.

*Dion.* The violent carriage of it  
Will clear or end the business: when the  
oracle,

Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,  
Shall the contents discover, something rare 20  
Even then will rush to knowledge. Go:  
fresh horses!

And gracious be the issue! *Exeunt.*

#### SCENE II.—Sicilia. A Court of Justice.

*Enter LEONTES, Lords, and Officers.*

*Leon.* These sessions, to our great grief  
we pronounce,  
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: the party  
tried

The daughter of a king, our wife, and one  
Of us too much belov'd. Let us be  
clear'd

Of being tyrannous, since we so openly  
Proceed in justice, which shall have due  
course.

Even to the guilt or the purgation.  
Produce the prisoner.

Off. It is his highness' pleasure that the queen  
Appear in person here in court. Silence! 10

Enter HERMIONE, guarded; PAULINA and Ladies attending.

Leon. Read the indictment.

Off. *Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, King of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, King of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.* 22

Her. Since what I am to say must be but that

Which contradicts my accusation, and The testimony on my part no other But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me

To say 'Not guilty': mine integrity Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,

Be so receiv'd. But thus: if powers divine Behold our human actions, as they do, 30 I doubt not then but innocence shall make False accusation blush, and tyranny Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know,

Who least will seem to do so, my past life Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true, As I am now unhappy; which is more Than history can pattern, though devis'd And play'd to take spectators. For behold me,

A fellow of the royal bed, which owe A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter 40

The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing

To prate and talk for life and honour fore Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it

As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,

'T is a derivative from me to mine, And only that I stand for. I appeal

To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes Came to your court, how I was in your grace, How merited to be so; since he came,

With what encounter so uncurent I 50 Have strain'd to appear thus: if one jot beyond

The bound of honour, or in act or will That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin Cry fie upon my grave!

Leon. I ne'er heard yet That any of these bolder vices wanted Less impudence to gainsay what they did Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough; Though 't is a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not 61

At all acknowledge. For Polixenes, With whom I am accus'd, I do confess I lov'd him as in honour he requir'd, With such a kind of love as might become A lady like me; with a love even such, So and no other, as yourself commanded: Which not to have done I think had been in me

Both disobedience and ingratitude To you and toward your friend, whose love had spoke, 70

Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely

That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy, I know not how it tastes, though it be dish'd For me to try how: all I know of it Is that Camillo was an honest man; And why he left your court, the gods themselves,

Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know

What you have underta'en to do in 's absence.

Her. Sir, 80

You speak a language that I understand not:

My life stands in the level of your dreams, Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams: You had a bastard by Polixenes, And I but dream'd it. As you were past all shame,

Those of your fact are so, so past all truth: Which to deny concerns more than avails; for as

Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself, No father owning it, which is, indeed, More criminal in thee than it, so thou 90

Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage

Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats: The bug which you would fright me with I seek.

To me can life be no commodity: The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,

I do give lost; for I do feel it gone, But know not how it went. My second joy. And first-fruits of my body, from his presence

I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third comfort, 99

Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast, The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,

Haled out to murder: myself on every post

Proclaim'd a strumpet: with immodest hatred

The child-bed privilege denied, which longs To women of all fashion: lastly, hurried Here to this place, i' the open air, before I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,

Tell me what blessings I have here alive,  
That I should fear to die? Therefore pro-  
ceed. 109

But yet hear this; mistake me not; for life,  
I prize it not a straw, but for mine honour,  
Which I would free, if I shall be condemn'd  
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else  
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you  
'T is rigour and not law. Your honours all,  
I do refer me to the oracle:  
Apollo be my judge!

*First Lord.* This your request  
Is altogether just: therefore bring forth,  
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

*Exeunt several Officers.*

*Her.* The Emperor of Russia was my  
father: 120

O! that he were alive, and here beholding  
His daughter's trial; that he did but see  
The flatness of my misery, yet with eyes  
Of pity, not revenge.

*Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES and  
DION.*

*Off.* You here shall swear upon this sword  
of justice,  
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have  
Been both at Delphos, and from thence have  
brought

This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd  
Of great Apollo's priest, and that since then  
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,  
Nor read the secrets in 't.

*Cleo., Dion.* All this we swear.

*Leon.* Break up the seals and read. 132

*Off.* *Hermione is chaste; Polixenes  
blamess; Camillo a true subject; Leontes  
a jealous tyrant; his innocent babe truly  
begotten; and the king shall live without  
an heir if that which is lost be not found!*

*Lords.* Now blessed be the great Apollo!  
*Her.* Praised!

*Leon.* Hast thou read truth?

*Off.* Ay, my lord; even so

As it is here set down. 140  
*Leon.* There is no truth at all i' the  
oracle:

The sessions shall proceed: this is mere  
falschood.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord the king, the king!

*Leon.* What is the business?

*Serv.* O sir! I shall be hated to report it:  
The prince your son, with mere conceit and  
fear

Of the queen's speed, is gone.

*Leon.* How! gone!

*Serv.* Is dead.

*Leon.* Apollo's angry; and the heavens  
themselves

Do strike at my injustice.

*HERMIONE swoons.*

How now there!

*Paul.* This news is mortal to the queen:  
look down 149

And see what death is doing.

*Leon.*

Take her hence:

Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will  
recover:

I have too much believ'd mine own sus-  
picion:

Beseech you, tenderly apply to her

Some remedies for life.

*Exeunt PAULINA and Ladies, with  
HERMIONE.*

*Apollo, pardon*

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!  
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,

New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo,  
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;  
For, being transported by my jealousies

To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose  
Camillo for the minister to poison 161

My friend Polixenes: which had been  
done,

But that the good mind of Camillo tardied  
My swift command; though I with death  
and with

Reward did threaten and encourage him,  
Not doing it, and being done: he, most  
humane

And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest  
Unclass'd my practice, quit his fortunes  
here,

Which you knew great, and to the certain  
hazard

Of all uncertainties himself commended, 170  
No richer than his honour: how he glisters

Thorough my rust! and his piety  
Does my deeds make the blacker!

*Re-enter PAULINA.*

*Paul.* Woe the while!

O! cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,  
Break too.

*First Lord.* What fit is this, good lady?

*Paul.* What studied torments, tyrant, hast  
for me?

What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying?  
boiling

In leads or oils? what old or newer torture  
Must I receive, whose every word deserves

To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny,  
Together working with thy jealousies, 181

Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle  
For girls of nine, O! think, what they have  
done,

And then run mad indeed, stark mad; for  
all

Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.  
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 't was

nothing;

That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant  
And damnable ingrateful: nor was 't much

Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's  
honour,

To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,  
More monstrous standing by: whereof I

reckon 191  
The casting forth to crows thy baby daugh-  
ter

To be or none or little; though a devil  
Would have shed water out of fire ere

done 't:  
Nor is 't directly laid to thee, the death

Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts,

Thoughts high for one so tender. cleft the heart

That could conceive a gross and foolish sire  
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,  
Laid to thy answer: but the last, O lords!  
When I have said, cry 'woe!' the queen, the  
queen, 201

The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead, and  
vengeance for 't

Not dropp'd down yet.

*First Lord.* The higher powers forbid!

*Paul.* I say she's dead: I'll swear 't: if  
word nor oath

Prevail not, go and see. If you can bring  
Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,

Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve  
you

As I would do the gods. But, O thou  
tyrant!

Do not repent these things, for they are  
heavier

Than all thy woes can stir; therefore betake  
thee 210

To nothing but despair. A thousand knees  
Ten thousand years together, naked, fast-  
ing,

Upon a barren mountain, and still winter  
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods  
To look that way thou wert.

*Leon.* Go on, go on;

Thou canst not speak too much: I have  
deserv'd

All tongues to talk their bitterness.

*First Lord.* Say no more:

Howe'er the business goes, you have made  
fault

I' the boldness of your speech.

*Paul.* I am sorry for 't:

All faults I make, when I shall come to know  
them, 220

I do repent. Alas! I have show'd too much  
The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd

To the noble heart. What's gone and  
what's past help

Should be past grief: do not receive affliction  
At my petition; I beseech you rather

Let me be punish'd, that have minded you  
Of what you should forget. Now, good my  
liege,

Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:  
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again!—

I'll speak of her no more, nor of your chil-  
dren; 230

I'll not remember you of my own lord,  
Who is lost too: take your patience to  
you,

And I'll say nothing.

*Leon.* Thou didst speak but well,

When most the truth, which I receive much  
better,

Than to be pitied of thee. Prithee, bring me  
To the dead bodies of my queen and son:

One grave shall be for both: upon them shall  
The causes of their death appear, unto

Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit  
The chapel where they lie, and tears shed  
there 240

Shall be my recreation: so long as nature  
Will bear up with this exercise so long  
I daily vow to use it. Come and lead me  
Unto these sorrows. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Bohemia. A desert Country  
near the sea.*

*Enter ANTIGONUS, with the Child; and  
a Mariner.*

*Ant.* Thou art perfect then, our ship hath  
touch'd upon

The deserts of Bohemia?

*Mar.* Ay, my lord; and fear

We have landed in ill time: the skies look  
grimly

And threaten present blusters. In my con-  
science,

The heavens with that we have in hand are  
angry,

And frown upon 's.

*Ant.* Their sacred wills be done! Go,  
get aboard;

Look to thy bark: I'll not be long before  
I call upon thee.

*Mar.* Make your best haste, and go not 10

Too far i' the land: 't is like to be loud  
weather;

Besides, this place is famous for the creatures  
Of prey that keep upon 't.

*Ant.* Go thou away:

I'll follow instantly.

*Mar.* I am glad at heart

To be so rid o' the business. *Exit.*

*Ant.* Come, poor babe;

I have heard, but not believ'd, the spirits o'  
the dead

May walk again: if such thing be, thy  
mother

Appear'd to me last night, for ne'er was  
dream

So like a waking. To me comes a creature,  
Sometimes her head on one side, some an-  
other; 20

I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,  
So fill'd and so becoming: in pure white  
robes,

Like very sanctity, she did approach  
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before  
me,

And gasping to begin some speech, her eyes  
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon

Did this break from her: 'Good Antigonus,  
Since fate, against thy better disposition,

Hath made thy person for the thrower-out  
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath, 30

Places remote enough are in Bohemia,  
There weep and leave it crying; and, for the  
babe

Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,  
I prithee, call 't: for this ungentle business,

Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see  
Thy wife Paulina more': and so, with  
shrieks,

She melted into air. Affrighted much,  
I did in time collect myself, and thought

This was so and no slumber. Dreams are  
toys;

Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously, 40

I will be squar'd by this. I do believe  
 Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that  
 Apollo would, this being indeed the issue  
 Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid,  
 Either for life or death, upon the earth  
 Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee  
 well! *Laying down the child.*  
 There lie; and there thy character; there  
 these; *Laying down a bundle.*  
 Which may, if fortune please, both breed  
 thee, pretty,  
 And still rest thine. The storm begins: poor  
 wretch!  
 That for thy mother's fault art thus ex-  
 pos'd 50  
 To loss and what may follow. Weep I  
 cannot,  
 But my heart bleeds, and most accurs'd  
 am I  
 To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewell!  
 The day frowns more and more: thou'rt  
 like to have  
 A lullaby too rough. I never saw  
 The heavens so dim by day. A savage  
 clamour!  
 Well may I get aboard! This is the chase:  
 I am gone for ever. 58

*Exit, pursued by a bear.*

*Enter an old Shepherd.*

*Shep.* I would there were no age between  
 sixteen and three-and-twenty, or that youth  
 would sleep out the rest; for there is  
 nothing in the between but getting wenches  
 with child, wronging the ancients, stealing,  
 fighting. Hark you now! Would any but  
 these boiled brains of nineteen and two-  
 and-twenty hunt this weather? They have  
 scared away two of my best sheep; which  
 I fear the wolf will sooner find than the  
 master: if any where I have them, 't is by  
 the sea-side, browsing of ivy. Good luck,  
 an't be thy will! what have we here?  
 Mercy on 's, a barne; a very pretty barne!  
 A boy or a child, I wonder? A pretty one;  
 a very pretty one: sure some scape:  
 though I am not bookish, yet I can read  
 waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This  
 has been some stair-work, some trunk-  
 work, some behind-door-work: they were  
 warmer that got this than the poor thing is  
 here. I'll take it up for pity; yet I'll tarry  
 till my son come: he hollaed but even now.  
 Whoa, ho, ho!

*Clo. Without.* Hillos, loa! 80

*Shep.* What! art so near? If thou'lt see  
 a thing to talk on when thou art dead and  
 rotten, come hither.

*Enter Clown.*

What ailst thou, man?

*Clo.* I have seen two such sights by sea  
 and by land! but I am not to say it is a sea,  
 for it is now the sky: betwixt the firmament  
 and if you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

*Shep.* Why, boy, how is it? 88

*Clo.* I would you did but see how it  
 chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the  
 shore! but that's not to the point. O! the

most piteous cry of the poor souls; some-  
 times to see 'em, and not to see 'em; now  
 the ship boring the moon with her main-  
 mast, and anon swallowed with yest and  
 froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogs-  
 head. And then for the land-service: to  
 see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone;  
 how he cried to me for help and said his  
 name was Antigonus, a nobleman. But to  
 make an end of the ship: to see how the  
 sea flap-dragoned it: but, first, how the  
 poor souls roared, and the sea mocked  
 them; and how the poor gentleman roared,  
 and the bear mocked him, both roaring  
 louder than the sea or weather. 104

*Shep.* Name of mercy! when was this,  
 boy?

*Clo.* Now, now; I have not winked since  
 I saw these sights: the men are not yet  
 cold under water, nor the bear half dined  
 on the gentleman: he's at it now.

*Shep.* Would I had been by, to have  
 helped the old man!

*Clo.* I would you had been by the ship  
 side, to have helped her: there your charity  
 would have lacked footing. 114

*Shep.* Heavy matters! heavy matters!  
 but look thee here, boy. Now bless thy-  
 self: thou mettest with things dying, I with  
 things new-born. Here's a sight for thee:  
 look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's  
 child! Look thee here: take up, take up,  
 boy; open't. So, let's see. It was told  
 me I should be rich by the fairies: this is  
 some changeling. Open't: what's within,  
 boy? 123

*Clo.* You're a made old man: if the sins  
 of your youth are forgiven you, you're well  
 to live. Gold! all gold.

*Shep.* This is fairly gold, boy, and 't will  
 prove so: up with't, keep it close: home,  
 home, the next way. We are lucky, boy;  
 and to be so still requires nothing but se-  
 crecy. Let my sheep go. Come, good boy,  
 the next way home. 131

*Clo.* Go you the next way with your  
 findings: I'll go see if the bear be gone  
 from the gentleman and how much he hath  
 eaten: they are never curst but when they  
 are hungry. If there be any of him left,  
 I'll bury it.

*Shep.* That's a good deed. If thou may-  
 est discern by that which is left of him what  
 he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

*Clo.* Marry, will I; and you shall help to  
 put him i' the ground. 141

*Shep.* 'T is a lucky day, boy, and we'll do  
 good deeds on't. *Exeunt.*

## ACT IV

*Enter TIME, the Chorus.*

*I, that please some, try all, both joy and  
 terror*

*Of good and bad, that makes and unfolds  
 error,*

*Now take upon me, in the name of Time,  
 To use my wings. Impute it not a crime  
 To me or my swift passage, that I slide*

O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth  
untried

Of that wide gap; since it is in my power  
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour  
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass  
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was 10  
Or what is now receiv'd: I witness to  
The times that brought them in; so shall  
I do

To the freshest things now reigning, and  
make stale

The glistering of this present, as my tale  
Now seems to it. Your patience this al-  
lowing,

I turn my glass and give my scene such  
growing

As you had slept between. Leontes leaving,  
The effects of his fond jealousies so grieving  
That he shuts up himself; imagine me,

Gentle spectators, that I now may be 20  
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,  
I mention'd a son o' the king's, which Florizel  
I now name to you; and with speed so pace

To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace  
Equal with wondering: what of her ensues  
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news

Be known when 't is brought forth. A shep-  
herd's daughter,

And what to her adheres, which follows after,  
Is the argument of Time. Of this allow,

If ever you have spent time worse ere now: 30  
If never, yet that Time himself doth say  
He wishes earnestly you never may. Exit.

SCENE I.—Bohemia. A Room in the Palace  
of POLIXENES.

Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more  
importunate: 't is a sickness denying thee  
any thing; a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my  
country: though I have for the most part  
been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones  
there. Besides, the penitent king, my  
master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling  
sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'er-  
ween to think so, which is another spur to  
my departure. 10

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not  
out the rest of thy services by leaving me  
now. The need I have of thee thine own  
goodness hath made: better not to have  
had thee than thus to want thee. Thou,  
having made me businesses which none  
without thee can sufficiently manage, must  
either stay to execute them thyself or take  
away with thee the very services thou hast  
done; which if I have not enough con-  
sidered, as too much I cannot, to be more  
thankful to thee shall be my study, and my  
profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of  
that fatal country, Sicilia, prithee speak no  
more, whose very naming punishes me with  
the remembrance of that penitent, as thou  
callest him, and reconciled king, my  
brother; whose loss of his most precious  
queen and children are even now to be  
afresh lamented. Say to me, when sawest

thou the Prince Florizel, my son? Kings  
are no less unhappy, their issue not being  
gracious, than they are in losing them when  
they have approved their virtues. 32

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the  
prince. What his happier affairs may be  
are to me unknown; but I have missingly  
noted he is of late much retired from court,  
and is less frequent to his princely exercises  
than formerly he hath appeared. 38

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo,  
and with some care; so far that I have eyes  
under my service which look upon his  
removedness; from whom I have this in-  
telligence, that he is seldom from the house  
of a most homely shepherd; a man, they  
say, that from very nothing, and beyond  
the imagination of his neighbours, is grown  
into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man  
who hath a daughter of most rare note: the  
report of her is extended more than can be  
thought to begin from such a cottage. 50

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelli-  
gence; but, I fear, the angle that plucks our  
son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to  
the place; where we will, not appearing  
what we are, have some question with the  
shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it  
not uneasy to get the cause of my son's  
resort thither. Prithee, be my present  
partner in this business, and lay aside the  
thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command. 60

Pol. My best Camillo! We must dis-  
guise ourselves. Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Same. A Road near the  
Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

When daffodils begin to peer,  
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,  
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;  
For the red blood reigns in the winter's  
pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,  
With heigh! the sweet birds, O! how they  
sing,

Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;  
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,  
With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and  
the jay, 10

Are summer songs for me and my aunts,  
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served Prince Florizel, and in my  
time wore three-pile; but now I am out of  
service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?  
The pale moon shines by night;  
And when I wander here and there,  
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,  
And bear the sow-skin budget, 20  
Then my account I well may give,  
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me Autolycus; who being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With die and drab I purchased this caparison, and my revenue is the silly cheat. Gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway: beating and hanging are terrors to me: for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. A prize! a prize!

32

*Enter Clown.*

*Clo.* Let me see; every 'leven wether tods; every toad yields pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

*Aut. Aside.* If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

*Clo.* I cannot do 't without counters. Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice, what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosebags for the shearers, three-man song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases: but one puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron to colour the warden pies; mace, dates, none; that's out of my note: nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.

52

*Aut.* O! that ever I was born.

*Grovelling on the ground.*

*Clo.* I' the name of me,—

*Aut.* O! help me, help me! pluck but off these rags, and then, death, death!

*Clo.* Alack! poor soul, thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

*Aut.* O! sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions.

61

*Clo.* Alas! poor man, a million of beating may come to a great matter.

*Aut.* I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

*Clo.* What! by a horseman, or a footman?

*Aut.* A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

*Clo.* Indeed, he should be a footman by the garments he hath left with thee: if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand.

73

*Helping him up.*

*Aut.* O! good sir, tenderly, O!

*Clo.* Alas! poor soul.

*Aut.* O! good sir; softly, good sir! I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

*Clo.* How now! canst stand?

*Aut.* Softly, dear sir: *Picks his pocket.*

good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

*Clo.* Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

81

*Aut.* No, good sweet sir: no, I beseech you, sir. I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going: I shall there have money, or any thing I want: offer me no money, I pray you! that kills my heart.

*Clo.* What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

90

*Aut.* A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with troll-my-dames; I knew him once a servant of the prince. I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

*Clo.* His vices, you would say: there's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it to make it stay there, and yet it will no more but abide.

99

*Aut.* Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

*Clo.* Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig; he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

*Aut.* Very true, sir; he, sir, he: that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

111

*Clo.* Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia: if you had but looked big and spit at him, he'd have run.

*Aut.* I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way, and that he knew, I warrant him.

*Clo.* How do you now?

*Aut.* Sweet sir, much better than I was: I can stand and walk. I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

121

*Clo.* Shall I bring thee on the way?

*Aut.* No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

*Clo.* Then fare thee well: I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

*Aut.* Prosper you, sweet sir! *Exit Clown.*

Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too. If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled, and my name put in the book of virtue!

131

*Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,*

*And merrily hent the stile-a:*

*A merry heart goes all the day,*

*Your sad tires in a mile-a.*

*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Lawn before a Shepherd's Cottage.*

*Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.*

*Flo.* These your unusual weeds to each part of you

Do give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora  
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-  
shearing

Is as a meeting of the petty gods,  
And you the queen on 't.

*Per.* Sir, my gracious lord,  
To chide at your extremes it not becomes  
me:

O! pardon, that I name them. Your high  
self,

The gracious mark o' the land, you have  
obscur'd

With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly  
maid,

Most goddess-like prank'd up. But that  
our feasts

In every mess have folly, and the feeders  
Digest it with a custom, I should blush

To see you so attired, sworn, I think  
To show myself a glass.

*Flo.* I bless the time  
When my good falcon made her flight across  
Thy father's ground.

*Per.* Now Jove afford you cause!  
To me the difference forges dread; your  
greatness

Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I  
tremble

To think your father, by some accident,  
Should pass this way as you did. O! the

Fates, 29  
How would he look, to see his work, so  
noble,

Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or  
how

Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts,  
behold

The sternness of his presence?

*Flo.* Apprehend  
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,  
Humbling their deities to love, have taken

The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter  
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green

Neptune  
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,  
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain, 30

As I seem now. Their transformations  
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,

Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires  
Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts

Burn hotter than my faith.

*Per.* O! but, sir,  
Your resolution cannot hold, when 't is

Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power of the  
king.

One of these two must be necessities,  
Which then will speak, that you must change

this purpose,  
Or I my life.

*Flo.* Thou dearest Perdita, 40  
With these forc'd thoughts, I prithee, darken  
not

The mirth o' the feast: or I'll be thine, my  
fair,

Or not my father's; for I cannot be  
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if

I be not thine: to this I am most con-  
stant,

Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle;

Strangle such thoughts as these with any  
thing

That you behold the while. Your guests  
are coming:

Lift up your countenance, as it were the day  
Of celebration of that nuptial which 50

We two have sworn shall come.  
*Per.* O lady Fortune,

Stand you auspicious!  
*Flo.* See, your guests approach:

Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,  
And let 's be red with mirth.

*Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES and  
CAMILLO, disguised; Clown, MOPSA,  
DORCAS, and Others.*

*Shep.* Fie, daughter! when my old wife  
liv'd, upon

This day she was both pantler, butler,  
cook;

Both dame and servant; welcom'd all,  
serv'd all;

Would sing her song and dance her turn;  
now here,

At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle;  
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire 60

With labour and the thing she took to  
quench it,

She would to each one sip. You are retir'd,  
As if you were a feasted one and not

The hostess of the meeting: pray you,  
bid

These unknown friends to us welcome; for  
it is

A way to make us better friends, more  
known.

Come, quench your blushes and present  
yourself

That which you are, mistress o' the feast:  
come on,

And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,  
As your good flock shall prosper.

*Per.* To POLIXENES. Sir, welcome. 70  
It is my father's will I should take on me

The hostess-ship o' the day. To CAMILLO.  
You're welcome, sir.

Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.  
Reverend sirs,

For you there 's rosemary and rue; these  
keep

Seeming and savour all the winter long:  
Grace and remembrance be to you both,

And welcome to our shearing!

*Pol.* Shepherdess,  
A fair one are you, well you fit our ages

With flowers of winter.  
*Per.* Sir, the year growing ancient,

Not yet on summer's death, nor on the  
birth

Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o'  
the season

Are our carnations and streak'd gillyvors,  
Which some call nature's bastards: of that

kind  
Our rustic garden 's barren, and I care not

To get slips of them.  
*Pol.* Wherefore, gentle maiden,

Do you neglect them?  
*Per.* For I have heard it said

There is an art which in their priedness  
shares

With great creating nature.

*Pol.* Say there be;  
Yet nature is made better by no mean  
But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that  
art, 90

Which you say adds to nature, is an art  
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid,  
we marry

A gentler scion to the wildest stock,  
And make conceive a bark of baser kind  
By bud of nobler race: this is an art  
Which does mend nature, change it rather,  
but

The art itself is nature.

*Per.* So it is.

*Pol.* Then make your garden rich in  
gillyvors,  
And do not call them bastards.

*Per.* I'll not put  
The dibble in earth to set one slip of  
them; 100

No more than, were I painted, I would  
wish

This youth should say 't were well, and only  
therefore

Desire to breed by me. Here's flowers for  
you;

Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;  
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun,  
And with him rises weeping: these are  
flowers

Of middle summer, and I think they are  
given

To men of middle age. You're very wel-  
come.

*Cam.* I should leave grazing, were I of  
your flock,

And only live by gazing.

*Per.* Out, alas! 110  
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January  
Would blow you through and through.

Now, my fair'st friend,  
I would I had some flowers o' the spring that  
might

Become your time of day; and yours, and  
yours,

That wear upon your virgin branches yet  
Your maidenheads growing: O Proserpina!  
For the flowers now that frighted thou lett'st  
fall

From Dis's waggon; daffodils,  
That come before the swallow dares, and  
take

The winds of March with beauty; violets  
dim, 120

But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes  
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,  
That die unmarried, ere they can behold  
Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady  
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and  
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,  
The flower-de-luce being one. O! these  
I lack

To make you garlands of, and my sweet  
friend,

To strew him o'er and o'er.

*Flo.* What! like a corse?

*Per.* No, like a bank for love to lie and  
play on, 130

Not like a corse; or if, not to be buried,  
But quick and in mine arms. Come, take  
your flowers.

Methinks I play as I have seen them do  
In Whitsun pastorals: sure this robe of  
mine

Does change my disposition.

*Flo.* What you do  
Still betters what is done. When you speak,  
sweet,

I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,  
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give  
alms;

Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,  
To sing them too: when you do dance, I  
wish you 140

A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do  
Nothing but that; move still, still so,

And own no other function: each your doing,  
So singular in each particular,

Crowns what you are doing in the present  
deed,

That all your acts are queens.

*Per.* O Doricles!  
Your praises are too large: but that your  
youth,

And the true blood which peeps fairly  
through it,

Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shep-  
herd,

With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles, 150  
You woo'd me the false way.

*Flo.* I think you have  
As little skill to fear as I have purpose  
To put you to 't. But come; our dance, I  
pray.

Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair  
That never mean to part.

*Per.* I'll swear for 'em.  
*Pol.* This is the prettiest low-born lass  
that ever

Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does  
or seems

But smacks of something greater than her-  
self;

Too noble for this place.

*Cam.* He tells her something  
That makes her blood look out. Good  
sooth, she is 160

The queen of curds and cream.

*Clo.* Come on, strike up.

*Dor.* Mopsa must be your mistress:  
marry, garlic,

To mend her kissing with!

*Mop.* Now, in good time!

*Clo.* Not a word, a word: we stand upon  
our manners.

Come, strike up. *Music.*

*Here a dance of Shepherds and  
Shepherdesses.*

*Pol.* Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain  
is this

Which dances with your daughter?

*Shep.* They call him Doricles, and boasts  
himself

To have a worthy feeding; but I have it  
Upon his own report and I believe it: 170

He looks like sooth. He says he loves my daughter:

I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon  
Upon the water as he'll stand and read  
As 'twere my daughter's eyes; and to be plain,

I think there is not half a kiss to choose  
Who loves another best.

*Pol.* She dances featly.

*Shep.* So she does any thing, though I report it

That should be silent. If young Doricles  
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that

Which he not dreams of.

180

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* O master! if you did but hear the pedlar at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you. He sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money: he utters them as he had eaten ballads and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

186

*Clo.* He could never come better: he shall come in. I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed and sung lamentably.

190

*Serv.* He hath songs for man or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burthens of dildos and fadings, 'jump her and thump her;' and where some stretch-mouthed rascal would, as it were, mean mischief and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man;' puts him off, slights him with 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man.'

201

*Pol.* This is a brave fellow.

*Clo.* Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

*Serv.* He hath ribands of all the colours i' the rainbow; points more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles, caddisses, cambrics, lawns; why, he sings 'em over as they were gods or goddesses. You would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand and the work about the square on 't.

212

*Clo.* Prithee bring him in, and let him approach singing.

*Per.* Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in 's tunes. *Exit Servant.*

*Clo.* You have of these pedlars that have more in them than you'd think, sister.

*Per.* Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

*Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.*

*Lawn as white as driven snow;*

220

*Cyprus black as e'er was crow;*

*Gloves as sweet as damask roses;*

*Masks for faces and for noses;*

*Bugle-bracelet, necklace-amber,*

*Perfume for a lady's chamber;*

*Golden quoifs and stomachers,*

*For my lads to give their dears;*

*Pins and poking-sticks of steel;*

*What maids lack from head to heel:*

*Come buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;*

230

*Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry: Come buy.*

*Clo.* If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou should'st take no money of me; but being enthralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

*Mop.* I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

*Dor.* He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

240

*Mop.* He hath paid you all he promised you: may be he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

*Clo.* Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle off these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'T is well they are whispering: clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

251

*Mop.* I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry lace and a pair of sweet gloves.

*Clo.* Have I not told thee how I was cozened by the way, and lost all my money?

*Aut.* And indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

*Clo.* Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

*Aut.* I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

261

*Clo.* What hast here? ballads?

*Mop.* Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print o' life, for then we are sure they are true.

*Aut.* Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden; and how she longed to eat adders' heads and toads carbonadoed.

*Mop.* Is it true, think you?

*Aut.* Very true, and but a month old.

270

*Dor.* Bless me from marrying a usurer!

*Aut.* Here's the midwife's name to 't, one Mistress Taleporter, and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

*Mop.* Pray you now, buy it.

*Clo.* Come on, lay it by; and let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

278

*Aut.* Here's another ballad of a fish that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman and was turned into a cold fish for she would not exchange flesh

with one that loved her. The ballad is very pitiful and as true. 286

*Dor.* Is it true too, think you?

*Aut.* Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

*Clo.* Lay it by too: another.

*Aut.* This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one. 292

*Mop.* Let's have some merry ones.

*Aut.* Why, this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of 'Two maids wooing a man': there's scarce a maid westward but she sings it: 't is in request, I can tell you.

*Mop.* We can both sing it: if thou 'lt bear a part thou shalt hear; 't is in three parts.

*Dor.* We had the tune on't a month ago. 300

*Aut.* I can hear my part; you must know 't is my occupation: have at it with you.

*Aut.* *Get you hence, for I must go,  
Where it fits not you to know.*

*Dor.* *Whither?*

*Mop.* *O! whither?*

*Dor.* *Whither?*

*Mop.* *It becomes thy oath full well,  
Thou to me thy secrets tell.*

*Dor.* *Me too: let me go thither.*

*Mop.* *Or thou go'st to the grange or mill.*

*Dor.* *If to either, thou dost ill. 310*

*Aut.* *Neither.*

*Dor.* *What, neither?*

*Aut.* *Neither.*

*Dor.* *Thou hast sworn my love to be.*

*Mop.* *Thou hast sworn it more to me:  
Then whither go'st? say whither?*

*Clo.* We'll have this song out anon by ourselves: my father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we 'll not trouble them: come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both. Pedlar, let's have the first choice. Follow me, girls. *Exit with DORCAS and MOPSA.*

*Aut.* And you shall pay well for 'em. 321

*Will you buy any tape,  
Or lace for your cape,  
My dainty duck, my dear-a?  
Any silk, any thread,  
Any tows for your head,  
Of the new'st and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?  
Come to the pedlar;  
Money's a meddler,  
That doth utter all men's ware-a. 330*

*Re-enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair; they call themselves Saltiers; and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in 't; but they themselves are o' the mind, if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling, it will please plentifully. 339

*Shep.* Away! we 'll none on 't: here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, sir, we weary you.

*Pol.* You weary those that refresh us: pray, let's see these four threes of herds-men.

*Serv.* One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the square.

*Shep.* Leave your prating: since these good men are pleased let them come in: but quickly now. 351

*Serv.* Why, they stay at door, sir. *Exit.*

*Re-enter Servant, with Twelve Rustics habited like Saturs. They dance, and then exeunt.*

*Pol.* O father! you 'll know more of that hereafter.

*To CAMILLO.* Is it not too far gone? 'T is time to part them.

He 's simple and tells much. *To FLORIZEL.*

How now, fair shepherd!

Your heart is full of something that does take Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young

And handed love as you do, I was wont To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd

The pedlar's silken treasury and have pour'd it 360

To her acceptance; you have let him go And nothing marted with him. If your lass

Interpretation should abuse and call this Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited For a reply, at least if you make a care Of happy holding her.

*Flo.* Old sir, I know

She prizes not such trifles as these are. The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd

Up in my heart, which I have given already, But not deliver'd. O! hear me breathe my life 370

Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem, Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand,

As soft as dove's down, and as white as it, Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.

*Pol.* What follows this?

How prettily the young swain seems to wash

The hand was fair before! I have put you out:

But to your protestation: let me hear What you profess.

*Flo.* Do, and be witness to 't.

*Pol.* And this my neighbour, too?

*Flo.* And he, and more Than he, and men, the earth, the heavens, and all; 381

That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,

Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth

That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge  
 More than was ever man's, I would not prize them  
 Without her love: for her employ them all;  
 Commend them and condemn them to her service  
 Or to their own perdition.  
*Pol.* Fairly offer'd.  
*Cam.* This shows a sound affection.  
*Shep.* But, my daughter,  
 Say you the like to him?  
*Per.* I cannot speak  
 So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:  
 By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out  
 The purity of his.  
*Shep.* Take hands; a bargain!  
 And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to 't:  
 I give my daughter to him, and will make Her portion equal his.  
*Flo.* O! that must be  
 I' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,  
 I shall have more than you can dream of yet;  
 Enough then for your wonder. But, come on;  
 Contract us 'fore these witnesses.  
*Shep.* Come, your hand; 400  
 And, daughter, yours.  
*Pol.* Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you.  
 Have you a father?  
*Flo.* I have; but what of him?  
*Pol.* Knows he of this?  
*Flo.* He neither does nor shall.  
*Pol.* Methinks a father  
 Is at the nuptial of his son a guest  
 That best becomes the table. Pray you once more,  
 Is not your father grown incapable  
 Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid  
 With age and altering rheums? can he speak? hear?  
 Know man from man? dispute his own estate?  
 Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing  
 But what he did being childish?  
*Flo.* No, good sir:  
 He has his health and ampler strength indeed  
 Than most have of his age.  
*Pol.* By my white beard,  
 You offer him, if this be so, a wrong  
 Something unfilial. Reason my son  
 Should choose himself a wife, but as good reason  
 The father, all whose joy is nothing else  
 But fair posterity, should hold some counsel  
 In such a business.  
*Flo.* I yield all this; 420  
 But for some other reasons, my grave sir,  
 Which 't is not fit you know, I not acquaint  
 My father of this business.  
*Pol.* Let him know 't.  
*Flo.* He shall not.

*Pol.* Prithce, let him.  
*Flo.* No, he must not.  
*Shep.* Let him, my son: he shall not need to grieve  
 At knowing of thy choice.  
*Flo.* Come, come, he must not.  
 Mark our contract.  
*Pol.* Mark your divorce, young sir,  
*Discovering himself.*  
 Whom son I dare not call: thou art too base  
 To be acknowledg'd: thou a sceptre's heir,  
 That thus affects a sheep-hook! Thou old traitor, 430  
 I am sorry that by hanging thee I can  
 But shorten thy life one week. And thou, fresh piece  
 Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know  
 The royal fool thou cop'st with,—  
*Shep.* O! my heart.  
*Pol.* I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briers, and made  
 More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy,  
 If I may ever know thou dost but sigh  
 That thou no more shalt see this knack, as never  
 I mean thou shalt, we 'll bar thee from succession;  
 Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,  
 Far than Deucalion off: mark thou my words: 441  
 Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for this time,  
 Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee  
 From the dead blow of it. And you, enchantment,—  
 Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,  
 That makes himself, but for our honour therein,  
 Unworthy thee,—if ever henceforth thou  
 These rural latches to his entrance open,  
 Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,  
 I will devise a death as cruel for thee 450  
 As thou art tender to 't. *Exit.*  
*Per.* Even here undone!  
 I was not much afeard; for once or twice  
 I was about to speak and tell him plainly,  
 The self-same sun that shines upon his court  
 Hides not his visage from our cottage, but  
 Looks on alike. Will't please you, sir, be gone?  
 I told you what would come of this: beseech you,  
 Of your own state take care: this dream of mine  
 Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch further, 459  
 But milk my ewes and weep.  
*Cam.* Why, how now, father!  
 Speak ere thou diest.  
*Shep.* I cannot speak, nor think,  
 Nor dare to know that which I know. O sir!  
 You have undone a man of fourscore three,  
 That thought to fill his grave in quiet, yea,  
 To die upon the bed my father died,  
 To lie close by his honest bones: but now

Some hangman must put on my shroud and lay me

Where no priest shovels in dust. O cursed wretch!

That knew'st this was the prince and would'st adventure <sup>469</sup>

To mingle faith with him. Undone! undone! If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd To die when I desire. *Exit.*

*Flo.* Why, look you so upon me?

I am but sorry, not afraid; delay'd,

But nothing alter'd. What I was, I am:

More straining on for plucking back, not following

My leash unwillingly.

*Cam.* Gracious my lord,

You know your father's temper: at this time

He will allow no speech, which I do guess

You do not purpose to him; and as hardly

Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear: <sup>480</sup>

Then, till the fury of his highness settle,

Come not before him.

*Flo.* I not purpose it.

I think.—*Camillo?*

*Cam.* Even he, my lord.

*Per.* How often have I told you 't would be thus!

How often said my dignity would last

But till 't were known!

*Flo.* I cannot fail but by

The violation of my faith; and then

Let nature crush the sides o' the earth

together

And mar the seeds within! Lift up thy looks:

From my succession wipe me, father; I

Am heir to my affection.

*Cam.* Be advis'd. <sup>491</sup>

*Flo.* I am; and by my fancy: if my reason

Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;

If not, my senses, better pleas'd with mad-

ness,

Do bid it welcome.

*Cam.* This is desperate, sir.

*Flo.* So call it: but it does fulfil my

vow,

I needs must think it honesty. *Camillo,*

Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may

Be therat glean'd, for all the sun sees or

The close earth wombs or the profound sea

hides <sup>500</sup>

In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath

To this my fair belov'd. Therefore, I pray

you,

As you have ever been my father's honour'd

friend,

When he shall miss me, as, in faith, I mean

not

To see him any more, cast your good counsels

Upon his passion: let myself and fortune

Tug for the time to come. This you may

know

And so deliver, I am put to sea

With her whom here I cannot hold on shore;

And most opportune to our need, I have <sup>510</sup>

A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd

For this design. What course I mean to

hold

Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor

Concern me the reporting.

*Cam.* O my lord!

I would your spirit were easier for advice,

Or stronger for your need.

*Flo.* Hark, *Perdita.* *Takes her aside.*

To *CAMILLO.* I'll hear you by and by.

*Cam.* He's irremoveable,

Resolv'd for flight. Now were I happy if

His going I could frame to serve my turn,

Save him from danger, do him love and

honour, <sup>520</sup>

Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia

And that unhappy king, my master, whom

I so much thirst to see.

*Flo.* Now, good *Camillo,*

I am so fraught with curious business that

I leave out ceremony.

*Cam.* Sir, I think

You have heard of my poor services, i' the

love

That I have borne your father?

*Flo.* Very nobly

Have you deserv'd: it is my father's music

To speak your deeds, not little of his care

To have them recompens'd as thought on.

*Cam.* Well, my lord,

If you may please to think I love the king

And through him what is nearest to him,

which is <sup>532</sup>

Your gracious self, embrace but my direc-

tion:

If your more ponderous and settled project

May suffer alteration, on mine honour

I'll point you where you shall have such

receiving

As shall become your highness; where you

may

Enjoy your mistress, from the whom I

see,

There's no disjunction to be made, but by,

As heavens forfend! your ruin; marry her;

And, with my best endeavours in your

absence, <sup>541</sup>

Your discontenting father strive to qualify,

And bring him up to liking.

*Flo.* How, *Camillo,*

May this, almost a miracle, be done?

That I may call thee something more than

man,

And after that trust to thee.

*Cam.* Have you thought on

A place whereto you'll go?

*Flo.* Not any yet;

But as the unthought-on accident is guilty

To what we wildly do, so we profess

Ourselves to be the slaves of chance and

flies <sup>550</sup>

Of every wind that blows.

*Cam.* Then list to me:

This follows; if you will not change your

purpose

But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia,

And there present yourself and your fair

princess,

For so I see she must be, fore *Leontes*:

She shall be habitated as it becomes

The partner of your bed. Methinks I see

*Leontes* opening his free arms and weeping

His welcome forth; asks thee, the son, for-

As 't were i' the father's person; kisses the hands 560  
 Of your fresh princess; o'er and o'er divides him  
 'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness: the one  
 He chides to hell, and bids the other grow  
 Faster than thought or time.

*Flo.* Worthy Camillo,  
 What colour for my visitation shall I  
 Hold up before him?

*Cam.* Sent by the king your father  
 To greet him and to give him comforts. Sir,  
 The manner of your bearing towards him,  
 with

What you as from your father shall deliver,  
 Things known betwixt us three, I'll write  
 you down: 570

The which shall point you forth at every  
 sitting

What you must say; that he shall not per-  
 ceive

But that you have your father's bosom there  
 And speak his very heart.

*Flo.* I am bound to you.  
 There is some sap in this.

*Cam.* A cause more promising  
 Than a wild dedication of yourselves  
 To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores, most  
 certain

To miseries enough: no hope to help you,  
 But as you shake off one to take another;  
 Nothing so certain as your anchors, who  
 Do their best office if they can but stay you  
 Where you 'll be loath to be. Besides, you  
 know 582

Prosperity's the very bond of love,  
 Whose fresh complexion and whose heart  
 together

Affliction alters.  
*Per.* One of these is true:  
 I think affliction may subdue the cheek,  
 But not take in the mind.

*Cam.* Yea, say you so?  
 There shall not at your father's house these  
 seven years

Be born another such.

*Flo.* My good Camillo,  
 She is as forward of her breeding as 590  
 She is i' the rear o' our birth.

*Cam.* I cannot say 't is pity  
 She lacks instructions, for she seems a  
 mistress

To most that teach.

*Per.* Your pardon, sir; for this  
 I'll blush you thanks.

*Flo.* My prettiest Perdita!  
 But, O! the thorns we stand upon. Camillo,  
 Preserver of my father, now of me,  
 The medicine of our house, how shall we do?  
 We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,  
 Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

*Cam.* My lord,  
 Fear none of this: I think you know my  
 fortunes 600

Do all lie there: it shall be so my care  
 To have you royally appointed as if  
 The scene you play were mine. For in-  
 stance, sir,

That you may know you shall not want, one  
 word. *They talk aside.* 604

### Re-enter AUTOLYCUS.

*Aut.* Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is!  
 And Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple  
 gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery:  
 not a counterfeit stone, not a riband, glass,  
 pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife,  
 tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring,  
 to keep my pack from fasting: they throng  
 who should buy first, as if my trinkets had  
 been hallowed and brought a benediction  
 to the buyer: by which means I saw whose  
 purse was best in picture; and what I saw  
 to my good use I remembered. My clown,  
 who wants but something to be a reason-  
 able man, grew so in love with the wenches'  
 song that he would not stir his petticoates till  
 he had both tune and words; which so  
 drew the rest of the herd to me that all their  
 other senses stuck in ears: you might have  
 pinched a placket, it was senseless; 't was  
 nothing to geld a codpiece of a purse; I  
 would have filed keys off that hung in  
 chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's  
 song, and admiring the nothing of it; so  
 that in this time of lethargy I picked and cut  
 most of their festival purses; and had not  
 the old man come in with a whoobub against  
 his daughter and the king's son, and scared  
 my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a  
 purse alive in the whole army. 629

CAMILLO, FLORIZEL, and PERDITA  
 come forward.

*Cam.* Nay, but my letters, by this means  
 being there  
 So soon as you arrive, shall clear that  
 doubt.

*Flo.* And those that you 'll procure from  
 King Leontes—

*Cam.* Shall satisfy your father.

*Per.* Happy be you!  
 All that you speak shows fair.

*Cam.* Seeing AUTOLYCUS. Who have we  
 here?

We 'll make an instrument of this: omit  
 Nothing may give us aid.

*Aut.* If they have overheard me now,  
 why, hanging. 639

*Cam.* How now, good fellow! Why  
 shakest thou so? Fear not, man; here's  
 no harm intended to thee.

*Aut.* I am a poor fellow, sir.

*Cam.* Why, be so still; here's nobody  
 will steal that from thee; yet for the out-  
 side of thy poverty we must make an ex-  
 change; therefore discase thee instantly,—  
 thou must think there's a necessity in 't,—  
 and change garments with this gentleman.  
 Though the pennyworth on his side be the  
 worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot. 650

*Aut.* I am a poor fellow, sir. *Aside.* I  
 know ye well enough.

*Cam.* Nay, prithee, dispatch: the gentle-  
 man is half flayed already.

*Aut.* Are you in earnest, sir? *Aside.* I  
 smell the trick on 't.

*Flo.* Dispatch, I prithee.

*Aut.* Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

*Cam.* Unbuckle, unbuckle. 660

FLORIZEL and AUTOLYCUS exchange garments.

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy  
Come home to ye!—you must retire yourself  
Into some covert: take your sweetheart's  
hat

And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your  
face;

Dismantle you, and, as you can, dislikén  
The truth of your own seeming; that you  
may,

For I do fear eyes over you, to shipboard  
Get undescried.

*Per.* I see the play so lies  
That I must bear a part.

*Cam.* No remedy. 669  
Have you done there?

*Flo.* Should I now meet my father  
He would not call me son.

*Cam.* Nay, you shall have no hat.  
Come, lady, come. Farewell, my friend.

*Aut.* Adieu, sir.  
*Flo.* O Perdita! what have we twain for-  
got.

Pray you, a word. *They converse apart.*

*Cam.* What I do next shall be to tell the  
king

Of this escape, and whither they are bound;  
Wherein my hope is I shall so prevail  
To force him after: in whose company  
I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight 679  
I have a woman's longing.

*Flo.* Fortune speed us!  
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

*Cam.* The swifter speed the better.

*Exeunt FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and  
CAMILLO.*

*Aut.* I understand the business; I hear  
it. To have an open ear, a quick eye, and  
a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse:  
a good nose is requisite also, to smell out  
work for the other senses. I see this is the  
time that the unjust man doth thrive. What  
an exchange had this been without boot!  
what a boot is here with this exchange!  
Sure the gods do this year connive at us,  
and we may do any thing extempore. The  
prince himself is about a piece of iniquity;  
stealing away from his father with his clog  
at his heels. If I thought it were a piece of  
honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would  
not do't: I hold it the more knavery to  
conceal it, and therein am I constant to my  
profession. *Aside, aside:* here is more  
matter for a hot brain. Every lane's end,  
every shop, church, session, hanging, yields  
a careful man work. 701

*Re-enter Clown and Shepherd.*

*Clo.* See, see, what a man you are now!  
There is no other way but to tell the king  
she's a changeling and none of your flesh  
and blood.

*Shep.* Nay, but hear me.

*Clo.* Nay, but hear me.

*Shep.* Go to, then. 708

*Clo.* She being none of your flesh and  
blood, your flesh and blood has not offended  
the king: and so your flesh and blood is not  
to be punished by him. Show those things  
you found about her; those secret things, all  
but what she has with her: this being done,  
let the law go whistle: I warrant you.

*Shep.* I will tell the king all, every word,  
yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may  
say, is no honest man, neither to his father  
nor to me, to go about to make me the  
king's brother-in-law. 720

*Clo.* Indeed, brother-in-law was the  
furthest off you could have been to him,  
and then your blood had been the dearer  
by I know how much an ounce.

*Aut. Aside.* Very wisely, puppies!

*Shep.* Well, let us to the king: there is  
that in this fardel will make him scratch his  
beard.

*Aut. Aside.* I know not what impediment  
this complaint may be to the flight of my  
master.

*Clo.* Pray heartily he be at palace. 721

*Aut. Aside.* Though I am not naturally  
honest, I am so sometimes by chance: let  
me pocket up my pedlar's excrement.

*Takes off his false beard.*  
How now, rustics! whither are you bound?

*Shep.* To the palace, an it like your wor-  
ship.

*Aut.* Your affairs there, what, with whom,  
the condition of that fardel, the place of  
your dwelling, your names, your ages, of  
what having, breeding, and any thing that  
is fitting to be known, discover. 741

*Clo.* We are but plain fellows, sir.

*Aut.* A lie; you are rough and hairy.  
Let me have no lying; it becomes none but  
tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers  
the lie; but we pay them for it with stamped  
coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do  
not give us the lie.

*Clo.* Your worship had like to have given  
us one, if you had not taken yourself with  
the manner.

*Shep.* Are you a courtier, an 't like you,  
sir? 752

*Aut.* Whether it like me or no, I am a  
courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court  
in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it  
the measure of the court? receives not thy  
nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on  
thy baseness court-contempt? Thinkest  
thou, for that I insinuate, or touse from thee  
thy business, I am therefore no courtier?  
I am courtier cap-a-pe; and one that will  
either push on or pluck back thy business  
there: whereupon I command thee to open  
thy affair. 763

*Shep.* My business, sir, is to the king.

*Aut.* What advocate hast thou to him?

*Shep.* I know not, an 't like you.

*Clo.* Advocate's the court-word for a  
pheasant: say you have none.

*Shep.* None, sir: I have no pheasant,  
cock nor hen. 770

*Aut.* How bless'd are we that are not  
simple men!

Yet nature might have made me as these are.

Therefore I'll not disdain.

*Clo.* This cannot be but a great courtier.

*Shep.* His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

*Clo.* He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking on's teeth.

*Aut.* The fardel there? what's i' the fardel? Wherefore that box? 781

*Shep.* Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour if I may come to the speech of him.

*Aut.* Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

*Shep.* Why, sir?

*Aut.* The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air himself: for, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know the king is full of grief. 791

*Shep.* So 't is said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

*Aut.* If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly: the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

*Clo.* Think you so, sir? 793

*Aut.* Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I: draw our throne into a sheepcote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

*Clo.* Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir? 810

*Aut.* He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aqua-vitæ or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, for you seem to be honest plain men, what you have to the king: being something gently considered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and if it be in man besides the king to effect your suits, here is man shall do it, 828

*Clo.* He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold. Show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and

no more ado. Remember, 'stoned,' and 'flayed alive!' 834

*Shep.* An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

*Aut.* After I have done what I promised?

*Shep.* Ay, sir. 840

*Aut.* Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this business?

*Clo.* In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

*Aut.* O! that's the case of the shepherd's son: hang him, he'll be made an example.

*Clo.* Comfort, good comfort! We must to the king and show our strange sights: he must know 't is none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does when the business is performed; and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you. 853

*Aut.* I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side: go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge and follow you.

*Clo.* We are blessed in this man, as I may say, even blessed.

*Shep.* Let's before as he bids us. He was provided to do us good. 860

*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*

*Aut.* If I had a mind to be honest I see Fortune would not suffer me: she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion, gold and a means to do the prince my master good; which who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title and what shame else belongs to 't. To him will I present them: there may be matter in it. 873

*Exit.*

## ACT V

SCENE I.—*Sicilia. A Room in the Palace of LEONTES.*

*Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and Others.*

*Cleo.* Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd

A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down

More penitence than done trespass. At the last,

Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;

With them forgive yourself.

*Leon.*

*Whilst I remember*

Her and her virtues, I cannot forget My blemishes in them, and so still think of The wrong I did myself; which was so much.

That heirless it hath made my kingdom,  
and  
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er  
man

Bred his hopes out of.

*Paul.* True, too true, my lord:  
If one by one you wedded all the world,  
Or from the all that are took something good,  
To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd  
Would be unparallel'd.

*Leon.* I think so. Kill'd!  
She I kill'd! I did so: but thou strik'st me  
Sorely to say I did: it is as bitter  
Upon thy tongue as in my thought. Now,  
good now,  
Say so but seldom.

*Cleo.* Not at all, good lady: 20  
You might have spoken a thousand things  
that would  
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd  
Your kindness better.

*Paul.* You are one of those  
Would have him wed again.

*Dion.* If you would not so,  
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance  
Of his most sovereign name; consider little  
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,  
May drop upon his kingdom and devour  
Uncertain lookers-on. What were more  
holy

Than to rejoice the former queen is well? 30  
What holier than for royalty's repair,  
For present comfort, and for future good,  
To bless the bed of majesty again  
With a sweet fellow to 't?

*Paul.* There is none worthy,  
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the  
gods

Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes;  
For has not the divine Apollo said,  
Is 't not the tenour of his oracle,  
That King Leontes shall not have an heir  
Till his lost child be found? which that it  
shall, 40

Is all as monstrous to our human reason  
As my Antigonus to break his grave  
And come again to me; who, on my life,  
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel  
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,  
Oppose against their wills. To LEONTES.

Care not for issue;  
The crown will find an heir: great Alexander  
Left his to the worthiest, so his successor  
Was like to be the best.

*Leon.* Good Paulina, 50  
Who hast the memory of Hermione,  
I know, in honour; O! that ever I  
Had squar'd me to thy counsel: then, even  
now,

I might have look'd upon my queen's full  
eyes,  
Have taken treasure from her lips,—

*Paul.* And left them  
More rich for what they yielded.

*Leon.* Thou speak'st truth.  
No more such wives; therefore, no wife:  
one worse,  
And better us'd, would make her sainted  
spirit

Again possess her corpse, and on this stage,  
Where we're offenders now, appear soul-  
vex'd,

And begin, 'Why to me?'

*Paul.* Had she such power,  
She had just cause. 61

*Leon.* She had; and would incense me  
To murder her I married.

*Paul.* I should so:  
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you  
mark

Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in 't  
You chose her; then I'd shriek, that even  
your ears

Should rift to hear me; and the words that  
follow'd

Should be, 'Remember mine.'

*Leon.* Stars, stars!  
And all eyes else dead coals. Fear thou no  
wife;

I'll have no wife, Paulina.

*Paul.* Will you swear  
Never to marry but by my free leave? 70

*Leon.* Never, Paulina: so be bless'd my  
spirit!

*Paul.* Then, good my lords, bear witness  
to his oath.

*Cleo.* You tempt him overmuch.

*Paul.* Unless another,  
As like Hermione as is her picture,  
Affront his eye.

*Cleo.* Good madam,—

*Paul.* I have done.  
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,  
No remedy, but you will, give me the office  
To choose you a queen, she shall not be so  
young

As was your former; but she shall be such  
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should  
take joy 80

To see her in your arms.

*Leon.* My true Paulina,  
We shall not marry till thou bidd'st us.

*Paul.* That  
Shall be when your first queen's again in  
breath;  
Never till then.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Gent.* One that gives out himself Prince  
Florizel,  
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, she  
The fairest I have yet beheld, desires access  
To your high presence.

*Leon.* What with him? he comes not  
Like to his father's greatness; his approach,  
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells  
us 90

'T is not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd  
By need and accident. What train?

*Gent.* But few,  
And those but mean.

*Leon.* His princess, say you, with him?  
*Gent.* Ay, the most peerless piece of  
earth, I think,

That e'er the sun shone bright on.

*Paul.* O Hermione!  
As every present time doth boast itself  
Above a better gone, so must thy grave

Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself  
Have said and writ so, but your writing now  
Is colder than that theme, 'She had not  
been, 100  
Nor was not to be equall'd;' thus your verse  
Flow'd with her beauty once: 't is shrewdly  
ebb'd

To say you have seen a better.

*Gent.* Pardon, madam:  
The one I have almost forgot—your pardon—  
The other, when she has obtain'd your  
eye,

Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,  
Would she begin a sect, might quench the  
zeal

Of all professors else, make proselytes  
Of whom she but bid follow.

*Paul.* How! not women?  
*Gent.* Women will love her, that she is a  
woman 110

More worth than any man; men, that she is  
The rarest of all women.

*Leon.* Go, Cleomenes;  
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd  
friends,  
Bring them to our embracement. Still 't is  
strange

*Exeunt CLEOMENES, Lords, and  
Gentlemen.*

He thus should steal upon us.

*Paul.* Had our prince,  
Jewel of children, seen this hour, he had  
pair'd  
Well with this lord: there was not full a  
month

Between their births.

*Leon.* Prithee, no more: cease! thou  
know'st  
He dies to me again when talk'd of: sure, 120  
When I shall see this gentleman, thy  
speeches

Will bring me to consider that which may  
Unfurnish me of reason. They are come.

*Re-enter CLEOMENES, with FLORIZEL,  
PERDITA, and Others.*

Your mother was most true to wedlock,  
prince;

For she did print your royal father off,  
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty-one,  
Your father's image is so hit in you,  
His very air, that I should call you brother.  
As I did him; and speak of something wildly  
By us perform'd before. Most dearly wel-  
come! 130

And your fair princess,—goddess! O, alas!  
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth  
Might thus have stood begetting wonder as  
You, gracious couple, do: and then I lost.  
All mine own folly, the society,  
Amity too, of your brave father, whom,  
Though bearing misery, I desire my life  
Once more to look on him.

*Flo.* By his command  
Have I here touch'd Sicilia; and from him  
Give you all greetings that a king, at  
friend, 140

Can send his brother: and, but infirmity  
Which waits upon worn times, hath some-  
thing seiz'd

His wish'd ability, he had himself  
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and  
his

Measur'd to look upon you, whom he loves,  
He bade me say so, more than all the  
sceptres

And those that bear them living.

*Leon.* O my brother!  
Good gentleman, the wrongs I have done  
thee stir

Afresh within me, and these thy offices,  
So rarely kind, are as interpreters 150  
Of my behind-hand slackness. Welcome  
hither,

As is the spring to the earth. And hath he  
too

Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage,  
At least ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune,  
To greet a man not worth her pains, much  
less

The adventure of her person?

*Flo.* Good my lord,  
She came from Libya.

*Leon.* Where the war-like Smalus,  
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and  
lov'd?

*Flo.* Most royal sir, from thence; from  
him, whose daughter

His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her:  
thence, 160

A prosperous south-wind friendly, we have  
cross'd,

To execute the charge my father gave me  
For visiting your highness: my best train  
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;  
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify  
Not only my success in Libya, sir,  
But my arrival and my wife's in safety  
Here where we are.

*Leon.* The blessed gods  
Purge all infection from our air whilst you  
Do climate here! You have a holy father, 170  
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,  
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:  
For which the heavens, taking angry note,  
Have left me issueless; and your father's  
bless'd,

As he from heaven merits it, with you  
Worthy his goodness. What might I have  
been,

Might I a son and daughter now have  
look'd on,  
Such goodly things as you!

*Enter a Lord.*

*Lord.* Most noble sir,  
That which I shall report will bear no credit,  
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you,  
great sir, 180

Bohemia greets you from himself by me;  
Desires you to attach his son, who has,

His dignity and duty both cast off,  
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and  
with

A shepherd's daughter.

*Leon.* Where's Bohemia? speak.

*Lord.* Here in your city; I now came from him:

I speak amazedly, and it becomes  
My marvel and my message. To your court  
Whiles he was hastening, in the chase it  
seems

Of this fair couple, meets he on the way 190  
The father of this seeming lady and  
Her brother, having both their country  
quitted

With this young prince.

*Flo.* Camillo has betray'd me;  
Whose honour and whose honesty till now  
Endur'd all weathers.

*Lord.* Lay 't so to his charge:  
He's with the king your father.

*Leon.* Who? Camillo?  
*Lord.* Camillo, sir: I spake with him,  
who now

Has these poor men in question. Never  
saw I

Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss  
the earth,

Forswear themselves as often as they  
speak: 200

Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them  
With divers deaths in death.

*Per.* O my poor father!  
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have  
Our contract celebrated.

*Leon.* You are married?  
*Flo.* We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;  
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:  
The odds for high and low 's alike.

*Leon.* My lord,  
Is this the daughter of a king?

*Flo.* She is,  
When once she is my wife.

*Leon.* That 'once,' I see by your good  
father's speed, 210

Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,  
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking  
Where you were tied in duty; and as sorry  
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,  
That you might well enjoy her.

*Flo.* Dear, look up:  
Though Fortune, visible an enemy,  
Should chase us with my father, power no  
jot

Hath she to change our loves. Beseech  
you, sir,

Remember since you ow'd no more to time  
Than I do now; with thought of such affec-  
tions, 220

Step forth mine advocate; at your request  
My father will grant precious things as  
trifles.

*Leon.* Would he do so, I'd beg your  
precious mistress,  
Which he counts but a trifle.

*Paul.* Sir, my liege,  
Your eye hath too much youth in 't: not a  
month

Fore your queen died, she was more worth  
such gazes

Than what you look on now.

*Leon.* I thought of her,  
Even in these looks I made. To FLORIZEL.  
But your petition

Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father:  
Your honour not o'erthrown by your  
desires, 230

I am friend to them and you; upon which  
errand

I now go toward him. Therefore follow me,  
And mark what way I make: come, good  
my lord. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Before the Palace.*

*Enter AUTOLYCUS and a Gentleman.*

*Aut.* Beseech you, sir, were you present  
at this relation?

*Gent.* I was by at the opening of the  
fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the  
manner how he found it: whereupon, after  
a little amazement, we were commanded  
out of the chamber; only this methought I  
heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

*Aut.* I would most gladly know the issue  
of it. 9

*Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the  
business; but the changes I perceived in  
the king and Camillo were very notes of  
admiration: they seemed almost, with  
staring on one another, to tear the cases of  
their eyes; there was speech in their dumb-  
ness, language in their very gesture; they  
looked as they had heard of a world ran-  
somed, or one destroyed: a notable passion  
of wonder appeared in them; but the wisest  
beholder, that knew no more but seeing,  
could not say if the importance were joy or  
sorrow; but in the extremity of the one it  
must needs be. 21

*Enter another Gentleman.*

Here comes a gentleman that haply knows  
more. The news, Rogero?

*Second Gent.* Nothing but bonfires. The  
oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is  
found: such a deal of wonder is broken out  
within this hour that ballad-makers cannot  
be able to express it. Here comes the Lady  
Paulina's steward: he can deliver you  
more.

*Enter a third Gentleman.*

How goes it now, sir? this news which is  
called true is so like an old tale, that the  
verity of it is in strong suspicion: has the  
king found his heir? 32

*Third Gent.* Most true, if ever truth were  
pregnant by circumstance: that which you  
hear you'll swear you see, there is such  
unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen  
Hermione, her jewel about the neck of it,  
the letters of Antigonus found with it, which  
they know to be his character; the majesty  
of the creature in resemblance of the  
mother, the affection of nobleness which  
nature shows above her breeding, and many  
other evidences proclaim her with all cer-  
tainty to be the king's daughter. Did you  
see the meeting of the two kings?

*Second Gent.* No. 45

*Third Gent.* Then you have lost a sight,  
which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of.

There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner that it seemed sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenances of such distraction that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, 'O! thy mother, thy mother:' then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter with clipping her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-beaten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it and undoes description to do it. 63

*Second Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus that carried hence the child?

*Third Gent.* Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son, who has not only his innocence, which seems much, to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his that Paulina knows. 72

*First Gent.* What became of his bark and his followers?

*Third Gent.* Wrecked the same instant of their master's death, and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child were even then lost when it was found. But O! the noble combat that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina. She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: she lifted the princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart that she might no more be in danger of losing. 85

*First Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes, for by such was it acted.

*Third Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes, caught the water though not the fish, was when, at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to 't bravely confessed and lamented by the king, how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an 'alas!' I would fain say, bleed tears, for I am sure my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen 't, the woe had been universal. 100

*First Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

*Third Gent.* No; the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina—a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity and could put breath into

his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione that they say one would speak to her and stand in hope of answer: thither with all greediness of affection are they gone, and there they intend to sup.

*Second Gent.* I thought she had some great matter there in hand, for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither and with our company piece the rejoicing? 117

*First Gent.* Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. *Exeunt Gentlemen.*

*Aut.* Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel and I know not what; but he at that time, overfond of the shepherd's daughter, so he then took her to be, who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 't is all one to me; for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits. Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune. 136

*Enter Shepherd and Clown.*

*Shep.* Come, boy; I am past more children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

*Clo.* You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: see you these clothes? say you see them not and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie, do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

*Aut.* I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

*Clo.* Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

*Shep.* And so have I, boy. 149

*Clo.* So you have: but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the king's son took me by the hand and called me brother; and then the two kings called my father brother; and then the prince my brother and the princess my sister called my father father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

*Shep.* We may live, son, to shed many more.

*Clo.* Ay; or else 't were hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are. 159

*Aut.* I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

*Shep.* Prithce, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

*Clo.* Thou wilt amend thy life?

*Aut.* Ay, an it like your good worship.

*Clo.* Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia. 170

*Shep.* You may say it, but not swear it.

*Clo.* Not swear it now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

*Shep.* How if it be false, son?

*Clo.* If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend: and I'll swear to the prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt be drunk: but I'll swear it, and I would thou would'st be a tall fellow of thy hands. 182

*Aut.* I will prove so, sir, to my power.

*Clo.* Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Chapel in PAULINA'S House.*

*Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Leon.* O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort

That I have had of thee!

*Paul.* What, sovereign sir, I did not well I meant well. All my services You have paid home; but that you have vouchsaf'd,

With your crown'd brother and these your contracte'd

Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,

It is a surplus of your grace, which never My life may last to answer.

*Leon.* O Paulina!

We honour you with trouble: but we came To see the statue of our queen: your gallery 10

Have we pass'd through, not without much content

In many singularities, but we saw not That which my daughter came to look upon, The statue of her mother.

*Paul.* As she liv'd peerless, So her dead likeness, I do well believe, Excels whatever yet you look'd upon Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it

Lonely, apart. But here it is: prepare To see the life as lively mock'd as ever Still sleep mock'd death: behold! and say 't is well. 20

*PAULINA draws a curtain, and discovers HERMIONE as a statue.*

I like your silence; it the more shows off

Your wonder; but yet speak: first you, my liege.

Comes it not something near?

*Leon.*

Her natural posture!

Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed Thou art Hermione; or, rather, thou art she In thy not chiding, for she was as tender As infancy and grace. But yet, Paulina, Hermione was not so much wrinkled; nothing

So aged as this seems.

*Pol.*

O! not by much.

*Paul.* So much the more our carver's excellence; 30

Which lets go by some sixteen years and makes her

As she liv'd now.

*Leon.*

As now she might have done,

So much to my good comfort, as it is Now piercing to my soul. O! thus she stood,

Even with such life of majesty, warm life, As now it coldly stands, when first I woo'd her.

I am asham'd: does not the stone rebuke me

For being more stone than it? O royal piece!

There's magic in thy majesty, which has My evils conjur'd to remembrance, and 40 From thy admiring daughter took the spirits, Standing like stone with thee.

*Per.*

And give me leave,

And do not say 't is superstition, that I kneel and then implore her blessing.

*Lady,*

Dear queen, that ended when I but began, Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

*Paul.*

O! patience;

The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's Not dry.

*Cam.* My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,

Which sixteen winters cannot blow away, 50 So many summers dry: scarce any joy Did ever so long live; no sorrow But kill'd itself much sooner.

*Pol.*

Dear my brother,

Let him that was the cause of this have power

To take off so much grief from you as he Will piece up in himself.

*Paul.*

Indeed, my lord,

If I had thought the sight of my poor image Would thus have wrought you, for the stone is mine,

I'd not have show'd it.

*Leon.*

Do not draw the curtain,

*Paul.* No longer shall you gaze on 't, lest your fancy 60

May think anon it moves.

*Leon.*

Let be, let be!

Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—

What was he that did make it? See, my lord,

Would you not deem it breath'd, and that those veins

Did verily bear blood?

*Pol.* Masterly done:  
The very life seems warm upon her lip.  
*Leon.* The fixure of her eye has motion  
in 't,  
As we are mock'd with art.  
*Paul.* I'll draw the curtain.  
My lord's almost so far transported that  
He'll think anon it lives.  
*Leon.* O sweet Paulina! 70  
Make me to think so twenty years together:  
No settled senses of the world can match  
The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.  
*Paul.* I am sorry, sir, I have thus far  
stirr'd you: but  
I could afflict you further.  
*Leon.* Do, Paulina:  
For this affliction has a taste as sweet  
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,  
There is an air comes from her: what fine  
chisel  
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man  
mock me,  
For I will kiss her.  
*Paul.* Good my lord, forbear. 80  
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet:  
You'll mar it if you kiss it; stain your own  
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?  
*Leon.* No, not these twenty years.  
*Per.* So long could I  
Stand by, a looker-on.  
*Paul.* Either forbear,  
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you  
For more amazement. If you can behold it  
I'll make the statue move indeed, descend  
And take you by the hand; but then you'll  
think,  
Which I protest against, I am assisted 90  
By wicked powers.  
*Leon.* What you can make her do,  
I am content to look on; what to speak,  
I am content to hear; for 't is as easy  
To make her speak as move.  
*Paul.* It is requir'd  
You do awake your faith. Then all stand  
still;  
Or those that think it is unlawful business  
I am about, let them depart.  
*Leon.* Proceed:  
No foot shall stir.  
*Paul.* Music, awake her; strike!  
'T is time; descend; be stone no more:  
approach;  
Strike all that look upon with marvel.  
Come; 100  
I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;  
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from  
him  
Dear life redeems you. You perceive she  
stirs. *HERMIONE comes down.*  
Start not; her actions shall be holy as  
You hear my spell is lawful: do not shun her  
Until you see her die again, for then  
You kill her double. Nay, present your  
hand:  
When she was young you woo'd her; now  
in age  
Is she become the suitor!  
*Leon.* O! she's warm.

If this be magic, let it be an art 110  
Lawful as eating.  
*Pol.* She embraces him.  
*Cam.* She hangs about his neck:  
If she pertain to life let her speak too.  
*Pol.* Ay; and make it manifest where she  
has liv'd,  
Or how stol'n from the dead.  
*Paul.* That she is living,  
Were it but told you, should be hooted at  
Like an old tale; but it appears she lives,  
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little  
while.  
Please you to interpose, fair madam: kneel  
And pray your mother's blessing. Turn,  
good lady; 120  
Our Perdita is found.  
*Her.* You gods, look down,  
And from your sacred vials pour your graces  
Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine  
own,  
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where  
liv'd? how found  
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear  
that I,  
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle  
Gave hope thou wast in being, have pre-  
serv'd  
Myself to see the issue.  
*Paul.* There's time enough for that;  
Lest they desire upon this push to trouble  
Your joys with like relation. Go together, 130  
You precious winners all: your exultation  
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,  
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and  
there  
My mate, that's never to be found again,  
Lament till I am lost.  
*Leon.* O! peace, Paulina.  
Thou should'st a husband take by my con-  
sent,  
As I by thine a wife; this is a match,  
And made between's by vows. Thou hast  
found mine;  
But how, is to be question'd; for I saw her,  
As I thought, dead, and have in vain said  
many 140  
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far,—  
For him, I partly know his mind,—to find  
thee  
An honourable husband. Come, Camillo,  
And take her by the hand; whose worth and  
honesty  
Is richly noted, and here justified  
By us, a pair of kings. Let's from this place.  
What! Look upon my brother: both your  
pardons,  
That e'er I put between you holy looks  
My ill suspicion. This is your son-in-law  
And son unto the king, who, heavens di-  
recting, 150  
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good  
Paulina,  
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely  
Each one demand and answer to his part  
Perform'd in this wide gap of time since  
first  
We were dissever'd: hastily lead away.  
*Exeunt.*

## THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN

THERE seems to be a fatal defect in *King John* whereby, in spite of its many excellences, a reading of the play leaves us cold and unsatisfied. After having followed the character of John to the end, we have a sense of offended justice that so contemptible and so guilty a wretch should receive such a fair dismissal from the stage. Although he dies miserably by poison, yet he betrays no sign of remorse, and his death seems wholly disassociated from his offenses. It is useless to resort to history, as some critics do, and say that by jumping over a period of years and making John's death follow close upon the death of Arthur, Shakespeare has met the requirements of poetic justice. Proximity in time does not affect the issue; there must be at least apparent causal relationship, and in this case it is utterly lacking. Furthermore, through words put into the mouth of Faulconbridge, Shakespeare would have us understand that John's soul has gone to heaven and that his death will be revenged:

Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind  
To do the office for thee of revenge.  
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,  
As it on earth hath been thy servant still."

Now, unless we have quite misread the play, such treatment, accorded to such a man as John by Shakespeare, must be regarded as a fatal defect; and yet it is so obvious that it is inconceivable that Shakespeare himself would not have observed it or that he could not have corrected it with the utmost ease. Shall we say, then, as does one great critic, that in this instance Shakespeare has "left a serious blot on his drama which it is impossible to remove"; or shall we doubt our reading and look further, with the expectation of finding that we have misconceived Shakespeare's purpose in the play, and that we have done so through no fault of his?

In our discussion of *Henry VI, Parts II and III*, we ventured the suggestion that to Shakespeare's audiences the central interest in all these history plays was England herself. With this suggestion in mind let us look once more into *King John*. When Shakespeare's audience left the theatre at the close of this play there still rang in their ears some of the most patriotic lines that Shakespeare ever penned—lines that still send the blood tingling through the veins of every Englishman:

"This England never did and never shall  
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,  
But when it first did help to wound itself.  
Now these her princes are come home again,  
Come the three corners of the world in arms,  
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,  
If England to itself do rest but true."

Now these are no mere perfunctory lines supplied for the purpose of affording an effective final exit from the stage. They are immortal. They were clearly intended as a summary of the lesson of the entire play, the purpose of which is to show the necessity of English unity if England is to maintain herself against foreign invasion.

The play opens with a threat of war by the French ambassador, whose country supports Prince Arthur's claim to the English throne. King John's answer is instant:

"Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;  
For ere thou canst report I will be there,  
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.

It matters not that John holds the throne with no shadow of right; he holds it with the consent of Englishmen, and so long as he holds it no foreign power shall dictate to him.

He levies instantly on the church for the expense of his expedition and proceeds to France. Before the walls of Angiers he maintains himself against the combined forces of Philip and Austria. He offers a compromise to Arthur which is indignantly spurned by Constance, who centers her hopes for her son on the allied armies of Philip and Austria. The opposing forces reach a compromise by the marriage of Lewis and Blanche which involves the perfidy of Philip and Austria toward Constance. The arrival of Pandulph, the papal legate, and his excommunication of John again opens the breach and throws Philip and Austria once more back to the side of Arthur and Constance. In the battle that follows the allied forces are overthrown and Arthur is taken prisoner by the English. The Bastard is despatched in advance to England to "shake the bags of hoarding abbots" preparatory to the return of the army. John gives Arthur over in charge of Hubert, whispers "death" and "a grave" and then all set out for England.

Now it is exactly at this point that we are likely to lose sight of the central theme and transfer our interest to the personages involved in the action. The dastardly hint of putting Arthur to death leads us instantly to regard John with loathing. To us at the moment, whatever may happen to England becomes of secondary importance compared with our hatred of the king and our concern for Arthur's life. Our feelings are intensified by the heartbreaking grief of Constance. When she finally withdraws from the scene Pandulph comes forward and suggests to Lewis the invasion of England, voicing his belief that John will make away with Arthur and that in consequence England will be torn with revolt to which end the church will lend assistance. With Lewis on the point of yielding the scene changes to an English prison, where we witness that pitiful scene between Arthur and Hubert in which our sympathy for Arthur and our loathing for John touch the extremes.

Later comes the revelation of Arthur's supposed death, for which the lords hold John responsible. As a result, with apparently the best reason in the world and one with which we fully sympathize, they revolt from the king. John's repentance for Arthur's supposed death is clearly induced by his fear of the nobles, and his cheap attempt to throw the responsibility upon Hubert deprives him of the last vestige of any right to fealty. While we are in this frame of mind (at least this must have been true of Shakespeare's audience) we are shocked back to sanity by an event toward which every incident has been leading and the possibility of which we had not dreamed. The nobles find the dead body of Arthur outside the prison walls. It is at that moment that we learn that they are on their way to join the French who have already landed on England's shores.

Here we reach what to Shakespeare and his audience must have been—and what should now appear to us—the one overmastering fact in the play and the one to which every scene has bent; namely, the nobles of England, in revolt against the king with our full sympathy, have joined a foreign foe on English soil against England. What crime of murder can be compared with that? What grief of mothers is commensurate with that felt by England on

"so sad an hour as this;  
Wherein we step after a stranger march  
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up her enemies' ranks?"

It is unnecessary to follow the story further: John's submitting to the authority of the church; his yielding the ordering of the present time to the Bastard Faulconbridge, in whose passionate loyalty to England now rest England's hopes; the discovery by the nobles of Lewis' perfidy; their return to their king, who in the light of their own offense is purified and whom they now hail as "our great King John"; his death, and the comfort of a prince born

"To set a form upon that indigest  
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude."

Let the king pass! Let the king reign! Who thinks of retribution? England rejoice, for

"These her princes are come home again!"

# THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING JOHN.

PRINCE HENRY, *Son to the King.*

ARTHUR, *Duke of Bretagne, Nephew to the King.*

THE EARL OF PEMBROKE.

THE EARL OF ESSEX.

THE EARL OF SALISBURY.

THE LORD BIGOT.

HUBERT DE BURGH.

ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, *Son to Sir Robert Faulconbridge.*

PHILIP THE BASTARD, *his half-brother.*

JAMES GURNEY, *Servant to Lady Faulconbridge.*

PETER of Pomfret, *a Prophet.*

PHILIP, *King of France.*

LEWIS, *the Dauphin.*

LYMOGES, *Duke of Austria.*

CARDINAL PANDULPH, *the Pope's Legate.*

MELUN, *a French Lord.*

CHATILLON, *Ambassador from France.*

QUEEN ELINOR, *Mother to King John.*

CONSTANCE, *Mother to Arthur.*

BLANCH of Spain, *Niece to King John.*

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE.

*Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Herald, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.*

SCENE.—*Sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.*

### ACT I

SCENE I.—*A Room of State in the Palace.*

*Enter King JOHN, Queen ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, and Others, with CHATILLON.*

*K. John.* Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

*Chat.* Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France,

In my behaviour, to the majesty, The borrow'd majesty of England here.

*Eli.* A strange beginning; 'borrow'd majesty'!

*K. John.* Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

*Chat.* Philip of France, in right and true behalf

Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son, Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim To this fair island and the territories, 10 To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine;

Desiring thee to lay aside the sword Which sways usurpingly these several titles, And put the same into young Arthur's hand, Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.

*K. John.* What follows if we disallow of this?

*Chat.* The proud control of fierce and bloody war,

To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

*K. John.* Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,

Controlment for controlment: so answer France. 20

*Chat.* Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,

The furthest limit of my embassy.

*K. John.* Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France; For ere thou canst report I will be there, The thunder of my cannon shall be heard. So hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath And sullen presage of your own decay.

An honourable conduct let him have: Pembroke, look to't. Farewell, Chatillon. 30

*Exeunt CHATILLON and PEMBROKE.*

*Eli.* What now, my son! have I not ever said

How that ambitious Constance would not cease

Till she had kindled France and all the world

Upon the right and party of her son? This might have been prevented and made whole

With very easy arguments of love, Which now the manage of two kingdoms must

With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

*K. John.* Our strong possession and our right for us.

*Eli.* Your strong possession much more than your right, 40

Or else it must go wrong with you and me: So much my conscience whispers in your

ear, Which none but heaven and you and I shall hear.

*Enter a Sheriff, who whispers ESSEX.*

*Essex.* My liege, here is the strangest controversy,

Come from the country to be judg'd by you,

That e'er I heard: shall I produce the men?

*K. John.* Let them approach.

*Exit Sheriff.*

Our abbeyes and our priories shall pay  
This expedition's charge.

*Re-enter Sheriff, with ROBERT FAULCON-  
BRIDGE, and PHILIP, his Bastard Brother.*

What men are you?

*Bast.* Your faithful subject I, a gentle-  
man 50

Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son,  
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,  
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand  
Of Cœur-de-Lion knighted in the field.

*K. John.* What art thou?

*Rob.* The son and heir to that same  
Faulconbridge.

*K. John.* Is that the elder, and art thou  
the heir?

You came not of one mother then, it seems.

*Bast.* Most certain of one mother, mighty  
king;

That is well known: and, as I think, one  
father: 60

But for the certain knowledge of that truth  
I put you o'er to heaven and to my mother:

Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

*Eli.* Out on thee, rude man! thou dost  
shame thy mother

And wound her honour with this diffidence.

*Bast.* I, madam? no, I have no reason  
for it;

That is my brother's plea and none of mine;  
The which if he can prove, a' pops me out

At least from fair five hundred pound a  
year:

Heaven guard my mother's honour and my  
land! 70

*K. John.* A good blunt fellow. Why,  
being younger born,

Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

*Bast.* I know not why, except to get the  
land.

But once he slander'd me with bastardy:

But whe'r I be as true-begot or no,

That still I lay upon my mother's head;

But that I am as well-begot, my liege,—

Fair fall the bones that took the pains for  
me!

Compare our faces and be judge yourself.

If old Sir Robert did beget us both, 80

And were our father, and this son like him;

O! old Sir Robert, father, on my knee

I give heaven thanks I was not like to thee.

*K. John.* Why, what a madcap hath  
heaven lent us here!

*Eli.* He hath a trick of Cœur-de-Lion's  
face;

The accent of his tongue affecteth him.

Do you not read some tokens of my son

In the large composition of this man?

*K. John.* Mine eye hath well examined  
his parts,

And finds them perfect Richard. Sirrah,  
speak: 90

What doth move you to claim your brother's  
land?

*Bast.* Because he hath a half-face, like  
my father.

With half that face would he have all my  
land;

A half-fac'd groat five hundred pound a  
year!

*Rob.* My gracious liege, when that my  
father liv'd,

Your brother did employ my father much,—

*Bast.* Well, sir; by this you cannot get  
my land:

Your tale must be how he employ'd my  
mother.

*Rob.* And once dispatch'd him in an  
embassy

To Germany, there with the emperor 100

To treat of high affairs touching that time.

The advantage of his absence took the king,

And in the meantime sojourn'd at my  
father's;

Where how he did prevail I shame to speak,  
But truth is truth: large lengths of seas and

shores

Between my father and my mother lay,

As I have heard my father speak himself,

When this same lusty gentleman was got.

Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd

His lands to me, and took it on his death 110

That this my mother's son was none of his;

And if he were, he came into the world

Full fourteen weeks before the course of  
time.

Then, good my liege, let me have what is  
mine,

My father's land, as was my father's will.

*K. John.* Sirrah, your brother is legiti-  
mate;

Your father's wife did after wedlock bear  
him,

And if she did play false, the fault was hers;  
Which fault lies on the hazards of all hus-  
bands

That marry wives. Tell me, how if my  
brother, 120

Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,  
Had of your father claim'd this son for

his?

In sooth, good friend, your father might have  
kept

This calf bred from his cow from all the  
world;

In sooth he might: then, if he were my  
brother's,

My brother might not claim him; nor your  
father,

Being none of his, refuse him: this con-  
cludes;

My mother's son did get your father's heir;

Your father's heir must have your father's  
land.

*Rob.* Shall then my father's will be of  
no force 130

To dispossess that child which is not his?

*Bast.* Of no more force to dispossess me,  
sir,

Than was his will to get me, as I think.

*Eli.* Whether hadst thou rather be a  
Faulconbridge

And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,  
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-Lion,

Lord of thy presence and no land beside?

*Bast.* Madam, an if my brother had my shape,  
And I had his, Sir Robert his, like him;  
And if my legs were two such riding-rods, 140  
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd, my face so thin

That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose  
Lest men should say 'Look, where three-farthings goes!'

And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,  
Would I might never stir from off this place,  
I'd give it every foot to have this face:  
I would not be Sir Nob in any case.

*Eli.* I like thee well: wilt thou forsake thy fortune,  
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?

I am a soldier and now bound to France. 150  
*Bast.* Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance.

Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,

Yet sell your face for five pence and 'tis dear.  
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

*Eli.* Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

*Bast.* Our country manners give our betters way.

*K. John.* What is thy name?

*Bast.* Philip, my liege, so is my name begun;

Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

*K. John.* From henceforth bear his name whose form thou bearest: 160

Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great;

Arise Sir Richard, and Plantagenet.

*Bast.* Brother by the mother's side, give me your hand:

My father gave me honour, yours gave land.  
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,

When I was got, Sir Robert was away!

*Eli.* The very spirit of Plantagenet!  
I am thy grandam, Richard: call me so.

*Bast.* Madam, by chance but not by truth; what though?

Something about, a little from the right, 170  
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:

Who dares not stir by day must walk by night,

And have is have, however men do catch.  
Near or far off, well won is still well shot,

And I am I, how'er I was begot.

*K. John.* Go, Faulconbridge: now hast thou thy desire;

A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.

Come, madam, and come, Richard: we must speed

For France, for France, for it is more than need.

*Bast.* Brother, adieu: good fortune come to thee! 180

For thou wast got i' the way of honesty.

*Exeunt all but Bastard.*  
A foot of honour better than I was,  
But many a many foot of land the worse.

Well, now can I make any Joan a lady.

'Good den, Sir Richard!' 'God-a-mercy, fellow!'

And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;

For new-made honour doth forget men's names:

'T is too respective and too sociable  
For your conversion. Now your traveller,

He and his toothpick at my worship's mess, 190

And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,  
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechize

My picked man of countries: 'My dear sir,'  
Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,

'I shall beseech you'—that is question now;  
And then comes answer like an absey-book:

'O sir,' says answer, 'at your best command;  
At your employment; at your service, sir;'

'No, sir,' says question, 'I, sweet sir, at yours:'

And so, ere answer knows what question would, 200

Saving in dialogue of compliment,  
And talking of the Alps and Appennines,

The Pyrenean and the river Po,  
It draws toward supper in conclusion so.

But this is worshipful society  
And fits the mounting spirit like myself;

For he is but a bastard to the time,  
That doth not smack of observation;

And so am I, whether I smack or no;  
And not alone in habit and device, 210

Exterior form, outward accoutrement,  
But from the inward motion to deliver

Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:

Which, though I will not practise to deceive,  
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;

For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising,  
But who comes in such haste in riding-rob-  
es?

What woman-post is this? hath she no husband

That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

*Enter Lady FAULCONBRIDGE and JAMES GURNEY.*

O me! it is my mother. How now, good lady! 200

What brings you here to court so hastily?

*Lady F.* Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he,

That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

*Bast.* My brother Robert? old Sir Robert's son?

Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man? Is it Sir Robert's son that you seek so?

*Lady F.* Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou un-reverent boy,

Sir Robert's son: why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert?

He is Sir Robert's son, and so art thou.

*Bast.* James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile? 230

*Gur.* Good leave, good Philip.

*Bast.* Philip! sparrow! James, There's toys abroad: anon I'll tell thee more.

*Exit GURNEY.*

Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son:  
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me  
Upon Good-Friday and ne'er broke his  
fast.

Sir Robert could do well: marry, to confess,  
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not  
do it:

We know his handiwork: therefore, good  
mother,

To whom am I beholding for these limbs?  
Sir Robert never help to make this leg. 240

*Lady F.* Hast thou conspired with thy  
brother too,

That for thine own gain should'st defend  
mine honour?

What means this scorn, thou most untoward  
knave?

*Bast.* Knight, knight, good mother, Basil-  
isco-like.

What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder.  
But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son;

I have disclaim'd Sir Robert and my  
land;

Legitimation, name, and all is gone.

Then, good my mother, let me know my  
father:

Some proper man, I hope; who was it,  
mother? 250

*Lady F.* Hast thou denied thyself a Faul-  
conbridge?

*Bast.* As faithfully as I deny the devil.

*Lady F.* King Richard Cœur-de-Lion was  
thy father:

By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd  
To make room for him in my husband's  
bed.

Heaven lay not my transgression to my  
charge!

Thou art the issue of my dear offence,  
Which was so strongly urg'd past my  
defence.

*Bast.* Now, by this light, were I to get  
again,

Madam, I would not wish a better father. 260  
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,  
And so doth yours; your fault was not your  
folly:

Needs must you lay your heart at his dis-  
pose,

Subjected tribute to commanding love,  
Against whose fury and unmatched force  
The aweless lion could not wage the fight,  
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's  
hand.

He that perforce robs lions of their hearts  
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,  
With all my heart I thank thee for my  
father!

Who lives and dares but say thou didst not  
well 271

When I was got, I'll send his soul to  
hell.

Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;  
And they shall say, when Richard me  
begot,

If thou hadst said him nay, it had been  
sin:

Who says it was, he lies: I say 't was  
not. *Exeunt.*

## ACT II

SCENE I.—*France. Before the Walls of Angiers.*

*Enter, on one side, the Duke of AUSTRIA and Forces; on the other, King PHILIP of France and Forces; LEWIS, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and Attendants.*

*Lew.* Before Angiers well met, brave  
Austria.

Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,  
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart  
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,  
By this brave duke came early to his grave:

And, for amends to his posterity,  
At our importance hither is he come,

To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf,  
And to rebuke the usurpation  
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John. 10

Embrace him, love him, give him welcome  
hither.

*Arth.* God shall forgive you Cœur-de-  
Lion's death

The rather that you give his offspring life,  
Shadowing their right under your wings of  
war.

I give you welcome with a powerless hand,  
But with a heart full of unstained love:

Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

*Lew.* A noble boy! Who would not do  
thee right?

*Aust.* Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous  
kiss,

As seal to this indenture of my love, 20  
That to my home I will no more return

Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in  
France,

Together with that pale, that white-fac'd  
shore,

Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring  
tides

And coops from other lands her islanders.  
Even till that England, hedg'd in with the  
main,

That water-walled bulwark, still secure  
And confident from foreign purposes,

Even till that utmost corner of the west  
Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy, 30

Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

*Const.* O! take his mother's thanks, a  
widow's thanks,

Till your strong hand shall help to give him  
strength

To make a more requital to your love.

*Aust.* The peace of heaven is theirs that  
lift their swords

In such a just and charitable war.  
*K. Phi.* Well then, to work: our cannon

shall be bent

Against the brows of this resisting town.  
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,

To cull the plots of best advantages: 40  
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,

Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's  
blood,

But we will make it subject to this boy.  
*Const.* Stay for an answer to your em-  
bassy,

Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood.  
 My Lord Chatillon may from England bring  
 That right in peace which here we urge in war;  
 And then we shall repent each drop of blood  
 That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

*Enter CHATILLON.*

*K. Phi.* A wonder, lady! lo, upon thy wish, 50  
 Our messenger, Chatillon, is arriv'd!  
 What England says, say briefly, gentle lord;  
 We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.  
*Chat.* Then turn your forces from this paltry siege

And stir them up against a mightier task.  
 England, impatient of your just demands,  
 Hath put himself in arms: the adverse winds,

Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time

To land his legions all as soon as I;  
 His marches are expedient to this town, 60  
 His forces strong, his soldiers confident.  
 With him along is come the mother-queen,  
 An Ate, stirring him to blood and strife;  
 With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain;

With them a bastard of the king's deceas'd;  
 And all the unsettled humours of the land,  
 Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,  
 With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens,

Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,  
 Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs, 70

To make a hazard of new fortunes here.  
 In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits  
 Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er

Did never float upon the swelling tide,  
 To do offence and scath in Christendom.

*Drums heard within.*

The interruption of their churlish drums  
 Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand,

To parley or to fight; therefore prepare.

*K. Phi.* How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

*Aust.* By how much unexpected, by so much 80

We must awake endeavour for defence,  
 For courage mounteth with occasion:  
 Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

*Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, the Bastard, Lords, and Forces.*

*K. John.* Peace be to France, if France in peace permit  
 Our just and lineal entrance to our own;  
 If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven,

Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct  
 Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven.

*K. Phi.* Peace be to England, if that war return

From France to England, there to live in peace. 90

England we love; and for that England's sake

With burden of our armour here we sweat:  
 This toil of ours should be a work of thine;  
 But thou from loving England art so far  
 That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king,

Cut off the sequence of posterity,  
 Out-faced infant state, and done a rape  
 Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.  
 Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face:  
 These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his; 100

This little abstract doth contain that large  
 Which died in Geoffrey, and the hand of time

Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.  
 That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born,  
 And this his son; England was Geoffrey's right

And this is Geoffrey's. In the name of God  
 How comes it then that thou art call'd a king,  
 When living blood doth in these temples beat,

Which owe the crown that thou o'erma-  
 storest?

*K. John.* From whom hast thou this great  
 commission, France, 110

To draw my answer from thy articles?

*K. Phi.* From that supernal judge, that  
 stirs good thoughts

In any breast of strong authority,  
 To look into the blots and stains of right:  
 That judge hath made me guardian to this boy;

Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,  
 And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

*K. John.* Alack! thou dost usurp au-  
 thority.

*K. Phi.* Excuse; it is to beat usurping  
 down.

*Eli.* Who is it thou dost call usurper,  
 France? 120

*Const.* Let me make answer; thy usurp-  
 ing son.

*Eli.* Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be  
 king,

That thou may'st be a queen, and check the  
 world!

*Const.* My bed was ever to thy son as true  
 As thine was to thy husband, and this boy  
 Likier in feature to his father Geoffrey  
 Than thou and John in manners; being as  
 like

As rain to water, or devil to his dam.  
 My boy a bastard! By my soul I think 130  
 His father never was so true begot:  
 It cannot be an if thou wert his mother.

*Eli.* There's a good mother, boy, that  
 blots thy father.

*Const.* There's a good grandam, boy,  
 that would blot thee.

*Aust.* Peace!

*Bast.* Hear the crier.

*Aust.* What the devil art thou?

*Bast.* One that will play the devil, sir,  
 with you,

An a' may catch your hide and you alone.  
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,  
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard.  
I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you  
right.

Sirrah, look to 't; i' faith, I will, i' faith. 140  
*Blanch.* O! well did he become that lion's  
robe.

That did disrobe the lion of that robe.  
*Bast.* It lies as sightly on the back of him  
As great Alcides' shows upon an ass:  
But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back,  
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders  
crack.

*Aust.* What cracker is this same that  
deafs our ears  
With this abundance of superfluous breath?  
King,—Lewis, determine what we shall do  
straight.

*Lew.* Women and fools, break off your  
conference. 150

King John, this is the very sum of all:  
England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine,  
Maine,

In right of Arthur do I claim of thee.  
Wilt thou resign them and lay down thy  
arms?

*K. John.* My life as soon: I do defy thee,  
France.

Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;  
And out of my dear love I'll give thee more  
Than e'er the coward hand of France can  
win.

Submit thee, boy.

*Eli.* Come to thy grandam, child.  
*Const.* Do, child, go to it grandam,  
child; 160

Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will  
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:  
There's a good grandam.

*Arth.* Good my mother, peace!  
I would that I were low laid in my grave:  
I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

*Eli.* His mother shames him so, poor boy,  
he weeps.

*Const.* Now shame upon you, whe'r she  
does or no!

His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's  
shames,

Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his  
poor eyes,

Which heaven shall take in nature of a  
fee: 170

Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be  
brib'd

To do him justice and revenge on you.

*Eli.* Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven  
and earth!

*Const.* Thou monstrous injurer of heaven  
and earth!

Call not me slanderer; thou and thine usurp  
The dominations, royalties, and rights

Of this oppressed boy: this is thy eld'st  
son's son,

Infornate in nothing but in thee:  
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;

The canon of the law is laid on him, 180  
Being but the second generation

Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

*K. John.* Bedlam, have done.

*Const.* I have but this to say,  
That he is not only plagued for her sin,  
But God hath made her sin and her the  
plague

On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,  
And with her plague, her sin; his injury  
Her injury, the beadle to her sin,  
All punish'd in the person of this child.

And all for her, A plague upon her! 190  
*Eli.* Thou unadvised scold, I can produce

A will that bars the title of thy son.

*Const.* Ay, who doubts that? a will! a  
wicked will;

A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will!

*K. Phi.* Peace, lady! pause, or be more  
temperate:

It ill beseems this presence to cry aim  
To these ill-tuned repetitions.

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls  
These men of Angiers: let us hear them  
speak 199

Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

*Trumpets sound.* Enter Citizens upon the  
walls.

*First Cit.* Who is it that hath warn'd us  
to the walls?

*K. Phi.* 'T is France, for England.

*K. John.* England, for itself.

You men of Angiers, and my loving sub-  
jects,—

*K. Phi.* You loving men of Angiers,  
Arthur's subjects,

Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.—

*K. John.* For our advantage; therefore  
hear us first.

These flags of France, that are advanced  
here

Before the eye and prospect of your town,  
Have hither march'd to your endamage-  
ment:

The cannons have their bowels full of  
wrath, 210

And ready mounted are they to spit forth  
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:

All preparation for a bloody siege  
And merciless proceeding by these French

Confronts your city's eyes, your winking  
gates;

And but for our approach those sleeping  
stones,

That as a waist doth girdle you about,  
By the compulsion of their ordinance

By this time from their fixed beds of lime  
Had been dishabited, and wide havoc

made 220

For bloody power to rush upon your peace.  
But on the sight of us your lawful king,

Who painfully with much expedient march  
Have brought a countercheck before your  
gates,

To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd  
cheeks,

Behold, the French amaz'd vouchsafe a  
parle;

And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in  
fire,

To make a shaking fever in your walls,

They shoot but calm words folded up in smoke,

To make a faithless error in your ears: 237  
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,  
And let us in, your king, whose labour'd spirits,

Forwearied in this action of swift speed,  
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

*K. Phi.* When I have said, make answer to us both.

Lo! in this right hand, whose protection  
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right  
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,  
Son to the elder brother of this man,  
And king o'er him and all that he enjoys: 240  
For this down-trodden equity, we tread  
In war-like march these greens before your town,

Being no further enemy to you  
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,  
In the relief of this oppressed child,  
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then  
To pay that duty which you truly owe  
To him that owes it, namely this young prince;

And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,  
Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up; 250  
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent  
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;  
And with a blessed and unwe'red retire,  
With unhack'd swords and helmets all unbruise'd,

We will bear home that lusty blood again  
Which here we came to spout against your town,

And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.

But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,  
'Tis not the roundure of your old-fac'd walls  
Can hide you from our messengers of war, 260  
Though all these English and their discipline  
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.  
Then tell us, shall your city call us lord,  
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?  
Or shall we give the signal to our rage  
And stalk in blood to our possession?

*First Cit.* In brief, we are the King of England's subjects:

For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

*K. John.* Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

*First Cit.* That can we not; but he that proves the king, 270

To him will we prove loyal: till that time  
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

*K. John.* Doth not the crown of England prove the king?

And if not that, I bring you witnesses,  
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

*Bast.* Bastards, and else.

*K. John.* To verify our title with their lives.

*K. Phi.* As many and as well-born bloods as those,—

*Bast.* Some bastards too.

*K. Phi.* Stand in his face to contradict his claim. 280

*First Cit.* Till you compound whose right is worthiest,

We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

*K. John.* Then God forgive the sin of all those souls

That to their everlasting residence,  
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,  
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

*K. Phi.* Amen, amen! Mount, chevaliers! to arms!

*Bast.* Saint George, that swing'd the dragon and e'er since

Sits on his horse back at mine hostess' door,

Teach us some fence! To AUSTRIA. Sirrah, were I at home, 290

At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,  
I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,

And make a monster of you.

*Aust.* Peace! no more.

*Bast.* O! tremble, for you hear the lion roar.

*K. John.* Up higher to the plain; where we'll set forth

In best appointment all our regiments.

*Bast.* Speed then, to take advantage of the field.

*K. Phi.* It shall be so; and at the other hill

Command the rest to stand. God, and our right! *Exeunt.*

*Alarums and excursions; then a retreat.*

*Enter the Herald of France, with trumpets, to the gates.*

*F. Her.* You men of Angiers, open wide your gates, 300

And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in,  
Who by the hand of France this day hath made

Much work for tears in many an English mother,

Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground;

Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,  
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;

And victory, with little loss, doth play  
Upon the dancing banners of the French,

Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,  
To enter conquerors and to proclaim 310

Arthur of Bretagne England's king and yours.

*Enter English Herald, with trumpets.*

*E. Her.* Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells;

King John, your king and England's, doth approach,

Commander of this hot malicious day.  
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,

Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;

There stuck no plume in any English crest  
That is removed by a staff of France;

Our colours do return in those same hands  
That did display them when we first march'd forth; 320

And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come  
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,  
Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes.  
Open your gates and give the victors way.

*First Cit.* Heralds, from off our towers  
we might behold,

From first to last, the onset and retire  
Of both your armies; whose equality  
By our best eyes cannot be censured:  
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have  
answer'd blows;

Strength march'd with strength, and power  
confronted power: 330

Both are alike; and both alike we like.  
One must prove greatest: while they weigh  
so even,

We hold our town for neither, yet for both.

*Re-enter the two Kings, with their powers,  
severally.*

*K. John.* France, hast thou yet more  
blood to cast away?

Say, shall the current of our right run on?  
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,  
Shall leave his native channel and o'erswell  
With course disturb'd even thy confining  
shores.

Unless thou let his silver water keep  
A peaceful progress to the ocean. 340

*K. Phi.* England, thou hast not sav'd one  
drop of blood.

In this hot trial, more than we of France;  
Rather, lost more: and by this hand I  
swear,

That sways the earth this climate overlooks,  
Before we will lay down our just-borne  
arms,

We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these  
arms we bear,

Or add a royal number to the dead,  
Gracing the scroll that tells of this war's loss  
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

*Bast.* Ha, majesty! how high thy glory  
towers 350

When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!  
O! now doth death line his dead chaps with  
steel;

The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his  
fangs;

And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of  
men,

In undetermin'd differences of kings.  
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?

Cry, 'havoc!' kings; back to the stained  
field,

You equal-potents, fiery-kindled spirits!  
Then let confusion of one part confirm

The other's peace; till then, blows, blood,  
and death! 360

*K. John.* Whose party do the townsmen  
yet admit?

*K. Phi.* Speak, citizens, for England;  
who's your king?

*First Cit.* The King of England, when we  
know the king.

*K. Phi.* Know him in us, that here hold  
up his right.

*K. John.* In us, that are our own great  
deputy,

And bear possession of our person here,  
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

*First Cit.* A greater power than we denies  
all this;

And till it be undoubted, we do lock  
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd  
gates, 370

Kings of ourselves; until our fears, resolv'd,  
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

*Bast.* By heaven, these scroyles of An-  
giers flout you, kings,

And stand securely on their battlements,  
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point

At your industrious scenes and acts of death.  
Your royal presences be rul'd by me:

Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,  
Be friends awhile and both conjointly bend

Your sharpest deeds of malice on this  
town. 380

By east and west let France and England  
mount

Their battering cannon charged to the  
mouths,

Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd  
down

The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:  
I'd pay incessantly upon these jades,

Even till unfenced desolation  
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.

That done, dis sever your united strengths,  
And part your mingled colours once again;

Turn face to face and bloody point to  
point; 390

Then, in a moment, Fortune shall cull forth  
Out of one side her happy minion,

To whom in favour she shall give the day,  
And kiss him with a glorious victory.

How like you this wild counsel, mighty  
states?

Smacks it not something of the policy?

*K. John.* Now, by the sky that hangs  
above our heads,

I like it well. France, shall we knit our  
powers

And lay this Angiers even with the ground;  
Then after fight who shall be king of it? 400

*Bast.* An if thou hast the mettle of a king,  
Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish

town,

Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,  
As we will ours, against these saucy walls;

And when that we have dash'd them to the  
ground,

Why then defy each other, and pell-mell  
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven or

hell.

*K. Phi.* Let it be so. Say, where will you  
assault?

*K. John.* We from the west will send  
destruction

Into this city's bosom. 410

*Aust.* I from the north.

*K. Phi.* Our thunder from the south  
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

*Bast.* O prudent discipline! From north  
to south

Austria and France shoot in each other's  
mouth:

I'll stir them to it. Come, away, away!

*First Cit.* Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe awhile to stay,  
And I shall show you peace and fair-fac'd league;

Win you this city without stroke or wound;  
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,  
That here come sacrifices for the field. 420  
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

*K. John.* Speak on with favour: we are bent to hear.

*First Cit.* That daughter there of Spain,  
the Lady Blanch,

Is niece to England: look upon the years  
Of Lewis the Dauphin and that lovely maid.  
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,  
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?  
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,  
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?  
If love ambitious sought a match of birth, 430  
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch?

Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,  
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:  
If not complete of, say he is not she;  
And she again wants nothing, to name want,  
If want it be not that she is not he:  
He is the half part of a blessed man,  
Left to be finished by such as she;  
And she a fair divided excellence,

Whose fulness of perfection lies in him. 440  
O! two such silver currents, when they join,  
Do glorify the banks that bound them in;  
And two such shores to two such streams  
made one,

Two such controlling bounds shall you be,  
kings,

To these two princes, if you marry them.  
This union shall do more than battery can  
To our fast-closed gates; for at this match,  
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,  
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,  
And give you entrance; but without this  
match, 450

The sea enraged is not half so deaf,  
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks  
More free from motion, no, not death himself  
In mortal fury half so peremptory,  
As we keep this city.

*Bast.* Here 's a stay

That shakes the rotten carcass of old death  
Out of his rags! Here 's a large mouth,  
indeed,

That spits forth death and mountains, rocks  
and seas,

Talks as familiarly of roaring lions  
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs. 460  
What cannoner begot this lusty blood?  
He speaks plain cannon fire, and smoke, and  
bounce;

He gives the bastinado with his tongue;  
Our ears are cudgell'd; not a word of his  
But buffets better than a fist of France.

'Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with  
words

Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.  
*Eli.* Son, list to this conjunction, make  
this match;

Give with our niece a dowry large enough;  
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie 470

Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,  
That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe  
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.  
I see a yielding in the looks of France;  
Mark how they whisper: urge them while  
their souls

Are capable of this ambition,  
Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath  
Of soft petitions, pity and remorse,  
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

*First Cit.* Why answer not the double ma-  
jesties 480

This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

*K. Phi.* Speak England first, that hath  
been forward first

To speak unto this city: what say you?

*K. John.* If that the Dauphin there, thy  
princely son,

Can in this book of beauty read, 'I love,'  
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:  
For Anjou and fair Touraine, Maine, Poic-  
tiers,

And all that we upon this side the sea,  
Except this city now by us besieg'd,  
Find liable to our crown and dignity, 490  
Shall gild her bridal bed and make her rich  
In titles, honours, and promotions,  
As she in beauty, education, blood,  
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

*K. Phi.* What say'st thou, boy? look in  
the lady's face.

*Lew.* I do, my lord; and in her eye I find  
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,  
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;  
Which, being but the shadow of your son  
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a  
shadow: 500

I do protest I never lov'd myself  
Till now infixed I beheld myself,  
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

*Whispers with BLANCH.*

*Bast.* Drawn in the flattering table of her  
eye!

Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her  
brow!

And quarter'd in her heart! he doth espy  
Himself love's traitor: this is pity now,  
That, hang'd and drawn and quarter'd, there  
should be

In such a love so vile a lout as he.

*Blanch.* My uncle's will in this respect is  
mine: 510

If he see aught in you that makes him like,  
That any thing he sees, which moves his  
liking,

I can with ease translate it to my will;  
Or if you will, to speak more properly,  
I will enforce it easily to my love.

Further I will not flatter you, my lord,  
That all I see in you is worthy love,  
Than this: that nothing do I see in you,  
Though churlish thoughts themselves should  
be your judge

That I can find should merit any hate. 520

*K. John.* What say these young ones?  
What say you, my niece?

*Blanch.* That she is bound in honour still  
to do

What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say,

*K. John.* Speak then, Prince Dauphin:  
can you love this lady?

*Lew.* Nay, ask me if I can refrain from  
love;

For I do love her most unfeignedly.

*K. John.* Then do I give Volquessen,  
Touraine, Maine,

Poitiers and Anjou, these five provinces,  
With her to thee; and this addition more,  
Full thirty thousand marks of English  
coin. 530

Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,  
Command thy son and daughter to join  
hands.

*K. Phi.* It likes us well. Young princes,  
close your hands.

*Aust.* And your lips too; for I am well  
assur'd

That I did so when I was first assur'd.

*K. Phi.* Now, citizens of Angiers, ope  
your gates,

Let in that amity which you have made;  
For at Saint Mary's chapel presently

The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.

Is not the Lady Constance in this troop? 540

I know she is not; for this match made up  
Her presence would have interrupted much.

Where is she and her son? tell me, who  
knows.

*Lew.* She is sad and passionate at your  
highness' tent.

*K. Phi.* And, by my faith, this league that  
we have made

Will give her sadness very little cure.

Brother of England, how may we content

This widow lady? In her right we came;

Which we, God knows, have turn'd another  
way,

To our own vantage.

*K. John.* We will heal up all; 550

For we'll create young Arthur Duke of  
Britagne

And Earl of Richmond; and this rich fair  
town

We make him lord of. Call the Lady Con-  
stance:

Some speedy messenger bid her repair

To our solemnity: I trust we shall,

If not fill up the measure of her will,

Yet in some measure satisfy her so,

That we shall stop her exclamation.

Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,

To this unlook'd-for unprepared pomp. 560

*Exeunt all but the Bastard. The*

*Citizens retire from the walls.*

*Bast.* Mad world! mad kings! mad com-  
position!

John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,

Hath willingly departed with a part;

And France whose armour conscience  
buckled on,

Whom zeal and charity brought to the  
field

As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear

With that same purpose-changer, that sly  
devil,

That broker that still breaks the pate of  
faith,

That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,

Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men,  
maids, 570

Who having no external thing to lose  
But the word 'maid,' cheats the poor maid of  
that;

That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling Com-  
modity;

Commodity, the bias of the world;

The world, who of itself is peised well,

Made to run even upon even ground,

Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,

This sway of motion, this Commodity,

Makes it take head from all indifferency,

From all direction, purpose, course, intent:

And this same bias, this Commodity, 580

This bawd, this broker, this all-changing  
word,

Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,

Hath drawn him from his own determin'd  
aid,

From a resolv'd and honourable war,

To a most base and vile-concluded peace.

And why rail I on this Commodity?

But for because he hath not woo'd me yet.

Not that I have the power to clutch my hand

When his fair angels would salute my  
palm; 590

But for my hand, as unattempted yet,

Like a poor beggar, railleth on the rich.

Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail

And say there is no sin but to be rich;

And being rich, my virtue then shall be

To say there is no vice but beggary.

Since kings break faith upon commodity,

Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee!

*Exit.*

### ACT III

#### SCENE I.—*France. The French King's Tent.*

*Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and  
SALISBURY.*

*Const.* Gone to be married! gone to  
swear a peace!

False blood to false blood join'd! gone to be  
friends!

Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those  
provinces?

It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard;

Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:

It cannot be; thou dost but say 't is so.

I trust I may not trust thee, for thy word

Is but the vain breath of a common man:

Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;

I have a king's oath to the contrary. 10

Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,

For I am sick and capable of fears;

Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of  
fears;

A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;

A woman, naturally born to fears;

And though thou now confess thou didst but  
jest,

With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,

But they will quake and tremble all this day.

What dost thou mean by shaking of thy  
head?

Why dost thou look so sadly on my son? 20  
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?

Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,  
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?  
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?  
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,  
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true as I believe you think them false

That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. O! if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,

Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die; 30

And let belief and life encounter so

As doth the fury of two desperate men

Which in the very meeting fall and die.

Lewis marry Blanch! O boy! then where art thou?

France friend with England what becomes of me?

Fellow, be gone! I cannot brook thy sight:  
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,

But spoke the harm that is by others done?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is 40

As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Const. If thou, that bidd'st me be content, wert grim,

Ugly and slanderous to thy mother's womb,  
Full of displeasing blots and sightless stains,  
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,  
Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,

I would not care, I then would be content;  
For then I should not love thee, no, nor thou  
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown. 50

But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy,  
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great:

Of Nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast

And with the half-blown rose. But Fortune, O!

She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee:

She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John,

And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France

To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,  
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.

France is a bawd to Fortune and King John, 60

That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John!  
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?

Evenom him with words, or get thee gone  
And leave those woes alone which I alone

Am bound to underbear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,

I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou may'st, thou shalt; I will not go with thee.

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;  
For grief is proud and makes his owner stoop.

To me and to the state of my great grief 70  
Let kings assemble; for my grief 's so great  
That no supporter but the huge firm earth  
Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit.  
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

*Seats herself on the ground.*

*Enter King JOHN, King PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH, ELINOR, the Bastard, Duke of AUSTRIA, and Attendants.*

K. Phi. 'T is true, fair daughter; and this blessed day

Ever in France shall be kept festival:

To solemnize this day the glorious sun

Stays in his course and plays the alchemist,

Turning with splendour of his precious eye

The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold: 80

The yearly course that brings this day about  
Shall never see it but a holiday.

Const. Rising. A wicked day, and not a holy day!

What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done

That it in golden letters should be set

Among the high tides in the calendar?

Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,

This day of shame, oppression, perjury:

Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child  
Pray that their burdens may not fall this day. 90

Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd:  
But on this day let seamen fear no wrack;

No bargains break that are not this day made;

This day all things begun come to ill end;  
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause

To curse the fair proceedings of this day:

Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

Const. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit

Resembling majesty, which, being touch'd and tried, 100

Proves valueless: you are forsworn, forsworn;

You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,

But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:

The grappling vigour and rough frown of war  
Is cold in amity and painted peace,

And our oppression hath made up this league.

Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings!

A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!  
Let not the hours of this ungodly day

Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset, 110

Set armed discord 'twixt these perjurd kings!

Hear me, O! hear me.

Aust. Lady Constance, peace!

Const. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.

O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame  
 That bloody spoil; thou slave, thou wretch,  
 thou coward!  
 Thou little valiant, great in villany!  
 Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!  
 Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never  
 fight  
 But when her humorous ladyship is by  
 To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd  
 too, 120  
 And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool  
 art thou,  
 A ramping fool, to brag and stamp and swear  
 Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,  
 Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my  
 side?  
 Been sworn my soldier, bidding me depend  
 Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?  
 And dost thou now fall over to my foes?  
 Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,  
 And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant  
 limbs.  
*Aust.* O! that a man should speak those  
 words to me. 130  
*Bast.* And hang a calf's-skin on those  
 recreant limbs.  
*Aust.* Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for  
 thy life.  
*Bast.* And hang a calf's-skin on those  
 recreant limbs.  
*K. John.* We like not this; thou dost for-  
 get thyself.  
  
*Enter PANDULPH.*  
*K. Phi.* Here comes the holy legate of the  
 pope.  
*Pand.* Hail! you anointed deputies of  
 heaven.  
 To thee, King John, my holy errand is.  
 I, Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,  
 And from Pope Innocent the legate here,  
 Do in his name religiously demand 140  
 Why thou against the church, our holy  
 mother,  
 So wilfully dost spurn; and force perforce  
 Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop  
 Of Canterbury, from that holy see?  
 This, in our foresaid holy father's name,  
 Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.  
*K. John.* What earthly name to interro-  
 gatories  
 Can task the free breath of a sacred king?  
 Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name  
 So slight, unworthy and ridiculous, 150  
 To charge me to an answer, as the pope.  
 Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of  
 England  
 Add thus much more: that no Italian priest  
 Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;  
 But as we under heaven are supreme head,  
 So under him that great supremacy,  
 Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,  
 Without the assistance of a mortal hand:  
 So tell the pope; all reverence set apart  
 To him and his usurp'd authority. 160  
*K. Phi.* Brother of England, you blas-  
 pheme in this.  
*K. John.* Though you and all the kings of  
 Christendom

Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,  
 Dreading the curse that money may buy out;  
 And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,  
 Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,  
 Who in that sale sells pardon from himself;  
 Though you and all the rest so grossly led,  
 This juggling witchcraft with revenue  
 cherish,  
 Yet I alone, alone do me oppose 170  
 Against the pope, and count his friends my  
 foes.  
*Pand.* Then, by the lawful power that I  
 have,  
 Thou shalt stand curs'd and excommunicate;  
 And blessed shall be he that doth revolt  
 From his allegiance to an heretic;  
 And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,  
 Canonized and worshipp'd as a saint,  
 That takes away by any secret course  
 Thy hateful life.  
*Const.* O! Rome let it be  
 That I have room with Rome to curse a while.  
 Good father cardinal, cry thou amen 180  
 To my keen curses; for without my wrong  
 There is no tongue hath power to curse him  
 right.  
*Pand.* There's law and warrant, lady, for  
 my curse.  
*Const.* And for mine too: when law can  
 do no right,  
 Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong.  
 Law cannot give my child his kingdom here,  
 For he that holds his kingdom holds the law:  
 Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,  
 How can the law forbid my tongue to  
 curse? 185  
*Pand.* Philip of France, on peril of a curse,  
 Let go the hand of that arch-heretic,  
 And raise the power of France upon his head,  
 Unless he do submit himself to Rome.  
*Eli.* Look'st thou pale, France? do not  
 let go thy hand.  
*Const.* Look to that, devil, lest that France  
 repent,  
 And by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.  
*Aust.* King Philip, listen to the cardinal.  
*Bast.* And hang a calf's-skin on his re-  
 creant limbs.  
*Aust.* Well, ruffian, I must pocket up  
 these wrongs, 200  
 Because—  
*Bast.* Your breeches best may carry them.  
*K. John.* Philip, what say'st thou to the  
 cardinal?  
*Const.* What should he say, but as the  
 cardinal?  
*Lew.* Bethink you, father; for the dif-  
 ference  
 Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,  
 Or the light loss of England for a friend:  
 Forego the easier.  
*Blanch.* That's the curse of Rome.  
*Const.* O Lewis, stand fast! the devil  
 tempts thee here  
 In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.  
*Blanch.* The Lady Constance speaks not  
 from her faith, 210  
 But from her need.  
*Const.* O! if thou grant my need,

Which only lives but by the death of faith.  
That need must needs infer this principle.  
That faith would live again by death of need:  
O! then, tread down my need, and faith  
mounts up;

Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

*K. John.* The king is mov'd, and answers  
not to this.

*Const.* O! be remov'd from him, and  
answer well.

*Aust.* Do so, King Philip: hang no more  
in doubt.

*Bast.* Hang nothing but a calf's-skin,  
most sweet lout. 220

*K. Phi.* I am perplex'd, and know not  
what to say.

*Pand.* What canst thou say but will per-  
plex thee more,

If thou stand excommunicate and curs'd?

*K. Phi.* Good reverend father, make my  
person yours,

And tell me how you would bestow yourself.

This royal hand and mine are newly knit,

And the conjunction of our inward souls

Married in league, coupled and link'd  
together

With all religious strength of sacred vows;

The latest breath that gave the sound of  
words 230

Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true  
love,

Between our kingdoms and our royal selves;

And even before this truce, but new before,

No longer than we well could wash our  
hands

To clap this royal bargain up of peace,

Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and  
overstain'd

With slaughter's pencil, where revenge did  
paint

The fearful difference of incensed kings:

And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of  
blood,

So newly join'd in love, so strong in both, 240

Unyoke this seizure and this kind regret?

Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with  
heaven,

Make such unconstant children of ourselves,

As now again to snatch our palm from palm,  
Unswear faith sworn, and on the marriage-  
bed

Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,

And make a riot on the gentle brow

Of true sincerity? O! holy sir,

My reverend father, let it not be so.

Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose 250

Some gentle order, and then we shall be  
bless'd

To do your pleasure and continue friends.

*Pand.* All form is formless, order order-  
less,

Save what is opposite to England's love.

Therefore, to arms! be champion of our  
church,

Or let the church, our mother, breathe her  
curse,

A mother's curse, on her revolting son.

France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the  
tongue,

A chafed lion by the mortal paw,

A fasting tiger safer by the tooth, 260

Than keep in peace that hand which thou  
dost hold.

*K. Phi.* I may disjoin my hand, but not  
my faith.

*Pand.* So mak'st thou faith an enemy to  
faith;

And like a civil war sett'st oath to oath,  
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O! let thy  
vow

First made to heaven, first be to heaven  
perform'd;

That is, to be the champion of our church.

What since thou swor'st is sworn against  
thyself,

And may not be performed by thyself;

For that which thou hast sworn to do  
amiss 270

Is not amiss when it is truly done:

And being not done, where doing tends to ill,

The truth is then most done not doing it.

The better act of purposes mistook

Is to mistake again; though indirect,

Yet indirection thereby grows direct,

And falsehood falsehood cures, as fire cools  
fire

Within the scorched veins of one new-  
burn'd.

It is religion that doth make vows kept;

But thou hast sworn against religion 280

By what thou swear'st, against the thing  
thou swear'st,

And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth

Against an oath: the truth thou art unsure

To swear, swears only not to be forsworn;

Else what a mockery should it be to swear!

But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;

And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost  
swear.

Therefore thy later vows against thy first

Is in thyself rebellion to thyself;

And better conquest never canst thou  
make 290

Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts

Against these giddy loose suggestions:

Upon which better part our prayers come in,

If thou vouchsafe them; but if not, then  
know

The peril of our curses light on thee

So heavy as thou shalt not shake them off,

But in despair die under their black weight.

*Aust.* Rebellion, flat rebellion!

*Bast.* Will 't not be?

Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of  
thine?

*Lew.* Father, to arms! 300

*Blanch.* Upon thy wedding-day?

Against the blood that thou hast married?

What! shall our feast be kept with slaugh-  
ter'd men?

Shall braying trumpets and loud churlish  
drums,

Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp?

O husband, hear me! ay, alack! how new

Is husband in my mouth: even for that  
name,

Which till this time my tongue did ne'er  
pronounce,

Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms  
Against mine uncle.

*Const.* O! upon my knee,  
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to  
thee, 310

Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom  
Forethought by heaven.

*Blanch.* Now shall I see thy love: what  
motive may

Be stronger with thee than the name of  
wife?

*Const.* That which upholdeth him that  
thee upholds,

His honour: O! thine honour, Lewis, thine  
honour.

*Lew.* I muse your majesty doth seem so  
cold,

When such profound respects do pull you on.  
*Pand.* I will denounce a curse upon his  
head.

*K. Phi.* Thou shalt not need. England,  
I'll fall from thee. 320

*Const.* O fair return of banish'd majesty!  
*Eli.* O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

*K. John.* France, thou shalt rue this hour  
within this hour.

*Bast.* Old Time the clock-setter, that bald  
sexton Time,

Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.  
*Blanch.* The sun's o'erblast with blood:  
fair day, adieu!

Which is the side that I must go withal?  
I am with both: each army hath a hand;

And in their rage, I having hold of both,  
They whirl asunder and dismember me. 330

*Husband.* I cannot pray that thou may'st  
win;

Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st  
lose;

Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;  
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;  
Assured loss before the match be play'd.

*Lew.* Lady, with me, with me thy fortune  
lies.

*Blanch.* There where my fortune lives,  
there my life dies.

*K. John.* Cousin, go draw our puissance  
together. Exit Bastard.

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming  
wrath; 340

A rage whose heat hath this condition,  
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,

The blood, and dearest-valu'd blood, of  
France.

*K. Phi.* Thy rage shall burn thee up, and  
thou shalt turn

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that  
fire:

Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.  
*K. John.* No more than he that threatens.

To arms let's hie! Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Same. Plains near Angiers.

*Alarums; excursions.* Enter the Bastard,  
with the Duke of AUSTRIA'S head.

*Bast.* Now, by my life, this day grows  
wondrous hot;

Some airy devil hovers in the sky  
And pours down mischief. Austria's head  
lie there,  
While Philip breathes.

Enter King JOHN, ARTHUR, and HUBERT.

*K. John.* Hubert, keep this boy. Philip,  
make up:

My mother is assailed in our tent,  
And ta'en, I fear.

*Bast.* My lord, I rescu'd her;  
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:

But on, my liege; for very little pains  
Will bring this labour to an happy end. 10

Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Same.

*Alarums; excursions; retreat.* Enter King  
JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, the Bastard,  
HUBERT, and Lords.

*K. John.* To ELINOR. So shall it be;  
your grace shall stay behind

So strongly guarded. To ARTHUR. Cousin,  
look not sad:

Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will  
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

*Arthur.* O! this will make my mother die  
with grief.

*K. John.* To the Bastard. Cousin, away for  
England! haste before;

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the  
bags

Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels  
Set thou at liberty: the fat ribs of peace

Must by the hungry now be fed upon: 10  
Use our commission in his utmost force.

*Bast.* Bell, book, and candle shall not  
drive me back

When gold and silver beckons me to come on.  
I leave your highness. Grandam, I will  
pray,

If ever I remember to be holy,  
For your fair safety; so I kiss your hand.

*Eli.* Farewell, gentle cousin.

*K. John.* Coz, farewell. Exit Bastard.

*Eli.* Come hither, little kinsman: hark, a  
word. She takes ARTHUR aside.

*K. John.* Come hither, Hubert. O my  
gentle Hubert!

We owe thee much: within this wall of  
flesh 20

There is a soul counts thee her creditor,  
And with advantage means to pay thy love:

And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath  
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.

Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,  
But I will fit it with some better time.

By heaven, Hubert, I am almost asham'd  
To say what good respect I have of thee.

*Hub.* I am much bounden to your majesty.  
*K. John.* Good friend, thou hast no cause  
to say so yet; 30

But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er  
so slow,

Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.  
I had a thing to say, but let it go:

The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,

Attended with the pleasures of the world,  
Is all too wanton and too full of gawds  
To give me audience: if the midnight bell  
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,  
Sound one into the drowsy race of night;  
If this same were a churchyard where we  
stand, 40  
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;  
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,  
Had bak'd thy blood and made it heavy-  
thick,  
Which else runs tickling up and down the  
veins,  
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes  
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,  
A passion hateful to my purposes;  
Or if that thou couldst see me without  
eyes,

Hear me without thine ears, and make reply  
Without a tongue, using conceit alone, 50  
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of  
words;

Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,  
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:  
But, ah! I will not: yet I love thee well:  
And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.

*Hub.* So well, that what you bid me  
undertake,  
Though that my death were adjunct to my  
act,

By heaven, I would do it.

*K. John.* Do not I know thou would'st?  
Good Hubert! Hubert, Hubert, throw thine  
eye

On on young boy: I'll tell thee what, my  
friend, 60

He is a very serpent in my way;  
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth  
tread,  
He lies before me: dost thou understand  
me?

Thou art his keeper.

*Hub.* And I'll keep him so  
That he shall not offend your majesty.

*K. John.* Death.

*Hub.* My lord?

*K. John.* A grave.

*Hub.* He shall not live.

*K. John.* Enough.

I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;  
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:  
Remember. Madam, fare you well: 69

I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

*Eli.* My blessing go with thee!

*K. John.* For England, cousin: go.

Hubert shall be your man, attend on you

With all true duty. On toward Calais, ho!

*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Same. The French King's  
Tent.*

*Enter King PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, and  
Attendants.*

*K. Phi.* So, by a roaring tempest on the  
flood,  
A whole armado of connected sail  
Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.

*Pand.* Courage and comfort! all shall yet  
go well.

*K. Phi.* What can go well when we have  
run so ill?

Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?  
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends  
slain?

And bloody England into England gone,  
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

*Lew.* What he hath won that hath he  
fortified: 10

So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,  
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,  
Doth want example: who hath read or heard  
Of any kindred action like to this?

*K. Phi.* Well could I bear that England  
had this praise,

So we could find some pattern of our shame.

*Enter CONSTANCE.*

Look! who comes here; a grave unto a soul;  
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,  
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.

I prithee, lady, go away with me. 20

*Const.* Lo now! now see the issue of  
your peace.

*K. Phi.* Patience, good lady! comfort,  
gentle Constance!

*Const.* No, I defy all counsel, all redress,  
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,

Death, death: O amiable lovely death!

Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!

Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,

Thou hate and terror to prosperity,

And I will kiss thy detestable bones,

And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows, 30

And ring these fingers with thy household

worms,

And stop this gap of breath with fulsome

dust,

And be a carrion monster like thyself:

Come, grin on me; and I will think thou

smil'st

And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,

O! come to me.

*K. Phi.* O fair affliction, peace!

*Const.* No, no, I will not, having breath

to cry.

O! that my tongue were in the thunder's

mouth;

Then with a passion would I shake the world,

And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy 40

Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,

Which scorns a modern invocation.

*Pand.* Lady, you utter madness, and not

sorrow.

*Const.* Thou art not holy to belie me so;

I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;

My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey's wife;

Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost!

I am not mad: I would to heaven I were!

For then 't is like I should forget myself:

O! if I could, what grief should I forget. 50

Preach some philosophy to make me mad,

And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal;

For being not mad but sensible of grief

My reasonable part produces reason

How I may be deliver'd of these woes,

And teaches me to kill or hang myself:

If I were mad, I should forget my son,  
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he.  
I am not mad: too well, too well I feel  
The different plague of each calamity. 60

*K. Phi.* Bind up those tresses. O! what  
love I note

In the fair multitude of those her hairs:  
Where but by chance a silver drop hath  
fallen,

Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends  
Do glue themselves in sociable grief;  
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,  
Sticking together in calamity.

*Const.* To England, if you will.

*K. Phi.* Bind up your hairs.

*Const.* Yes, that I will; and wherefore  
will I do it?

I tore them from their bonds, and cried  
aloud 70

'O! that these hands could so redeem my  
son

As they have given these hairs their liberty.  
But now I envy at their liberty,

And will again commit them to their bonds,  
Because my poor child is a prisoner.

And, father cardinal, I have heard you say  
That we shall see and know our friends in  
heaven.

If that be true, I shall see my boy again;  
For since the birth of Cain, the first male  
child,

To him that did but yesterday suspire, 80  
There was not such a gracious creature born.

But now will canker-sorrow eat my bud  
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,

And he will look as hollow as a ghost,  
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,

And so he 'll die; and, rising so again,  
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven

I shall not know him: therefore never, never  
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

*Pand.* You hold too heinous a respect of  
grief. 90

*Const.* He talks to me, that never had a  
son.

*K. Phi.* You are as fond of grief as of your  
child.

*Const.* Grief fills the room up of my absent  
child,

Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,  
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,

Remembers me of all his gracious parts,  
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his

form:

Then have I reason to be fond of grief.  
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,

I could give better comfort than you do. 100  
I will not keep this form upon my head

When there is such disorder in my wit.  
O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!  
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure!

*Exit.*  
*K. Phi.* I fear some outrage, and I 'll fol-  
low her.

*Lew.* There 's nothing in this world can  
make me joy:

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale  
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;

And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet  
world's taste, 110

That it yields nought but shame and bitter-  
ness.

*Pand.* Before the curing of a strong dis-  
ease,

Even in the instant of repair and health,  
The fit is strongest: evils that take leave,

On their departure most of all show evil.  
What have you lost by losing of this day?

*Lew.* All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

*Pand.* If you had won it, certainly you  
had.

No, no; when Fortune means to men most  
good,

She looks upon them with a threatening eye.  
'Tis strange to think how much King John

hath lost 121  
In this which he accounts so clearly won.

Are not you griev'd that Arthur is his  
prisoner?

*Lew.* As heartily as he is glad he hath  
him.

*Pand.* Your mind is all as youthful as your  
blood.

Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit;  
For even the breath of what I mean to speak

Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little  
rub,

Out of the path which shall directly lead  
Thy foot to England's throne; and therefore

mark. 130  
John hath seiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be,

That whiles warm life plays in that infant's  
veins,

The misplac'd John should entertain an  
hour,

One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.  
A sceptre snatch'd with an unruly hand

Must be as boisterously maintain'd as  
gain'd;

And he that stands upon a slippery place  
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:

That John may stand, then Arthur needs  
must fall;

So be it, for it cannot be but so. 140  
*Lew.* But what shall I gain by young

Arthur's fall?

*Pand.* You, in the right of Lady Blanch  
your wife,

May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

*Lew.* And lose it, life and all, as Arthur  
did.

*Pand.* How green you are and fresh in  
this old world!

John lays you plots; the times conspire with  
you;

For he that steeps his safety in true blood  
Shall find but bloody safety and untrue.

This act so evilly borne shall cool the hearts  
Of all his people and freeze up their zeal, 150

That none so small advantage shall step  
forth

To check his reign, but they will cherish it;  
No natural exhalation in the sky,

No scope of nature, no distemper'd day,  
No common wind, no customary event,

But they will pluck away his natural cause  
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,

Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,  
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

*Lew.* May be he will not touch young  
Arthur's life, 160  
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

*Pand.* O! sir, when he shall hear of your  
approach,  
If that young Arthur be not gone already,  
Even at that news he dies; and then the  
hearts

Of all his people shall revolt from him  
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change,  
And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath  
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.  
Methinks I see this hurly all on foot:

And, O! what better matter breeds for  
you 170

Than I have nam'd. The bastard Faulcon-  
bridge

Is now in England ransacking the church,  
Offending charity: if but a dozen French  
Were there in arms, they would be as a call  
To train ten thousand English to their side;  
Or as a little snow, tumbled about,  
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble  
Dauphin!

Go with me to the king. 'T is wonderful  
What may be wrought out of their discontent  
Now that their souls are topful of offence. 180  
For England, go; I will whet on the king.

*Lew.* Strong reasons make strong actions.  
Let us go:

If you say ay, the king will not say no.  
*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV

SCENE I.—Northampton. A Room in the  
Castle.

*Enter HUBERT and two Attendants.*

*Hub.* Heat me these irons hot; and look  
thou stand  
Within the arras: when I strike my foot  
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,  
And bind the boy which you shall find with  
me  
Fast to the chair: be heedful. Hence, and  
watch.

*First Atten.* I hope your warrant will bear  
out the deed.

*Hub.* Uncleanly scruples! fear not you:  
look to 't. *Exeunt Attendants.*  
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with  
you.

*Enter ARTHUR.*

*Arth.* Good morrow, Hubert.  
*Hub.* Good morrow, little prince.  
*Arth.* As little prince, having so great a  
title 10  
To be more prince, as may be. You are  
sad.

*Hub.* Indeed, I have been merrier.  
*Arth.* Mercy on me!  
Methinks nobody should be sad but I:  
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,  
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,  
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,

So I were out of prison and kept sheep,  
I should be as merry as the day is long;  
And so I would be here, but that I doubt  
My uncle practises more harm to me: 20  
He is afraid of me, and I of him.  
Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?  
No, indeed, is 't not; and I would to heaven  
I were your son, so you would love me,  
Hubert.

*Hub. Aside.* If I talk to him, with his in-  
nocent prate  
He will awake my mercy which lies dead:  
Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch.  
*Arth.* Are you sick, Hubert? you look  
pale to-day:

In sooth, I would you were a little sick,  
That I might sit all night and watch with  
you: 30

I warrant I love you more than you do me.  
*Hub. Aside.* His words do take posses-  
sion of my bosom.

Read here, young Arthur. *Showing a paper.*  
*Aside.* How now, foolish rheum!

Turning dispiteous torture out of door!  
I must be brief, lest resolution drop  
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.  
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

*Arth.* Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect.  
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine  
eyes?

*Hub.* Young boy, I must.  
*Arth.* And will you?

*Hub.* And I will.  
*Arth.* Have you the heart? When your  
head did but ache 41

I knit my handkercher about your brows,  
The best I had, a princess wrought it me,  
And I did never ask it you again;  
And with my hand at midnight held your  
head,

And like the watchful minutes to the hour,  
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,  
Saying, 'What lack you?' and 'Where lies  
your grief?'

Or 'What good love may I perform for you?'  
Many a poor man's son would have lain  
still, 50

And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;  
But you at your sick-service had a prince.  
Nay, you may think my love was crafty  
love,

And call it cunning: do, an if you will.  
If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me  
ill,

Why then you must. Will you put out mine  
eyes?

These eyes that never did nor never shall  
So much as frown on you?

*Hub.* I have sworn to do it;  
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

*Arth.* Ah! none but in this iron age would  
do it. 60

The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,  
Approaching near these eyes, would drink  
my tears

And quench this fiery indignation  
Even in the matter of mine innocence;  
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,  
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.

Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?

An if an angel should have come to me  
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,

I would not have believ'd him; no tongue  
but Hubert's. 70

Hub. Come forth. *Stamps.*

*Re-enter Attendants, with cords, irons, etc.*

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O! save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out

Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas! what need you be so boisterous-rough?

I will not struggle; I will stand stone still.  
For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!

Nay, hear me, Hubert: drive these men away,

And I will sit as quiet as a lamb; 80

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,  
Nor look upon the iron angrily.

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,

Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within: let me alone with him.

First Atten. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed. *Exeunt Attendants.*

Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend:

He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart.  
Let him come back, that his compassion may give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself. 90

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven! that there were but a mote in yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,  
Any annoyance in that precious sense;  
Then feeling what small things are boisterous there,

Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues

Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:

Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert: 100

Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,  
So I may keep mine eyes: O! spare mine eyes,

Though to no use but still to look on you.

Lo! by my troth, the instrument is cold

And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,

Being create for comfort, to be us'd

In undeserv'd extremes: see else yourself;

There is no malice in this burning coal;

The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out 110

And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.  
Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. An if you do you will but make it blush

And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:

Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes;  
And like a dog that is compell'd to fight,

Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.  
All things that you should use to do me

wrong  
Deny their office; only you do lack

That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends, 120

Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.  
Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch

thine eyes  
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:

Yet am I sworn and I did purpose, boy,  
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O! now you look like Hubert: all this while

You were disguised.

Hub. Peace! no more. Adieu.  
Your uncle must not know but you are

dead;  
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports:

And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,  
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the

world, 131  
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven! I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence! no more; go closely in with me:

Much danger do I undergo for thee. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Room of State in the Palace.*

*Enter King JOHN, crowned; PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and other Lords. The King takes his state.*

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,

And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pem. This 'once again,' but that your highness pleas'd,

Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before,

And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off,  
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;

Fresh expectation troubled not the land  
With any long'd-for change or better state.

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,

To guard a title that was rich before, 10

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,  
To throw a perfume on the violet,

To smooth the ice, or add another hue  
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light

To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,

Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be done,  
This act is as an ancient tale new told.

And in the last repeating troublesome,  
Being urged at a time unseasonable. 20

*Sal.* In this the antique and well-noted face  
Of plain old form is much disfigured;  
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,  
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch  
about,

Startles and frights consideration,  
Makes sound opinion sick and truth sus-  
pected,

For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

*Pem.* When workmen strive to do better  
than well

They do confound their skill in covetousness;  
And oftentimes excusing of a fault 30  
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse:  
As patches set upon a little breach  
Discredit more in hiding of the fault  
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

*Sal.* To this effect, before you were new-  
crown'd,

We breath'd our counsel: but it pleas'd  
your highness

To overbear it, and we are all well pleas'd;  
Since all and every part of what we would  
Doth make a stand at what your highness  
will.

*K. John.* Some reasons of this double  
coronation 40

I have possess'd you with and think them  
strong;

And more, more strong, when lesser is my  
fear,

I shall induce you with: meantime but ask  
What you would have reform'd that is not  
well;

And well shall you perceive how willingly  
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

*Pem.* Then I, as one that am the tongue  
of these

To sound the purposes of all their hearts,  
Both for myself and them, but, chief of all,  
Your safety, for the which myself and them 50  
Bend their best studies, heartily request  
The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose re-  
straint

Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent  
To break into this dangerous argument;

If what in rest you have in right you hold,  
Why then your fears, which, as they say,  
attend

The steps of wrong, should move you to  
mew up

Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days  
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his  
youth

The rich advantage of good exercise? 60

That the time's enemies may not have this  
To grace occasions, let it be our suit

That you have bid us ask his liberty;  
Which for our goods we do no further ask  
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,

Counts it your weal he have his liberty.

*Enter HUBERT.*

*K. John.* Let it be so: I do commit his  
youth

To your direction. Hubert, what news with  
you? *Taking him apart.*

*Pem.* This is the man should do the  
bloody deed;

He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine: 70  
The image of a wicked heinous fault  
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his  
Does show the mood of a much troubled  
breast;

And I do fearfully believe 't is done,  
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

*Sal.* The colour of the king doth come  
and go

Between his purpose and his conscience,  
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles  
set:

His passion is so ripe it needs must break.  
*Pem.* And when it breaks, I fear will issue  
thence 80

The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

*K. John.* We cannot hold mortality's  
strong hand:

Good lords, although my will to give is living,  
The suit which you demand is gone and  
dead:

He tells us Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

*Sal.* Indeed we fear'd his sickness was  
past cure.

*Pem.* Indeed we heard how near his  
death he was

Before the child himself felt he was sick:  
This must be answer'd either here or hence.

*K. John.* Why do you bend such solemn  
brows on me? 90

Think you I bear the shears of destiny?  
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

*Sal.* It is apparent foul play; and 't is  
shame

That greatness should so grossly offer it:  
So thrive it in your game! and so farewell.

*Pem.* Stay yet, Lord Salisbury; I'll go  
with thee,

And find the inheritance of this poor child,  
His little kingdom of a forced grave.

That blood which ow'd the breadth of all  
this isle,

Three foot of it doth hold: bad world the  
while! 100

This must not be thus borne: this will break  
out

To all our sorrows, and ere long I doubt.

*Exeunt Lords.*

*K. John.* They burn in indignation. I  
repent:

There is no sure foundation set on blood,  
No certain life achiev'd by other's death.

*Enter a Messenger.*

A fearful eye thou hast: where is that blood  
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?

So foul a sky clears not without a storm:  
Pour down thy weather: how goes all in  
France? 110

*Mess.* From France to England. Never  
such a power

For any foreign preparation  
Was levied in the body of a land.

The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;  
For when you should be told they do prepare,

The tidings comes that they are all arriv'd.

*K. John.* O! where hath our intelligence been drunk?

Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care

That such an army could be drawn in France, And she not hear of it?

*Mess.* My liege, her ear Is stopp'd with dust: the first of April died 120 Your noble mother; and, as I hear, my lord, The Lady Constance in a frenzy died Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue

I idly heard; if true or false I know not.

*K. John.* Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!

O! make a league with me, till I have pleas'd My discontented peers. What! mother dead!

How wildly then walks my estate in France! Under whose conduct came those powers of France

That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here? *Mess.* Under the Dauphin.

*K. John.* Thou hast made me giddy With these ill tidings.

*Enter the Bastard and PETER of Pomfret.*

Now, what says the world To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff My head with more ill news, for it is full.

*Bast.* But if you be afraid to hear the worst,

Then let the worst unheard fall on your head.

*K. John.* Bear with me, cousin, for I was amaz'd

Under the tide; but now I breathe again Aloft the flood, and can give audience

To any tongue, speak it of what it will. 140

*Bast.* How I have sped among the clergy-men

The sums I have collected shall express, But as I travell'd hither through the land,

I find the people strangely fantasied, Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,

Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear. And here's a prophet that I brought with me

From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found

With many hundreds treading on his heels; To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding

rimes, 150 That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon, Your highness should deliver up your crown.

*K. John.* Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

*Peter.* Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

*K. John.* Hubert, away with him; imprison him;

And on that day at noon, whereon he says I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.

Deliver him to safety, and return, For I must use thee.

*Exit HUBERT, with PETER.*

O my gentle cousin, Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd? 160

*Bast.* The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it:

Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury,

With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire, And others more, going to seek the grave Of Arthur, whom they say is kill'd to-night On your suggestion.

*K. John.* Gentle kinsman, go. And thrust thyself into their companies. I have a way to win their loves again; Bring them before me.

*Bast.* I will seek them out. *K. John.* Nay, but make haste; the better

foot before. 170

O! let me have no subject enemies When adverse foreigners afright my towns

With dreadful pomp of stout invasion. Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,

And fly like thought from them to me again. *Bast.* The spirit of the time shall teach

me speed. *Exit*

*K. John.* Spoke like a sprightly noble gentleman.

Go after him; for he perhaps shall need Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;

And be thou he. *Mess.* With all my heart, my liege. *Exit.*

*K. John.* My mother dead! 181

*Re-enter HUBERT.*

*Hub.* My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night;

Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about The other four in wondrous motion.

*K. John.* Five moons! *Hub.* Old men and beldams in the streets

Do prophesy upon it dangerously: Young Arthur's death is common in their

mouths; And when they talk of him, they shake their

heads And whisper one another in the ear;

And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist, 190

Whilst he that hears makes fearful action, With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling

eyes. I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,

The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool, With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;

Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,

Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,

Told of a many thousand war-like French, That were embattailed and rank'd in

Kent. 200

Another lean unwash'd artificer Cuts off his tale and talks of Arthur's death.

*K. John.* Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?

Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause

To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him. *Hub.* No had, my lord! why, did you not

provoke me?

*K. John.* It is the curse of kings to be attended  
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant  
To break within the bloody house of life, 210  
And on the winking of authority  
To understand a law, to know the meaning  
Of dangerous majesty, when perchance it frowns

More upon humour than advis'd respect.

*Hub.* Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

*K. John.* O! when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal Witness against us to damnation.

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds Makes deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been by, 220

A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,  
Quoted and sign'd to do a deed of shame,  
This murder had not come into my mind;  
But taking note of thy abhor'd aspect,  
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,  
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,  
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;  
And thou, to be endeared to a king,  
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

*Hub.* My lord,—

*K. John.* Hadst thou but shook thy head or made a pause

When I spake darkly what I purposed,  
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,  
As bid me tell my tale in express words,  
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,

And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:

But thou didst understand me by my signs  
And didst in signs again parley with sin,  
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,

And consequently thy rude hand to act 240  
The deed which both our tongues held vile to name.

Out of my sight, and never see me more!  
My nobles leave me; and my state is brav'd,  
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:

Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,  
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,

Hostility and civil tumult reigns  
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

*Hub.* Arm you against your other enemies.

I'll make a peace between your soul and you. 250

Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine  
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,  
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.  
Within this bosom never enter'd yet  
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought;

And you have slander'd nature in my form,  
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,  
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind  
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

*K. John.* Doth Arthur live? O! haste thee to the peers, 291

Throw this report on their incensed rage,  
And make them tame to their obedience.  
Forgive the comment that my passion made  
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,  
And foul imaginary eyes of blood  
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.  
O! answer not; but to my closet bring  
The angry lords with all expedient haste.  
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. Before the Castle.*

*Enter ARTHUR, on the walls.*

*Art.* The wall is high; and yet will I leap down.

Good ground, be pitiful and hurt me not!  
There's few or none do know me; if they did,

This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.

I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.  
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,  
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:  
As good to die and go, as die and stay.

*Leaps down.*  
O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:  
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones! 10  
*Dies.*

*Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.*

*Sal.* Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmundsbury.

It is our safety, and we must embrace  
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

*Pem.* Who brought that letter from the cardinal?

*Sal.* The Count Melun, a noble lord of France;

Whose private with me of the Dauphin's love

Is much more general than these lines import.

*Big.* To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

*Sal.* Or rather then set forward; for 't will be

Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet. 20

*Enter the Bastard.*

*Bast.* Once more to-day well met, dis-temper'd lords!

The king by me requests your presence straight.

*Sal.* The king hath disposess'd himself of us:

We will not line his thin bestained cloak  
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot  
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks.

Return and tell him so: we know the worst.

*Bast.* Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.

*Sal.* Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.

*Bast.* But there is little reason in your grief; 30  
 Therefore 't were reason you had manners now.  
*Pem.* Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.  
*Bast.* 'T is true; to hurt his master, no man else.  
*Sal.* This is the prison. *Seeing* ARTHUR. What is he lies here?  
*Pem.* O death! made proud with pure and princely beauty.  
 The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.  
*Sal.* Murder, as hating what himself hath done,  
 Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.  
*Big.* Or when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,  
 Found it too precious-princely for a grave. 40  
*Sal.* Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld,  
 Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?  
 Or do you almost think, although you see,  
 That you do see? could thought, without this object,  
 Form such another? This is the very top,  
 The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,  
 Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,  
 The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,  
 That ever wall-eyed wrath or staring rage  
 Presented to the tears of soft remorse. 50  
*Pem.* All murders past do stand excus'd in this:  
 And this, so sole and so unmatchable,  
 Shall give a holiness, a purity,  
 To the yet unbegotten sin of times;  
 And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,  
 Exemplary by this heinous spectacle.  
*Bast.* It is a damned and a bloody work;  
 The graceless action of a heavy hand,  
 If that it be the work of any hand.  
*Sal.* If that it be the work of any hand! 60  
 We had a kind of light what would ensue:  
 It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;  
 The practice and the purpose of the king:  
 From whose obedience I forbid my soul,  
 Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,  
 And breathing to his breathless excellence  
 The incense of a vow, a holy vow,  
 Never to taste the pleasures of the world,  
 Never to be infected with delight,  
 Nor conversant with ease and idleness, 70  
 Till I have set a glory to this hand,  
 By giving it the worship of revenge.  
*Pem., Big.* Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

*Enter* HUBERT.

*Hub.* Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you;  
 Arthur doth live: the king hath sent for you.  
*Sal.* O! he is bold and blushes not at death.  
 Avaunt, thou hateful villain! get thee gone.  
*Hub.* I am no villain.  
*Sal.* Must I rob the law?  
*Drawing his sword.*

*Bast.* Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.  
*Sal.* Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin. 80  
*Hub.* Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say:  
 By heaven, I think my sword's as sharp as yours.  
 I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,  
 Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;  
 Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget  
 Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.  
*Big.* Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a nobleman?  
*Hub.* Not for my life; but yet I dare defend  
 My innocent life against an emperor.  
*Sal.* Thou art a murderer.  
*Hub.* Do not prove me so;  
 Yet I am none. Whose tongue soe'er speaks  
 false, 91  
 Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.  
*Pem.* Cut him to pieces.  
*Bast.* Keep the peace, I say.  
*Sal.* Stand by, or I shall gail you, Faulconbridge.  
*Bast.* Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury:  
 If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,  
 Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,  
 I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime,  
 Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,  
 That you shall think the devil is come from hell. 100  
*Big.* What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?  
 Second a villain and a murderer?  
*Hub.* Lord Bigot, I am none.  
*Big.* Who kill'd this prince?  
*Hub.* 'T is not an hour since I left him well:  
 I honour'd him, I lov'd him; and will weep  
 My date of life out for his sweet life's loss.  
*Sal.* Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,  
 For villany is not without such rheum;  
 And he, long traded in it, makes it seem  
 Like rivers of remorse and innocence. 110  
 Away with me, all you whose souls abhor  
 The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house;  
 For I am stifled with this smell of sin.  
*Big.* Away, toward Bury; to the Dauphin there!  
*Pem.* There tell the king he may inquire us out. *Exeunt Lords.*  
*Bast.* Here's a good world! Knew you of this fair work?  
 Beyond the infinite and boundless reach  
 Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,  
 Art thou damn'd, Hubert.  
*Hub.* Do but hear me, sir.  
*Bast.* Ha! I'll tell thee what; 120  
 Thou'rt damn'd as black; nay, nothing is so black;  
 Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince Lucifer:  
 There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell  
 As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

*Hub.* Upon my soul—

*Bast.* If thou didst but consent  
To this most cruel act, do but despair;  
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest  
thread

That ever spider twisted from her womb  
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a  
beam

To hang thee on; or would'st thou drown  
thyself, 131

Put but a little water in a spoon,  
And it shall be as all the ocean,  
Enough to stifle such a villain up.  
I do suspect thee very grievously.

*Hub.* If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,  
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath  
Which was embounded in this beauteous  
clay,

Let hell want pains enough to torture me.  
I left him well.

*Bast.* Go, bear him in thine arms.  
I am amaz'd, methinks, and lose my way 140  
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.  
How easy dost thou take all England up!  
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,  
The life, the right and truth of all this realm  
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left  
To tug and scramble and to part by the teeth  
The unwon interest of proud-swelling state.  
Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty  
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,  
And snarlth in the gentle eyes of peace: 150  
Now powers from home and discontents at  
home

Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits,  
As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,  
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.  
Now happy he whose cloak and ceinture can

Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child  
And follow me with speed: I'll to the king:  
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,  
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land. Exeunt.

## ACT V

SCENE I.—*The Same. A Room in the  
Palace.*

*Enter King JOHN, PANDULPH with the  
crown, and Attendants.*

*K. John.* Thus have I yielded up into  
your hand  
The circle of my glory.

*Pand.* Giving JOHN the crown. Take  
again

From this my hand, as holding of the pope,  
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

*K. John.* Now keep your holy word: go  
meet the French.

And from his holiness use all your power  
To stop their marches fore we are inflam'd.  
Our discontented counties do revolt,  
Our people quarrel with obedience,  
Swearing allegiance and the love of soul 10  
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.  
This inundation of mistemper'd humour  
Rests by you only to be qualified:

Then pause not; for the present time's so  
sick,

That present medicine must be minister'd,  
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

*Pand.* It was my breath that blew this  
tempest up

Upon your stubborn usage of the pope;  
But since you are a gentle convertite,

My tongue shall hush again this storm of  
war 20

And make fair weather in your blustering  
land.

On this Ascension-day, remember well,  
Upon your oath of service to the pope,

Go I to make the French lay down their  
arms. Exit.

*K. John.* Is this Ascension-day? Did  
not the prophet

Say that before Ascension-day at noon  
My crown I should give off? Even so I  
have:

I did suppose it should be on constraint;  
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

*Enter the Bastard.*

*Bast.* All Kent hath yielded; nothing  
there holds out 30

But Dover castle; London hath receiv'd,  
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his  
powers:

Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone  
To offer service to your enemy;  
And wild amazement hurries up and down  
The little number of your doubtful friends.

*K. John.* Would not my lords return to  
me again

After they heard young Arthur was alive?

*Bast.* They found him dead and cast into  
the streets,

An empty casket, where the jewel of life 40  
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en  
away.

*K. John.* That villain Hubert told me he  
did live.

*Bast.* So, on my soul, he did, for aught he  
knew.

But wherefore do you droop? why look you  
sad?

Be great in act, as you have been in thought;  
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust  
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:

Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;  
Threaten the threatener, and outface the  
brow

Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes 50  
That borrow their behaviours from the great,  
Grow great by your example and put on  
The dauntless spirit of resolution.

Away! and glisten like the god of war  
When he intendeth to become the field:  
Show boldness and aspiring confidence.

What! shall they seek the lion in his  
den

And fright him there? and make him trem-  
ble there?

O! let it not be said. Forage, and run  
To meet displeasure further from the  
doors, 60

And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.

*K. John.* The legate of the pope hath been with me.

And I have made a happy peace with him;  
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers  
Led by the Dauphin.

*Bast.* O inglorious league!  
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,  
Send fair-play orders and make compromise,

Insinuation, parley and base truce  
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,  
A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields, 70  
And flesh his spirit in a war-like soil,  
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,  
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:

Perchance the cardinal cannot make your peace;

Or if he do, let it at least be said  
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

*K. John.* Have thou the ordering of this present time.

*Bast.* Away then, with good courage! yet, I know,

Our party may well meet a prouder foe.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Plain near Saint Edmundsbury.*

*Enter in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and Soldiers.*

*Lew.* My Lord Melun, let this be copied out,

And keep it safe for our remembrance.  
Return the precedent to these lords again;  
That, having our fair order written down,  
Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,  
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,

And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

*Sal.* Upon our sides it never shall be broken.

And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear  
A voluntary zeal and unurg'd faith 10  
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,

I am not glad that such a sore of time  
Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,  
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound  
By making many. O! it grieves my soul  
That I must draw this metal from my side  
To be a widow-maker: O! and there  
Where honourable rescue and defence  
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury.

But such is the infection of the time, 20  
That, for the health and physic of our right,  
We cannot deal but with the very hand  
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.

And is 't not pity, O my grieved friends!  
That we, the sons and children of this isle,  
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;  
Wherein we step after a stranger march  
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up  
Her enemies' ranks,—I must withdraw and weep

Upon the spot of this enforced cause,— 30  
To grace the gentry of a land remote,

And follow unacquainted colours here?  
What, here? O nation! that thou could'st  
remove;

That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee  
about,

Would bear thee from the knowledge of  
thyself,

And grapple thee unto a pagan shore;  
Where these two Christian armies might  
combine

The blood of malice in a vein of league,  
And not to spend it so unneighbourly!

*Lew.* A noble temper dost thou show in  
this; 40

And great affections wrestling in thy  
bosom

Do make an earthquake of nobility.  
O! what a noble combat hast thou fought  
Between compulsion and a brave respect.

Let me wipe off this honourable dew,  
That silvery doth progress on thy cheeks:

My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,  
Being an ordinary inundation;

But this effusion of such manly drops,  
This shower, blown up by tempest of the  
soul, 50

Startles mine eyes, and makes me more  
amaz'd

Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven  
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.

Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,  
And with a great heart heave away this  
storm:

Commend these waters to those baby eyes  
That never saw the giant world enrag'd;

Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,  
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.

Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand  
as deep 60

Into the purse of rich prosperity  
As Lewis himself: so, nobles, shall you all,  
That knit your sinews to the strength of  
mine.

*Enter PANDULPH, attended.*

And even there, methinks, an angel spake:  
Look! where the holy legate comes apace,

To give us warrant from the hand of heaven,  
And on our actions set the name of right

With holy breath.

*Pand.* Hail, noble prince of France!  
The next is this: King John hath reconcil'd  
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in 70

That so stood out against the holy church,  
The great metropolis and see of Rome.

Therefore tny threat'ning colours now wind  
up,

And tame the savage spirit of wild war,  
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,

It may lie gently at the foot of peace,  
And be no further harmful than in show.

*Lew.* Your grace shall pardon me; I will  
not back;

I am too high-born to be propertied,  
To be a secondary at control, 80

Or useful servingman and instrument,  
To any sovereign state throughout the  
world.

Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars

But this chastis'd kingdom and myself,  
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;

And now 't is far too huge to be blown out  
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.

You taught me how to know the face of right.

Acquainted me with interest to this land,  
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart; 90  
And come ye now to tell me John hath made  
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?

I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,  
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine:

And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back  
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?

Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,

What men provided, what munition sent,  
To underprop this action? Is't not I  
That undergo this charge? who else but I,

And such as to my claim are liable, 101  
Sweat in this business and maintain this war?

Have I not heard these islanders shout out,

*Vive le roy!* as I have bank'd their towns?  
Have I not here the best cards for the game  
To win this easy match play'd for a crown?

And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?  
No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

*Pand.* You look but on the outside of this work.

*Lew.* Outside or inside, I will not re-  
turn 110

Till my attempt so much be glorified  
As to my ample hope was promised

Before I drew this gallant head of war,  
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,

To outlook conquest and to win renown  
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.

*Trumpet sounds.*  
What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

*Enter the Bastard, attended.*

*Bast.* According to the fair play of the world,

Let me have audience; I am sent to speak:  
My holy Lord of Milan, from the king 120

I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;  
And, as you answer, I do know the scope

And warrant limited unto my tongue.

*Pand.* The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,  
And will not temporize with my entreaties:

He flatly says he'll not lay down his arms.

*Bast.* By all the blood that ever fury  
breath'd,

The youth says well. Now hear our English  
king;

For thus his royalty doth speak in me.  
He is prepar'd; and reason too he should: 130

This apish and unmannerly approach,  
This harness'd masque and unadvised revel,

This unhair'd sauciness and boyish troops,

The king doth smile at; and is well prepar'd  
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy

arms,  
From out the circle of his territories.

That hand which had the strength, even at  
your door,

To cudgel you and make you take the hatch;  
To dive like buckets in concealed wells;

To crouch in litter of your stable planks; 140  
To lie like pawns lock'd up in chests and  
trunks;

To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out  
In vaults and prisons; and to thrill and

shake  
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,

Thinking this voice an armed Englishman:  
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here

That in your chambers gave you chastise-  
ment?

No! Know, the gallant monarch is in arms,  
And like an eagle o'er his airy towers,

To souse annoyance that comes near his  
nest. 150

And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,  
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb

Of your dear mother England, blush for  
shame:

For your own ladies and pale-visag'd maids  
Like Amazons come tripping after drums,

Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,  
Their needles to lances, and their gentle

hearts  
To fierce and bloody inclination.

*Lew.* There end thy brave, and turn thy  
face in peace;

We grant thou can'st outscold us: fare thee  
well; 155

We hold our time too precious to be spent  
With such a brabbler.

*Pand.* Give me leave to speak.  
*Bast.* No, I will speak.

*Lew.* We will attend to neither.  
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of

war  
Plead for our interest and our being here.

*Bast.* Indeed, your drums, being beaten,  
will cry out;

And so shall you, being beaten. Do but  
start

An echo with the clamour of thy drum,  
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd

That shall reverberate all as loud as  
thine; 170

Sound but another, and another shall  
As loud as thine rattle the welkin's ear

And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for  
at hand,

Not trusting to this halting legate here,  
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than

need,  
Is war-like John; and in his forehead sits

A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this  
day

To feast upon whole thousands of the  
French.

*Lew.* Strike up our drums, to find this  
danger out.

*Bast.* And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do  
not doubt. *Exeunt.* 180

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Field of Battle.*

*Alarums. Enter King JOHN and HUBERT.*

*K. John.* How goes the day with us? O! tell me Hubert.

*Hub.* Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty?

*K. John.* This fever, that hath troubled me so long,

Lies heavy on me: O! my heart is sick.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,

Desires your majesty to leave the field, And send him word by me which way you go.

*K. John.* Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.

*Mess.* Be of good comfort: for the great supply

That was expected by the Dauphin here, 10  
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands.

This news was brought to Richard but even now.

The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

*K. John.* Ay, me! this tyrant fever burns me up,

And will not let me welcome this good news. Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight;

Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Same. Another Part of the Same.*

*Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and Others.*

*Sal.* I did not think the king so stor'd with friends.

*Pem.* Up once again; put spirit in the French:

If they miscarry we miscarry too.

*Sal.* That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,

In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

*Pem.* They say King John, sore sick, hath left the field.

*Enter MELUN wounded, and led by Soldiers.*

*Mel.* Lead me to the revolts of England here.

*Sal.* When we were happy we had other names.

*Pem.* It is the Count Melun.

*Sal.* Wounded to death.

*Mel.* Fly, noble English; you are bought and sold; 10

Unthread the rude eye of rebellion.

And welcome home again discarded faith.

Seek out King John and fall before his feet;

For if the French be lords of this loud day,

He means to recompense the pains you take

By cutting off your heads. Thus hath he

sworn,

And I with him, and many more with me,

Upon the altar at Saint Edmundsbury;

Even on that altar where we swore to you

Dear amity and everlasting love. 20

*Sal.* May this be possible? may this be true?

*Mel.* Have I not hideous death within my view,

Retaining but a quantity of life,

Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax

Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?

What in the world should make me now deceive.

Since I must lose the use of all deceit?

Why should I then be false, since it is true

That I must die here and live hence by truth?

I say again, if Lewis do win the day, 30

He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours

Behold another day break in the east:

But even this night, whose black contagious breath

Already smokes about the burning crest

Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,

Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire.

Paying the fine of rated treachery

Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,

If Lewis by your assistance win the day.

Commend me to one Hubert with your king; 40

The love of him, and this respect besides,

For that my grandsire was an Englishman,

Awakes my conscience to confess all this.

In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence

From forth the noise and rumour of the field,

Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts

In peace, and part this body and my soul

With contemplation and devout desires.

*Sal.* We do believe thee: and beshrew my soul

But I do love the favour and the form 50

Of this most fair occasion, by the which

We will untread the steps of damned flight,

And like a bated and retired flood,

Leaving our rankness and irregular course,

Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,

And calmly run on in obedience,

Even to our ocean, to our great King John.

My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence,

For I do see the cruel pangs of death

Right in thine eye. Away, my friends!

New flight; 60

And happy newness, that intends old right.

*Exeunt, leading off MELUN.*

SCENE V.—*The Same. The French Camp.*

*Enter LEWIS and his Train.*

*Lew.* The sun of heaven methought was loath to set,

But stay'd and made the western welkin blush.

When the English measur'd backward their own ground

In faint retire. O! bravely came we off,

When with a volley of our needless shot,

After such bloody toil, we bid good night,

And wound our tattering colours clearly up,

Last in the field, and almost lords of it.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

*Lew.* Here: What news?

*Mess.* The Count Melun is slain; the English lords, 10

By his persuasion, are again fall'n off;  
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,

Are cast away and sunk, on Goodwin sands.  
*Lew.* Ah! foul shrewd news. Beshrew thy very heart!

I did not think to be so sad to-night  
As this hath made me. Who was he that said  
King John did fly an hour or two before  
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

*Mess.* Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord,

*Lew.* Well; keep good quarter and good care to-night: 20

The day shall not be up so soon as I,  
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*An open Place in the neighbourhood of Swinstead Abbey.*

*Enter the Bastard and HUBERT, severally.*

*Hub.* Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

*Bast.* A friend. What art thou?

*Hub.* Of the part of England.

*Bast.* Whither dost thou go?

*Hub.* What's that to thee? why may not I demand

Of thine affairs as well as thou of mine?  
*Bast.* Hubert, I think.

*Hub.* Thou hast a perfect thought:  
I will upon all hazards well believe  
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well.

Who art thou?

*Bast.* Who thou wilt: and if thou please,  
Thou may'st befriend me so much as to think 10

I come one way of the Plantagenets.

*Hub.* Unkind remembrance! thou and eyeless night

Have done me shame: brave soldier, pardon me,

That any accent breaking from thy tongue  
Should scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

*Bast.* Come, come; sans compliment,  
what news abroad?

*Hub.* Why, here walk I in the black brow of night,

To find you out.

*Bast.* Brief then; and what's the news?

*Hub.* O! my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,

Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible. 20

*Bast.* Show me the very wound of this ill news:

I am no woman; I'll not swoon at it.

*Hub.* The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:

I left him almost speechless; and broke out  
To acquaint you with this evil, that you might

The better arm you to the sudden time  
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

*Bast.* How did he take it? who did taste to him?

*Hub.* A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,

Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king 30

Yet speaks, and peradventure may recover.

*Bast.* Whom didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

*Hub.* Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,

And brought Prince Henry in their company:

At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,

And they are all about his majesty.

*Bast.* Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,

And tempt us not to bear above our power! I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,

Passing these flats, are taken by the tide; 40  
These Lincoln Washes have devoured them:

Myself, well mounted, hardly have escap'd.  
Away before! conduct me to the king;

I doubt he will be dead or e'er I come.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The Orchard of Swinstead Abbey.*

*Enter Prince HENRY, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.*

*P. Hen.* It is too late: the life of all his blood

Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain,  
Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house,

Doth by the idle comments that it makes,  
Foretell the ending of mortality.

*Enter PEMBROKE.*

*Pem.* His highness yet doth speak; and holds belief

That, being brought into the open air,  
It would allay the burning quality

Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

*P. Hen.* Let him be brought into the orchard here. 10

Doth he still rage? *Exit BIGOT.*

*Pem.* He is more patient  
Than when you left him: even now he sung.

*P. Hen.* O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes

In their continuance will not feel themselves.

Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,  
Leaves them, invisible; and his siege is now

Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds

With many legions of strange fantasies,  
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,

Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death should sing. 20

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,

Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death.

And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings  
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you  
are born

To set a form upon that indigest  
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

Re-enter BIGOT and Attendants, carrying  
King JOHN in a chair.

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath  
elbow-room;

It would not out at windows, nor at doors.  
There is so hot a summer in my bosom 30  
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:  
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen  
Upon a parchment, and against this fire  
Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty?

K. John. Poison'd, ill fare; dead, for-  
sook, cast off:

And none of you will bid the winter come  
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;  
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course  
Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the  
north

To make his bleak winds kiss my parched  
lips 40

And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you  
much;

I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait  
And so ingrateful you deny me that.

P. Hen. O! that there were some virtue  
in my tears,

That might relieve you.

K. John. The salt in them is hot.  
Within me is a hell; and there the poison  
Is as a fiend confin'd to tyrannize  
On unreprieveable condemned blood.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. O! I am scalded with my violent  
motion

And spleen of speed to see your majesty. 50  
K. John. O cousin! thou art come to set  
mine eye:

The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd,  
And all the shrouds wherewith my life  
should sail

Are turned to one thread, one little hair;  
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,  
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;  
And then all this thou seest is but a clod  
And module of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hither-  
ward,

Where heaven he knows how we shall an-  
swer him: 60

For in a night the best part of my power,  
As I upon advantage did remove,  
Were in the Washes all unwarily  
Devoured by the unexpected flood.

The King dies.

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as  
dead an ear.

My liege! my lord! but now a king, now thus.

P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even  
so stop.

What surety of the world, what hope, what  
stay,

When this was now a king, and now is  
clay?

Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay  
behind 70

To do the office for thee of revenge.  
And then my soul shall wait on thee to  
heaven,

As it on earth hath been thy servant still.  
Now, now, you stars, that move in your right  
spheres,

Where be your powers? Show now your  
mended faiths,

And instantly return with me again,  
To push destruction and perpetual shame  
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.  
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be  
sought:

The Dauphin rages at our very heels. 80

Sal. It seems you know not then so much  
as we.

The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,  
Who half an hour since came from the  
Dauphin,

And brings from him such offers of our peace  
As we with honour and respect may take.  
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Bast. He will the rather do it when he  
sees

Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;  
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd 90  
To the sea-side, and put his cause and  
quarrel

To the disposing of the cardinal:

With whom yourself, myself, and other  
lords,

If you think meet, this afternoon will post  
To consummate this business happily.

Bast. Let it be so. And you, my noble  
prince,

With other princes that may best be spar'd,  
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be  
interr'd;

For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it then. 100  
And happily may your sweet self put on  
The lineal state and glory of the land!

To whom, with all submission, on my knee,  
I do bequeath my faithful services

And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we  
make,

To rest without a spot for evermore.

P. Hen. I have a kind soul that would give  
you thanks,

And knows not how to do it but with tears.  
Bast. O! let us pay the time but needful  
woe 110

Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.  
This England never did, nor never shall,

Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,  
But when it first did help to wound itself.

Now these her princes are come home again,  
Come the three corners of the world in arms,

And we shall shock them. Nought shall  
make us rue,

If England to itself do rest but true.

## THE TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD THE SECOND

**I**N *Richard II* we approach the second group of history plays which includes also the two parts of *Henry IV* and *Henry V*. The first of these plays sets forth the deposition of an English king against whose right to the crown through succession no question was ever raised. The only question raised in the play is whether or not, in the light of the events set forth, Richard was justly deposed; or whether Carlisle was right in condemning the deposition as a traitorous act. Shakespeare makes no pretense at answering the question for us, but leaves the decision completely with us after an impartial presentation of the evidence. Let us summarize, then, as succinctly as possible the case for and against Richard.

First, he was thought to be responsible for the murder of Gloucester. Second, through the profligacy of a parasitic court he had wasted his revenue to the point of being forced to farm out his royal realm. Third, he had seized the Lancastrian property to which Bolingbroke, who languished in banishment, was justly entitled to succeed. These in the main are the offenses charged against him in the play. No attempt is made either by himself or by his supporters to deny or justify any of these acts. Richard's case for retaining his crown rests wholly upon his hereditary right, of which there is no question; and upon his divine right, against which he contends that the breath of man must not prevail.

The issue centers, therefore, in the interpretation of the divine right of kings. Is it true, as Richard insists, that

"Not all the water in the rough rude sea  
Can wash the balm from an anointed king;"

and that

"The breath of worldly men cannot depose  
The deputy elected by the Lord?"

Or is the authority of the king limited by the operation of a divine law which determines the course of history and makes earthly government possible?

Waiving the doubtful question of his responsibility for Gloucester's death, let us see what principle is involved in his farming out the realm. Richard has been summoned to the bedside of the dying Gaunt, whose devotion to his country has been immortalized in those words spoken just before the entrance of Richard to his chamber:

"This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,  
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
This other Eden, demi-paradise;  
    . . . . .  
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,  
Dear for her reputation through the world,  
Is now leas'd out—I die pronouncing it—  
Like to a tenement or pelting farm."

Richard enters, and, standing in the presence of death, he hears Gaunt's arraignment:

"Landlord of England art thou now, not king;  
Thy state of law is bonds slave to the law."

Richard starts and turns pale. He grasps instantly the meaning. These two lines discharge a whole arsenal against his conception of the kingship. It is no mere taunt; it is a logical deduction from an admitted fact. By farming out the realm, the king has in principle ceased to be king and given himself the legal status of a landlord. Can anointing balm prevent the operation of the laws of logic? Instead of seeking instantly to reinstate himself, Richard replies to the dying patriot with insolence and threats. Incapable of speaking as one having authority, he confirms himself in his new title of landlord. So much for that charge.

Immediately upon the death of Gaunt Richard seizes all his property and lands, to which by law Bolingbroke, Duke of Hereford, now in banishment by Richard's decree, should have succeeded. Again wisdom protests against his act in the person of York:

'Take Hereford's rights away, and take from Time  
His charters and his customary rights;  
Let not to-morrow, then, ensue to-day;  
Be not thyself; for how art thou a king  
But by fair sequence and succession?'

Here again Richard is confronted with the limitation set by divine law upon even kingly authority—the law which swept him upward to the throne. Can the anointed king check that law when it operates to sweep Hereford into his rights by succession? Richard does not reflect upon this question. To him, the anointing balm is armor impregnable against all assault. He seizes the property and sets out for Ireland.

When he returns, Bolingbroke is astir in the land, and the nobles have rallied to his support. He comes ostensibly for his lands, but inevitably the struggle must involve the crown. Richard, upon hearing of the rebellion, places his trust in heaven. For every one of Bolingbroke's soldiers

"God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay  
A glorious angel."

But heaven itself seems to be against him. He has arrived one day too late. As his hopes one after another are shattered he resorts to self-pity, then to despair. He reveals the habitual weakness and confusion of his thought. As a great discovery he announces to his friends his mortality. Gaunt had told him

"A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,"

wasting the land; but Richard thinks now not of his land, but of himself, and the figure changes to antic Death, "Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp."

At Flint castle he is confronted by Bolingbroke and his forces. He becomes an amateur actor, assuming different rôles. He rebukes Northumberland for not kneeling. He rebukes Bolingbroke for kneeling. At a time when one sincere word might have saved him, he abases himself in the hope that in pure pity Bolingbroke may declare his allegiance. But Bolingbroke does nothing of the kind; he merely declares: "I come but for mine own." For Richard, there can be but one of two possible answers: either absolute refusal, or complete submission. For how can Richard restore his booty without confessing himself a robber; and if a robber, how God's anointed? He submits:

"Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all."

Nought remains but the formal yielding of the scepter; yet not even here can Richard forego the luxury of utilizing the occasion to exhibit his skill as an actor in a pathetic rôle. He speaks of grief and sorrow, but he reveals a nature too shallow to experience any great emotion. He shows himself incapable of believing profoundly even in the vitality of form and ceremony in which only he has trusted.

There should be no confusion in our minds between Richard the king and Richard the man. As a man, we should do our own natures wrong not to pity him; for he is the most pitiful of all Shakespeare's kings. But as a king, one who had been unmindful of the sorrows of his people and recreant to the sacred trust committed to him of God, there could be no fitter symbol of his repudiation than the dust "thrown upon his sacred head" as he graced Bolingbroke's triumphal entry into London. But let Bolingbroke beware; authority, which can command obedience to nods and winks, is preserved only by the anointing balm of God's grace, and not by the lawless shedding of blood, even the blood of a deposed king.

# THE TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD THE SECOND

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.  
JOHN OF GAUNT, *Duke of Lancaster.*  
EDMUND OF LANGLEY, *Duke of York,*  
HENRY, surnamed BOLINGBROKE, *Duke of Hereford, Son to John of Gaunt; afterwards King Henry IV.*  
DUKE OF AUMERLE, *Son to the Duke of York.*  
THOMAS MOWBRAY, *Duke of Norfolk.*  
DUKE OF SURREY.  
EARL OF SALISBURY.  
LORD BERKELEY.  
BUSHY,  
BAGOT, } *Servants to King Richard.*  
GREEN, }

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.  
HENRY PERCY, surnamed HOTSPUR, *his Son.*  
LORD ROSS.  
LORD WILLOUGHBY.  
LORD FITZWATER.  
BISHOP OF CARLISLE.  
ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER.  
LORD MARSHAL.  
SIR STEPHEN SCROOP.  
SIR PIERCE OF EXTON.  
*Captain of a Band of Welshmen.*  
QUEEN TO KING RICHARD.  
DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.  
DUCHESS OF YORK.  
*Lady attending on the Queen.*

*Lords, Herald, Officers, Soldiers, Gardeners, Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.*

SCENE.—*Dispersedly in England and Wales.*

## ACT I

SCENE I.—*London. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter King RICHARD, attended; JOHN OF GAUNT, and other Nobles, with him.*

*K. Rich.* Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,  
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,  
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son,  
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal.

Which then our leisure would not let us hear,  
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

*Gaunt.* I have, my liege.

*K. Rich.* Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,  
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice,  
Or worthily, as a good subject should, 10  
On some known ground of treachery in him?

*Gaunt.* As near as I could sift him on that argument,

On some apparent danger seen in him  
Aim'd at your highness, no inveterate malice.

*K. Rich.* Then call them to our presence;  
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear

The accuser and the accused freely speak:  
*Exeunt some Attendants.*

High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,  
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

*Re-enter Attendants, with BOLINGBROKE and MOWBRAY.*

*Boling.* Many years of happy days befall 20  
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

*Mow.* Each day still better other's happiness;

Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,  
Add an immortal title to your crown!

*K. Rich.* We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,

As well appeareth by the cause you come;  
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.  
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object  
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

*Boling.* First, heaven be the record to my speech! 30

In the devotion of a subject's love,  
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,  
And free from other misbegotten hate,  
Come I appellant to this princely presence.  
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,  
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak

My body shall make good upon this earth,  
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.

Thou art a traitor and a miscreant;  
Too good to be so and too bad to live, 40  
Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,  
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.  
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,  
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;  
And wish, so please my sovereign, ere I  
move,

What my tongue speaks, my right drawn  
sword may prove.

*Mow.* Let not my cold words here accuse  
my zeal:

'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,  
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,  
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain; 50  
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this:  
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast  
As to be hush'd and nought at all to say.  
First, the fair reverence of your highness  
curbs me

From giving reins and spurs to my free  
speech;

Which else would post until it had return'd  
These terms of treason doubled down his  
throat.

Setting aside his high blood's royalty,  
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,  
I do defy him, and I spit at him; 60  
Call him a slanderous coward and a villain:  
Which to maintain I would allow him odds,  
And meet him, were I tied to run afoot  
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,  
Or any other ground inhabitable,  
Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.  
Meantime let this defend my loyalty:  
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

*Boling.* Pale trembling coward, there I  
throw my gage,

Disclaiming here the kindred of the king, 70  
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,  
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to  
except:

If guilty dread have left thee so much  
strength

As to take up mine honour's pawn, then  
stoop:

By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,  
Will I make good against thee, arm to  
arm,

What I have spoke, or thou canst worse  
devise.

*Mow.* I take it up; and by that sword I  
swear,

Which gently laid my knighthood on my  
shoulder,

I'll answer thee in any fair degree, 80  
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:

And when I mount, alive may I not light,  
If I be traitor or unjustly fight!

*K. Rich.* What doth our cousin lay to  
Mowbray's charge?

It must be great that can inherit us  
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

*Boling.* Look, what I speak, my life shall  
prove it true:

That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand  
nobles

In name of lendings for your highness'  
soldiers,

The which he hath detain'd for lewd em-  
ployments, 90

Like a false traitor and injurious villain.

Besides I say and will in battle prove,  
Or here or elsewhere to the furthest verge  
That ever was survey'd by English eye,  
That all the treasons for these eighteen  
years

Complotted and contrived in this land,  
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head  
and spring.

Further I say and further will maintain  
Upon his bad life to make all this good,  
That he did plot the Duke of Gloucester's  
death, 100

Suggest his soon-believing adversaries,  
And consequently, like a traitor coward,  
Shuic'd out his innocent soul through  
streams of blood:

Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,  
Even from the tongueless caverns of the  
earth

To me for justice and rough chastisement;  
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,  
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

*K. Rich.* How high a pitch his resolution  
soars!

Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to  
this? 110

*Mow.* O! let my sovereign turn away his  
face

And bid his ears a little while be deaf,  
Till I have told this slander of his blood,  
How God and good men hate so foul a liar.

*K. Rich.* Mowbray, impartial are our eyes  
and ears:

Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's  
heir,

As he is but my father's brother's son,  
Now by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,  
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood  
Should nothing privilege him, nor par-  
tialize 120

The unstooping firmness of my upright soul.  
He is our subject, Mowbray; so art thou:  
Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.

*Mow.* Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to  
thy heart,

Through the false passage of thy throat,  
thou liest.

Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais  
Disburs'd I duly to his highness' soldiers;

The other part reserv'd I by consent,  
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt

Upon remainder of a dear account, 130  
Since last I went to France to fetch his  
queen.

Now swallow down that lie. For Glou-  
cester's death,

I slew him not; but to mine own disgrace  
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.

For you, my noble Lord of Lancaster,  
The honourable father to my foe,

Once did I lay an ambush for your life,  
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul;

But ere I last receiv'd the sacrament  
I did confess it, and exactly begg'd 140

Your grace's pardon, and I hope I had it.  
This is my fault: as for the rest appeal'd,

It issues from the rancour of a villain,  
A recreant and most degenerate traitor;  
Which in myself I boldly will defend,  
And interchangeably hurl down my gage  
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,  
To prove myself a loyal gentleman  
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his  
bosom.

In haste whereof, most heartily I pray 150  
Your highness to assign our trial day.

*K. Rich.* Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be  
rul'd by me;

Let 's purge this choler without letting  
blood:

This we prescribe, though no physician;  
Deep malice makes too deep incision:  
Forget, forgive; conclude and be agreed.  
Our doctors say this is no month to bleed.  
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;  
We 'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your  
son.

*Gaunt.* To be a make-peace shall be-  
come my age: 160

Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's  
gage.

*K. Rich.* And, Norfolk, throw down his.  
*Gaunt.* When, Harry, when?

*Obedience* bids I should not bid again.

*K. Rich.* Norfolk, throw down, we bid;  
there is no boot.

*Mow.* Myself I throw, dread sovereign,  
at thy foot.

My life thou shalt command, but not my  
shame:

The one my duty owes; but my fair name,  
Despite of death that lives upon my grave,  
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.  
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here,  
Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd  
spear, 171

The which no balm can cure but his heart-  
blood

Which breath'd this poison.

*K. Rich.* Rage must be withstood:  
Give me his gage: lions make leopards  
tame.

*Mow.* Yea, but not change his spots:  
take but my shame,

And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,  
The purest treasure mortal times afford  
Is spotless reputation; that away,  
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.  
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest 180  
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.

Mine honour is my life; both grow in  
one;

Take honour from me, and my life is done:  
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me  
try;

In that I live and for that will I die.

*K. Rich.* Cousin, throw up your gage; do  
you begin.

*Boling.* O! God defend my soul from  
such deep sin.

Shall I seem crest-fall'n in my father's  
sight?

Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height  
Before this out-dar'd dastard? Ere my  
tongue 190

Shall wound mine honour with such feeble  
wrong,

Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear  
The slavish motive of recanting fear,  
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,  
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mow-  
bray's face. *Exit GAUNT.*

*K. Rich.* We were not born to sue, but to  
command;

Which since we cannot do to make you  
friends,

Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,  
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day:

There shall your swords and lances arbi-  
trate 200

The swelling difference of your settled hate:  
Since we can not atone you, we shall see  
Justice design the victor's chivalry.

Lord marshal, command our officers-at-  
arms

Be ready to direct these home alarms.  
*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Room in the  
Duke of LANCASTER'S Palace.*

*Enter GAUNT and Duchess of GLOUCESTER.*

*Gaunt.* Alas! the part I had in Wood-  
stock's blood

Doth more solicit me than your exclams,  
To stir against the butchers of his life.

But since correction lieth in those hands  
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,

Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;  
Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth,  
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

*Duch.* Finds brotherhood in thee no  
sharper spur?

Hath love in thy old blood no living fire? 10  
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art  
one,

Were as seven vials of his sacred blood,  
Or seven fair branches springing from one  
root:

Some of those seven are dried by nature's  
course,

Some of those branches by the Destinies  
cut;

But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my  
Gloucester,

One vial full of Edward's sacred blood,  
One flourishing branch of his most royal  
root,

Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;  
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all  
faded, 20

By envy's hand and murder's bloody axe.  
Ah! Gaunt, his blood was thine: that bed,  
that womb,

That metal, that self-mould, that fashion'd  
thou

Made him a man; and though thou liv'st  
and breath'st,

Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent  
In some large measure to thy father's death

In that thou seest thy wretched brother  
die,

Who was the model of thy father's life.  
Call it not patience, Gaunt; it is despair:

In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd 30  
 Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,  
 Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee:  
 That which in mean men we entitle patience  
 Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.  
 What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,  
 The best way is to venge my Gloucester's death.  
*Gaunt.* God's is the quarrel; for God's substitute,  
 His deputy anointed in his sight,  
 Hath caus'd his death; the which if wrongfully,  
 Let heaven revenge, for I may never lift 40  
 An angry arm against his minister.  
*Duch.* Where then, alas! may I complain myself?  
*Gaunt.* To God, the widow's champion and defence.  
*Duch.* Why then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.  
 Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold  
 Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight:  
 O! sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,  
 That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast.  
 Or, if misfortune miss the first career,  
 Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom 50  
 That they may break his foaming courser's back,  
 And throw the rider headlong in the lists,  
 A catiff recreant to my cousin Hereford!  
 Farewell, old Gaunt: thy sometimes brother's wife  
 With her companion grief must end her life.  
*Gaunt.* Sister, farewell; I must to Coventry.  
 As much good stay with thee as go with me!  
*Duch.* Yet one word more. Grief boundeth where it falls,  
 Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:  
 I take my leave before I have begun, 60  
 For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.  
 Commend me to thy brother, Edmund York.  
 Lo! this is all: nay, yet depart not so;  
 Though this be all, do not so quickly go;  
 I shall remember more. Bid him—ah! what?—  
 With all good speed at Plashy visit me.  
 Alack! and what shall good old York there see  
 But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,  
 Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?  
 And what hear there for welcome but my groans? 70  
 Therefore commend me; let him not come there,  
 To seek out sorrow that dwells every where.  
 Desolate, desolate will I hence, and die:  
 The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.  
*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Open Space near Coventry. Lists set out, and a throne. Heralds, etc., attending.*  
*Enter the Lord Marshal and AUMERLE.*  
*Mar.* My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?  
*Aum.* Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.  
*Mar.* The Duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,  
 Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.  
*Aum.* Why then, the champions are prepar'd, and stay  
 For nothing but his majesty's approach.  
*Flourish.* *Enter King RICHARD, who takes his seat on his throne; GAUNT, BUSHY, BAGOT, GREEN, and Others, who take their places. A trumpet is sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Then enter MOWBRAY in arms, defendant, preceded by a Herald.*  
*K. Rich.* Marshal, demand of yonder champion  
 The cause of his arrival here in arms:  
 Ask him his name, and orderly proceed  
 To swear him in the justice of his cause. 10  
*Mar.* In God's name, and the king's, say who thou art,  
 And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in arms,  
 Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel.  
 Speak truly, on thy knighthood and thine oath;  
 As so defend thee heaven and thy valour!  
*Mow.* My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk:  
 Who hither come engaged by my oath,  
 Which God defend a knight should violate!  
 Both to defend my loyalty and truth  
 To God, my king, and my succeeding issue, 20  
 Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals me;  
 And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,  
 To prove him, in defending of myself,  
 A traitor to my God, my king, and me:  
 And as I truly fight, defend me heaven!  
*Trumpet sounds.* *Enter BOLINGBROKE, appellant, in armour, preceded by a Herald.*  
*K. Rich.* Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,  
 Both who he is and why he cometh hither  
 Thus plated in habiliments of war;  
 And formally, according to our law,  
 Depose him in the justice of his cause. 30  
*Mar.* What is thy name? and wherefore com'st thou hither,  
 Before King Richard in his royal lists?  
 Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quarrel?  
 Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!  
*Boling.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,

Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,  
To prove by God's grace and my body's  
valour,

In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, Duke of  
Norfolk,

That he's a traitor foul and dangerous,  
To God of heaven, King Richard, and to  
me;

And as I truly fight, defend me heaven!  
*Mar.* On pain of death, no person be so  
bold

Or daring-hardy as to touch the lists,  
Except the marshal and such officers  
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

*Boling.* Lord marshal, let me kiss my  
sovereign's hand,

And bow my knee before his majesty:  
For Mowbray and myself are like two men  
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;  
Then let us take a ceremonious leave 50  
And loving farewell of our several friends.

*Mar.* The appellant in all duty greets  
your highness,

And craves to kiss your hand and take his  
leave,

*K. Rich.* We will descend and fold him  
in our arms.

Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,  
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!

Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou  
shed,

Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

*Boling.* O! let no noble eye profane a tear  
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear.

As confident as is the falcon's flight 61

Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.

My loving lord, I take my leave of you;

Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle;

Not sick, although I have to do with death,

But lusty, young, and cheerily drawing  
breath.

Lo! as at English feasts, so I regret

The daintiest last, to make the end most  
sweet:

O thou, the earthly author of my blood,

Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate, 70

Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up

To reach at victory above my head,

Add proof unto mine armour with thy  
prayers,

And with thy blessings steel my lance's  
point,

That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,

And furbish new the name of John o' Gaunt,

Even in the lusty haviour of his son.

*Gaunt.* God in thy good cause make thee  
prosperous!

Be swift like lightning in the execution;

And let thy blows, doubly redoubled, 80

Fall like amazing thunder on the casque

Of thy adverse pernicious enemy:

Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and  
live.

*Boling.* Mine innocency and Saint George

to thrive!

*Mow.* However God or fortune cast my  
lot,

There lives or dies, true to King Richard's  
throne,

A loyal, just, and upright gentleman.

Never did captive with a freer heart

Cast off his chains of bondage and embrace

His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement, 90

More than my dancing soul doth celebrate

This feast of battle with mine adversary.

Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,

Take from my mouth the wish of happy  
years.

As gentle and as jocund as to jest,

Go I to fight: truth hath a quiet breast.

*K. Rich.* Farewell, my lord: securely I  
esp

Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.

Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

*Mar.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and  
Derby, 100

Receive thy lance; and God defend the  
right!

*Boling.* Strong as a tower in hope, I cry  
'amen.'

*Mar.* Go bear this lance to Thomas, Duke  
of Norfolk.

*First Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster,  
and Derby,

Stands here for God, his sovereign, and  
himself,

On pain to be found false and recreant,

To prove the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas  
Mowbray,

A traitor to his God, his king, and him;

And dares him to set forward to the fight.

*Second Her.* Here standeth Thomas  
Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, 110

On pain to be found false and recreant,

Both to defend himself and to approve

Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,

To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal;

Courageously and with a free desire

Attending but the signal to begin.

*Mar.* Sound, trumpets; and set forward,  
combatants, A charge sounded.

Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.

*K. Rich.* Let them lay by their helmets  
and their spears,

And both return back to their chairs again. 120

Withdraw with us; and let the trumpets  
sound

While we return these dukes what we de-  
cree. A long flourish.

Draw near,

And list what with our council we have done.

For that our kingdom's earth should not be  
soil'd

With that dear blood which it hath fostered;

And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect

Of civil wounds plough'd up with neigh-  
bours' sword;

And for we think the eagle-winged pride

Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts, 130

With rival-hating envy, set on you

To wake our peace, which in our country's  
cradle

Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle  
sleep;

Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd  
drums,

With harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful  
bray,

And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,  
Might from our quiet confines fright fair  
peace

And make us wade even in our kindred's  
blood:

Therefore, we banish you our territories:  
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life, 140  
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our  
fields,

Shall not regret our fair dominions,  
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

*Boling.* Your will be done: this must my  
comfort be,  
The sun that warms you here shall shine  
on me;

And those his golden beams to you here lent  
Shall point on me and gild my banishment.

*K. Rich.* Norfolk, for thee remains a  
heavier doom,

Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:  
The sly slow hours shall not determinate 150  
The dateless limit of thy dear exile;  
The hopeless word of 'never to return'  
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

*Mow.* A heavy sentence, my most sov-  
ereign liege,

And all unlook'd for from your highness'  
mouth:

A dearer merit, not so deep a maim  
As to be cast forth in the common air,  
Have I deserved at your highness' hands.  
The language I have learn'd these forty  
years,

My native English, now I must forgo; 160  
And now my tongue's use is to me no more  
Than an unstringed viol or a harp,  
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,  
Or, being open, put into his hands  
That knows no touch to tune the harmony:  
Within my mouth you have engao'd my  
tongue,

Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips;  
And dull unfeeling barren ignorance  
Is made my gaoler to attend on me. 170  
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,  
Too far in years to be a pupil now:  
What is thy sentence then but speechless  
death,

Which robs my tongue from breathing  
native breath?

*K. Rich.* It boots thee not to be com-  
passionate:

After our sentence plaining comes too late.  
*Mow.* Then thus I turn me from my coun-  
try's light,

To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.  
*K. Rich.* Return again, and take an oath  
with thee.

Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;  
Swear by the duty that you owe to God, 180  
Our part therein we banish with yourselves,  
To keep the oath that we administer:  
You never shall, so help you truth and God!  
Embrace each other's love in banishment;  
Nor never look upon each other's face;  
Nor never write, regret, nor reconcile  
This lowering tempest of your home-bred  
hate;

Nor never by advised purpose meet

To plot, contrive, or complot any ill  
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our  
land. 190

*Boling.* I swear.

*Mow.* And I, to keep all this.

*Boling.* Norfolk, so far as to mine  
enemy:—

By this time, had the king permitted us,  
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,  
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,  
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land:  
Confess thy treasons ere thou fly the realm;  
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along

The clogging burden of a guilty soul. 200  
*Mow.* No, Bolingbroke: if ever I were  
traitor,

My name be blotted from the book of life,  
And I from heaven banish'd as from hence!  
But what thou art, God, thou, and I do  
know:

And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.  
Farewell, my liege. Now no way can I  
stray;

Save back to England, all the world's my  
way. *Exit.*

*K. Rich.* Uncle, even in the glasses of  
thine eyes

I see thy griev'd heart: thy sad aspect  
Hath from the number of his banish'd  
years 210

Pluck'd four away. To BOLINGBROKE.  
Six frozen winters spent,

Return with welcome home from banish-  
ment.

*Boling.* How long a time lies in one little  
word!

Four lagging winters and four wanton  
springs

End in a word: such is the breath of kings.  
*Gaunt.* I thank my liege, that in regard  
of me

He shortens four years of my son's exile;  
But little vantage shall I reap thereby:  
For, ere the six years that he hath to spend

Can change their moons and bring their  
times about, 220

My oil-dried lamp and time-bewasted light  
Shall be extinct with age and endless night;  
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,  
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

*K. Rich.* Why, uncle, thou hast many  
years to live.

*Gaunt.* But not a minute, king, that thou  
canst give:

Shorten my days thou canst with sullen  
sorrow,

And pluck nights from me, but not lend a  
morrow;

Thou canst help time to furrow me with  
age,

But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage; 230  
Thy word is current with him for my death.

But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my  
breath.

*K. Rich.* Thy son is banish'd upon good  
advice,

Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave:  
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to  
lower?

*Gaunt.* Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.

You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather You would have bid me argue like a father. O! had it been a stranger, not my child, To smooth his fault I should have been more mild: 240

A partial slander sought I to avoid, And in the sentence my own life destroy'd. Alas! I look'd when some of you should say, I was too strict to make mine own away; But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue Against my will to do myself this wrong.

*K. Rich.* Cousin, farewell; and, uncle, bid him so: Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

*Flourish. Exeunt King RICHARD and Train.*

*Aum.* Cousin, farewell: what presence must not know,

From where you do remain let paper show. 250

*Mar.* My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride, As far as land will let me, by your side.

*Gaunt.* O! to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words, That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

*Boling.* I have too few to take my leave of you,

When the tongue's office should be prodigal To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

*Gaunt.* Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

*Boling.* Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

*Gaunt.* What is six winters? they are quickly gone. 260

*Boling.* To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

*Gaunt.* Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.

*Boling.* My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,

Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

*Gaunt.* The sullen passage of thy weary steps

Esteem as foil wherein thou art to set The precious jewel of thy home return.

*Boling.* Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make

Will but remember me what a deal of world I wander from the jewels that I love. 270

Must I not serve a long apprenticeship To foreign passages, and in the end,

Having my freedom, boast of nothing else But that I was a journeyman to grief?

*Gaunt.* All places that the eye of heaven visits

Are to a wise man ports and happy havens. Teach thy necessity to reason thus;

There is no virtue like necessity. Think not the king did banish thee,

But thou the king. Woe doth the heavier sit, 280

Where it perceives it is but faintly borne. Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour,

And not the king exil'd thee; or suppose

Devouring pestilence hangs in our air, And thou art flying to a fresher clime.

Look! what thy soul holds dear, imagine it To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st.

Suppose the singing birds musicians, The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence strew'd,

The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more 290

Than a delightful measure or a dance; For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite

The man that mocks at it and sets it light. *Boling.* O! who can hold a fire in his hand

By thinking on the frosty Caucasus? Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite

By bare imagination of a feast? Or wallow naked in December snow

By thinking on fantastic summer's heat? O! no, the apprehension of the good 300

Gives but the greater feeling to the worse: Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more

Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore. *Gaunt.* Come, come, my son, I'll bring

thee on thy way. Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

*Boling.* Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet soil, adieu:

My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!

Where'er I wander, boast of this I can, Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman. 310

*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.—*London. A Room in the King's Castle.*

*Enter King RICHARD, BAGOT, and GREEN, at one door; AUMERLE at another.*

*K. Rich.* We did observe. Cousin Aumerle,

How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

*Aum.* I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,

But to the next highway, and there I left him.

*K. Rich.* And say, what store of parting tears were shed?

*Aum.* Faith, none for me; except the northeast wind,

Which then blew bitterly against our faces, Awak'd the sleeping rheum, and so by chance

Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

*K. Rich.* What said our cousin when you parted with him? 10

*Aum.* 'Farewell.'

And, for my heart disdained that my tongue Should so profane the word, that taught me craft

To counterfeit oppression of such grief, That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.

Marry, would the word 'farewell' have lengthen'd hours

And added years to his short banishment.

He should have had a volume of farewells;  
But since it would not, he had none of me.

*K. Rich.* He is our cousin, cousin; but 't is doubt,<sup>20</sup>  
When time shall call him home from banishment,

Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.

Ourselves and Bushy, Bagot here and Green  
Observ'd his courtship to the common people,

How he did seem to dive into their hearts  
With humble and familiar courtesy,  
What reverence he did throw away on slaves,

Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles

And patient underbearing of his fortune,  
As 't were to banish their affects with him. <sup>20</sup>  
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;  
A brace of draymen bid God speed him well,

And had the tribute of his supple knee,  
With 'Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends';

As were our England in reversion his,  
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

*Green.* Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts.

Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland;

Expedient manage must be made, my liege,  
Ere further leisure yield them further means <sup>40</sup>

For their advantage and your highness' loss.

*K. Rich.* We will ourselves in person to this war.

And, for our coffers with too great a court  
And liberal largess are grown somewhat light,  
We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm;

The revenue whereof shall furnish us  
For our affairs in hand. If that come short,  
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;

Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,

They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold, <sup>50</sup>

And send them after to supply our wants;  
For we will make for Ireland presently.

*Enter BUSHY.*

Bushy, what news?

*Bushy.* Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord,

Suddenly taken, and hath sent post-haste  
To entreat your majesty to visit him.

*K. Rich.* Where lies he?

*Bushy.* At Ely House.

*K. Rich.* Now put it, God, in the physician's mind,

To help him to his grave immediately! <sup>60</sup>  
The lining of his coffers shall make coats

To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.  
Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him:

Pray God we may make haste, and come too late!

*All.* Amen.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT II

SCENE I.—*London. An Apartment in Ely House.*

GAUNT on a couch; the Duke of YORK and Others standing by him.

*Gaunt.* Will the king come, that I may breathe my last

In wholesome counsel to his unsta'd youth?  
*York.* Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;

For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

*Gaunt.* O! but they say the tongues of dying men

Enforce attention like deep harmony:  
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain,

For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.

He that no more must say is listen'd more  
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to gloze; <sup>10</sup>

More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before:

The setting sun, and music at the close,  
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,  
Writ in remembrance more than things long past:

Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,

My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

*York.* No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,

As praises of his state: then there are found Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound

The open ear of youth doth always listen: <sup>20</sup>  
Report of fashions in proud Italy,

Whose manners still our tardy apish nation Limp after in base imitation.

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,  
So it be new there's no respect how vile,

That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?  
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,

Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.  
Direct not him whose way himself will choose:

'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose. <sup>30</sup>

*Gaunt.* Methinks I am a prophet new inspir'd,

And thus expiring do foretell of him:

His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,  
For violent fires soon burn out themselves;

Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;

He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;  
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder:

Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,  
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.

This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle, <sup>40</sup>

This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
This other Eden, demi-paradise,

This fortress built by Nature for herself  
Against infection and the hand of war,

This happy breed of men, this little world,  
This precious stone set in the silver sea,

Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
 Against the envy of less happier lands,  
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm,  
 this England, 50  
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal  
 kings,  
 Fear'd by their breed and famous by their  
 birth,  
 Renowned for their deeds as far from home,  
 For Christian service and true chivalry,  
 As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry  
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son:  
 This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear  
 land,  
 Dear for her reputation through the world,  
 Is now leas'd out, I die pronouncing it,  
 Like to a tenement, or pelling farm: 60  
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,  
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious  
 siege  
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with  
 shame,  
 With inky blots, and rotten parchment  
 bonds:  
 That England, that was wont to conquer  
 others,  
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.  
 Ah! would the scandal vanish with my life,  
 How happy then were my ensuing death.

*Enter King RICHARD and QUEEN; AU-  
 MERLE, BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS,  
 and WILLOUGHBY.*

*York.* The king is come: deal mildly  
 with his youth;  
 For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the  
 more. 70

*Queen.* How fares our noble uncle, Lan-  
 caster?

*K. Rich.* What comfort, man? how is't  
 with aged Gaunt?

*Gaunt.* O! how that name befits my com-  
 position;

Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old:  
 Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;  
 And who abstains from meat that is not  
 gaunt?

For sleeping England long time have I  
 watch'd;

Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all  
 gaunt.

The pleasure that some fathers feed upon  
 Is my strict fast, I mean my children's  
 looks; 80

And therein fasting hast thou made me  
 gaunt.

Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,  
 Whose hollow womb inherits nought but  
 bones.

*K. Rich.* Can sick men play so nicely with  
 their names?

*Gaunt.* No; misery makes sport to mock  
 itself:

Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,  
 I mock my name, great king, to flatter  
 thee.

*K. Rich.* Should dying men flatter with  
 those that live?

*Gaunt.* No, no; men living flatter those  
 that die.

*K. Rich.* Thou, now a-dying, say'st thou  
 flatter'st me. 90

*Gaunt.* O! no, thou diest, though I the  
 sicker be.

*K. Rich.* I am in health, I breathe, and  
 see thee ill.

*Gaunt.* Now he that made me knows I  
 see thee ill;

Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.

Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land  
 Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;

And thou, too careless patient as thou art,  
 Committ'st thy anointed body to the cure

Of those physicians that first wounded thee:  
 A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown, 100

Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;  
 And yet, incaged in so small a verge,

The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.  
 O! had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,

Seen how his son's son should destroy his  
 sons,

From forth thy reach he would have laid thy  
 shame,

Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,  
 Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.

Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,  
 It were a shame to let this land by lease; 110

But for thy world enjoying but this land,  
 Is it not more than shame to shame it so?

Landlord of England art thou now, not  
 king:

Thy state of law is bond-slave to the law,  
 And thou—

*K. Rich.* A lunatic lean-witted fool,  
 Presuming on an age's privilege,

Dar'st with thy frozen admonition  
 Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal  
 blood

With fury from his native residence.  
 Now, by my seat's right royal majesty, 120

Wert thou not brother to great Edward's  
 son,

This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head  
 Should run thy head from thy unreverent  
 shoulders.

*Gaunt.* O! spare me not, my brother  
 Edward's son,

For that I was his father Edward's son.  
 That blood already, like the pelican,

Hast thou tapp'd out and drunkenly  
 carous'd:

My brother Gloucester, plain well-meaning  
 soul,

Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy  
 souls!

May be a precedent and witness good 130  
 That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's  
 blood:

Join with the present sickness that I have;  
 And thy unkindness be like crooked age,

To crop at once a too-long withered flower.  
 Live in thy shame, but die not shame with  
 thee!

These words hereafter thy tormenters be!  
 Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:

Love they to live that love and honour have.

*Exit, borne out by his Attendants.*

*K. Rich.* And let them die that age and  
sullens have;  
For both hast thou, and both become the  
grave. 140

*York.* I do beseech your majesty, impute  
his words

To wayward sickness and age in him:  
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear  
As Harry Duke of Hereford, were he here.

*K. Rich.* Right, you say true: as Here-  
ford's love, so his;  
As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.*

*North.* My liege, old Gaunt commends  
him to your majesty.

*K. Rich.* What says he?  
*North.* Nay, nothing; all is said:  
His tongue is now a stringless instrument;  
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath  
spent. 150

*York.* Be York the next that must be  
bankrupt so!

Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

*K. Rich.* The ripest fruit first falls, and  
so doth he:

His time is spent; our pilgrimage must be.  
So much for that. Now for our Irish wars.  
We must supplant those rough rug-headed  
kerns,

Which live like venom where no venom else  
But only they have privilege to live.

And for these great affairs do ask some  
charge,

Towards our assistance we do seize to us 160  
The plate, coin, revenues, and movables,  
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand pos-  
sess'd.

*York.* How long shall I be patient? Ah!  
how long

Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?  
Not Gloucester's death, nor Hereford's ban-  
ishment,

Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private  
wrongs,

Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke  
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,  
Have ever made me sour my patient  
cheek,

Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.  
I am the last of noble Edward's sons, 171  
Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was  
first;

In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,  
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,  
Than was that young and princely gentle-  
man.

His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,  
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;  
But when he frown'd, it was against the  
French,

And not against his friends; his noble  
hand

Did win what he did spend, and spent not  
that 180

Which his triumphant father's hand had  
won;

His hands were guilty of no kindred blood,  
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.

O Richard! York is too far gone with grief,  
Or else he never would compare between.

*K. Rich.* Why, uncle, what's the matter?  
*York.* O! my liege,

Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleas'd  
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.

Seek you to seize and gripe into your  
hands

The royalties and rights of banish'd Here-  
ford? 190

Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Hereford  
live?

Was not Gaunt just, and is not Harry true?  
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?

Is not his heir a well-deserving son?  
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from  
Time

His charters and his customary rights;  
Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day;

Be not thyself; for how art thou a king  
But by fair sequence and succession? 199

Now, afore God,—God forbid I say true!—  
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,

Call in the letters-patent that he hath  
By his attorneys-general to sue

His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,  
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,

You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,  
And prick my tender patience to those  
thoughts

Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

*K. Rich.* Think what you will: we seize  
into our hands

His plate, his goods, his money, and his  
lands. 210

*York.* I'll not be by the while: my liege,  
farewell:

What will ensue hereof, there's none can  
tell;

But by bad courses may be understood  
That their events can never fall out good. *Exit.*

*K. Rich.* Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wilt-  
shire straight:

Bid him repair to us to Ely House  
To see this business. To-morrow next

We will for Ireland; and 't is time, I trow:  
And we create, in absence of ourself, 219

Our uncle York lord governor of England;  
For he is just, and always lov'd us well.

Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we  
part;

Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

*Flourish.* *Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, BUSHY,  
AUMERLE, GREENE, and BAGOT.

*North.* Well, lords, the Duke of Lancaster  
is dead.

*Ross.* And living too; for now his son is  
duke.

*Will.* Barely in title, not in revenue.

*North.* Richly in both, if justice had her  
right.

*Ross.* My heart is great; but it must  
break with silence

Ere 't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.

*North.* Nay, speak thy mind; and let him  
ne'er speak more 230

That speaks thy words again to do thee  
harm!

*Willo.* Tends that thou 'dst speak to the Duke of Hereford?  
If it be so, out with it boldly, man;  
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

*Ross.* No good at all that I can do for him, Unless you call it good to pity him, Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

*North.* Now, afore God, 'tis shame such wrongs are borne

In him, a royal prince, and many more  
Of noble blood in this declining land. 240

The king is not himself, but basely led  
By flatterers; and what they will inform,  
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,  
That will the king severely prosecute  
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

*Ross.* The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,

And lost their hearts: the nobles hath he fin'd

For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

*Willo.* And daily new exactions are devis'd;

As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what: 250

But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?

*North.* Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,

But basely yielded upon compromise  
That which his ancestors achiev'd with blows.

More hath he spent in peace than they in wars.

*Ross.* The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.

*Willo.* The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.

*North.* Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him.

*Ross.* He hath not money for these Irish wars, 259

His burdensome taxations notwithstanding,  
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.

*North.* His noble kinsman: most degenerate king!

But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,

Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm;  
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,

And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

*Ross.* We see the very wreck that we must suffer;

And unavoided is the danger now,  
For suffering so the causes of our wreck.

*North.* Not so: even through the hollow eyes of death 270

I spy life peering; but I dare not say  
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

*Willo.* Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

*Ross.* Be confident to speak, Northumberland:

We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,  
Thy words are but as thoughts: therefore be bold.

*North.* Then thus: I have from Port le Blanc, a bay

In Brittany, receiv'd intelligence  
That Harry Duke of Hereford, Rainold Lord

Cobham, 286

That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,  
His brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury,

Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,  
Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton, and

Francis Quoint,  
All these well furnish'd by the Duke of

Bretagne,  
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of

war,  
Are making hither with all due expedience,  
And shortly mean to touch our northern

shore.  
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they

stay  
The first departing of the king for Ireland. 290

If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,  
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,

Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,

Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,

And make high majesty look like itself,  
Away with me in post to Ravenspurgh;

But if you faint, as fearing to do so,  
Stay and be secret, and myself will go.

*Ross.* To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear.

*Willo.* Hold out my horse, and I will first be there. Exeunt. 300

# SCENE II.—*The Same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter the QUEEN, BUSHY, and BAGOT.*

*Bushy.* Madam, your majesty is too much sad:

You promis'd, when you parted with the king,

To lay aside life-harming heaviness,  
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

*Queen.* To please the king I did; to please myself

I cannot do it; yet I know no cause  
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,

Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest  
As my sweet Richard: yet again, methinks,

Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb, 10

Is coming towards me, and my inward soul  
With nothing trembles; at some thing it

grieves  
More than with parting from my lord the

king.

*Bushy.* Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,

Which show like grief itself, but are not so.  
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,

Divides one thing entire to many objects;  
Like perspectives, which rightly gaz'd upon

Show nothing but confusion, eyed awry  
Distinguish form: so your sweet majesty, 20

Looking awry upon your lord's departure,  
Finds shapes of grief more than himself to

wail;

Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows  
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,  
More, than your lord's departure weep not:  
more 's not seen;  
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,  
Which for things true weeps things imaginary.

*Queen.* It may be so; but yet my inward soul  
Persuades me it is otherwise: howe'er it be,  
I cannot but be sad, so heavy sad. 30  
As, though in thinking on no thought I think,  
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

*Bushy.* 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

*Queen.* 'Tis nothing less: conceit is still deriv'd  
From some forefather grief; mine is not so,  
For nothing hath begot my something grief:  
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve:  
'Tis in reversion that I do possess;  
But what it is, that is not yet known; what  
I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot. 40

*Enter GREEN.*

*Green.* God save your majesty! and well met, gentlemen:

I hope the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.

*Queen.* Why hop'st thou so? 'tis better hope he is,  
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope:

Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipp'd?

*Green.* That he, our hope, might have retir'd his power,

And driven into despair an enemy's hope,  
Who strongly hath set footing in this land:  
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,  
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd. 50  
At Ravenspurgh.

*Queen.* Now God in heaven forbid!  
*Green.* Ah! madam, 'tis too true: and that is worse,

The Lord Northumberland, his son young Henry Percy,

The Lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby,

With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

*Bushy.* Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland,

And all the rest revolted faction, traitors?

*Green.* We have: whereupon the Earl of Worcester

Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,

And all the household servants fled with him. 55

To Bolingbroke.

*Queen.* So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,

And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir:  
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy,  
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,

Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

*Bushy.* Despair not, madam.

*Queen.* Who shall hinder me?

I will despair, and be at enmity  
With cozening hope: he is a flatterer,  
A parasite, a keeper back of death, 70  
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,  
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

*Enter YORK.*

*Green.* Here comes the Duke of York.

*Queen.* With signs of war about his aged neck:

O! full of careful business are his looks.  
Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable words.

*York.* Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts:

Comfort 's in heaven; and we are on the earth,

Where nothing lives but crosses, cares, and grief.

Your husband, he is gone to save far off, 80  
Whilst others come to make him lose at home:

Here am I left to underprop his land,  
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself.  
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;

Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord, your son was gone before I came.

*York.* He was? Why, so! Go all which way it will!

The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,

And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.  
Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister

Gloucester; 90  
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound.

Hold, take my ring.

*Serv.* My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship:

To-day, as I came by, I called there;  
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

*York.* What is 't, knave?

*Serv.* An hour before I came the duchess died.

*York.* God for his mercy! what a tide of woes

Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!  
I know not what to do: I would to God, 100

So my untruth had not provok'd him to it,  
The king had cut off my head with my

brother's.

What! are there no posts dispatch'd for Ireland?

How shall we do for money for these wars?  
Come, sister; cousin, I would say: pray,

pardon me.

Go, fellow, get thee home; provide some carts

And bring away the armour that is there.

*Exit Servant.*

Gentlemen, will you go muster men? If I know

How or which way to order these affairs.

Thus thrust disorderly into my hands, 110  
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen:  
The one is my sovereign, whom both my  
oath

And duty bids defend; the other again  
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd,  
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to  
right.

Well, somewhat we must do. Come, cousin,  
I'll

Dispose of you. Gentlemen, go muster up  
your men,

And meet me presently at Berkeley castle.  
I should to Plashy too,  
But time will not permit. All is uneven, 120  
And every thing is left at six and seven.

*Exeunt YORK and QUEEN.*

*Bushy.* The wind sits fair for news to go  
to Ireland,

But none returns. For us to levy power  
Proportionable to the enemy  
Is all impossible.

*Green.* Besides, our nearness to the king  
in love

Is near the hate of those love not the king.

*Bagot.* And that's the wavering com-  
mons; for their love

Lies in their purses, and whoso empties  
them

By so much fills their hearts with deadly  
hate. 130

*Bushy.* Wherein the king stands gener-  
ally condemn'd.

*Bagot.* If judgment lie in them, then so  
do we,

Because we ever have been near the king.

*Green.* Well, I'll for refuge straight to  
Bristol castle;

The Earl of Wiltshire is already there.

*Bushy.* Thither will I with you; for little  
office

The hateful commons will perform for us,  
Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.

Will you go along with us?

*Bagot.* No; I will to Ireland to his  
majesty. 140

Farewell: if heart's presages be not vain,  
We three here part that ne'er shall meet  
again.

*Bushy.* That's as York thrives to beat  
back Bolingbroke.

*Green.* Alas! poor duke, the task he  
undertakes

Is numbering sands and drinking oceans  
dry:

Where one on his side fights, thousands  
will fly.

Farewell at once; for once, for all, and ever.

*Bushy.* Well, we may meet again.

*Bagot.* I fear me, never. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Wolds in Gloucestershire.*

*Enter BOLINGBROKE and NORTHUMBER-  
LAND, with Forces.*

*Boling.* How far is it, my lord, to Berkeley  
now?

*North.* Believe me, noble lord,  
I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire:

These high wild hills and rough uneven  
ways

Draw out our miles and make them wear-  
some;

And yet your fair discourse hath been as  
sugar,

Making the hard way sweet and delectable.  
But I bethink me what a weary way

From Ravenspurgh to Cotswold will be  
found

In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your com-  
pany, 10

Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd  
The tediousness and process of my travel:

But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have  
The present benefit which I possess;

And hope to joy is little less in joy  
Than hope enjoy'd: by this the weary lords

Shall make their way seem short, as mine  
hath done

By sight of what I have, your noble company.

*Boling.* Of much less value is my com-  
pany

Than your good words. But who comes  
here? 20

*Enter HENRY PERCY.*

*North.* It is my son, young Harry Percy,  
Sent from my brother Worcester, whence-

soever.

Harry, how fares your uncle?

*Percy.* I had thought, my lord, to have  
learn'd his health of you.

*North.* Why, is he not with the queen?

*Percy.* No, my good lord; he hath for-  
sook the court,

Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd  
The household of the king.

*North.* What was his reason?  
He was not so resolv'd when last we spake  
together.

*Percy.* Because your lordship was pro-  
claimed traitor. 30

But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh,  
To offer service to the Duke of Hereford,

And sent me over by Berkeley, to discover  
What power the Duke of York had levied  
there;

Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurgh.

*North.* Have you forgot the Duke of  
Hereford, boy?

*Percy.* No, my good lord; for that is not  
forgot

Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowl-  
edge

I never in my life did look on him.

*North.* Then learn to know him now;  
this is the duke. 40

*Percy.* My gracious lord, I tender you my  
service,

Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,  
Which elder days shall ripen and confirm

To more approved service and desert.

*Boling.* I thank thee, gentle Percy; and  
be sure

I count myself in nothing else so happy  
As in a soul remembering my good friends;

And as my fortune ripens with thy love,  
It shall be still thy true love's recompense:

My heart this covenant makes, my hand  
thus seals it. 50

*North.* How far is it to Berkeley? and  
what stir  
Keeps good old York there with his men of  
war?

*Percy.* There stands the castle, by yon  
tuft of trees,

Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have  
heard;

And in it are the Lords of York, Berkeley,  
and Seymour;

None else of name and noble estimate.

*Enter ROSS and WILLOUGHBY.*

*North.* Here come the Lords of Ross and  
Willoughby,

Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.  
*Boling.* Welcome, my lords. I wot your  
love pursues

A banish'd traitor; all my treasury 60  
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more  
enrich'd,

Shall be your love and labour's recompense.  
*Ross.* Your presence makes us rich, most  
noble lord.

*Willo.* And far surmounts our labour to  
attain it.

*Boling.* Evermore thanks, the exchequer  
of the poor;

Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,  
Stands for my bounty. But who comes  
here?

*Enter BERKELEY.*

*North.* It is my Lord of Berkeley, as I  
guess.

*Berk.* My Lord of Hereford, my message  
is to you.

*Boling.* My lord, my answer is—to Lan-  
caster; 70

And I am come to seek that name in England;  
And I must find that title in your tongue

Before I make reply to aught you say.  
*Berk.* Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not  
my meaning

To raze one title of your honour out:

To you, my lord, I come, what lord you will,  
From the most gracious regent of this land,

The Duke of York, to know what pricks  
you on

To take advantage of the absent time  
And fright our native peace with self-born  
arms. 80

*Enter YORK, attended.*

*Boling.* I shall not need transport my  
words by you;

Here comes his grace in person. My noble  
uncle! *Kneels.*

*York.* Show me thy humble heart; and  
not thy knee,

Whose duty is deceivable and false.

*Boling.* My gracious uncle—

*York.* Tut, tut!

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:  
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word  
'grace'

In an ungracious mouth is but profane.

Why have those banish'd and forbidden  
legs 90

Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's  
ground?

But then more 'why?' why have they dar'd  
to march

So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,  
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war

And ostentation of despised arms?  
Com'st thou because the anointed king is  
hence?

Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,  
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.

Were I but now the lord of such hot youth  
As when brave Gaunt thy father, and my-  
self 100

Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars  
of men,

From forth the ranks of many thousand  
French,

O! then how quickly should this arm of mine,  
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee

And minister correction to thy fault.  
*Boling.* My gracious uncle, let me know  
my fault:

On what condition stands it and wherein?  
*York.* Even in condition of the worst de-  
gree;

In gross rebellion and detested treason:  
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art  
come 110

Before the expiration of thy time,  
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

*Boling.* As I was banish'd, I was banish'd  
Hereford;

But as I come, I come for Lancaster.  
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace

Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:  
You are my father, for methinks in you

I see old Gaunt alive: O! then, my father,  
Will you permit that I shall stand con-  
demn'd

A wandering vagabond; my rights and  
royalties 120

Pluck'd from my arms perforce and given  
away

To upstart unthrifths? Wherefore was I born?  
If that my cousin king be King of England,

It must be granted I am Duke of Lancaster.  
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman;

Had you first died, and he been thus trod  
down,

He should have found his uncle Gaunt a  
father,

To rouse his wrongs and chase them to the  
bay.

I am denied to sue my livery here,  
And yet my letters-patent give me leave: 130

My father's goods are all distrain'd and sold,  
And these and all are all amiss employ'd.

What would you have me do? I am a sub-  
ject,

And challenge law: attorneys are denied me,  
And therefore personally I lay my claim

To my inheritance of free descent.  
*North.* The noble duke hath been too  
much abused.

*Ross.* It stands your grace upon to do him  
right.

*Will.* Base men by his endowments are made great.

*York.* My lords of England, let me tell you this: 140

I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,  
And labour'd all I could to do him right;  
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,  
Be his own carver and cut out his way,  
To find out right with wrong, it may not be;  
And you that do abet him in this kind  
Cherish rebellion and are rebels all.

*North.* The noble duke hath sworn his coming is

But for his own; and for the right of that  
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid; 150

And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath!

*York.* Well, well, I see the issue of these arms:

I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,  
Because my power is weak and all ill left;  
But if I could, by him that gave me life,  
I would attach you all and make you stoop  
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king;  
But since I cannot, be it known to you  
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;  
Unless you please to enter in the castle 160  
And there repose you for this night.

*Boling.* An offer, uncle, that we will accept:

But we must win your grace to go with us  
To Bristol castle, which they say is held  
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,  
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,  
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.

*York.* It may be I will go with you; but yet I'll pause,

For I am loath to break our country's laws. 169  
Nor friends nor foes, to me welcome you are:  
Things past redress are now with me past care. *Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.—A Camp in Wales.

*Enter SALISBURY and a Captain.*

*Cap.* My Lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd ten days,

And hardly kept our countrymen together,  
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;  
Therefore we will disperse ourselves: farewell.

*Sal.* Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman:

The king reposes all his confidence in thee.  
*Cap.* 'Tis thought the king is dead: we will not stay.

The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd  
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven,  
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth 10

And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change,

Rich men look sad and ruffians dance and leap,

The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,  
The other to enjoy by rage and war:  
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.

Farewell: our countrymen are gone and fled,  
As well assur'd Richard their king is dead. *Exit.*

*Sal.* Ah! Richard, with the eyes of heavy mind

I see thy glory like a shooting star  
Fall to the base earth from the firmament. 20  
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,  
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest.  
Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes,  
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. *Exit.*

#### ACT III

##### SCENE I.—Bristol. BOLINGBROKE'S Camp.

*Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTUMBURLAND, PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, ROSS; BUSHY and GREEN, prisoners.*

*Boling.* Bring forth these men.

Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls,  
Since presently your souls must part your bodies,

With too much urging your pernicious lives,  
For 't were no charity; yet, to wash your blood

From off my hands, here in the view of men

I will unfold some causes of your deaths.  
You have misled a prince, a royal king,  
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,  
By you unhappied and disfigur'd clean: 10  
You have in manner with your sinful hours  
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him,

Broke the possession of a royal bed,  
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks

With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.

Myself, a prince by fortune of my birth,  
Near to the king in blood, and near in love  
Till you did make him misinterpret me,  
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,  
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds, 20

Eating the bitter bread of banishment;  
Whilst you have fed upon my signiories,  
Dispark'd my parks, and fell'd my forest woods,

From mine own windows torn my household coat,

Raz'd out my impress, leaving me no sign,

Save men's opinions and my living blood,  
To show the world I am a gentleman.

This and much more, much more than twice all this,

Condemns you to the death. See them deliver'd over

To execution and the hand of death. 30

*Bushy.* More welcome is the stroke of death to me

Than Bolingbroke to England. Lords, farewell.

*Green.* My comfort is that heaven will take our souls

And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

*Boling.* My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatch'd.

*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND and Others, with BUSHY and GREEN.

Uncle, you say the queen is at your house; For God's sake, fairly let her be entreated: Tell her I send to her my kind commends; Take special care my greetings be deliver'd. *York.* A gentleman of mine I have dispatched<sup>40</sup>

With letters of your love to her at large. *Boling.* Thanks, gentle uncle. Come, lords, away.

To fight with Glendower and his complices: Awhile to work, and after holiday. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Coast of Wales. A Castle in view.*

*Flourish: drums and trumpets. Enter* King RICHARD, Bishop of CARLISLE, AUMERLE and Soldiers.

*K. Rich.* Barkloughly castle call you this at hand?

*Aum. Yea, my lord. How brooks your grace the air*

*After your late tossing on the breaking seas?* *K. Rich.* Needs must I like it well: I weep for joy

To stand upon my kingdom once again. Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand, Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:

As a long-parted mother with her child Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,

So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,<sup>10</sup>

And do thee favour with my royal hands. Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,

Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense;

But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom, And heavy-gaited toads lie in their way, Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet Which with usurping steps do trample thee. Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies; And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,

Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder<sup>20</sup> Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch

Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies. Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords: This earth shall have a feeling and these stones

Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

*Car.* Fear not, my lord: that power that made you king

Hath power to keep you king in spite of all. The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,

And not neglected; else, if heaven would,<sup>30</sup> And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse, The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

*Aum.* He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;

Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security, Grows strong and great in substance and in friends.

*K. Rich.* Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not

That when the searching eye of heaven is hid

Behind the globe, and lights the lower world, Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,

In murders and in outrage bloody here;<sup>40</sup> But when from under this terrestrial ball He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines And darts his light through every guilty hole, Then murders, treasons, and detested sins, The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,

Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?

So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke, Who all this while hath revell'd in the night Whilst we were wandering with the antipodes,

Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,<sup>50</sup> His treasons will sit blushing in his face, Not able to endure the sight of day, But self-affrighted tremble at his sin.

Not all the water in the rough rude sea Can wash the balm from an anointed king; The breath of worldly men cannot depose The deputy elected by the Lord.

For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,

God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay<sup>60</sup> A glorious angel: then, if angels fight, Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the right.

*Enter* SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord: how far off lies your power?

*Sal.* Nor near nor further off, my gracious lord,

Than this weak arm: discomfort guides my tongue

And bids me speak of nothing but despair. One day too late, I fear me, noble lord,

Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth. O! call back yesterday, bid time return,

And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men:<sup>70</sup>

To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late, O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;

For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,

Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.

*Aum.* Comfort, my liege! why looks your grace so pale?

*K. Rich.* But now the blood of twenty thousand men

Did triumph in my face, and they are fled; And till so much blood thither come again,

Have I not reason to look pale and dead? All souls that will be safe fly from my side;<sup>80</sup> For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

*Aum.* Comfort, my liege! remember who you are.

*K. Rich.* I had forgot myself. Am I not king?

Awake, thou sluggard majesty! thou sleepest.

Is not the king's name twenty thousand names?

Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,

Ye favourites of a king: are we not high? High be our thoughts: I know my uncle

York Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who comes here? 90

*Enter SCROOP.*

*Scroop.* More health and happiness betide my liege

Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him! *K. Rich.* Mine ear is open and my heart

prepar'd: The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.

Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 't was my care;

And what loss is it to be rid of care? Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?

Greater he shall not be: if he serve God We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so:

Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend; 100

They break their faith to God as well as us: Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;

The worst is death, and death will have his day.

*Scroop.* Glad am I that your highness is so arm'd

To bear the tidings of calamity. Like an unseasonable stormy day,

Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,

As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears, So high above his limits swells the rage

Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land With hard bright steel and hearts harder

than steel. 111

White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps

Against thy majesty; and boys, with women's voices,

Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints

In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown; Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows

Of double-fatal yew against thy state; Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills

Against thy seat: both young and old rebel, And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

*K. Rich.* Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale so ill. 121

Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?

What is become of Bushy? where is Green? That they have let the dangerous enemy

Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?

If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it. I warrant they have made peace with

Bolingbroke. *Scroop.* Peace have they made with him

indeed, my lord.

*K. Rich.* O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!

Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man! 130

Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart!

Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!

Would they make peace? terrible hell make war

Upon their spotted souls for this offence! *Scroop.* Sweet love, I see, changing his

property, Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate.

Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made

With heads and not with hands: those whom you curse

Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound

And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground. *Aum.* Is Bushy, Green, and the Earl of

Wiltshire dead? 141

*Scroop.* Ay, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

*Aum.* Where is the duke my father with his power?

*K. Rich.* No matter where. Of comfort no man speak:

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs; Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes

Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth; Let's choose executors and talk of wills:

And yet not so, for what can we bequeath Save our deposed bodies to the ground? 150

Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,

And nothing can we call our own but death, And that small model of the barren earth

Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.

For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground And tell sad stories of the death of kings:

How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,

Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd,

Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd;

All murder'd: for within the hollow crown 160 That rounds the mortal temples of a king

Keeps Death his court, and there the antick sits,

Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp; Allowing him a breath, a little scene,

To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks,

Infusing him with self and vain conceit, As if this flesh which walls about our life

Were brass impregnable; and humour'd thus

Comes at the last and with a little pin Bores through his castle wall, and farewell

king! 170

Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood

With solemn reverence: throw away respect,

Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty, For you have but mistook me all this while:

I live with bread like you, feel want,  
Taste grief, need friends: subjected thus,  
How can you say to me I am a king?

*Car.* My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail  
their woes.

But presently prevent the ways to wail.

To fear the foe, since fear oppresseseth  
strength, 180

Gives in your weakness strength unto your  
foe.

And so your follies fight against yourself.

Fear and be slain; no worse can come to  
fight:

And fight and die is death, destroying  
death;

Where fearing dying pays death servile  
breath.

*Aum.* My father hath a power; inquire  
of him

And learn to make a body of a limb.

*K. Rich.* Thou chid'st me well. Proud  
Bolingbroke, I come

To change blows with thee for our day of  
doom.

This ague-fit of fear is over-blown; 190  
An easy task it is to win our own.

Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his  
power?

Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be  
sour.

*Scroop.* Men judge by the complexion of  
the sky

The state and inclination of the day;

So may you by my dull and heavy eye,

My tongue hath but a heavier tale to  
say.

I play the torturer, by small and small  
To lengthen out the worst that must be  
spoken.

Your uncle York is join'd with Boling-  
broke, 200

And all your northern castles yielded up,

And all your southern gentlemen in arms

Upon his party.

*K. Rich.* Thou hast said enough.  
Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me

forth

Of that sweet way I was in to despair!

What say you now? what comfort have we  
now?

By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly

That bids me be of comfort any more.

Go to Flint castle: there I'll pine away;

A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe

obey. 210

That power I have, discharge; and let them  
go

To ear the land that hath some hope to  
grow,

For I have none: let no man speak again

To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

*Aum.* My liege, one word.

*K. Rich.* He does me double wrong,  
That wounds me with the flatteries of his

tongue.

Discharge my followers: let them hence  
away,

From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair  
day. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Wales. Before Flint Castle.

*Enter, with drum and colours, BOLINGBROKE and Forces; YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, and Others.*

*Boling.* So that by this intelligence we  
learn

The Welshmen are dispers'd, and Salisbury  
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed

With some few private friends upon this  
coast.

*North.* The news is very fair and good,  
my lord:

Richard not far from hence hath hid his  
head.

*York.* It would beseem the Lord North-  
umberland

To say 'King Richard': alack! the heavy  
day

When such a sacred king should hide his  
head.

*North.* Your grace mistakes; only to be  
brief 10

Left I this title out.

*York.* The time hath been  
Would you have been so brief with him, he  
would

Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,  
For taking so the head, your whole head's

length.

*Boling.* Mistake not, uncle, further than  
you should.

*York.* Take not, good cousin, further than  
you should,

Lest you mistake the heavens are o'er your  
head.

*Boling.* I know it, uncle; and oppose not  
myself

Against their will. But who comes here?

*Enter PERCY.*

Welcome, Harry: what! will not this castle  
yield? 20

*Percy.* The castle royally is mann'd, my  
lord,

Against thy entrance.

*Boling.* Royally!

Why, it contains no king?

*Percy.* Yes, my good lord,  
It doth contain a king: King Richard lies

Within the limits of yon lime and stone;

And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord  
Salisbury,

Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman  
Of holy reverence; who, I cannot learn.

*North.* O! belike it is the Bishop of Car-  
lisle. 30

*Boling.* Noble lords,

Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle,  
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of  
parley

Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:  
Henry Bolingbroke

On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's  
hand,

And sends allegiance and true faith of heart  
To his most royal person; hither come

Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,  
Provided that my banishment repeal'd, 40

And lands restor'd again be freely granted.  
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,  
And lay the summer's dust with showers of  
blood  
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Eng-  
lishmen:

The which, how far off from the mind of  
Bolingbroke

It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench  
The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's  
land,

My stooping duty tenderly shall show.  
Go, signify as much, while here we march  
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain. 50

Let's march without the noise of threat'ning  
drum,

That from this castle's tatter'd battlements  
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.  
Methinks King Richard and myself should  
meet

With no less terror than the elements  
Of fire and water, when their thundering  
shock

At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of  
heaven.

Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:  
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain  
My waters; on the earth, and not on him. 60  
March on, and mark King Richard how he  
looks.

*A parley sounded, and answered by a trumpet within. Flourish. Enter on the walls King RICHARD, the Bishop of CARLISLE, AUMERLE, SCROOP, and SALISBURY.*

See, see, King Richard doth himself appear,  
As doth the blushing discontented sun  
From out the fiery portal of the east,  
When he perceives the envious clouds are  
bent

To dim his glory and to stain the track  
Of his bright passage to the occident.

*York.* Yet looks he like a king: behold,  
his eye,

As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth  
Controlling majesty: alack, alack, for  
woe, 70

That any harm should stain so fair a show!  
*K. Rich.* To NORTHUMBERLAND. We  
are amaz'd; and thus long have we  
stood

To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,  
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king:  
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget  
To pay their awful duty to our presence?  
If we be not, show us the hand of God  
That hath dismiss'd us from our steward-  
ship;

For well we know, no hand of blood and  
bone

Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre, 80  
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.

And though you think that all, as you have  
done,

Have torn their souls by turning them from  
us,

And we are barren and bereft of friends;  
Yet know, my master, God omnipotent,  
Is mustering in his clouds on our behalf

Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike  
Your children yet unborn and unbegot,  
That lift your vassal hands against my head  
And threaten the glory of my precious crown. 90  
Tell Bolingbroke, for yon methinks he  
stands,

That every stride he makes upon my land  
Is dangerous treason: he is come to open  
The purple testament of bleeding war;  
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,  
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers'  
sons

Shall ill become the flower of England's  
face,

Change the complexion of her maid-pale  
peace

To scarlet indignation, and bedew  
Her pastures' grass with faithful English  
blood. 100

*North.* The king of heaven forbid our lord  
the king

Should so with civil and uncivil arms  
Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice-noble cousin,  
Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy  
hand;

And by the honourable tomb he swears,  
That stands upon your royal grandsire's  
bones,

And by the royalties of both your bloods,  
Currents that spring from one most gracious  
head,

And by the buried hand of war-like Gaunt,  
And by the worth and honour of himself, 110  
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,  
His coming hither hath no further scope

Than for his lineal royalties and to beg  
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees:

Which on thy royal party granted once,  
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,  
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart  
To faithful service of your majesty.

This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;  
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him. 120

*K. Rich.* Northumberland, say thus the  
king returns:

His noble cousin is right welcome hither;  
And all the number of his fair demands  
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:  
With all the gracious utterance thou hast  
Speak to his gentile hearing kind commends.

NORTHUMBERLAND retires to  
BOLINGBROKE.

*To AUMERLE.* We do debase ourselves,  
cousin, do we not,

To look so poorly and to speak so fair?  
Shall we call back Northumberland and  
send

Defiance to the traitor, and so die? 130

*Aum.* No, good my lord; let's fight with  
gentle words

Till time lend friends and friends their help-  
ful swords.

*K. Rich.* O God! O God! that e'er this  
tongue of mine,

That laid the sentence of dread banishment  
On yon proud man, should take it off again  
With words of sooth. O! that I were as  
great

As is my grief, or lesser than my name,

Or that I could forget what I have been,  
Or not remember what I must be now.  
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee  
scope to beat, 140  
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and  
me.

*Aum.* Northumberland comes back from  
Bolingbroke.

*K. Rich.* What must the king do now?  
Must he submit?

The king shall do it: must he be depos'd?  
The king shall be contented: must he lose  
The name of king? o' God's name, let it go:  
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,  
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,  
My gay apparel for an almsman's gown,  
My figur'd goblets for a dish of wood, 150  
My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff,  
My subjects for a pair of carved saints,  
And my large kingdom for a little grave,  
A little little grave, an obscure grave;  
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,  
Some way of common trade, where subjects'  
feet

May hourly trample on their sovereign's  
head;

For on my heart they tread now whilst I live;  
And buried once, why not upon my head?  
Aumerle, thou weep'st, my tender-hearted  
cousin! 160

We'll make foul weather with despised  
tears;

Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer  
corn,

And make a dearth in this revolting land.  
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,  
And make some pretty match with shedding  
tears?

As thus: to drop them still upon one place,  
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves  
Within the earth; and, therein laid: 'There  
lies

Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weep-  
ing eyes.'

Would not this ill do well? Well, well, I  
see 170

I talk but idly and you laugh at me.  
Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumber-  
land,

What says King Bolingbroke? will his  
majesty

Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?  
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says ay.

*North.* My lord, in the base court he doth  
attend

To speak with you; may't please you to  
come down?

*K. Rich.* Down, down I come; like glis-  
tering Phaethon,

Wanting the manage of unruly jades.  
In the base court? Base court, where kings  
grow base, 180

To come at traitors' calls and do them grace.  
In the base court? Come down? Down,  
court! down, king!

For night-owls shriek where mounting larks  
should sing. *Exeunt from above.*

*Boling.* What says his majesty?

*North.* Sorrow and grief of heart

Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man:  
Yet he is come.

*Enter King RICHARD and his Attendants.*

*Boling.* Stand all apart,  
And show fair duty to his majesty.

My gracious lord,— *Kneeling.*  
*K. Rich.* Fair cousin, you debase your  
princely knee 190

To make the base earth proud with kiss-  
ing it:

Me rather had my heart might feel your love  
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.  
Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,  
Thus high at least, although your knee be  
low.

*Boling.* My gracious lord, I come but for  
mine own.

*K. Rich.* Your own is yours, and I am  
yours, and all.

*Boling.* So far be mine, my most re-  
doubted lord,

As my true service shall deserve your love.

*K. Rich.* Well you deserve: they well  
deserve to have 200

That know the strong'st and surest way to  
get.

Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your  
eyes;

Tears show their love, but want their reme-  
dies.

Cousin, I am too young to be your father,  
Though you are old enough to be my heir.

What you will have I'll give, and willing  
too;

For do we must what force will have us do.  
Set on towards London. Cousin, is it so?

*Boling.* Yea, my good lord.

*K. Rich.* Then I must not say no.  
*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Langley. The Duke of  
YORK'S Garden.*

*Enter the QUEEN and two Ladies.*

*Queen.* What sport shall we devise here  
in this garden,

To drive away the heavy thought of care?

*First Lady.* Madam, we'll play at bowls.

*Queen.* 'Twill make me think the world  
is full of rubs,

And that my fortune runs against the bias.  
*First Lady.* Madam, we'll dance.

*Queen.* My legs can keep no measure in  
delight

When my poor heart no measure keeps in  
grief:

Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other  
sport.

*First Lady.* Madam, we'll tell tales. *W*  
*Queen.* Of sorrow or of joy?

*First Lady.* Of either, madam.

*Queen.* Of neither, girl;

For if of joy, being altogether wanting,

It doth remember me the more of sorrow;

Or if of grief, being altogether had,

It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:

For what I have I need not to repeat,

And what I want it boots not to complain.

*First Lady.* Madam, I'll sing.

*Queen.* 'Tis well that thou hast cause;  
But thou should'st please me better would'st  
thou weep.

*First Lady.* I could weep, madam, would  
it do you good.

*Queen.* And I could sing would weeping  
do me good,

And never borrow any tear of thee.

But stay, here come the gardeners:

Let's step into the shadow of these trees.

My wretchedness unto a row of pins,

They'll talk of state; for every one doth so

Against a change: woe is forerun with woe.

QUEEN and Ladies retire.

*Enter a Gardener and two Servants.*

*Gard.* Go, bind thou up yond dangling  
apricocks,

Which, like unruly children, make their  
sire

Stoop with oppression of their prodigal  
weight:

Give some supportance to the bending  
twigs.

Go thou, and like an executioner,

Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays.

That look too lofty in our commonwealth:

All must be even in our government.

You thus employ'd, I will go root away

The noisome weeds, that without profit

suck

The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

*First Serv.* Why should we in the compass

of a pale

Keep law and form and due proportion,

Showing, as in a model, our firm estate,

When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,

Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers chok'd

up,

Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges

ruin'd,

Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome

herbs

Swarming with caterpillars?

*Gard.* Hold thy peace:

He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring

Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:

The weeds that his broad-spreading leaves

did shelter,

That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,

Are pluck'd up root and all by Bolingbroke;

I mean the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

*First Serv.* What! are they dead?

*Gard.* They are; and Bolingbroke

Hath seiz'd the wasteful king. O! what pity

is it

That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his

land

As we this garden. We at time of year

Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-

trees,

Lest, being over-proud in sap and blood,

With too much riches it confound itself:

Had he done so to great and growing men,

They might have liv'd to bear and he to

taste

Their fruits of duty: superfluous branches

We lop away that bearing boughs may live:

Had he done so, himself had borne the  
crown,

Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown  
down.

*First Serv.* What! think you then the king  
shall be depos'd?

*Gard.* Depress'd he is already, and de-  
pos'd

'Tis doubt he will be: letters came last  
night

To a dear friend of the good Duke of  
York's,

That tell black tidings.

*Queen.* O! I am press'd to death through  
want of speaking.

*Coming forward.*  
Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this  
garden,

How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this  
unpleasing news?

What Eve, what serpent, hath suggested  
thee

To make a second fall of cursed man?  
Why dost thou say King Richard is depos'd?

Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than  
earth,

Divine his downfall? Say where, when,  
and how

Cam'st thou by this ill tidings? speak, thou  
wretch.

*Gard.* Pardon me, madam: little joy  
have I

To breathe this news, yet what I say is true.  
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold

Of Bolingbroke; their fortunes both are  
weigh'd:

In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,  
And some few vanities that make him light;

But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,  
Besides himself, are all the English peers,

And with that odds he weighs King Richard  
down.

Post you to London and you'll find it so; 90  
I speak no more than every one doth know.

*Queen.* Nimble mischance, that art so  
light of foot,

Doth not thy embassy belong to me,  
And am I last that knows it? O! thou

think'st

To serve me last, that I may longest keep  
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies,

go,

To meet at London London's king in woe.  
What! was I born to this, that my sad look

Should grace the triumph of great Boling-  
broke?

Gardener, for telling me these news of  
woe,

Pray God the plants thou graft'st may never  
grow.

*Exeunt QUEEN and Ladies.*  
*Gard.* Poor queen! so that thy state might  
be no worse,

I would my skill were subject to thy curse.  
Here did she fall a tear; here in this place

I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace;  
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be  
seen,

In the remembrance of a weeping queen.  
*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV

SCENE I.—*London. Westminster Hall.*

*The Lords spiritual on the right side of the throne; the Lords temporal on the left; the Commons below.*

*Enter BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, SURREY, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER, another Lord, the Bishop of CARLISLE, the Abbot of WESTMINSTER, and Attendants. Officers behind, with BAGOT.*

*Boling.* Call forth Bagot.

Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;

What thou dost know of noble Gloucester's death,

Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd

The bloody office of his timeless end.

*Bagot.* Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.

*Boling.* Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

*Bagot.* My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue

Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd. In that dead time when Gloucester's death was plotted, 10

I heard you say, 'Is not my arm of length, That reacheth from the restful English court As far as Calais, to mine uncle's head?'

Amongst much other talk, that very time, I heard you say that you had rather refuse

The offer of an hundred thousand crowns Than Bolingbroke's return to England;

Adding withal, how blest this land would be In this your cousin's death.

*Aum.* Princes and noble lords, What answer shall I make to this base man? 20

Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars, On equal terms to give him chastisement?

Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd With the attainer of his slanderous lips.

There is my gage, the manual seal of death, That marks thee out for hell: I say thou liest,

And will maintain what thou hast said is false

In thy heart-blood, though being all too base To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

*Boling.* Bagot, forbear; thou shalt not take it up. 30

*Aum.* Excepting one, I would he were the best

In all this presence that hath mov'd me so.

*Fitz.* If that thy valour stand on sympathies,

There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine. By that fair sun which shows me where thou stand'st,

I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,

That thou wert cause of noble Gloucester's death.

If thou deny'st it twenty times, thou liest; And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,

Where it was forged, with my rapier's point. 40

*Aum.* Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day.

*Fitz.* Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

*Aum.* Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

*Percy.* Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true

In this appeal as thou art all unjust;

And that thou art so, there I throw my gage. To prove it on thee to the extremest point

Of mortal breathing: seize it if thou dar'st.

*Aum.* An if I do not may my hands rot off And never brandish more revengeful steel 50

Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

*Another Lord.* I task the earth to the like, forsworn Aumerle;

And spur thee on with full as many lies As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear

From sun to sun: there is my honour's pawn;

Engage it to the trial if thou dar'st.

*Aum.* Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw at all.

I have a thousand spirits in one breast, To answer twenty thousand such as you.

*Surrey.* My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well 60

The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

*Fitz.* 'T is very true: you were in presence then;

And you can witness with me this is true.

*Surrey.* As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.

*Fitz.* Surrey, thou liest.

*Surrey.* Dishonourable boy! That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword

That it shall render vengeance and revenge, Till thou the lie-giver and that lie do lie

In earth as quiet as thy father's skull.

In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn; 70

Engage it to the trial if thou dar'st.

*Fitz.* How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!

If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live, I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,

And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies, And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,

To tie thee to my strong correction. As I intend to thrive in this new world,

Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal: Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say 80

That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men

To execute the noble duke at Calais.

*Aum.* Some honest Christian trust me with a gage.

That Norfolk lies, here do I throw down this, If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.

*Boling.* These differences shall all rest under gage

Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,

And though mine enemy, restor'd again To all his lands and signories; when he's return'd,

Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial. 90

*Car.* That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.

Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought  
For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,  
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross  
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens;  
And toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself  
To Italy; and there at Venice gave  
His body to that pleasant country's earth,  
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,  
Under whose colours he had fought so  
long. 100

*Boling.* Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?

*Car.* As surely as I live, my lord.

*Boling.* Sweet peace conduct his sweet  
soul to the bosom

Of good old Abraham! Lords appellants,  
Your differences shall all rest under gage  
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

*Enter YORK attended.*

*York.* Great Duke of Lancaster, I come  
to thee  
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with  
willing soul

Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields  
To the possession of thy royal hand. 110  
Ascend his throne, descending now from  
him;

And long live Henry, of that name the  
fourth!

*Boling.* In God's name, I 'll ascend the  
regal throne.

*Car.* Marry, God forbid!

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,  
Yet best beseeeming me to speak the truth.  
Would God that any in this noble presence  
Were enough noble to be upright judge  
Of noble Richard! then true noblesse would  
Learn him forbearance from so foul a  
wrong. 120

What subject can give sentence on his king?  
And who sits here that is not Richard's sub-  
ject?

Thieves are not judg'd but they are by to  
hear.

Although apparent guilt be seen in them;  
And shall the figure of God's majesty,  
His captain, steward, deputy elect,  
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,  
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,  
And he himself not present? O! forfend  
it, God,

That in a Christian climate souls refin'd 130  
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a  
deed.

I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,  
Stirr'd up by God thus boldly for his king.  
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call  
king,

Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king;  
And if you crown him, let me prophesy,  
The blood of English shall manure the  
ground

And future ages groan for this foul act;  
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,  
And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars 140  
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind con-  
found;

Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny  
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd  
The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.  
O! if you raise this house against this  
house,

It will the woefullest division prove  
That ever fell upon this cursed earth.  
Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,  
Lest children's children cry against you  
'woe!'

*North.* Well have you argu'd, sir; and,  
for your pains, 150

Of capital treason we arrest you here.  
My lord of Westminster, be it your charge  
To keep him safely till his day of trial.  
May it please you, lords, to grant the com-  
mons' suit.

*Boling.* Fetch hither Richard, that in  
common view

He may surrender; so we shall proceed  
Without suspicion.

*York.* I will be his conduct. *Exit.*

*Boling.* Lords, you that here are under  
our arrest,

Procure your sureties for your days of an-  
swer.

Little are we beholding to your love, 160  
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

*Re-enter YORK, with King RICHARD, and  
Officers bearing the crown, etc.*

*K. Rich.* Alack! why am I sent for to a  
king

Before I have shook off the regal thoughts  
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have  
learn'd

To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my  
limbs:

Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me  
To this submission. Yet I well remember  
The favours of these men: were they not  
mine?

Did they not sometime cry 'All hail!' to me?  
So Judas did to Christ: but he, in  
twelve, 170

Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thou-  
sand, none.

God save the king! Will no man say amen?  
Am I both priest and clerk? well then,  
amen.

God save the king! although I be not he;  
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.  
To do what service am I sent for hither?

*York.* To do that office of thine own good  
will

Which tired majesty did make thee offer,  
The resignation of thy state and crown  
To Henry Bolingbroke. 180

*K. Rich.* Give me the crown. Here,  
cousin, seize the crown;

Here, cousin,  
On this side my hand and on that side thine.  
Now is this golden crown like a deep well  
That owes two buckets filling one another;  
The emptier ever dancing in the air,  
The other down, unseen and full of water:  
That bucket down and full of tears am I,  
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up  
on high.

*Boling.* I thought you had been willing to resign. 190

*K. Rich.* My crown I am; but still my griefs are mine.

You may my glories and my state depose, But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

*Boling.* Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

*K. Rich.* Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.

My care is loss of care, by old care done; Your care is gain of care, by new care won: The cares I give I have, though given away; They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

*Boling.* Are you contented to resign the crown? 200

*K. Rich.* Ay, no; no, ay; for I must nothing be;

Therefore no no, for I resign to thee. Now mark me how I will undo myself:

I give this heavy weight from off my head, And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand, The pride of kingly sway from out my heart; With mine own tears I wash away my balm, With my own hands I give away my crown, With mine own tongue deny my sacred state, With mine own breath release all duty's rites: 210

All pomp and majesty I do forswear; My manors, rents, revenues I forego; My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny: God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!

God keep all vows unbroke that swear to thee!

Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,

And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd!

Long may'st thou live in Richard's seat to sit,

And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!

God save King Henry, unking'd Richard says, 220

And send him many years of sunshine days! What more remains?

*North.* Offering a paper. No more but that you read

These accusations and these grievous crimes Committed by your person and your fol-

lowers Against the state and profit of this land;

That, by confessing them, the souls of men May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

*K. Rich.* Must I do so? and must I ravel out

My weav'd-up follies? Gentle Northum-

berland, If thy offences were upon record, 230

Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop To read a lecture of them? If thou would'st,

There should'st thou find one heinous article,

Containing the deposing of a king, And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,

Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven.

Nay, all of you that stand and look upon me,

Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait my-

self, Though some of you with Pilate wash your hands, 239

Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,

And water cannot wash away your sin.

*North.* My lord, dispatch; read o'er these articles.

*K. Rich.* Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see:

And yet salt water blinds them not so much But they can see a sort of traitors here.

Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself, I find myself a traitor with the rest;

For I have given here my soul's consent To undo the pompous body of a king; 250

Made glory base and sovereignty a slave, Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant.

*North.* My lord,—  
*K. Rich.* No lord of thine, thou haught insulting man,

Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title, No, not that name was given me at the font,

But 't is usurp'd: alack! the heavy day, That I have worn so many winters out,

And know not now what name to call myself. O! that I were a mockery king of snow, 260

Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke, To melt myself away in water-drops.

Good king, great king, and yet not greatly good,

An if my word be sterling yet in England, Let it command a mirror hither straight,

That it may show me what a face I have, Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

*Boling.* Go some of you and fetch a looking-glass. *Exit an Attendant.*

*North.* Read o'er this paper while the glass doth come.

*K. Rich.* Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I come to hell. 270

*Boling.* Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.

*North.* The commons will not then be satisfied.

*K. Rich.* They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough

When I do see the very book indeed Where all my sins are writ, and that 's myself.

•Re-enter Attendant, with a glass.

Give me the glass, and therein will I read. No deeper wrinkles yet? hath sorrow struck

So many blows upon this face of mine And made no deeper wounds? O flattering glass!

Like to my followers in prosperity, 280 Thou dost beguile me. Was this face the face

That every day under his household roof Did keep ten thousand men? was this the face

That like the sun did make beholders wink? Was this the face that fac'd so many follies,

And was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke? A brittle glory shineth in this face:

As brittle as the glory is the face;

*Dashes the glass against the ground.*

For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.  
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport, 290  
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

*Boling.* The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd  
The shadow of your face.

*K. Rich.* Say that again.  
The shadow of my sorrow! Ha! let's see:  
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;  
And these external manners of laments  
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief  
That swells with silence in the tortured soul;  
There lies the substance: and I thank  
thee, king.

For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st 300  
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way

How to lament the cause. I'll beg one  
boon,

And then be gone and trouble you no more.  
Shall I obtain it?

*Boling.* Name it, fair cousin.  
*K. Rich.* 'Fair cousin!' I am greater  
than a king;

For when I was a king, my flatterers  
Were then but subjects: being now a sub-  
ject,

I have a king here to my flatterer.  
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

*Boling.* Yet ask. 310

*K. Rich.* And shall I have?

*Boling.* You shall.

*K. Rich.* Then give me leave to go.

*Boling.* Whither?

*K. Rich.* Whither you will, so I were from  
your sights.

*Boling.* Go, some of you convey him to  
the Tower.

*K. Rich.* O, good! convey? conveyers  
are you all.

That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.  
*Exeunt King RICHARD and Guard.*

*Boling.* On Wednesday next we solemnly  
set down

Our coronation: lords, prepare your-  
selves. 320

*Exeunt all but the Bishop of CARLISLE,  
the Abbot of WESTMINSTER, and  
AUMERLE.*

*Abbot.* A woeful pageant have we here  
beheld.

*Car.* The woe's to come; the children  
yet unborn

Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.  
*Aum.* You holy clergymen, is there no  
plot

To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?  
*Abbot.* My lord,

Before I freely speak my mind herein,  
You shall not only take the sacrament

To bury mine intents, but also to effect  
Whatever I shall happen to devise. 330

I see your brows are full of discontent,  
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of  
tears:

Come home with me to supper; I will lay  
A plot shall show us all a merry day.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT V

SCENE I.—*London. A Street leading to  
the Tower.*

*Enter the QUEEN and Ladies.*

*Queen.* This way the king will come;  
this is the way  
To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,  
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord  
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke:  
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth  
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

*Enter King RICHARD and Guard.*

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,  
My fair rose wither: yet look up, behold,  
That you in pity may dissolve to dew.  
And wash him fresh again with true-love  
tears. 10

Ah! thou, the model where old Troy did  
stand,

Thou map of honour, thou King Richard's  
tomb,

And not King Richard; thou most beauteous  
inn,

Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in  
thee,

When triumph is become an alehouse  
guest?

*K. Rich.* Join not with grief, fair woman,  
do not so,

To make my end too sudden: learn, good  
soul,

To think our former state a happy dream;  
From which awak'd, the truth of what we  
are

Show us but this. I am sworn brother,  
sweet, 20

To grim Necessity; and he and I  
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to  
France,

And cloister thee in some religious house;  
Our holy lives must win a new world's  
crown,

Which our profane hours here have stricken  
down.

*Queen.* What! is my Richard both in  
shape and mind

Transform'd and weaken'd? hath Boling-  
broke depos'd

Thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?  
The lion dying thrusteth forth his paw

And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with  
rage 30

To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-  
like,

Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod,  
And fawn on rage with base humility,

Which art a lion and a king of beasts?  
*K. Rich.* A king of beasts indeed; if

ought but beasts,

I had been still a happy king of men.  
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence  
for France;

Think I am dead, and that even here thou  
tak'st,

As from my death-bed, thy last living leave.  
In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire 40

With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales  
Of woeful ages, long ago betid;  
And ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,  
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,  
And send the hearers weeping to their beds:  
For why, the senseless brands will sympathize  
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,  
And in compassion weep the fire out;  
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,  
For the deposing of a rightful king. 50

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, attended.*

*North.* My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd;  
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.  
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you;  
With all the swift speed you must away to France.

*K. Rich.* Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal  
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,  
The time shall not be many hours of age  
More than it is ere foul sin gathering head  
Shall break into corruption. Thou shalt think,  
Though he divide the realm and give thee half, 60  
It is too little, helping him to all;  
And he shall think that thou which know'st the way

To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,  
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way  
To pluck him headlong from the usurp'd throne.  
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;  
That fear to hate; and hate turns one or both

To worthy danger and deserved death.  
*North.* My guilt be on my head, and there an end.  
Take leave and part; for you must part forthwith. 70

*K. Rich.* Doubly divorc'd! Bad men, ye violate  
A two-fold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me,  
And then betwixt me and my married wife.  
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;  
And yet not so, for with a kiss 't was made.  
Part us, Northumberland: I towards the north,  
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;

My wife to France: from whence, set forth in pomp,  
She came adorned hither like sweet May,  
Sent back like Hallowmas or short'st of day. 80

*Queen.* And must we be divided? must we part?

*K. Rich.* Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.

*Queen.* Banish us both and send the king with me.

*North.* That were some love but little policy.

*Queen.* Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

*K. Rich.* So two, together weeping, make one woe.

Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;  
Better far off than near, be ne'er the near.  
Go, count thy way with sighs, I mine with groans.

*Queen.* So longest way shall have the longest moans. 90

*K. Rich.* Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,

And piece the way out with a heavy heart.  
Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,  
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.

One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part:

Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

*Queen.* Give me mine own again; 't were no good part

To take on me to keep and kill thy heart.

So, now I have mine own again, be gone,  
That I may strive to kill it with a groan. 100

*K. Rich.* We make woe wanton with this fond delay:

Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say.  
*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Room in the Duke of YORK'S Palace.*

*Enter YORK and the DUCHESS.*

*Duch.* My lord, you told me you would tell the rest,

When weeping made you break the story off,  
Of our two cousins coming into London.

*York.* Where did I leave?

*Duch.* At that sad stop, my lord,  
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from windows' tops,  
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.

*York.* Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,

Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,  
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,  
With slow but stately pace kept on his course, 10

While all tongues cried 'God save thee, Bolingbroke!'

You would have thought the very windows spake,

So many greedy looks of young and old  
Through casements darted their desiring eyes

Upon his visage, and that all the walls  
With painted imagery had said at once  
'Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!'

Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,

Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,

Bespake them thus: 'I thank you, countrymen': 20

And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

*Duch.* Alack! poor Richard; where rode he the whilst?

*York.* As in a theatre, the eyes of men, After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage, Are idly bent on him that enters next, Thinking his prattle to be tedious;

Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes

Did scowl on Richard: no man cried 'God save him!'

No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;

But dust was thrown upon his sacred head,<sup>30</sup> Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off, His face still combating with tears and smiles,

The badges of his grief and patience, That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd

The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,

And barbarism itself have pitied him.

But heaven hath a hand in these events, To whose high will we bound our calm contents.

To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,

Whose state and honour I for aye allow. <sup>40</sup>

*Duch.* Here comes my son Aumerle.

*York.* Aumerle that was; But that is lost for being Richard's friend, And, madam, you must call him Rutland now.

I am in parliament pledge for his truth And lasting fealty to the new made king.

*Enter AUMERLE.*

*Duch.* Welcome, my son: who are the violets now

That strew the green lap of the new come spring?

*Aum.* Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not:

God knows I had as lief be none as one.

*York.* Well, bear you well in this new spring of time, <sup>50</sup>

Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.

What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs?

*Aum.* For aught I know, my lord, they do.

*York.* You will be there, I know.

*Aum.* If God prevent it not, I purpose so.

*York.* What seal is that that hangs without thy bosom?

Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.

*Aum.* My lord, 't is nothing.

*York.* No matter then who sees it: I will be satisfied; let me see the writing.

*Aum.* I do beseech your grace to pardon me: <sup>60</sup>

It is a matter of small consequence, Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

*York.* Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.

I fear, I fear,—

*Duch.* What should you fear?

'T is nothing but some bond that he is enter'd into

For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph day.

*York.* Bound to himself? what doth he with a bond

That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool. Boy, let me see the writing.

*Aum.* I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not show it. <sup>70</sup>

*York.* I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say. *Snatches it, and reads.*

Treason! foul treason! Villain! traitor! slave!

*Duch.* What is the matter, my lord?

*York.* Ho! who is within there?

*Enter a Servant.*

Saddle my horse.

God for his mercy! what treachery is here!

*Duch.* Why, what is it, my lord?

*York.* Give me my boots, I say: saddle my horse. *Exit Servant.*

Now, by mine honour, by my life, my troth, I will appeach the villain.

*Duch.* What 's the matter?

*York.* Peace, foolish woman. <sup>80</sup>

*Duch.* I will not peace. What is the matter, Aumerle?

*Aum.* Good mother, be content; it is no more

Than my poor life must answer.

*Duch.* Thy life answer!

*York.* Bring me my boots: I will unto the king.

*Re-enter Servant, with boots.*

*Duch.* Strike him, Aumerle. Poor boy, thou art amaz'd.

Hence, villain! never more come in my sight. *Exit Servant.*

*York.* Give me my boots, I say.

*Duch.* Why, York, what wilt thou do?

Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own? Have we more sons, or are we like to have? <sup>90</sup>

Is not my teeming date drunk up with time? And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,

And rob me of a happy mother's name? Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?

*York.* Thou fond, mad woman, Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?

A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,

And interchangeably set down their hands, To kill the king at Oxford.

*Duch.* He shall be none; We'll keep him here: then what is that to him? <sup>100</sup>

*York.* Away, fond woman! were he twenty times

My son, I would appeach him.

*Duch.* Hadst thou groan'd for him As I have done thou would'st be more pitiful.

But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect That I have been disloyal to thy bed,

And that he is a bastard, not thy son: Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind;

Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind;

Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind;

Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind;

He is as like thee as a man may be,  
Not like to me, nor any of my kin,  
And yet I love him.

*York.* Make way, unruly woman! *Exit.*

*Duch.* After, Aumerle! Mount thee  
upon his horse; 111

Spur post, and get before him to the king,  
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse  
thee.

I'll not be long behind; though I be old,  
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:  
And never will I rise up from the ground  
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee. Away!  
be gone. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Windsor. A Room in the  
Castle.*

*Enter BOLINGBROKE as king; PERCY, and  
other Lords.*

*Boling.* Can no man tell me of my un-  
thrifty son?

'T is full three months since I did see him  
last.

If any plague hang over us, 't is he.  
I would to God, my lords, he might be  
found:

Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns  
there,

For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,  
With unrestrained loose companions,

Even such, they say, as stand in narrow  
lanes

And beat our watch and rob our passengers;  
Which he, young wanton and effeminate  
boy, 10

Takes on the point of honour to support  
So dissolute a crew.

*Percy.* My lord, some two days since I  
saw the prince,

And told him of those triumphs held at  
Oxford.

*Boling.* And what said the gallant?

*Percy.* His answer was, he would unto  
the stews,

And from the common'st creature pluck a  
glove,

And wear it as a favour; and with that  
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

*Boling.* As dissolute as desperate: yet  
through both 20

I see some sparks of better hope, which  
elder days

May happily bring forth. But who comes  
here?

*Enter AUMERLE.*

*Aum.* Where is the king?

*Boling.* What means our cousin, that he  
stares and looks

So wildly?

*Aum.* God save your grace! I do beseech  
your majesty

To have some conference with your grace  
alone.

*Boling.* Withdraw yourselves, and leave  
us here alone.

*Exeunt PERCY and Lords.*

What is the matter with our cousin now?

*Aum.* For ever may my knees grow to the  
earth, *Kneels.* 30

My tongue cleave to my roof within my  
mouth,

Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak.

*Boling.* Intended or committed was this  
fault?

If on the first, how heinous e'er it be,  
To win thy after-love I pardon thee.

*Aum.* Then give me leave that I may turn  
the key,

That no man enter till my tale be done.

*Boling.* Have thy desire.

*York. Within.* My liege, beware! look to  
thyself;

Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there. 40  
*Boling.* Villain, I'll make thee safe.

*Drawing.*

*Aum.* Stay thy revengeful hand; thou  
hast no cause to fear.

*York. Within.* Open the door, secure,  
foolhardy king:

Shall I for love speak treason to thy face?  
Open the door, or I will break it open.

*Enter YORK.*

*Boling.* What is the matter, uncle? speak;  
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,  
That we may arm us to encounter it.

*York.* Peruse this writing here, and thou  
shalt know

The treason that my haste forbids me  
show. 50

*Aum.* Remember, as thou read'st, thy  
promise pass'd:

I do repent me; read not my name there;  
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

*York.* 'T was, villain, ere thy hand did set  
it down.

I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king;  
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence.

Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove  
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

*Boling.* O heinous, strong, and bold con-  
spiracy!

O loyal father of a treacherous son! 60  
Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver foun-  
tain,

From whence this stream through muddy  
passages

Hath held his current and defil'd himself!  
Thy overflow of good converts to bad,

And thy abundant goodness shall excuse  
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

*York.* So shall my virtue be his vice's  
bawd,

And he shall spend mine honour with his  
shame,

As thriftless sons their scraping fathers'  
gold.

Mine honour lives when his dishonour  
dies, 70

Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies:  
Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him

breath,  
The traitor lives, the true man's put to

death.

*Duch. Within.* What ho, my liege! for  
God's sake, let me in.

*Boling.* What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this eager cry?

*Duch.* A woman, and thine aunt, great king; 't is I.

Speak with me, pity me, open the door:  
A beggar begs that never begg'd before.

*Boling.* Our scene is alter'd from a serious thing,

And now chang'd to 'The Beggar and the King.' 80

My dangerous cousin, let your mother in:  
I know she's come to pray for your foul sin.

*York.* If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,  
More sins for this forgiveness prosper may.

This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rests sound;

This let alone will all the rest confound.

*Enter DUCHESS.*

*Duch.* O king! believe not this hard-hearted man:

Love loving not itself none other can.

*York.* Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here?

Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear? 90

*Duch.* Sweet York, be patient. Hear me, gentle liege. *Kneels.*

*Boling.* Rise up, good aunt.

*Duch.* Not yet, I thee beseech:  
For ever will I walk upon my knees,

And never see day that the happy sees,  
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,

By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

*Aum.* Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee. *Kneels.*

*York.* Against them both my true joints bended be. *Kneels.*

Ill may'st thou thrive if thou grant any grace!

*Duch.* Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face; 100

His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;

His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast:

He prays but faintly and would be denied;  
We pray with heart and soul and all beside:

His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;  
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they

grow:

His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;  
Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.

Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have

That mercy which true prayer ought to have. 110

*Boling.* Good aunt, stand up.

*Duch.* Nay, do not say 'stand up';  
But 'pardon' first, and afterwards 'stand up.'

An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,  
'Pardon' should be the first word of thy speech.

I never long'd to hear a word till now;  
Say 'pardon,' king; let pity teach thee how:

The word is short, but not so short as sweet;

No word like 'pardon' for kings' mouths so meet.

*York.* Speak it in French, king; say, 'pardonnez-moi.'

*Duch.* Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy? 120

Ah! my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,

That sett'st the word itself against the word.  
Speak 'pardon' as 't is current in our land;

The chopping French we do not understand.  
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue

there,  
Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear,

That hearing how our complaints and prayers do pierce,

Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse.

*Boling.* Good aunt, stand up.

*Duch.* I do not sue to stand;  
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand. 130

*Boling.* I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

*Duch.* O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!

Yet am I sick for fear; speak it again;  
Twice saying 'pardon' doth not pardon

twain,  
But makes one pardon strong.

*Boling.* With all my heart  
I pardon him.

*Duch.* A god on earth thou art.

*Boling.* But for our trusty brother-in-law and the abbot,

With all the rest of that consorted crew,  
Destruction straight shall dog them at the

heels.

Good uncle, help to order several powers 140  
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are:  
They shall not live within this world, I

swear,  
But I will have them, if I once know where.

Uncle, farewell: and cousin too, adieu:  
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you

true.

*Duch.* Come, my old son: I pray God  
make thee new. *Exeunt.*

*Enter EXTON and Servant.*

*Exton.* Didst thou not mark the king,  
what words he spake,

'Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?'

Was it not so?

*Serv.* Those were his very words.

*Exton.* 'Have I no friend?' quoth he: he  
spake it twice, 150

And urg'd it twice together, did he not?

*Serv.* He did.

*Exton.* And speaking it, he wistly look'd  
on me,

As who should say, 'I would thou wert the  
man

That would divorce this terror from my  
heart';

Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let's  
go:

I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe.  
*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Pomfret. The Dungeon of the Castle.**Enter King RICHARD.*

*K. Rich.* I have been studying how I may compare  
The prison where I live unto the world:  
And for because the world is populous,  
And here is not a creature but myself,  
I cannot do it; yet I'll hammer it out.  
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;  
My soul the father: and these two beget  
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,  
And these same thoughts people this little world,

In humours like the people of this world, 10  
For no thought is contented. The better sort,

As thoughts of things divine, are intermix'd  
With scruples, and do set the word itself  
Against the word:

As thus, 'Come, little ones'; and then again,

'It is as hard to come as for a camel  
To tread the postern of a needle's eye.'  
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot  
Unlikely wonders; how these vain weak  
nails

May tear a passage through the flinty ribs 20  
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;  
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.  
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves

That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,

Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars  
Who sitting in the stocks refuge their shame,

That many have and others must sit there:  
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,  
Bearing their own misfortune on the back  
Of such as have before endur'd the like. 30  
Thus play I in one person many people,  
And none contented: sometimes am I king;  
Then reasons make me wish myself a beggar,

And so I am: then crushing penury  
Persuades me I was better when a king;  
Then am I king'd again; and by and by  
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,  
And straight am nothing: but whate'er I be,  
Nor I nor any man that but man is 39  
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd  
With being nothing. *Music.*

Ha, ha! keep time. How sour sweet music  
is

When time is broke and no proportion kept!  
So is it in the music of men's lives.

And here have I the daintiness of ear  
To check time broke in a disorder'd string;  
But for the concord of my state and time  
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.  
I wasted time, and now doth time waste  
me;

For now hath time made me his numbering  
clock: 50

My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs  
they jar

Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch,

Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,  
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.

Now sir, the sound that tells what hour it is  
Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,

Which is the bell: so sighs and tears and groans

Show minutes, times, and hours; but my time

Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,  
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock. 60

This music mads me: let it sound no more;

For though it hath help madmen to their wits,

In me it seems it will make wise men mad.  
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!

For 't is a sign of love, and love to Richard  
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

*Enter a Groom of the Stable.*

*Groom.* Hail, royal prince!

*K. Rich.* Thanks, noble peer;  
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.

What art thou? and how comest thou hither,

Where no man never comes but that sad dog 70

That brings me food to make misfortune live?

*Groom.* I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,

When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,

With much ado at length have gotten leave  
To look upon my sometimes royal master's face.

O! how it yearn'd my heart when I beheld  
In London streets, that coronation day,  
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary,  
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,  
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd. 80

*K. Rich.* Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,

How went he under him?

*Groom.* So proudly as if he disdain'd the ground.

*K. Rich.* So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!

That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;

This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.

Would he not stumble? would he not fall down,

Since pride must have a fall, and break the neck

Of that proud man that did usurp his back?  
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee, 90

Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,  
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;

And yet I bear a burden like an ass,  
Spur-gall'd and tir'd by jauncing Bolingbroke.

*Enter Keeper, with a dish.*

*Keeper.* Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.

*K. Rich.* If thou love me, 't is time thou wert away.

*Groom.* What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. *Exit.*

*Keeper.* My lord, will 't please you to fall to?

*K. Rich.* Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do. 99

*Keeper.* My lord, I dare not: Sir Pierce of Exton, who lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

*K. Rich.* The devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee!  
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

*Strikes the Keeper.*

*Keeper.* Help, help, help!

*Enter EXTON and Servants, armed.*

*K. Rich.* How now! what means death in this rude assault?

Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument.

*Snatching a weapon, and killing one.*

Go thou and fill another room in hell.

*He kills another; EXTON strikes him down.*  
That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire

That staggers thus my person. Exton, thy fierce hand 110

Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.

Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high,

Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die. *Dies.*

*Exton.* As full of valour as of royal blood: Both have I spilt; O! would the deed were good;

For now the devil, that told me I did well, Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.

This dead king to the living king I'll bear. Take hence the rest and give them burial here. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Windsor. An Apartment in the Castle.

*Flourish.* *Enter BOLINGBROKE and YORK, with Lords and Attendants.*

*Boling.* Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear

Is that the rebels have consum'd with fire Our town of Cicester in Gloucestershire; But whether they be ta'en or slain we hear not.

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.*

Welcome, my lord. What is the news?

*North.* First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.

The next news is, I have to London sent The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent.

The manner of their taking may appear At large discoursed in this paper here. 10

*Boling.* We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains,

And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

*Enter FITZWATER.*

*Fitz.* My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London

The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely, Two of the dangerous consorted traitors

That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

*Boling.* Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;

Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

*Enter PERCY, with the Bishop of CARLISLE.*

*Percy.* The grand conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,

With clog of conscience and sour melancholy, 20

Hath yielded up his body to the grave; But here is Carlisle living, to abide

Thy kingly doom and sentence of his pride.

*Boling.* Carlisle, this is your doom:

Choose out some secret place, some reverend room

More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life; So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from

strife: For though mine enemy thou hast ever been, High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

*Enter EXTON, with Attendants bearing a coffin.*

*Exton.* Great king, within this coffin I present 30

Thy buried fear: herein all breathless lies

The mightiest of thy greatest enemies, Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.

*Boling.* Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought

A deed of slander with thy fatal hand Upon my head and all this famous land.

*Exton.* From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

*Boling.* They love not poison that do poison need,

Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead, I hate the murderer, love him murdered. 40

The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,

But neither my good word nor princely favour:

With Cain go wander through the shades of night,

And never show thy head by day nor light. Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,

That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow:

Come, mourn with me for that I do lament, And put on sullen black incontinent.

I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land, To wash this blood off from my guilty

hand. 50

March sadly after; grace my mournings here,

In weeping after this untimely bier. *Exeunt.*

## THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY THE FOURTH

IN the *First Part of Henry IV* Shakespeare has for the first time in his history plays given his imagination free scope and, by combining fiction with fact, presented a picture of the England of the time such as no chronicle could supply. We cannot think it other than a part of Shakespeare's design in developing the character of the future King Henry V, that he should bring him into intimate contact with a group that represented, perhaps, a majority of the common people of England. It is no small accomplishment, even in a king, to be able to "drink with any tinker in his own language during life," to call a "leash of drawers" by their "christian names" and to converse with fellows that have "fewer words than a parrot." Such men make up the great body of the nation, and it is a fine thing for any prince to have their support through a common understanding, and to be assured that when he is king he can "command all the good lads in Eastcheap." Shakespeare is sending Prince Hal to school, and where could he find a better tutor than sweet Jack Falstaff who is not only witty himself, but the cause that wit is in other men? History is not made up entirely of kings and courts and battles, nor is the most valuable information always acquired in the schools. To the ruler, much importance should attach to franklins from the wild of Kent, to ostlers grieving over the rise in the price of oats, to carriers on the way to London with turkeys and razes of ginger, to road houses villainous for fleas; to ragamuffins pressed into service, wounded soldiers compelled to beg through life at the town's end, linen hanging on the hedges, to stiles, gateways and footpaths. This is the England that we see in *Henry IV* and this is the England over which Shakespeare is preparing Prince Hal to rule. The secret of his future greatness is here revealed by the genuine liking he has for these very human people with whom he prefers to spend his time, rather than in the cold and formal atmosphere of his father's court.

But this conception of Prince Hal is utterly invalidated if we accept at its face value the speech assigned to him at the end of the second scene of the first Act: "I know you all, etc." If Shakespeare wrote that speech (and he probably did), it would be interesting to know under what exigency he was forced to insert it, for no one could know so well as he how completely it robs the Prince of all the charm with which Shakespeare has endowed him. Space forbids any attempt to harmonize it with the character, and it is doubtful whether that can ever be done without doing violence to the language; to the general reader the play will be improved by ignoring it; for if Prince Hal is only playing a part throughout these scenes to enhance by contrast his future glory, he becomes almost contemptible.

The action of the play is directed almost entirely to bringing together in mortal combat Prince Hal and Hotspur at the battle of Shrewsbury. Thoroughly human and likable as Hotspur is, he is being groomed throughout to deck the Prince at last with all his heaped-up honors. It is the thought of passing his "proud titles" on to this "mad-cap Prince of Wales" that grieves Hotspur more than "the loss of brittle life." And that is the defect in Hotspur. Glorious as he is in energy and action, he aspires to honor that he may wear it without a competitor. He has little real patriotism in his make-up. There seems to be a bad streak in his family. His uncle Worcester's perfidy shows palpably at Shrewsbury when he deceives Hotspur in reporting the king's terms of peace. Hotspur himself, anticipating success in the rebellion, does not hesitate to divide the kingdom into three equal parts with Glendower and Mortimer, and then quarrels with Glendower over straightening the Trent which, in its bend, seems to cut into his portion. Generous by nature, he has the habit of close bargaining and will "cavil on the ninth part of a hair." The contrast between him and Prince Hal is finely brought out by comparing his dying speech, already referred to, with that pronounced by the Prince over his dead body:

" . . . . fare thee well, great heart!  
 Ill weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!  
 When that this body did contain a spirit,  
 A kingdom for it was too small a bound;  
 But now two paces of the vilest earth  
 Is room enough: this earth that bears thee dead  
 Bears not alive so stout a gentleman."

Not a word of his own achievement; no apparent sense of an exchange of his own "indignities" for Hotspur's "glorious deeds." To him it mattered little that Falstaff should claim the honor of having killed Percy so long as "the day is ours." There was in him a generosity of spirit quite beyond the comprehension of his father. Indeed, the character of the king is perhaps best revealed by his estimate of his son. To King Henry, Hotspur in rebellion has a more worthy claim to the state than Prince Hal, "the shadow of succession." Henry himself does not seem to attach any deep meaning to loyalty. He estimates human worth by power and by achievement rather than by devotion to principle. He is not so much concerned that Prince Hal is suffering morally as a result of his escapades, as he is that he is hurting his reputation—and the king's. That he is a bit of a hypocrite is clear from his account of his own clever method of winning popular favor:

"By being seldom seen, I could not stir  
 But like a comet I was wondered at;  
 That men would tell their children 'This is he';  
 Others would say 'Where, which is Bolingbroke?'  
 And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,  
 And dress'd myself in such humility  
 That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,  
 Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,  
 Even in the presence of the crowned king."

And this is the method that he would recommend to his son. There is something pitiful about his inability to see that the loneliness which he seems to feel so deeply, is due to faults within his own nature. His very dignity, his most kingly trait, is cold and forbidding and makes impossible the sweet relation of close and devoted friends. To his enemies he is subtle and ingrate. Of all who helped him to the throne he is now suspicious, because he feels some remorse for the crooked path by which he attained the crown. He is particularly sensitive lest they presume upon past services, and therefore gives them just cause for resentment; yet he would, if only for policy's sake, be at peace with them. The terms which he sends to the rebels are generous, and the sentence imposed upon Worcester and Vernon is just.

Something ought to be said of Glendower, his pride in his English and the restraint he exercises in his dealings with Hotspur; of Lady Percy who, if she is to be compared with Portia, Brutus' wife, has every right to insist that their husbands shall be compared too, but who would not have exchanged her "mad-headed ape" for a wilderness of Brutuses; of Mistress Quickly who, as an honest man's wife, may well resent being called "a thing to thank God on"; and of Falstaff, "sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff." But of him we shall have more in the *Second Part*. If thus far we have mistaken him for a coward and a buffoon we should do well to revise our judgment before proceeding further. He would like to pass for both, but the evidence is against him. He has a theory about honor, but such honor as Percy seeks must thrust itself upon him. Such honor is insensible to the dead, and detraction will not let it live with the living. Those whose "spirit works lest arms and legs want play" will not understand him; but the number increases of those who, if Falstaff should remain a guest, would prefer to make the tavern in Eastcheap their drum rather than share bloody noses and cracked crowns with Hotspur on the field of Shrewsbury.

# THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY THE FOURTH

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.  
HENRY, *Prince of Wales*, } *Sons to the King.*  
JOHN OF LANCASTER, }  
EARL OF WESTMORELAND.  
SIR WALTER BLUNT.  
THOMAS PERCY, *Earl of Worcester.*  
HENRY PERCY, *Earl of Northumberland.*  
HENRY PERCY surnamed HOTSPUR, his  
son.  
EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of March.*  
RICHARD SCROOP, *Archbishop of York.*  
ARCHIBALD, *Earl of Douglas.*  
OWEN GLENDOWER.  
SIR RICHARD VERNON.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.  
SIR MICHAEL, *a Friend to the Archbishop  
of York.*  
POINS.  
GADSHILL.  
PETO.  
BARDOLPH.  
LADY PERCY, *Wife to Hotspur, and Sister to  
Mortimer.*  
LADY MORTIMER, *Daughter to Glendower,  
and Wife to Mortimer.*  
MISTRESS QUICKLY, *Hostess of a Tavern in  
Eastcheap.*

*Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, Carriers, Travellers, and  
Attendants.*

SCENE.—*England.*

### ACT I

#### SCENE I.—*London. The Palace.*

*Enter King HENRY, WESTMORELAND, and  
Others.*

*K. Hen.* So shaken as we are, so wan  
with care,  
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,  
And breathe short-winded accents of new  
broils

To be commenc'd in strands afar remote.  
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil  
Shall daub her lips with her own children's  
blood;

No more shall trenching war channel her  
fields,  
Nor bruise her flowerets with the armed  
hoofs

Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,  
Which, like the meteors of a troubled  
heaven,

All of one nature, of one substance bred,  
Did lately meet in the intestine shock  
And furious close of civil butchery,  
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,  
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd  
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:  
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,  
No more shall cut his master. Therefore,  
friends,

As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,  
Whose soldier now, under whose blessed  
cross

We are impressed and engag'd to fight,

Forthwith a power of English shall we levy,  
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers'  
womb

To chase these pagans in those holy fields  
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet  
Which fourteen hundred years ago were  
nail'd

For our advantage on the bitter cross.  
But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,  
And bootless 't is to tell you we will go:  
Therefore we meet not now. Then let me  
hear

Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland  
What yesternight our council did decree  
In forwarding this dear expedience.

*West.* My liege, this haste was hot in  
question,  
And many limits of the charge set down  
But yesternight; when all athwart there  
came

A post from Wales loaden with heavy news;  
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,  
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight  
Against the irregular and wild Glendower, 40  
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman  
taken,

A thousand of his people butchered;  
Upon whose dead corpse there was such  
misuse,

Such beastly shameless transformation  
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be  
Without much shame re-told or spoken of.

*K. Hen.* It seems then that the tidings of  
this broil

Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

*West.* This match'd with other did, my gracious lord;

For more uneven and unwelcome news 50  
Came from the north, and thus it did import:  
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur  
there,

Young Harry Percy and brave Archibald,  
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,  
At Holmedon met,

Where they did spend a sad and bloody  
hour;

As by discharge of their artillery,  
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;  
For he that brought them, in the very heat  
And pride of their contention did take  
horse, 60

Uncertain of the issue any way.

*K. Hen.* Here is a dear and true industrious friend,

Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his  
horse,

Stain'd with the variation of each soil  
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of  
ours;

And he hath brought us smooth and wel-  
come news.

The Earl of Douglas is discomfited;  
Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty  
knights,

Balk'd in their own blood, did Sir Walter  
see

On Holmedon's plains: of prisoners Hot-  
spur took 70

Mordake the Earl of Fife, and eldest son  
To beaten Douglas, and the Earl of Athol,  
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.  
And is not this an honourable spoil?  
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

*West.* In faith,  
It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

*K. Hen.* Yea, there thou mak'st me sad,  
and mak'st me sin

In envy that my Lord Northumberland  
Should be the father to so blest a son; 80  
A son who is the theme of honour's tongue;  
Amongst a grove the very straightest plant;  
Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her  
pride:

Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,  
See riot and dishonour stain the brow  
Of my young Harry. O! that it could be  
prov'd

That some night-tripping fairy had ex-  
chang'd

In cradle-clothes our children where they  
lay,

And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet.  
Then would I have his Harry, and he  
mine. 90

But let him from my thoughts. What think  
you, coz,

Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,  
Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,  
To his own use he keeps, and sends me  
word,

I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.  
*West.* This is his uncle's teaching, this is  
Worcester,

Malevolent to you in all aspects;

Which makes him prune himself, and bristle  
up

The crest of youth against your dignity.

*K. Hen.* But I have sent for him to an-  
swer this; 100

And for this cause awhile we must neglect  
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.

Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we  
Will hold at Windsor; so inform the lords:

But come yourself with speed to us again;  
For more is to be said and to be done

Than out of anger can be uttered.

*West.* I will, my liege. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. An Apartment of  
the PRINCE'S.*

*Enter the PRINCE and FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* Now, Hal, what time of day is it,  
lad?

*Prince.* Thou art so fat-witted, with  
drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning these  
after supper, and sleeping upon benches  
after noon, that thou hast forgotten to de-  
mand that truly which thou would'st truly  
know. What a devil hast thou to do with  
the time of the day? Unless hours were  
cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks  
the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of  
leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself  
a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffeta, I  
see no reason why thou should'st be so  
superfluous to demand the time of the day.

*Fal.* Indeed, you come near me now, Hal;  
for we that take purses go by the moon and  
the seven stars, and not by Phoebus, he, 'that  
wandering knight so fair.' And, I prithee,  
sweet wag, when thou art king, as, God save  
thy grace, majesty, I should say, for grace  
thou wilt have none.— 20

*Prince.* What! none?

*Fal.* No, by my troth; not so much as will  
serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

*Prince.* Well, how then? come roundly,  
roundly.

*Fal.* Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou  
art king, let not us that are squires of the  
night's body be called thieves of the day's  
beauty: let us be Diana's foresters, gentle-  
men of the shade, minions of the moon; and  
let men say we be men of good government,  
being governed as the sea is, by our noble  
and chaste mistress the moon, under whose  
countenance we steal. 33

*Prince.* Thou sayest well, and it holds  
well too; for the fortune of us that are the  
moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea,  
being governed as the sea is, by the moon.  
As for proof now: a purse of gold most reso-  
lutely snatched on Monday night and most  
dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got  
with swearing 'Lay by,' and spent with cry-  
ing 'Bring in'; now in as low an ebb as the  
foot of the ladder, and by and by in as high  
a flow as the ridge of the gallows. 43

*Fal.* By the Lord, thou sayest true, lad.  
And is not my hostess of the tavern a most  
sweet wench?

*Prince.* As the honey of Hybla, my old lad

of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance? 49

*Fal.* How now, how now, mad wag! what! in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

*Prince.* Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

*Fal.* Well, thou hast called her a reckoning many a time and oft.

*Prince.* Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

*Fal.* No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there. 60

*Prince.* Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have used my credit.

*Fal.* Yea, and so used it that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent,—But, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king, and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old Father Antick the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief. 70

*Prince.* No; thou shalt.

*Fal.* Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

*Prince.* Thou judgest false already; I mean thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves and so become a rare hangman.

*Fal.* Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

*Prince.* For obtaining of suits? 80

*Fal.* Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat, or a lugged bear.

*Prince.* Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

*Fal.* Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

*Prince.* What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch? 88

*Fal.* Thou hast the most unsavoury similes, and art indeed the most comparative, rascalliast, sweet young prince. But, Hal, I prithee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir, but I marked him not; and yet he talked very wisely; but I regarded him not; and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

*Prince.* Thou didst well; for Wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it. 100

*Fal.* O! thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal; God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain: I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom. 110

*Prince.* Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

*Fal.* 'Zounds! where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain and baffle me.

*Prince.* I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying to purse-taking.

*Enter POINS, at a distance.*

*Fal.* Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poins! Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match. O! if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried 'Stand!' to a true man. 122

*Prince.* Good morrow, Ned.

*Poins.* Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says Monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack-and-Sugar? Jack! how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg? 129

*Prince.* Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs: he will give the devil his due.

*Poins.* Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

*Prince.* Else he had been damned for cozening the devil. 137

*Poins.* But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill! There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have vizards for you all; you have horses for yourselves. Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hanged.

*Fal.* Hear ye, Yedward: if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going. 150

*Poins.* You will, chops?

*Fal.* Hal, wilt thou make one?

*Prince.* Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

*Fal.* There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

*Prince.* Well then, once in my days I'll be a madcap. 160

*Fal.* Why, that's well said.

*Prince.* Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

*Fal.* By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

*Prince.* I care not.

*Poins.* Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go. 169

*Fal.* Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion, and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want coun-

tenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

*Prince.* Farewell, thou latter spring!  
Farewell, All-hallowen summer! 178

*Exit FALSTAFF.*  
*Poins.* Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow: I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill shall rob those men that we have already waylaid; yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders.

*Prince.* But how shall we part with them in setting forth? 188

*Poins.* Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves, which they shall have no sooner achieved but we'll set upon them.

*Prince.* Yea, but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

*Poins.* Tut! our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood; our vizards we will change after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments. 202

*Prince.* Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for us.

*Poins.* Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest. 213

*Prince.* Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap; there I'll sup. Farewell.

*Poins.* Farewell, my lord. *Exit.*

*Prince.* I know you all, and will awhile uphold

The unyok'd humour of your idleness:  
Yet herein will I imitate the sun, 220  
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds  
To smother up his beauty from the world,  
That when he please again to be himself,  
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at.  
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists  
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.  
If all the year were playing holidays,  
To sport would be as tedious as to work;  
But when they seldom come, they wish'd for  
come, 229

And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.  
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,  
And pay the debt I never promised,  
By how much better than my word I am  
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;  
And like bright metal on a sullen ground,

My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,  
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes

Than that which hath no foil to set it off. 239  
I'll so offend to make offence a skill,  
Redeeming time when men think least I will. *Exit.*

### SCENE III.—The Same. The Palace.

*Enter King HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, Sir WALTER BLUNT, and Others.*

*K. Hen.* My blood hath been too cold and temperate,

Unapt to stir at these indignities,  
And you have found me; for accordingly  
You tread upon my patience: but be sure  
I will from henceforth rather be myself,  
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition,  
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as  
young down,

And therefore lost that title of respect  
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

*Wor.* Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves 10

The scourge of greatness to be used on it;  
And that same greatness too which our own hands

Have help to make so portly.

*North.* My lord,—

*K. Hen.* Worcester, get thee gone; for I do see

Danger and disobedience in thine eye.  
O! sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,

And majesty might never yet endure  
The moody frontier of a servant brow.

You have good leave to leave us; when we need 20

Your use and counsel we shall send for you. *Exit WORCESTER.*

To NORTHUMBERLAND. You were about to speak.

*North.* Yea, my good lord. Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,

Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,  
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied

As was deliver'd to your majesty:  
Either envy, therefore, or misprision  
Is guilty of this fault and not my son.

*Hot.* My liege, I did deny no prisoners:  
But I remember, when the fight was done, 30  
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,  
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,

Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,

Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,

Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home:  
He was perfum'd like a milliner,

And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held  
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon

He gave his nose and took 't away again;

Who therewith angry, when it next came  
there, 40  
Took it in snuff: and still he smil'd and  
talk'd;  
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,  
He call'd them untaught knaves, unman-  
nerly,  
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse  
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.  
With many holiday and lady terms  
He question'd me; among the rest, de-  
manded  
My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.  
I then, all smarting with my wounds being  
cold,  
To be so pester'd with a popinjay, 50  
Out of my grief and my impatience  
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what,  
He should, or he should not; for he made  
me mad.  
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so  
sweet,  
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman  
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, God save  
the mark!  
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on  
earth  
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;  
And that it was great pity, so it was,  
That villainous saltpetre should be digg'd 60  
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd  
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns  
He would himself have been a soldier.  
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,  
I answer'd indirectly, as I said;  
And I beseech you, let not his report  
Come current for an accusation  
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.  
*Blunt.* The circumstance consider'd, good  
my lord, 70  
Whatever Harry Percy then had said  
To such a person, and in such a place,  
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,  
May reasonably die and never rise  
To do him wrong, or any way impeach  
What then he said, so he unsay it now.  
*K. Hen.* Why, yet he doth deny his pris-  
oners,  
But with proviso and exception,  
That we at our own charge shall ransom  
straight  
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer; 80  
Who, on my soul, hath willfully betray'd  
The lives of those that he did lead to fight  
Against the great magician, damn'd Glen-  
dower,  
Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of  
March  
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then  
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?  
Shall we buy treason, and indent with fears,  
When they have lost and forfeited them-  
selves?  
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;  
For I shall never hold that man my friend 90  
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny  
cost  
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

*Hot.* Revolted Mortimer!  
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,  
But by the chance of war: to prove that true  
Needs no more but one tongue for all those  
wounds,  
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he  
took,  
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,  
In single opposition, hand to hand,  
He did confound the best part of an hour 100  
In changing hardiment with great Glen-  
dower.  
Three times they breath'd and three times  
did they drink,  
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood,  
Who then, affrighted with their bloody  
looks,  
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,  
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank  
Blood-stained with these valiant combat-  
ants.  
Never did base and rotten policy  
Colour her working with such deadly  
wounds;  
Nor never could the noble Mortimer 110  
Receive so many, and all willingly:  
Then let not him be slander'd with revolt.  
*K. Hen.* Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou  
dost belie him:  
He never did encounter with Glendower:  
I tell thee,  
He durst as well have met the devil alone  
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.  
Art thou not asham'd? But, sirrah, hence-  
forth  
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:  
Send me your prisoners with the speediest  
means, 120  
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me  
As will displease you. My Lord Northum-  
berland,  
We license your departure with your son.  
Send us your prisoners, or you 'll hear  
of it.  
*Exeunt KING HENRY, BLUNT, and Train.*  
*Hot.* An if the devil come and roar for  
them,  
I will not send them: I will after straight  
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,  
Although it be with hazard of my head.  
*North.* What! drunk with choler? stay  
and pause awhile: 129  
Here comes your uncle.  
*Re-enter WORCESTER.*  
*Hot.* Speak of Mortimer!  
'Zounds! I will speak of him; and let my  
soul  
Want mercy if I do not join with him:  
In his behalf I'll empty all these veins,  
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the  
dust,  
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer  
As high i' the air as this unthankful king,  
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.  
*North.* Brother, the king hath made your  
nephew mad.  
*Wor.* Who struck this heat up after I was  
gone?

*Hot.* He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners; 149

And when I urg'd the ransom once again  
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,

And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,  
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

*Wor.* I cannot blame him: was he not proclaim'd

By Richard that dead is the next of blood?

*North.* He was; I heard the proclamation:

And then it was, when the unhappy king,  
Whose wrongs in us God pardon! did set forth

Upon his Irish expedition; 150  
From whence he, intercepted, did return  
To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.

*Wor.* And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth

Live scandaliz'd and foully spoken of.

*Hot.* But, soft! I pray you, did King Richard then

Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer  
Heir to the crown?

*North.* He did; myself did hear it.

*Hot.* Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,

That wish'd him on the barren mountains starve.

But shall it be that you, that set the crown 160

Upon the head of this forgetful man,

And for his sake wear the detested blot

Of murd'rous subornation, shall it be,

That you a world of curses undergo,

Being the agents, or base second means,

The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?

O! pardon me that I descend so low,

To show the line and the predicament

Wherein you range under this subtle king.

Shall it for shame be spoken in these days, 170

Or fill up chronicles in time to come,

That men of your nobility and power

Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,

As both of you, God pardon it! have done,

To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,

And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?

And shall it in more shame be further spoken,

That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off

By him for whom these shames ye underwent?

No; yet time serves wherein you may redeem 180

Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves

Into the good thoughts of the world again;

Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt

Of this proud king, who studies day and night

To answer all the debt he owes to you

Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.

Therefore, I say,—

*Wor.* Peace, cousin! say no more.

And now I will unclasp a secret book,

And to your quick-conceiving discontents  
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous 190

As full of peril and adventurous spirit

As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,

On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

*Hot.* If he fall in, good night! or sink or swim:

Send danger from the east unto the west,  
So honour cross it from the north to south,  
And let them grapple: O! the blood more stirs

To rouse a lion than to start a hare.

*North.* Imagination of some great exploit  
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

*Hot.* By heaven methinks it were an easy leap 201

To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon,

Or dive into the bottom of the deep,

Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,

And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;  
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear

Without corrival all her dignities:

But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

*Wor.* He apprehends a world of figures here,

But not the form of what he should attend. 210

Good cousin, give me audience for a while,  
And list to me.

*Hot.* I cry you mercy.

*Wor.* Those same noble Scots

That are your prisoners,—

*Hot.* I'll keep them all;

By God, he shall not have a Scot of them:

No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:

I'll keep them, by this hand.

*Wor.* You start away,

And lend no ear unto my purposes.

Those prisoners you shall keep.

*Hot.* Nay, I will; that's flat.

He said he would not ransom Mortimer; 219

Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;

But I will find him when he lies asleep,

And in his ear I'll holla 'Mortimer'!

Nay, I'll have a starting shall be taught to speak

Nothing but 'Mortimer,' and give it him,

To keep his anger still in motion.

*Wor.* Hear you, cousin; a word.

*Hot.* All studies here I solemnly defy,

Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:

And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales, 220

But that I think his father loves him not,

And would be glad he met with some mischance,

I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

*Wor.* Farewell, kinsman: I will talk to you

When you are better temper'd to attend.

*North.* Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool

Art thou, to break into this woman's mood,  
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

*Hot.* Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd with rods,  
 Nettled and stung with pismires, when I hear 240  
 Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.  
 In Richard's time,—what do you call the place?—  
 A plague upon 't—it is in Gloucestershire;—  
 'T was where the madcap duke his uncle kept,  
 His uncle York; where I first bow'd my knee  
 Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke;  
 'Sblood!  
 When you and he came back from Ravenspurg.  
*North.* At Berkeley castle.  
*Hot.* You say true. 250  
 Why, what a candy deal of courtesy  
 This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!  
 Look, 'when his infant fortune came to age,'  
 And 'gentle Harry Percy,' and 'kind cousin';  
 O! the devil take such cozeners. God forgive me!  
 Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.  
*Wor.* Nay, if you have not, to 't again;  
 We'll stay your leisure.  
*Hot.* I have done, i' faith.  
*Wor.* Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.  
 Deliver them up without their ransom straight, 260  
 And make the Douglas' son your only mean  
 For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons  
 Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,  
 Will easily be granted.  
 To NORTHUMBERLAND. You, my lord,  
 Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,  
 Shall secretly into the bosom creep  
 Of that same noble prelate well belov'd,  
 The archbishop.  
*Hot.* Of York, is it not?  
*Wor.* True; who bears hard 270  
 His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.  
 I speak not this in estimation,  
 As what I think might be, but what I know  
 Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;  
 And only stays but to behold the face  
 Of that occasion that shall bring it on.  
*Hot.* I smell it:  
 Upon my life it will do wondrous well.  
*North.* Before the game's afoot thou still lett'st slip.  
*Hot.* Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot: 279  
 And then the power of Scotland and of York  
 To join with Mortimer, ha?  
*Wor.* And so they shall.  
*Hot.* In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.  
*Wor.* And 'tis no little reason bids us speed.  
 To save our heads by raising of a head;  
 For, bear ourselves as even as we can,  
 The king will always think him in our debt,  
 And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,  
 Till he hath found a time to pay us home.

And see already how he doth begin 289  
 To make us strangers to his looks of love.  
*Hot.* He does, he does: we'll be reveng'd on him.  
*Wor.* Cousin, farewell: no further go in this  
 Than I by letters shall direct your course.  
 When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,  
 I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer;  
 Where you and Douglas and our powers at once,  
 As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,  
 To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,  
 Which now we hold at much uncertainty.  
*North.* Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I trust. 300  
*Hot.* Uncle, adieu: O! let the hours be short  
 Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport. *Exeunt.*

## ACT II

## SCENE I.—Rochester. An Inn Yard.

*Enter a Carrier, with a lantern in his hand.*

*First Car.* Heigh-ho! An't be not four by the day I'll be hanged: Charles' Wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What, ostler!

*Ostler.* Within. Anon, anon.

*First Car.* I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess. 8

*Enter another Carrier.*

*Second Car.* Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turned upside down since Robin Ostler died.

*First Car.* Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

*Second Car.* I think this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.

*First Car.* Like a tench! by the mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock. 20

*Second Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamberlie breeds fleas like a loach.

*First Car.* What, ostler! come away and be hanged, come away.

*Second Car.* I have a gammon of bacon and two races of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross. 28

*First Car.* God's body! the turkeys in my panner are quite starved. What, ostler! A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink to break the pate on thee, I am a very villain. Come, and be hanged! hast no faith in thee?

*Enter GADSHILL.*

*Gads.* Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

*First Car.* I think it be two o'clock.

*Gads.* I prithee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

*First Car.* Nay, by God, soft: I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith. 41

*Gads.* I prithee, lend me thine.

*Second Car.* Ay, when? canst tell? 'Lend me thy lantern,' quoth a'? marry, I'll see thee hanged first.

*Gads.* Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

*Second Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen: they will along with company, for they have great charge. *Exeunt Carriers.* 51

*Gads.* What, ho! chamberlain!

*Cham.* Within. 'At hand,' quoth pick-purse.

*Gads.* That's even as fair as 'at hand,' quoth the chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of purses than giving direction doth from labouring; thou layest the plot how. 57

*Enter Chamberlain.*

*Cham.* Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds current that I told you yesternight: there's a franklin in the wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already and call for eggs and butter: they will away presently. 66

*Gads.* Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

*Cham.* No, I'll none of it: I prithee, keep that for the hangman; for I know thou worshippest Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may. 72

*Gads.* What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang I'll make a fat pair of gallows; for if I hang old Sir John hangs with me, and thou knowest he's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which for sport sake are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mustachio purple-hued malt-worms; but with nobility and tranquillity, burgomasters and great oneyers; such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: and yet I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride up and down on her and make her their boots. 91

*Cham.* What! the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

*Gads.* She will, she will; justice hath liquored her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

*Cham.* Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible.

*Gads.* Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man. 101

*Cham.* Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

*Gads.* Go to; *homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Road by Gadshill.**Enter the PRINCE and POINS.*

*Poins.* Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

*Prince.* Stand close.

*Enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

*Prince.* Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal! What a brawling dost thou keep!

*Fal.* Where's Poins, Hal?

*Prince.* He is walked up to the top of the hill: I'll go seek him. 9

*Fal.* I am accursed to rob in that thief's company; the rascal hath removed my horse and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the square further afoot I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else: I have drunk medicines. Poins! Hal! a plague upon you both! Bardolph! Peto! I'll starve ere I'll rob a foot further. An't were not as good a deed as drink to turn true man and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me, and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon't when thieves cannot be true to one another! 29

*They whistle.*

Whew! a plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse and be hanged.

*Prince.* Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

*Fal.* Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood! I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus? 40

*Prince.* Thou liest: thou art not colted; thou art uncolted.

*Fal.* I prithee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

*Prince.* Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

*Fal.* Go, hang thyself in thine own heir apparent garters! If I be ta'en I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: when a jest is so forward, and afoot too! I hate it. 50

*Enter GADSHILL.*

*Gads.* Stand.

*Fal.* So I do, against my will.

*Poins.* O! 't is our setter: I know his voice.

*Enter BARDOLPH and PETO.*

*Bard.* What news?

*Gads.* Case ye, case ye; on with your vizards: there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 't is going to the king's exchequer.

*Fal.* You lie, ye rogue; 't is going to the king's tavern.

*Gads.* There's enough to make us all.

*Fal.* To be hanged.

*Prince.* Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter then they light on us.

*Peto.* How many be there of them?

*Gads.* Some eight or ten.

*Fal.* 'Zounds! will they not rob us?

*Prince.* What! a coward, Sir John Paunch? 69

*Fal.* Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

*Prince.* Well, we leave that to the proof.

*Poins.* Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge: when thou needest him there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

*Fal.* Now cannot I strike him if I should be hanged.

*Prince.* Ned, where are our disguises?

*Poins.* Here, hard by; stand close.

*Exeunt PRINCE and POINS.*

*Fal.* Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I; every man to his business. 81

*Enter Travellers.*

*First Trav.* Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill; we'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

*Thieves.* Stand!

*Travellers.* Jesu bless us!

*Fal.* Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

*Travellers.* O! we are undone, both we and ours for ever. 92

*Fal.* Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would your store were here! On, bacons, on! What!

ye knaves, young men must live. You are grand-jurors, are ye? we'll jure ye, i' faith.

*Here they rob them and bind them.*  
*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter the PRINCE and POINS.*

*Prince.* The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever. 102

*Poins.* Stand close; I hear them coming.

*Re-enter Thieves.*

*Fal.* Come, my masters; let us share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring; there's no more valour in that Poins than in a wild duck. 109

*Prince.* Your money!

*Poins.* Villains!

*As they are sharing, the PRINCE and POINS set upon them. They all run away, and FALSTAFF, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.*

*Prince.* Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

The thieves are scatter'd and possess'd with fear

So strongly that they dare not meet each other;

Each takes his fellow for an officer. 114

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death, And lards the lean earth as he walks along: Were 't not for laughing I should pity him.

*Poins.* How the rogue roar'd. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Warkworth. A Room in the Castle.

*Enter HOTSPUR, reading a letter.*

*But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.*

He could be contented; why is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house: he shows in this he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more.

*The purpose you undertake is dangerous;—*

why, that's certain: 't is dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. 10

*The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.*

Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is as good a plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good

plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my Lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. 'Zounds! an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not besides the Douglas? Have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month, and are they not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king and lay open all our proceedings. O! I could divide myself and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action. Hang him! let him tell the king; we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.

*Enter Lady PERCY.*

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two hours.

*Lady P.* O! my good lord, why are you thus alone? 40

For what offence have I this fortnight been A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed? Tell me, sweet lord, what is 't that takes from thee

Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?

Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,

And start so often when thou sitt'st alone? Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,

And given my treasures and my rights of thee

To thick-eyed musing and curs'd melancholy? 49

In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd, And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars, Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed,

Cry 'Courage! to the field!' And thou hast talk'd

Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents, Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets, Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin, Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain, And all the currents of a heady fight.

Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,

And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep, That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow. 61

Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream; And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,

Such as we see when men restrain their breath

On some great sudden hest. O! what portents are these?

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand, And I must know it, else he loves me not.

*Hot.* What, ho!

*Enter Servant.*

Is Gilliams with the packet gone?

*Serv.* He is, my lord, an hour ago.

*Hot.* Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff? 70

*Serv.* One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

*Hot.* What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

*Serv.* It is, my lord.

*Hot.* That roan shall be my throne. Well, I will back him straight: O *Esperance!* Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

*Exit Servant.*

*Lady P.* But hear you, my lord.

*Hot.* What say'st thou, my lady?

*Lady P.* What is it carries you away?

*Hot.* Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

*Lady P.* Out, you mad-headed ape! 80  
A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen

As you are toss'd with. In faith, I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.

I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir About his title, and hath sent for you

To line his enterprise. But if you go—  
*Hot.* So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

*Lady P.* Come, come, you paraquito, answer me

Directly unto this question that I ask. 89

In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry, An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

*Hot.* Away, Away, you trifler! Love! I love thee not, I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world

To play with mammetts and to tilt with lips:

We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,

And pass them current too. God's me, my horse!

What say'st thou, Kate? what would'st thou have with me?

*Lady P.* Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?

Well, do not then; for since you love me not, 100

I will not love myself. Do you not love me? Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.

*Hot.* Come, wilt thou see me ride? And when I am o' horseback, I will swear

I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate; I must not have you henceforth question me

Whither I go, nor reason whereabout. Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,

This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate. I know you wise; but yet no further wise

Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are, But yet a woman; and for secrecy, 102

No lady closer; for I well believe Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;

And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.  
*Lady P.* How! so far?

*Hot.* Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate;

Whither I go, thither shall you go too; To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.

Will this content you, Kate?  
*Lady P.* It must, of force. 120

*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.*

*Enter the PRINCE and POINS.*

*Prince.* Ned, prithee, come out of that fat room and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

*Poins.* Where hast been, Hal?

*Prince.* With three or four loggerheads amongst three or four score hogsheads. I have sounded the very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers, and can tell them all by their christen names, as Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, by the Lord, so they call me, and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dyeing scarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they cry 'hem!' and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinker, one that never spake other English in his life than 'Eight shillings and sixpence,' and 'You are welcome'; with this shrill addition, 'Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon,' or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I prithee do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling 'Francis!' that his tale to me may be nothing but 'Anon.' Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent.

*Poins.* Francis!

*Prince.* Thou art perfect.

*Poins.* Francis!

*Exit.* 40

*Enter FRANCIS.*

*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir. Look down into the Pomgarnet, Ralph.

*Prince.* Come hither, Francis.

*Fran.* My lord?

*Prince.* How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

*Fran.* Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

*Poins.* Within. Francis!

*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir. 49

*Prince.* Five years! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?

*Fran.* O Lord, sir! I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart—

*Poins.* Within. Francis!

*Fran.* Anon, sir.

*Prince.* How old art thou, Francis? 60

*Fran.* Let me see—about Michaelmas next I shall be—

*Poins.* Within. Francis!

*Fran.* Anon, sir. Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

*Prince.* Nay, but hark you, Francis. For the sugar thou gavest me, 't was a pennyworth, was 't not?

*Fran.* O Lord, sir! I would it had been two.

*Prince.* I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt and thou shalt have it. 70

*Poins.* Within. Francis!

*Fran.* Anon, anon.

*Prince.* Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, o' Thursday; or, indeed Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis!

*Fran.* My lord?

*Prince.* Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, crystal-button, knot-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,— 80

*Fran.* O Lord, sir, who do you mean?

*Prince.* Why then, your brown bastard is your only drink; for look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully. In Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

*Fran.* What, sir?

*Poins.* Within. Francis!

*Prince.* Away, you rogue! Dost thou not hear them call? 89

*Here they both call him; the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*

*Enter Vintner.*

*Vint.* What! standest thou still, and hearest such a calling? Look to the guests within. *Exit FRANCIS.*

My lord, old Sir John, with half-a-dozen more, are at the door: shall I let them in?

*Prince.* Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. *Exit Vintner.*

*Poins!*

*Re-enter POINS.*

*Poins.* Anon, anon, sir.

*Prince.* Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door: shall we be merry?

*Poins.* As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue? 103

*Prince.* I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours since the old days of Goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.

*Re-enter FRANCIS.*

What's o'clock, Francis?

*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir. *Exit.* 109

*Prince.* That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is up-stairs and down-stairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind,

the Hotspur of the North; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife 'Tie upon this quiet life! I want work.' 'O my sweet Harry,' says she, 'how many hast thou killed to-day?' 'Give my roan horse a drench,' says he, and answers 'Some fourteen,' an hour after; 'a trifle, a trifle.' I prithee, call in Falstaff: I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. 'Rivo!' says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow. 125

*Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, PETO, and FRANCIS.*

*Poins.* Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

*Fal.* A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen! Give me a cup of sack, boy. Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant? *He drinks.* 132

*Prince.* Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter, pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun? if thou didst, then behold that compound.

*Fal.* You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villanous coward! Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt. If manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unchanged in England, and one of them is fat and grows old; God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

*Prince.* How now, wool-sack! what mutterest thou? 149

*Fal.* A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

*Prince.* Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

*Fal.* Are you not a coward? answer me to that; and Poins there?

*Poins.* 'Zounds! ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee. 169

*Fal.* I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders; you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue if I drunk to-day. 169

*Prince.* O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkest last.

*Fal.* All's one for that. *He drinks.* A plague of all cowards, still say I.

*Prince.* What's the matter?

*Fal.* What's the matter! there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

*Prince.* Where is it, Jack? where is it?

*Fal.* Where is it! taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us. 180

*Prince.* What! a hundred, man?

*Fal.* I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw: *ecce signum!* I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness. 191

*Prince.* Speak, sirs; how was it?

*Gads.* We four set upon some dozen,—

*Fal.* Sixteen, at least, my lord.

*Gads.* And bound them.

*Peto.* No, no, they were not bound.

*Fal.* You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

*Gads.* As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,— 200

*Fal.* And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

*Prince.* What! fought you with them all?

*Fal.* All! I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

*Prince.* Pray God you have not murdered some of them. 210

*Fal.* Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them: two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

*Prince.* What! four? thou said'st but two even now.

*Fal.* Four, Hal; I told thee four. 220

*Poins.* Ay, ay, he said four.

*Fal.* These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

*Prince.* Seven? why, there were but four even now.

*Fal.* In buckram?

*Poins.* Ay, four, in buckram suits.

*Fal.* Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else. 230

*Prince.* Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

*Fal.* Dost thou hear me, Hal?

*Prince.* Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

*Fal.* Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of,—

*Prince.* So, two more already.

*Fal.* Their points being broken,—

*Poins.* Down fell their hose. 239

*Fal.* Began to give me ground; but I fol-

lowed me close, came in foot and hand, and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

*Prince.* O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two.

*Fal.* But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal-green came at my back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand. 248

*Prince.* These lies are like their father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-ketch,—

*Fal.* What! art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

*Prince.* Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendal-green, when it was so dark thou could'st not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this? 259

*Poins.* Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

*Fal.* What! upon compulsion? 'Zounds! an I were at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

*Prince.* I'll be no longer guilty of this sin: this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh;— 269

*Fal.* 'Sblood, you starveling, you eel-skin, you dried neat's-tongue, you bull's-pizzle, you stock-fish! O! for breath to utter what is like thee; you tailor's-yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck;—

*Prince.* Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

*Poins.* Mark, Jack. 278

*Prince.* We two saw you four set on four and bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four, and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house. And, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

*Poins.* Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now? 294

*Fal.* By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear you, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct: the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter, I was a coward on instinct. I shall think

the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors: watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What! shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

*Prince.* Content; and the argument shall be thy running away. 311

*Fal.* Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

*Enter Mistress QUICKLY.*

*Quick.* O Jesu! My lord the prince!

*Prince.* How now, my lady the hostess! what sayest thou to me?

*Quick.* Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you: he says he comes from your father.

*Prince.* Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother. 322

*Fal.* What manner of man is he?

*Quick.* An old man.

*Fal.* What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his answer?

*Prince.* Prithce, do, Jack.

*Fal.* Faith, and I'll send him packing. *Exit.*

*Prince.* Now, sirs: by'r lady, you fought fair; so did you, Peto; so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince, no; fie! 332

*Bard.* Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

*Prince.* Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

*Peto.* Why, he hacked it with his dagger, and said he would swear truth out of England but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like. 338

*Bard.* Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed, and then to beslobber our garments with it and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before; I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

*Prince.* O villain! thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rankest away. What instinct hadst thou for it? 350

*Bard.* My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

*Prince.* I do.

*Bard.* What think you they portend?

*Prince.* Hot livers and cold purses.

*Bard.* Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

*Prince.* No, if rightly taken, halter.

*Re-enter FALSTAFF*

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast! How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee? 361

*Fal.* My own knee! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring. A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father: you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy, and he of Wales, that gave Amamon the bastinado and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook—what a plague call you him? 373

*Poins.* O! Glendower.

*Fal.* Owen, Owen; the same; and his son-in-law Mortimer, and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular.

*Prince.* He that rides at high speed and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

*Fal.* You have hit it.

*Prince.* So did he never the sparrow. 380

*Fal.* Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

*Prince.* Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running!

*Fal.* O' horseback, ye cuckoo! but afoot he will not budge a foot.

*Prince.* Yes, Jack, upon instinct. 389

*Fal.* I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more. Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news; you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

*Prince.* Why then, it is like, if there come a hot June and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hobnails, by the hundreds. 399

*Fal.* By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like we shall have good trading that way. But tell me, Hal, art thou not horrible afraid? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

*Prince.* Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

*Fal.* Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer. 412

*Prince.* Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

*Fal.* Shall I? content: this chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

*Prince.* Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown! 420

*Fal.* Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. Give me a cup of sack to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept: for

I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyases' vein.

*Prince.* Well, here is my leg.

*Fal.* And here is my speech. Stand aside, nobility.

*Quick.* O Jesu! this is excellent sport, i' faith.

*Fal.* Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain. 431

*Quick.* O, the father! how he holds his countenance.

*Fal.* For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen,

For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

*Quick.* O Jesu! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see. 437

*Fal.* Peace, good pint-pot! peace, good tickle-brain! Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly a villainous trick of thine eye and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point; why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest; for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink but in tears, not in pleasure but in passion, not in words only, but in woes also. And yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name. 481

*Prince.* What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

*Fal.* A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by 'r lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month? 475

*Prince.* Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

*Fal.* Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poultier's hare. 481

*Prince.* Well, here I am set.

*Fal.* And here I stand. Judge, my masters.

*Prince.* Now, Harry! whence come you?

*Fal.* My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

*Prince.* The complaints I hear of thee are grievous. 487

*Fal.* 'Sblood, my lord, they are false: nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

*Prince.* Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of an old fat man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning but in craft? wherein crafty but in villany? wherein villanous but in all things? wherein worthy but in nothing? 505

*Fal.* I would your grace would take me with you: whom means your grace?

*Prince.* That villanous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

*Fal.* My lord, the man I know. 510

*Prince.* I know thou dost.

*Fal.* But to say I know more harm in him than in myself were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it: but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company: banish plump Jack, and banish all the world. 527

*Prince.* I do, I will. *A knocking heard.*

*Exeunt* Mistress QUICKLY, FRANCIS, and BARDOLPH.

*Re-enter* BARDOLPH, running.

*Bard.* O! my lord, my lord, the sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door. 530

*Fal.* Out, ye rogue! Play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

*Re-enter* Mistress QUICKLY.

*Quick.* O Jesu! my lord, my lord!

*Prince.* Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick: what's the matter?

*Quick.* The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad without seeming so. 541

*Prince.* And thou a natural coward without instinct.

*Fal.* I deny your major. If you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

*Prince.* Go, hide thee behind the arras: the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience. 551

*Fal.* Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

*Prince.* Call in the sheriff.

*Exeunt* all but the PRINCE and PETO.

*Enter* Sheriff and Carrier.

Now, Master sheriff, what's your will with me?

*Sher.* First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry

Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

*Prince.* What men?

*Sher.* One of them is well known, my gracious lord;

A gross fat man.

*Car.* As fat as butter. 560

*Prince.* The man, I do assure you, is not here,

For I myself at this time have employ'd him.

And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee,

That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,

Send him to answer thee, or any man,

For any thing he shall be charg'd withal:

And so let me entreat you leave the house.

*Sher.* I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen

Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

*Prince.* It may be so: if he have robb'd these men, 570

He shall be answerable; and so farewell.

*Sher.* Good night, my noble lord.

*Prince.* I think it is good morrow, is it not?

*Sher.* Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock. *Exeunt* Sheriff and Carrier.

*Prince.* This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth.

*Peto.* Falstaff! Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

*Prince.* Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets.

*He searcheth his pockets, and findeth certain papers.*

What hast thou found? 582

*Peto.* Nothing but papers, my lord.

*Prince.* Let's see what they be: read them.

*Peto.* Item, A capon . . . 2s. 2d.

Item, Sauce . . . 4d.

Item, Sack, two gal-

lons . . . 5s. 8d.

Item, Anchovies and

sack after supper . 2s. 6d.

Item, Bread . . . ob. 590

*Prince.* O monstrous! but one half-penny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage. There let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning. We must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and I know his death will be a march of twelvescore. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so, good morrow, Peto. 601

*Peto.* Good morrow, good my lord.

*Exeunt.*

### ACT III

SCENE I.—*Bangor. A Room in the Archdeacon's House.*

*Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, and GLENDOWER.*

*Mort.* These promises are fair, the parties sure,

And our induction full of prosperous hope.

*Hot.* Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,

Will you sit down?

And uncle Worcester: a plague upon it! I have forgot the map.

*Glend.* No, here it is.  
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur;  
For by that name as oft as Lancaster  
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale and with

A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven. 10

*Hot.* And you in hell, as oft as he hears  
Owen Glendower spoke of.

*Glend.* I cannot blame him: at my nativity

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,  
Of burning cressets; and at my birth

The frame and huge foundation of the earth

Shak'd like a coward.

*Hot.* Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mother's cat had but kittened, though yourself had never been born. 20

*Glend.* I say the earth did shake when I was born.

*Hot.* And I say the earth was not of my mind,

If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

*Glend.* The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

*Hot.* O! then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,

And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth  
In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth

Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd  
By the imprisoning of unruly wind 30

Within her womb; which, for enlargement  
striving,

Shakes the old beldam earth, and topples  
down

Steeple and moss-grown towers. At your birth

Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,

In passion shook.

*Glend.* Cousin, of many men  
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave

To tell you once again that at my birth  
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,  
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds

Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields. 40

These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;  
And all the courses of my life do show

I am not in the roll of common men.

Where is he living, clipp'd in with the sea  
That chides the banks of England, Scotland,  
Wales,

Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?  
And bring him out that is but woman's son  
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art  
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

*Hot.* I think there's no man speaks better  
Welsh. 50

I'll to dinner.

*Mort.* Peace, cousin Percy! you will  
make him mad.

*Glend.* I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

*Hot.* Why, so can I, or so can any man;  
But will they come when you do call for them?

*Glend.* Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command

The devil.

*Hot.* And I can teach thee, coz, to shame  
the devil

By telling truth: tell truth and shame the devil.

If thou have power to raise him, bring him  
hither. 60

And I'll be sworn I have power to shame  
him hence.

O! while you live, tell truth and shame the devil.

*Mort.* Come, come;

No more of this unprofitable chat.

*Glend.* Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head

Against my power; thrice from the banks of  
Wye

And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent him  
Bootless home and weather-beaten back.

*Hot.* Home without boots, and in foul  
weather too!

How'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

*Glend.* Come, here's the map: shall we  
divide our right 70

According to our threefold order ta'en?

*Mort.* The archdeacon hath divided it  
Into three limits very equally.

England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,

By south and east, is to my part assign'd:  
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn

shore,

And all the fertile land within that bound,  
To Owen Glendower: and, dear coz, to you

The remnant northward, lying off from  
Trent. 80

And our indentures tripartite are drawn,  
Which being sealed interchangeably,  
A business that this night may execute,  
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you and I  
And my good Lord of Worcester will set  
forth

To meet your father and the Scottish power,  
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.  
My father Glendower is not ready yet,  
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen  
days.

Within that space you may have drawn to-  
gether

Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring  
gentlemen. 91

*Glend.* A shorter time shall send me to  
you, lords;

And in my conduct shall your ladies come,  
From whom you now must steal and take no  
leave;

For there will be a world of water shed  
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

*Hot.* Methinks my moiety, north from  
Burton here,

In quantity equals not one of yours:  
See how this river comes me cranking in,  
And cuts me from the best of all my land  
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.  
I'll have the current in this place damm'd  
up. 101

And here the smug and silver Trent shall  
run

In a new channel, fair and evenly:  
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,  
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

*Glend.* Not wind! it shall, it must; you  
see it doth.

*Mort.* Yea, but

Mark how he bears his course, and runs me  
up

With like advantage on the other side;  
Gelding the opposed continent as much 110  
As on the other side it takes from you.

*Wor.* Yea, but a little charge will trench  
him here,

And on this north side win this cape of land;  
And then he runs straight and even.

*Hot.* I'll have it so; a little charge will  
do it.

*Glend.* I will not have it alter'd.

*Hot.* Will not you?

*Glend.* No, nor you shall not.

*Hot.* Who shall say me nay?

*Glend.* Why, that will I.

*Hot.* Let me not understand you then:  
Speak it in Welsh. 120

*Glend.* I can speak English, lord, as well  
as you,

For I was train'd up in the English court;  
Where, being but young, I framed to the  
harp

Many an English ditty lovely well,  
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament;  
A virtue that was never seen in you.

*Hot.* Marry, and I'm glad of it with all  
my heart.

I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew  
Than one of these same metre ballad-mon-  
gers; 130

I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,  
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;  
And that would set my teeth nothing on  
edge,

Nothing so much as mincing poetry:

'T is like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.  
*Glend.* Come, you shall have Trent  
turn'd.

*Hot.* I do not care: I'll give thrice so  
much land

To any well-deserving friend;  
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,  
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair. 140  
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be  
gone?

*Glend.* The moon shines fair, you may  
away by night:

I'll haste the writer and withal  
Break with your wives of your departure  
hence:

I am afraid my daughter will run mad,  
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. *Exit.*

*Mort.* Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross  
my father!

*Hot.* I cannot choose: sometime he  
angers me

With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,  
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,  
And of a dragon, and a finless fish, 151  
A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulten raven,  
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,  
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff  
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what;  
He held me last night at least nine hours  
In reckoning up the several devils' names  
That were his lackeys: I cried 'hum,' and  
'well, go to.'

But mark'd him not a word. O! he's as  
tedious

As a tired horse, a railing wife; 160  
Worse than a smoky house. I had rather  
live

With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,  
Than feed on cates and have him talk to me  
In any summer-house in Christendom.

*Mort.* In faith, he is a worthy gentleman,  
Exceedingly well read, and profited  
In strange concealments, valiant as a lion  
And wondrous affable, and as bountiful  
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?  
He holds your temper in a high respect, 170  
And curbs himself even of his natural scope  
When you do cross his humour; faith, he  
does.

I warrant you, that man is not alive  
Might so have tempted him as you have  
done,

Without the taste of danger and reproof:  
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

*Wor.* In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-  
blame;

And since your coming hither have done  
enough

To put him quite beside his patience.  
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this  
fault; 180

Though sometimes it show greatness,  
courage, blood,  
And that's the dearest grace it renders you

Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,  
Defect of manners, want of government,  
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain:  
The least of which haunting a nobleman  
Loseth men's hearts and leaves behind a  
    stain  
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,  
Beguiling them of commendation.  
    *Hot.* Well, I am school'd; good manners  
    be your speed! 190  
Here come our wives, and let us take our  
    leave.

*Re-enter GLENDOWER with the Ladies.*  
    *Mort.* This is the deadly spite that angers  
    me;  
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.  
    *Glend.* My daughter weeps; she will not  
    part with you:  
She 'll be a soldier too: she 'll to the wars.  
    *Mort.* Good father, tell her that she and  
    my aunt Percy  
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

*GLENDOWER speaks to her in Welsh,  
    and she answers him in the same.*  
    *Glend.* She is desperate here; a peevish  
self-willed harlotry, one that no persuasion  
can do good upon. 200  
    *She speaks to MORTIMER in Welsh.*  
    *Mort.* I understand thy looks: that  
    pretty Welsh  
Which thou down pourest from these swell-  
    ing heavens  
I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,  
In such a parley should I answer thee.

*She speaks again.*  
I understand thy kisses and thou mine,  
And that 's a feeling disputation:  
But I will never be a truant, love,  
Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy  
    tongue  
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly  
    penn'd,  
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,  
With ravishing division, to her lute. 211  
    *Glend.* Nay, if you melt, then will she run  
    mad.      *She speaks again.*  
    *Mort.* O! I am ignorance itself in this.  
    *Glend.* She bids you on the wanton  
    rushes lay you down  
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,  
And she will sing the song that pleaseth  
    you,  
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,  
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness,  
Making such difference 'twixt wake and  
    sleep  
As is the difference betwixt day and night  
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd  
    team 221  
Begins his golden progress in the east.  
    *Mort.* With all my heart I 'll sit and hear  
    her sing:  
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.  
    *Glend.* Do so;  
And those musicians that shall play to you  
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from  
    hence,

And straight they shall be here: sit, and  
    attend.  
    *Hot.* Come, Kate, thou art perfect in  
lying down: come, quick, quick, that I may  
lay my head in thy lap. 231  
    *Lady P.* Go, ye giddy goose.

*The music plays.*  
    *Hot.* Now I perceive the devil under-  
    stands Welsh;  
And 't is no marvel he is so humorous.  
By 'r lady, he 's a good musician.  
    *Lady P.* Then should you be nothing but  
musical, for you are altogether governed by  
humours. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the  
lady sing in Welsh.

*Hot.* I had rather hear Lady, my brach,  
howl in Irish. 241  
    *Lady P.* Would'st have thy head broken?  
    *Hot.* No.  
    *Lady P.* Then be still.  
    *Hot.* Neither; 't is a woman's fault.  
    *Lady P.* Now God help thee!  
    *Hot.* To the Welsh lady's bed.  
    *Lady P.* What's that?  
    *Hot.* Peace! she sings.

*A Welsh song sung by Lady MORTIMER.*  
    *Hot.* Come, Kate, I 'll have your song too.  
    *Lady P.* Not mine, in good sooth. 251  
    *Hot.* Not yours, 'in good sooth!' Heart!  
you swear like a comfit-maker's wife. Not  
you, 'in good sooth'; and 'as true as I live';  
and 'as God shall mend me'; and 'as sure  
as day';  
And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy  
    oaths,  
As if thou never walk'dst further than Fins-  
    bury.  
Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,  
A good mouth-filling oath; and leave 'in  
    sooth,'  
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread, 260  
To velvet-guards and Sunday-citizens.  
Come, sing.

*Lady P.* I will not sing.  
    *Hot.* 'Tis the next way to turn tailor or be  
red-breast teacher. An the indentures be  
drawn, I 'll away within these two hours;  
and so come in when ye will.      *Exit.*  
    *Glend.* Come, come, Lord Mortimer;  
    you are as slow  
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.  
By this our book is drawn; we will but  
    seal,  
And then to horse immediately. 271  
    *Mort.* With all my heart.      *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—London. A Room in the  
    Palace.

*Enter King HENRY, the PRINCE, and Lords.*  
    *K. Hen.* Lords, give us leave; the Prince  
of Wales and I  
Must have some private conference: but be  
    near at hand,  
For we shall presently have need of you.  
    *Exeunt Lords.*  
I know not whether God will have it so,  
For some displeasing service I have done,  
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood

He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;

But thou dost in thy passages of life  
Make me believe that thou art only mark'd  
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven 10

To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,  
Could such inordinate and low desires,  
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,

Such barren pleasures, rude society,  
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,  
Accompany the greatness of thy blood  
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

*Prince.* So please your majesty, I would I could

Quit all offences with as clear excuse  
As well as I am doubtless I can purge 20  
Myself of many I am charg'd withal:  
Yet such extenuation let me beg,  
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,  
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,

By smiling pick-thanks and base news-mongers,

I may, for some things true, wherein my youth

Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,  
Find pardon on my true submission.

*K. Hen.* God pardon thee! yet let me wonder, Harry,

At thy affections, which do hold a wing 30  
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.  
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,  
Which by thy younger brother is supplied,  
And art almost an alien to the hearts  
Of all the court and princes of my blood.  
The hope and expectation of thy time  
Is ruin'd, and the soul of every man  
Prophetically does forethink thy fall.

Had I so lavish of my presence been,  
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men, 40  
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,  
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,  
Had still kept loyal to possession  
And left me in reputeless banishment,  
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.  
By being seldom seen, I could not stir  
But like a comet I was wonder'd at;  
That men would tell their children 'This is he';

Others would say 'Where? which is Bolingbroke?'

And then I stole all courtesy from heaven, 50  
And dress'd myself in such humility  
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,

Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,

Even in the presence of the crowned king.  
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;  
My presence, like a robe pontifical,  
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,

Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast,  
And won by rareness such solemnity.  
The skipping king, he ambled up and down 60

With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits,

Soon kindled and soon burnt; carded his state,

Mingled his royalty with capering fools,  
Had his great name profaned with their scorns,

And gave his countenance, against his name,  
To laugh at gibing boys and stand the push  
Of every beardless vain comparative;  
Grew a companion to the common streets,  
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity;  
That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes, 70  
They surfeited with honey and began  
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little

More than a little is by much too much.  
So when he had occasion to be seen,  
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,  
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes

As, sick and blunted with community,  
Afford no extraordinary gaze,  
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty  
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes; 80  
But rather drows'd and hung their eyelids down,

Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect  
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,  
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.

And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou;  
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege  
With vile participation: not an eye  
But is aware of thy common sight,  
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more;

Which now doth that I would not have it do, 90

Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

*Prince.* I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,  
Be more myself.

*K. Hen.* For all the world  
As thou art to this hour was Richard then  
When I from France set foot at Ravens-purgh;

And even as I was then is Percy now.  
Now, by my sceptre and my soul to boot,  
He hath more worthy interest to the state  
Than thou the shadow of succession;  
For of no right, nor colour like to right, 100  
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,  
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws,  
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,

Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on  
To bloody battles and to bruising arms.

What never-dying honour hath he got  
Against renowned Douglas! whose high deeds,

Whose hot incursions and great name in arms

Holds from all soldiers chief majority,  
And military title capital, 110  
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ.

Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing clothes,

This infant warrior, in his enterprises  
Discomfited great Douglas; ta'en him once,

Enlarged him and made a friend of him,  
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up  
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.

And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,

The Archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,

Capitulate against us and are up. 120

But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?

Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,

Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?

Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,

Base inclination, and the start of spleen,

To fight against me under Percy's pay,

To dog his heels and court'sy at his frowns,

To show how much thou art degenerate.

Prince. Do not think so; you shall not find it so:

And God forgive them that so much have sway'd 130

Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!

I will redeem all this on Percy's head,

And in the closing of some glorious day

Be bold to tell you that I am your son;

When I will wear a garment all of blood

And stain my favours in a bloody mask,

Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it:

And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,

That this same child of honour and renown,

This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight, 140

And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.

For every honour sitting on his helm,

Would they were multitudes, and on my head

My shames redoubled! for the time will come

That I shall make this northern youth exchange

His glorious deeds for my indignities.

Percy is but my factor, good my lord,

To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;

And I will call him to so strict account

That he shall render every glory up, 150

Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,

Or I will wear the reckoning from his heart.

This, in the name of God, I promise here:

The which if he be pleas'd I shall perform,

I do beseech your majesty may save

The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:

If not, the end of life cancels all bands,

And I will die a hundred thousand deaths

Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Hen. A hundred thousand rebels die in this:

Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein. 161

Enter BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt! thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to speak of.

Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word  
That Douglas and the English rebels met  
The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury.  
A mighty and a fearful head they are,  
If promises be kept on every hand,  
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

K. Hen. The Earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day, 170

With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster;

For this advertisement is five days old.

On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward;

On Thursday we ourselves will march: our meeting

Is Bridgenorth; and, Harry, you shall march

Through Gloucestershire; by which account,

Our business valued, some twelve days hence

Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.

Our hands are full of business: let's away;  
Advantage feeds him fat while men delay. 180

Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.*

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am withered like an old apple-john. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse: the inside of a church! Company, villanous company, hath been the spoil of me. 11

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it: come, sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough: swore little; diced not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrowed, three or four times; lived well and in good compass; and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass, out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop, but 't is in the nose of thee: thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp. 30

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a Death's-head or a memento mori. I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire and Dives

that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, 'By this fire, that's God's angel.' But thou art altogether given over, and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rankest up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus* or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O! thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light. Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern; but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire any time this two-and-thirty years; God reward me for it! 55

*Bard.* 'Sblood! I would my face were in your belly.

*Fal.* God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

*Enter Mistress QUICKLY.*

How now, Dame Partlet the hen! have you inquired yet who picked my pocket? 61

*Quick.* Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

*Fal.* Yellie, hostess; Bardolph was shaved and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn my pocket was picked. Go to, you are a woman; go. 70

*Quick.* Who, I? No; I defy thee: God's light! I was never called so in mine own house before.

*Fal.* Go to, I know you well enough.

*Quick.* No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John: I know you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

*Fal.* Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them. 81

*Quick.* Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four-and-twenty pound.

*Fal.* He had his part of it; let him pay.

*Quick.* He! alas! he is poor: he hath nothing.

*Fal.* How! poor? look upon his face; what call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks. I'll not pay a denier. What! will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

*Quick.* O Jesu! I have heard the prince

tell him, I knew not how oft, that that ring was copper.

*Fal.* How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup; 'sblood! an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so. 100

*Enter the PRINCE and POINS, marching.*  
*FALSTAFF meets them, playing on his truncheon like a fife.*

How now, lad! is the wind in that door, i' faith? must we all march?

*Bard.* Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

*Quick.* My lord, I pray you, hear me.

*Prince.* What sayest thou, Mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

*Quick.* Good my lord, hear me.

*Fal.* Prithee, let her alone, and list to me.

*Prince.* What sayest thou, Jack? 111

*Fal.* The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house; they pick pockets.

*Prince.* What didst thou lose, Jack?

*Fal.* Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

*Prince.* A trifle; some eight-penny matter. 119

*Quick.* So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your grace say so: and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is, and said he would cudgel you.

*Prince.* What! he did not?

*Quick.* There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

*Fal.* There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, Maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go. 131

*Quick.* Say, what thing? what thing?

*Fal.* What thing! why, a thing to thank God on.

*Quick.* I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou should'st know it; I am an honest man's wife; and, setting thy knight-hood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

*Fal.* Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise. 140

*Quick.* Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

*Fal.* What beast! why, an otter.

*Prince.* An otter, Sir John! why an otter?

*Fal.* Why, she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

*Quick.* Thou art an unjust man in saying so: thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

*Prince.* Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly. 150

*Quick.* So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day you ought him a thousand pound.

*Prince.* Sirrah! do I owe you a thousand pound?

*Fal.* A thousand pound, Hal! a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

*Quick.* Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

*Fal.* Did I, Bardolph? 160

*Bard.* Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

*Fal.* Yea; if he said my ring was copper.

*Prince.* I say 'tis copper: darest thou be as good as thy word now?

*Fal.* Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare; but as thou art a prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

*Prince.* And why not as the lion?

*Fal.* The king himself is to be feared as the lion: dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle break! 171

*Prince.* O! if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees. But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty in this bosom of thine; it is all filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whore-son, impudent, embossed rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor pennyworth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket up wrong. Art thou not ashamed? 184

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest in the state of innocence Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villany? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess then, you picked my pocket? 190

*Prince.* It appears so by the story.

*Fal.* Hostess, I forgive thee. Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacified. Still! Nay, prithee, be gone. *Exit Mistress QUICKLY.*

Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad, how is that answered?

*Prince.* O! my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee: the money is paid back again. 223

*Fal.* O! I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labour.

*Prince.* I am good friends with my father and may do any thing.

*Fal.* Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou dost, and do it with unwashed hands too.

*Bard.* Do, my lord.

*Prince.* I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot. 209

*Fal.* I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O! for a fine thief, of the age of two-and-twenty or thereabouts; I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels; they offend none but the virtuous: I laud them, I praise them.

*Prince.* Bardolph!

*Bard.* My lord?

*Prince.* Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster,

To my brother John; this to my Lord of Westmoreland.

Go, Poins, to horse, to horse! for thou and I have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner-time.

Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple-hall

At two o'clock in the afternoon: 224

There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receive

Money and order for their furniture.

The land is burning; Percy stands on high; And either we or they must lower lie.

*Exeunt the PRINCE, POINS, and BARDOLPH.*

*Fal.* Rare words! brave world! Hostess, my breakfast; come!

O! I could wish this tavern were my drum. *Exit.*

## ACT IV

SCENE I.—*The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.*

*Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, and DOUGLAS.*

*Hot.* Well said, my noble Scot: if speaking truth

In this fine age were not thought flattery, Such attribution should the Douglas have, As not a soldier of this season's stamp Should go so general current through the world.

By God, I cannot flatter; I defy The tongues of soothers; but a braver place In my heart's love hath no man than yourself.

Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.

*Doug.* Thou art the king of honour: 10 No man so potent breathes upon the ground But I will beard him.

*Hot.* Do so, and 'tis well.

*Enter a Messenger, with Letters.*

What letters hast thou there? I can but thank you.

*Mess.* These letters come from your father.

*Hot.* Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

*Mess.* He cannot come, my lord: he's grievous sick.

*Hot.* 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick

In such a justling time? Who leads his power?

Under whose government come they along?

*Mess.* His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord. 20

*Wor.* I prithee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

*Mess.* He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;

And at the time of my departure thence He was much fear'd by his physicians.

*Wor.* I would the state of time had first been whole

Ere he by sickness had been visited:

His health was never better worth than now.

*Hot.* Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect

The very life-blood of our enterprise;

'Tis catching hither, even to our camp. 30

He writes me here, that inward sickness—

And that his friends by deputation could not

So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet

To lay so dangerous and dear a trust

On any soul remov'd but on his own.

Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,

That with our small conjunction we should on,

To see how fortune is dispos'd to us;

For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,

Because the king is certainly possess'd 40

Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

*Wor.* Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

*Hot.* A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off;

And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want Seems more than we should find it. Were it good

To set the exact wealth of all our states

All at one cast? to set so rich a main

On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?

It were not good; for therein should we read

The very bottom and the soul of hope, 50

The very list, the very utmost bound

Of all our fortunes.

*Doug.* Faith, and so we should;

Where now remains a sweet reversion:

We may boldly spend upon the hope of what is to come in:

A comfort of retirement lives in this.

*Hot.* A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,

If that the devil and mischance look big

Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

*Wor.* But yet, I would your father had been here. 60

The quality and hair of our attempt

Brooks no division. It will be thought

By some that know not why he is away,

That wisdom, loyalty and mere dislike

Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence.

And think how such an apprehension

May turn the tide of fearful faction

And breed a kind of question in our cause;

For well you know we of the offering side

Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement, 70

And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence

The eye of reason may pry in upon us:

This absence of your father's draws a curtain,

That shows the ignorant a kind of fear

Before not dreamt of.

*Hot.* You strain too far.

I rather of his absence make this use:

It lends a lustre and more great opinion,

A larger dare to our great enterprise,

Than if the earl were here; for men must think,

If we without his help can make a head 80

To push against a kingdom, with his help

We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.

Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

*Doug.* As heart can think: there is not such a word

Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

*Enter Sir RICHARD VERNON.*

*Hot.* My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.

*Ver.* Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.

The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,

Is marching hitherwards; with him Prince John.

*Hot.* No harm: what more?

*Ver.* And further, I have learn'd,

The king himself in person is set forth, 90

Or hitherwards intended speedily,

With strong and mighty preparation.

*Hot.* He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,

The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,

And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,

And bid it pass?

*Ver.* All furnish'd, all in arms,

All plum'd like estridges that wing the wind,

Baited like eagles having lately bath'd,

Glittering in golden coats, like images, 100

As full of spirit as the month of May,

And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;

Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.

I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,

His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,

Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,

And vaulted with such ease into his seat,

As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,

To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus

And witch the world with noble horseman-ship. 110

*Hot.* No more, no more: worse than the sun in March

This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;

They come like sacrifices in their trim,

And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war

All hot and bleeding will we offer them:

The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit

Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire

To hear this rich reprisal is so high

And yet not ours. Come, let me taste my horse,

Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt 120

Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales:

Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,

Meet and ne'er part till one drop down a corse.

O! that Glendower were come.

*Ver.* There is more news: I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,

He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

*Doug.* That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

*Wor.* Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

*Hot.* What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

*Ver.* To thirty thousand.

*Hot.* Forty let it be: 130

My father and Glendower being both away. The powers of us may serve so great a day. Come, let us take a muster speedily:

Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

*Doug.* Talk not of dying: I am out of fear Of death or death's hand for this one half year.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A public Road near Coventry.

*Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*

*Fal.* Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton Co'fil' to-night.

*Bard.* Will you give me money, captain?

*Fal.* Lay out, lay out.

*Bard.* This bottle makes an angel.

*Fal.* An if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

*Bard.* I will, captain: farewell. *Exit.*

*Fal.* If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons; inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the banns; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts-and-butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded unjust servingmen, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters and ostlers trade-fallen, the cankers of a calm world and a long peace; ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I have a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat: nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together and

thrown over the shoulders like an herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Alban's, or the red-nose innkeeper of Daventry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

*Enter the PRINCE and WESTMORELAND.*

*Prince.* How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!

*Fal.* What, Hal! how now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy: I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

*West.* Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all: we must away all to-night.

*Fal.* Tut, never fear me: I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

*Prince.* I think to steal cream indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?

*Fal.* Mine, Hal, mine.

*Prince.* I did never see such pitiful rascals.

*Fal.* Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

*West.* Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

*Fal.* Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me.

*Prince.* No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field.

*Fal.* What! is the king encamped?

*West.* He is, Sir John: I fear we shall stay too long.

*Fal.* Well.

To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast

Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.

*Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, and VERNON.*

*Hot.* We'll fight with him to-night.

*Wor.* It may not be.

*Doug.* You give him then advantage.

*Ver.* Not a whit.

*Hot.* Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

*Ver.* So do we.

*Hot.* His is certain, ours is doubtful.

*Wor.* Good cousin, be advis'd: stir not to-night.

*Ver.* Do not, my lord.

*Doug.* You do not counsel well: You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

*Ver.* Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,

And I dare well maintain it with my life,  
If well-respected honour bid me on, 10  
I hold as little counsel with weak fear  
As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day  
lives:

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle  
Which of us fears.

*Doug.* Yea, or to-night.  
*Ver.* Content.

*Hot.* To-night, say I.

*Ver.* Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,

Being men of such great leading as you are,  
That you foresee not what impediments  
Drag back our expedition: certain horse  
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come  
up: 20

Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;

And now their pride and mettle is asleep,  
Their courage with hard labour tame and  
dull,

That not a horse is half the half of himself.  
*Hot.* So are the horses of the enemy

In general, journey-bated and brought low:  
The better part of ours are full of rest.

*Wor.* The number of the king exceedeth  
ours:

For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.  
*The trumpet sounds a parley.*

*Enter Sir WALTER BLUNT.*

*Blunt.* I come with gracious offers from  
the king, 30

If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

*Hot.* Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and  
would to God

You were of our determination!

Some of us love you well; and even those  
some

Envy your great deservings and good name,  
Because you are not of our quality,  
But stand against us like an enemy.

*Blunt.* And God defend but still I should  
stand so,

So long as out of limit and true rule  
You stand against anointed majesty. 40

But to my charge. The king hath sent to  
know

The nature of your griefs, and whereupon  
You conjure from the breast of civil peace  
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous  
land

Audacious cruelty. If that the king  
Have any way your good deserts forgot,  
Which he confesseth to be manifold,  
He bids you name your griefs; and with all  
speed

You shall have your desires with interest,  
And pardon absolute for yourself and these  
Herein misled by your suggestion. 51

*Hot.* The king is kind; and well we know  
the king

Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.  
My father and my uncle and myself  
Did give him that same royalty he wears;  
And when he was not six-and twenty-strong,  
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and  
low,

A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,  
My father gave him welcome to the shore;  
And when he heard him swear and vow to  
God 60

He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,  
To sue his livery and beg his peace,  
With tears of innocency and terms of zeal,  
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,  
Swore him assistance and perform'd it too.  
Now when the lords and barons of the  
realm

Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,  
The more and less came in with cap and  
knee;

Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,  
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes, 70  
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their  
oaths,

Gave him their heirs as pages, follow'd him  
Even at the heels in golden multitudes.  
He presently, as greatness knows itself,  
Steps me a little higher than his vow  
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,  
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh;  
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform  
Some certain edicts and some strait decrees  
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth, 80  
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep  
Over his country's wrongs; and by this face,  
This seeming brow of justice, did he win  
The hearts of all that he did angle for;  
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads  
Of all the favourites that the absent king  
In deputation left behind him here,  
When he was personal in the Irish war.

*Blunt.* Tut, I came not to hear this.

*Hot.* Then to the point.

In short time after, he despos'd the king; 90  
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;  
And in the neck of that, task'd the whole  
state;

To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman  
March—

Who is if every owner were well plac'd,  
Indeed his king—to be engag'd in Wales.  
There without ransom to lie forfeited;  
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories;  
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;  
Rated mine uncle from the council-board;  
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;  
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on  
wrong; 101

And in conclusion drove us to seek out  
This head of safety; and withal to pry  
Into his title, the which we find  
Too indirect for long continuance.

*Blunt.* Shall I return this answer to the  
king?

*Hot.* Not so, Sir Walter: we'll withdraw  
awhile.

Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd  
Some surety for a safe return again,  
And in the morning early shall my uncle 110  
Bring him our purposes; and so farewell.

*Blunt.* I would you would accept of grace  
and love.

*Hot.* And may be so we shall.

*Blunt.* Pray God, you do!  
*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*York. A Room in the Archbishop's Palace.*

*Enter the Archbishop of YORK and Sir MICHAEL.*

*Arch.* Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this sealed brief  
With winged haste to the lord marshal;  
This to my cousin Scroop, and all the rest  
To whom they are directed. If you knew  
How much they do import, you would make haste.

*Sir M.* My good lord,  
I guess their tenour.

*Arch.* Like enough you do.  
To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day  
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men  
Must bide the touch; for, sir, at Shrewsbury,

As I am truly given to understand,  
The king with mighty and quick-raised power

Meets with Lord Harry: and I fear, Sir Michael,  
What with the sickness of Northumberland,

Whose power was in the first proportion,  
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,

Who with them was a rated sinew too,  
And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies,

I fear the power of Percy is too weak  
To wage an instant trial with the king. 20

*Sir M.* Why, my good lord, you need not fear:

There is Douglas and Lord Mortimer.

*Arch.* No, Mortimer is not there.

*Sir M.* But there is Mordake, Vernon,  
Lord Harry Percy,

And there's my Lord of Worcester, and a head

Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

*Arch.* And so there is; but yet the king  
hath drawn

The special head of all the land together:  
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,

The noble Westmoreland, and war-like Blunt, 30

And many more corrivals and dear men  
Of estimation and command in arms.

*Sir M.* Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well oppos'd.

*Arch.* I hope no less, yet needful 't is to  
fear;

And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael,  
speed:

For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the  
king

Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,  
For he hath heard of our confederacy,

And 't is but wisdom to make strong against  
him:

Therefore make haste. I must go write  
again 40

To other friends: and so farewell, Sir  
Michael. *Exeunt.*

## ACT V

SCENE I.—*The King's Camp near Shrewsbury.*

*Enter King HENRY, the PRINCE, JOHN OF LANCASTER, Sir WALTER BLUNT, and Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.*

*K. Hen.* How bloodily the sun begins to  
peer

Above yon busky hill! the day looks pale  
At his distemperature.

*Prince.* The southern wind  
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,  
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves  
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

*K. Hen.* Then with the losers let it sympathize,

For nothing can seem foul to those that win.  
*Trumpet sounds.*

*Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.*

How now, my Lord of Worcester! 'tis not  
well

That you and I should meet upon such  
terms 10

As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our  
trust,

And made us doff our easy robes of peace,  
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:

This is not well, my lord; this is not well.  
What say you to it? will you again unknit

This churlish knot of all-abhorred war,  
And move in that obedient orb again

Where you did give a fair and natural light,  
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,

A prodigy of fear and a portent 20  
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

*Wor.* Hear me, my liege.

For mine own part, I could be well content  
To entertain the lag-end of my life

With quiet hours; for I do protest,  
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

*K. Hen.* You have not sought it! how  
comes it then?

*Fal.* Rebellion lay in his way, and he  
found it.

*Prince.* Peace, chewet, peace!

*Wor.* It pleas'd your majesty to turn your  
looks 30

Of favour from myself and all our house;  
And yet I must remember you, my lord,

We were the first and dearest of your  
friends.

For you my staff of office did I break  
In Richard's time; and posted day and night

To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,  
When yet you were in place and in account

Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.  
It was myself, my brother, and his son,

That brought you home and boldly did out-  
dare 40

The dangers of the time. You swore to us,  
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,

That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the  
state,

Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n  
right,

The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster.

To this we swore our aid: but in short space  
It rain'd down fortune showering on your  
head,

And such a flood of greatness fell on you,  
What with our help, what with the absent  
king,

What with the injuries of a wanton time, 50  
The seeming sufferances that you had  
borne,

And the contrarious winds that held the  
king

So long in his unlucky Irish wars,  
That all in England did repute him dead:  
And from this swarm of fair advantages

You took occasion to be quickly woo'd  
To gripe the general sway into your hand;  
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;

And being fed by us you us'd us so  
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird, 60

Useth the sparrow: did oppress our nest,  
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk

That even our love durst not come near your  
sight

For fear of swallowing; but with nimble  
wing

We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly  
Out of your sight and raise this present  
head;

Whereby we stand opposed by such means  
As you yourself have forc'd against yourself

By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,  
And violation of all faith and troth 70

Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

*K. Hen.* These things indeed you have  
articulate,

Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in  
churches,

To face the garment of rebellion  
With some fine colour that may please the  
eye

Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,  
Which gape and rub the elbow at the news

Of hurlyburly innovation:  
And never yet did insurrection want

Such water-colours to impaint his cause; 80  
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time  
Of pell-mell havoc and confusion.

*Prince.* In both our armies there is many  
a soul

Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,  
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,

The Prince of Wales doth join with all the  
world

In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes,  
This present enterprise set off his head,

I do not think a braver gentleman,  
More active-valiant or more valiant-young,

More daring or more bold, is now alive 91  
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.

For my part, I may speak it to my shame,  
I have a truant been to chivalry;

And so I hear he doth account me too;  
Yet this before my father's majesty—

I am content that he shall take the odds  
Of his great name and estimation,

And will, to save the blood on either side,  
Try fortune with him in a single fight. 100

*K. Hen.* And, Prince of Wales, so dare  
we venture thee,

Albeit considerations infinite

Do make against it. No, good Worcester,  
no,

We love our people well; even those we  
love

That are misled upon your cousin's part;  
And, will they take the offer of our grace,

Both he and they and you, yea, every man  
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his.

So tell your cousin, and bring me word  
What he will do; but if he will not yield, 110

Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,  
And they shall do their office. So, be gone:

We will not now be troubled with reply;  
We offer fair, take it advisedly.

*Exeunt WORCESTER and VERNON.*

*Prince.* It will not be accepted, on my  
life.

The Douglas and the Hotspur both together  
Are confident against the world in arms.

*K. Hen.* Hence, therefore, every leader  
to his charge;

For, on their answer, will we set on them;  
And God befriend us, as our cause is  
just! 120

*Exeunt King HENRY, BLUNT, and  
JOHN OF LANCASTER.*

*Fal.* Hal, if thou see me down in the  
battle, and bestride me, so; 'tis a point of  
friendship.

*Prince.* Nothing but a colossus can do  
thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and  
farewell.

*Fal.* I would it were bed-time, Hal, and  
all well. 125

*Prince.* Why, thou owest God a death.

*Exit.*

*Fal.* 'Tis not due yet: I would be loath to  
pay him before his day. What need I be so  
forward with him that calls not on me?

Well, 'tis no matter; honour pricks me on.  
Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I  
come on? how then? Can honour set to a  
leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away

the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no  
skill in surgery then? No. What is honour?

A word. What is that word honour? Air.  
A trim reckoning! Who hath it? He that  
died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No

Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then?  
Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with  
the living? No. Why? Detraction will not  
suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it. Honour

is a mere scutcheon; and so ends my cate-  
chism. 130

*Exit.*

*Exit.*

*Exit.*

*Exit.*

*Exit.*

*Exit.*

*Exit.*

*Exit.*

*Exit.*

*Exit.*

*Exit.*

*Exit.*

Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes;

For treason is but trusted like the fox,  
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd  
up, 10

Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.  
Look how we can, or sad or merrily,  
Interpretation will misquote our looks,  
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,  
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.  
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,  
It hath the excuse of youth and heat of  
blood;

And an adopted name of privilege.  
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a  
spleen.

All his offences live upon my head 20  
And on his father's: we did train him on;  
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,  
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.  
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know  
In any case the offer of the king.

*Ver.* Deliver what you will, I'll say 't is so.  
Here comes your cousin.

*Enter HOTSPUR and DOUGLAS; Officers  
and Soldiers behind.*

*Hot.* My uncle is return'd: deliver up  
My Lord of Westmoreland. Uncle, what  
news? 30

*Wor.* The king will bid you battle pres-  
ently.

*Doug.* Defy him by the Lord of West-  
moreland.

*Hot.* Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.  
*Doug.* Marry, and shall, and very will-  
ingly. *Exit.*

*Wor.* There is no seeming mercy in the  
king.

*Hot.* Did you beg any? God forbid!  
*Wor.* I told him gently of our grievances,  
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended  
thus,

By now forswearing that he is forsworn:  
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge  
With haughty arms this hateful name in  
us. 41

*Re-enter DOUGLAS.*

*Doug.* Arm, gentlemen! to arms! for I  
have thrown  
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,  
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did  
bear it;

Which cannot choose but bring him quickly  
on.

*Wor.* The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth  
before the king,  
And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

*Hot.* O! would the quarrel lay upon our  
heads,  
And that no man might draw short breath  
to-day

But I and Harry Monmouth. Tell me, tell  
me, 50  
How show'd his tasking? seem'd it in con-  
tempt?

*Ver.* No, by my soul; I never in my life  
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,

Unless a brother should a brother dare  
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.  
He gave you all the duties of a man,  
Trim'm'd up your praises with a princely  
tongue.

Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,  
Making you ever better than his praise  
By still dispraising praise valu'd with you;  
And, which became him like a prince in-  
deed, 61

He made a blushing cital of himself,  
And chid his truant youth with such a grace  
As if he master'd there a double spirit  
Of teaching and of learning instantly.  
There did he pause. But let me tell the  
world,

If he outlive the envy of this day,  
England did never owe so sweet a hope,  
So much misconstru'd in his wantonness.

*Hot.* Cousin, I think thou art enamoured  
Upon his follies: never did I hear 71  
Of any prince so wild a libertine.

But be he as he will, yet once ere night  
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,  
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.  
Arm, arm with speed! and, fellows, soldiers,  
friends,

Better consider what you have to do,  
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,  
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, here are letters for you.  
*Hot.* I cannot read them now. 81

O gentlemen! the time of life is short;  
To spend that shortness basely were too  
long,

If life did ride upon a dial's point,  
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.  
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;  
If die, brave death, when princes die with  
us!

Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,  
When the intent of bearing them is just.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, prepare; the king comes  
on apace. 90

*Hot.* I thank him that he cuts me from  
my tale,

For I profess not talking. Only this,—  
Let each man do his best; and here draw I  
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain  
With the best blood that I can meet withal

In the adventure of this perilous day.  
Now, *Esperance!* Percy! and set on.

Sound all the lofty instruments of war,  
And by that music let us all embrace;  
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall  
A second time do such a courtesy. 101

*The trumpets sound. They embrace, and  
exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Between the Camps.

*Excursions, and Parties fighting. Alarm  
to the battle. Then enter DOUGLAS and  
Sir WALTER BLUNT, meeting.*

*Blunt.* What is thy name, that in the  
battle thus

Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou seek

Upon my head?

*Doug.* Know then, my name is Douglas; And I do haunt thee in the battle thus Because some tell me that thou art a king.

*Blunt.* They tell thee true.

*Doug.* The Lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought

Thy likeness; for instead of thee, King Harry,

This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee, Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner. 10

*Blunt.* I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;

And thou shalt find a king that will revenge Lord Stafford's death.

*They fight, and BLUNT is slain.*

*Enter HOTSPUR.*

*Hot.* O Douglas! hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,

I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

*Doug.* All's done, all's won: here breathless lies the king.

*Hot.* Where?

*Doug.* Here.

*Hot.* This, Douglas? no: I know this face full well;

A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt; 20

Sensibly furnish'd like the king himself. *Doug.* A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!

A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear: Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

*Hot.* The king hath many marching in his coats.

*Doug.* Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;

I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece, Until I meet the king.

*Hot.* Up, and away!

Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. 29

*Exeunt.*

*Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring but upon the pate. Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt: there's honour for you! here's no vanity! I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels. I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered: there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive, and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here? 40

*Enter the PRINCE.*

*Prince.* What! stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,

Whose deaths are unreveng'd: prithee, lend me thy sword.

*Fal.* O Hal! I prithee, give me leave to

breathe awhile. Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

*Prince.* He is, indeed; and living to kill thee. I prithee, lend me thy sword. 50

*Fal.* Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou gettest not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

*Prince.* Give it me. What! is it in the case?

*Fal.* Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot: there's that will sack a city.

*The PRINCE draws out a bottle of sack.*

*Prince.* What! is't a time to jest and dally now? *Throws it at him, and exit.*

*Fal.* Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: give me life; which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end. *Exit.* 65

SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Field.

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter King HENRY, the PRINCE, JOHN OF LANCASTER, and WESTMORELAND.*

*K. Hen.* I prithee, Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much.

Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

*Lanc.* Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

*Prince.* I beseech your majesty, make up, Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

*K. Hen.* I will do so.

My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

*West.* Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

*Prince.* Lead me, my lord! I do not need your help. 10

And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive

The Prince of Wales from such a field as this, Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,

And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

*Lanc.* We breathe too long: come, cousin Westmoreland,

Our duty this way lies: for God's sake, come.

*Exeunt JOHN OF LANCASTER and WESTMORELAND.*

*Prince.* By God, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster;

I did not think thee lord of such a spirit: Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John;

But now, I do respect thee as my soul. 20

*K. Hen.* I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point

With lustier maintenance than I did look for Of such an ungrown warrior.

*Prince.* O! this boy Lends mettle to us all. *Exit.*

*Alarums. Enter DOUGLAS.*

*Doug.* Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads:

I am the Douglas, fatal to all those  
That wear those colours on them: what art  
thou,

That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

*K. Hen.* The king himself; who, Doug-  
las, grieves at heart

So many of his shadows thou hast met 30  
And not the very king. I have two boys  
Seek Percy and thyself about the field:  
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,  
I will assay thee; so defend thyself.

*Doug.* I fear thou art another counterfeit;  
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a  
king:

But mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou  
be,

And thus I win thee.

*They fight. King Henry being in danger.*  
*re-enter the PRINCE.*

*Prince.* Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or  
thou art like

Never to hold it up again! the spirits 40  
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in  
my arms:

It is the prince of Wales that threatens thee,  
Who never promiseth but he means to pay.

*They fight: DOUGLAS flies.*  
Cheerly, my lord: how fares your grace?

Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,  
And so hath Clifton: I'll to Clifton straight.

*K. Hen.* Stay, and breathe awhile.  
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,  
And show'd thou mak'st some tender of my  
life,

In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me. 50

*Prince.* O God! they did me too much  
injury

That ever said I hearken'd for your death.  
If it were so, I might have let alone  
The insulting hand of Douglas over you;  
Which would have been as speedy in your  
end

As all the poisonous potions in the world,  
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

*K. Hen.* Make up to Clifton: I'll to Sir  
Nicholas Gawsey. *Exit.*

*Enter HOTSPUR.*

*Hot.* If I mistake not, thou art Harry  
Monmouth.

*Prince.* Thou speak'st as if I would deny  
my name. 60

*Hot.* My name is Harry Percy.  
*Prince.* Why, then I see

A very valiant rebel of that name.  
I am the Prince of Wales; and think not,  
Percy,

To share with me in glory any more:  
Two stars keep not their motion in one  
sphere;

Nor can one England brook a double reign,  
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

*Hot.* Nor shall it, Harry; for the hour is  
come

To end the one of us; and would to God  
Thy name in arms were now as great as  
mine! 70

*Prince.* I'll make it greater ere I part  
from thee;

And all the budding honours on thy crest  
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

*Hot.* I can no longer brook thy vanities.  
*They fight.*

*Enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* Well said, Hal! to it, Hal! Nay,  
you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell  
you.

*Re-enter DOUGLAS; he fights with FAL-  
STAFF, who falls down as if he were dead,  
and exit DOUGLAS. HOTSPUR is wounded,  
and falls.*

*Hot.* O Harry! thou hast robb'd me of  
my youth.

I better brook the loss of brittle life  
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;

They wound my thoughts worse than thy  
sword my flesh: 80

But thought's the slave of life, and life  
time's fool;

And time, that takes survey of all the world,  
Must have a stop. O! I could prophesy,

But that the earthy and cold hand of death  
Lies on my tongue. No, Percy, thou art  
dust,

And food for— *Dies.*

*Prince.* For worms, brave Percy. Fare  
thee well, great heart!

Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou  
brunk!

When that this body did contain a spirit,  
A kingdom for it was too small a bound; 90

But now two paces of the vilest earth  
Is room enough: this earth, that bears thee  
dead,

Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.  
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,

I should not make so dear a show of zeal:  
But let my favours hide thy mangled face,

And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself  
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.

Adieu! and take thy praise with thee to  
heaven,

Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave, 100  
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!

*He spies FALSTAFF on the ground.*  
What! old acquaintance! could not all this  
flesh

Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!  
I could have better spar'd a better man.

O! I should have a heavy miss of thee  
If I were much in love with vanity.

Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,  
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.

Embowell'd will I see thee by and by:  
Till then in blood by noble Percy lie. 110

*Exit.*

*Fal. Rising.* Embowell'd! if thou em-  
bowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to  
powder me and eat me too to-morrow.

'Sblood! 't was time to counterfeit, or that  
hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot  
too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counter-  
feit: to die is to be a counterfeit; for he is  
but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not  
the life of a man; but to counterfeit dying,  
when a man thereby liveth, is to be no

counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life. 'Zounds! I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy though he be dead. How if he should counterfeit too and rise? By my faith I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me: therefore, sirrah, *Stabbing him.* with a new wound in your thigh come you along with me. 131

*He takes HOTSPUR on his back.*

*Re-enter the PRINCE and JOHN OF LANCASTER.*

*Prince.* Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou flesh'd  
Thy maiden sword.

*Lanc.* But, soft! whom have we here? Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

*Prince.* I did; I saw him dead,  
Breathless and bleeding on the ground.  
Art thou alive? or is it fantasy  
That plays upon our eyesight? I prithee, speak;

We will not trust our eyes without our ears:  
Thou art not what thou seem'st. 140

*Fal.* No, that's certain; I am not a double man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy:

*Throwing down the body.*  
If your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

*Prince.* Why, Percy I killed myself and saw thee dead.

*Fal.* Didst thou? Lord, Lord! how this world is given to lying. I grant you I was down and out of breath, and so was he; but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive and would deny it, 'zounds! I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

*Lanc.* This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

*Prince.* This is the strangest fellow, brother John.

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back, 180

For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,  
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

*A retreat is sounded.*  
The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.  
Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field,

To see what friends are living, who are dead.

*Exeunt the PRINCE and JOHN OF LANCASTER.*

*Fal.* I'll follow, as they say, for reward.  
He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge,

and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do. *Exit.*

### SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*The trumpets sound. Enter King HENRY, the PRINCE, JOHN OF LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, and Others, with WORCESTER and VERNON, prisoners.*

*K. Hen.* Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.

Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace, Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?

And would'st thou turn our offers contrary? Misuse the tenour of thy kinsman's trust?

Three knights upon our party slain to-day,  
A noble earl and many a creature else

Had been alive this hour,  
If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne

Betwixt our armies true intelligence. 10

*Wor.* What I have done my safety urg'd me to;

And I embrace this fortune patiently,  
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

*K. Hen.* Bear Worcester to the death and Vernon too:

Other offenders we will pause upon.  
*Exeunt WORCESTER and VERNON, guarded.*

How goes the field?  
*Prince.* The noble Scot, Lord Douglas,

when he saw  
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,

The noble Percy slain, and all his men  
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest; 20

And falling from a hill he was so bruised  
That the pursuers took him. At my tent

The Douglas is, and I beseech your grace  
I may dispose of him.

*K. Hen.* With all my heart.  
*Prince.* Then, brother John of Lancaster,

to you  
This honourable bounty shall belong.

Go to the Douglas, and deliver him  
Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free:

His valour shown upon our crests to-day  
Hath taught us how to cherish such high

deeds, 30  
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

*Lanc.* I thank your grace for this high courtesy,

Which I shall give away immediately.

*K. Hen.* Then this remains, that we divide our power.

You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland  
Towards York shall bend you, with your

dearest speed  
To meet Northumberland and the prelate

Scroop,  
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:

Myself and you, son Harry, will towards  
Wales;

To fight with Glendower and the Earl of  
March. 40

Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,  
Meeting the check of such another day:

And since this business so fair is done,  
Let us not leave till all our own be won.

*Exeunt.*

## THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY THE FOURTH

THE popular reception accorded to Falstaff in the *First Part of Henry IV* was doubtless in some ways a great surprise to Shakespeare. First of all, the character apparently overshadowed in interest all else in the play. How to rescue Prince Hal from the secondary position into which Falstaff's popularity was forcing him must have proved a problem the solution of which taxed the genius of even Shakespeare himself. Fortunately—or unfortunately, as he might have viewed it—the remaining portion of King Henry's reign supplied but little that was suitable for dramatic presentation. He had doubtless intended to use the Prince and Falstaff even more freely in the *Second Part* and draw even more than in the *First Part* upon his imagination to piece out his scant historical material. But how to do that without subordinating the Prince to Falstaff; or how to crown a close companion of Falstaff's without doing violence to his dignity as king; or how to break suddenly that companionship without offending the admirers of Falstaff—these were questions that Shakespeare was forced to decide. The results of his decision are seen in the *Second Part of Henry IV*.

A mere casual reading of the play will reveal the fact that it is little more than a series of scenes loosely strung together. It begins with the defeat of the rebels at Shrewsbury and ends with the coronation of Henry V. The only historic events that intervene are the dispersal through the vilest treachery—which Shakespeare doubtless thought sufficiently self-condemnatory—of the rebels under the Archbishop, and the death of the king. The comic scenes dominated by Falstaff occupy fully one half the play. It is interesting to observe, however, that there is but one scene in which Falstaff and Prince Hal appear together. The final words spoken by the Prince in that scene constitute the Prince's farewell to Falstaff:

"Give me my sword and cloak.—Falstaff, good night."

One can imagine Shakespeare's audience feeling an almost personal resentment at the harsh treatment accorded Falstaff by the Prince after his coronation as Henry V, but Shakespeare has done his best to soften the blow. The situation that developed was clearly not of Shakespeare's own choosing, but one into which he was forced by an unfortunate circumstance: The name originally given to the character was not Falstaff but Sir John Oldcastle, a name that he had found in an old play, *The Famous Victories of Henry V*. The name happened also to be that of an historic figure, Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, a Lollard leader and reformer who suffered martyrdom in 1417. A descendant of Oldcastle's, Lord Cobham, took exception to having his great ancestor thus presented on the stage, and Shakespeare, to avoid giving offence, readily changed the name to Sir John Falstaff. But the name of Oldcastle still stuck to the character. Apparently taking advantage of the publicity given to the name and to win the favor of Lord Cobham and his friends, the Admiral's Men, a rival of Shakespeare's company, put on a play in two parts called *The True and Honourable Historie of the Life of Sir John Oldcastle, the Good Lord Cobham*. In the prologue to that play these lines occur:

"It is no pampered glutton we present,  
Nor aged Councillor to youthful sin."

Now these lines reveal the seriousness of the difficulty that confronted Shakespeare as the result of Falstaff's great popularity. A moral issue had been injected into the discussion. If the sum total of the impression created by the character was that he was a glutton and a corrupter of youth; and worse still, if among the less discerning his popularity was largely due to that impression, Shakespeare, to preserve the character of the Prince, must not only break off his companionship with Falstaff in his *Second Part*, but he must also, by some change in the *First Part*, prevent future audiences from taking too seriously the influence of Falstaff over Prince Hal. We cannot escape the belief that it was for this or some very similar reason that Shakespeare inserted the speech ascribed to Hal at the close of the second scene of Act I in the *First Part*, to which refer-

ence was made in our discussion of that play. It greatly weakens the play for us; but perhaps not so much for Shakespeare's audience, which did not, apparently, see that Falstaff's wit and humor lifted him above moral considerations and played largely around his irresponsibility for speaking literal truth or turning anything, however incredible, to his own advantage. This will account, too, for Shakespeare's letting the character of Falstaff deteriorate morally, if we may use the word, in the *Second Part*, thus lessening the force of the blow which Henry V must inevitably deal him at the last. Further to lessen the shock Shakespeare promises in the Epilogue to "continue the story with Sir John in it and make you merry with fair Katherine of France; where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless he be already killed with your hard opinions, for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man." That he did not keep this promise was due to another unlooked-for circumstance: Queen Elizabeth was so delighted with the character that she commanded Shakespeare to write within fourteen days a play to be presented at Windsor showing Falstaff in love. *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was the result, although it must not be supposed that the fat man in that play who bears the name of Falstaff is even remotely related to the fat knight we have known in the two parts of Henry IV.

That Shakespeare was a little annoyed at the tendency to raise a moral question in connection with Falstaff seems to us to be indicated at the first appearance of Falstaff with his little page in the *Second Part*:

"Falstaff. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?"

"Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water; but, for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for."

"Falstaff. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me; the brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent anything that tends to laughter, more than I invent or is invented on me. I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men."

Is it to consider too curiously to suppose that what Shakespeare really meant Falstaff to say was something like this: "What says the public to my wit?" "Why, the public says it is a good wit; but that you are yourself a very bad man—a glutton and a corrupter of youth." "Men who so reason,—and most men reason so," replies Falstaff, "seem incapable of inventing anything that tends to laughter. I must invent it for them, or else serve as the cause of their wit by giving them an opportunity to jibe at me."

Falstaff as we have seen him in these two parts will not appear again. We shall have a report of his death in *Henry V*, but it seems best to take our leave of him here. There are some overzealous moralists who like so to interpret Shakespeare as to support their contention that in his plays plausible sinners always come to a bad end. This, they say, is true of Falstaff. His death is reported by the Hostess who says, in reply to Bardolph's "Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell":

"Nay, sure, he 's not in hell: he 's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. A' made a finer end and went away an it had been any christom child; a' parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning of the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of green fields. 'How now, Sir John,' quoth I: 'what, man! be o' good cheer.' So a' cried out 'God, God, God,' three or four times. Now I to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet."

Now it does seem like straining a point to say that Shakespeare meant this to be regarded as a "bad end." If a man who at death fancies himself a child again playing in the fields and gathering flowers, is to be thought suffering the pangs of a guilty conscience because he cries out "God," then, as Falstaff himself once said, "God help the wicked." The thousands whose lives have been brightened by his wit will be glad to believe him in "Arthur's bosom." If he sinned, so have we; and that without the abundant frailty of his flesh. Most of those who have entered with Shakespeare into the joyous spirit of his creation will be content to venture with Bardolph: "Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell."

# THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY THE FOURTH

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

RUMOUR, the Presenter.			
KING HENRY THE FOURTH.			
HENRY, Prince of Wales, afterwards King Henry the Fifth,	} his Sons.		} Opposites to the King.
THOMAS, Duke of Clarence,			
JOHN OF LANCASTER,			
HUMPHREY OF GLOUCESTER,			
EARL OF WARWICK,	} of the King's party.		} Retainers of Northumberland.
EARL OF WESTMORELAND,			
EARL OF SURREY,			
GOWER,			
HARCOURT,			
BLUNT,			
Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench.			
A Servant of the Chief Justice.			
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND,	} Opposites to the King.		
SCROOP, Archbishop of York,			
		LORD MOWBRAY,	
		LORD HASTINGS,	
		LORD BARDOLPH,	
		SIR JOHN COLEVILLE,	
		TRAVERS and MORTON,	
		FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and a Page.	
		POINS and PETO.	
		SHALLOW and SILENCE, Country Justices.	
		DAVY, Servant to Shallow.	
		MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, and BULLCALE, Recruits.	
		FANG and SNARE, Sheriff's Officers.	
		LADY NORTHUMBERLAND.	
		LADY PERCY.	
		MISTRESS QUICKLY, Hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.	
		DOLL TEARSHEET.	

Lords and Attendants; Officers, Soldiers, Messenger, Porter, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, etc.

A Dancer Speaker of the Epilogue.

SCENE.—England.

## INDUCTION

Warkworth. Before NORTHUMBERLAND'S Castle.

Enter RUMOUR, painted full of tongues.

Open your ears; for which of you will stop  
The vent of hearing when loud Rumour  
speaks?

I, from the orient to the drooping west,  
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold  
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:  
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,  
The which in every language I pronounce,  
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.  
I speak of peace, while covert enmity  
Under the smile of safety wounds the  
world: 10

And who but Rumour, who but only I,  
Make fearful musters and prepar'd defence,  
Whiles the big year, swoln with some other  
grief,  
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,  
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe  
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,  
And of so easy and so plain a stop  
That the blunt monster with uncounted  
heads,  
The still-discordant wavering multitude,

Can play upon it. But what need I thus 20  
My well-known body to anatomize  
Among my household? Why is Rumour  
here?

I run before King Harry's victory;  
Who in a bloody field by Shrewsbury  
Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his  
troops,

Quenching the flame of bold rebellion  
Even with the rebels' blood. But what  
mean I

To speak so true at first? my office is  
To noise abroad that Harry Monmouth fell  
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's  
sword, 30

And that the king before the Douglas' rage  
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.  
This have I rumour'd through the peasant  
towns

Between that royal field of Shrewsbury  
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,  
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumber-  
land,

Lies crafty-sick. The posts come tiring on,  
And not a man of them brings other news  
Than they have learn'd of me; from  
Rumour's tongues

They bring smooth comforts false, worse  
than true wrongs. Exit. 40

## ACT I

SCENE I.—*Warkworth. Before NORTHUMBERLAND'S Castle.*

*Enter Lord BARDOLPH.*

*L. Bard.* Who keeps the gate here, ho?  
*The Porter opens the gate.*  
Where is the earl?

*Port.* What shall I say you are?

*L. Bard.* Tell thou the earl  
That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him  
here.

*Port.* His lordship is walk'd forth into the  
orchard:

Please it your honour knock but at the gate,  
And he himself will answer.

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.*

*L. Bard.* Here comes the earl.  
*Exit Porter.*

*North.* What news, Lord Bardolph? every  
minute now  
Should be the father of some stratagem.  
The times are wild; contention, like a horse  
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke  
loose  
And bears down all before him.

*L. Bard.* Noble earl,  
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

*North.* Good, an God will!

*L. Bard.* As good as heart can wish.  
The king is almost wounded to the death;  
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,  
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the  
Blunts

Kill'd by the hand of Douglas: young  
Prince John

And Westmoreland and Stafford fled the  
field:

And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir  
John,

Is prisoner to your son: O! such a day,  
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,  
Came not till now to dignify the times,  
Since Cæsar's fortunes.

*North.* How is this deriv'd?  
Saw you the field? came you from Shrews-  
bury?

*L. Bard.* I spake with one, my lord, that  
came from thence;

A gentleman well bred and of good name,  
That freely render'd me these news for true.

*North.* Here comes my servant Travers,  
whom I sent

On Tuesday last to listen after news.

*L. Bard.* My lord, I over-rode him on the  
way;

And he is furnish'd with no certainties  
More than he haply may retail from me.

*Enter TRAVERS.*

*North.* Now, Travers, what good tidings  
come with you?

*Tra.* My lord, Sir John Umfreville turn'd  
me back

With joyful tidings; and, being better  
hors'd,

Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard

A gentleman, almost forspent with speed,  
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied  
horse.

He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him  
I did demand what news from Shrewsbury.  
He told me that rebellion had ill luck, 41  
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.  
With that he gave his able horse the head,  
And bending forward struck his armed heels  
Against the panting sides of his poor jade  
Up to the rowel-head, and starting so,  
He seem'd in running to devour the way,  
Staying no longer question.

*North.* Ha! Again:  
Said he young Harry Percy's spur was cold?  
Of Hotspur, Coldspur? that rebellion 50  
Had met ill luck?

*L. Bard.* My lord, I'll tell you what:  
If my young lord your son have not the  
day,

Upon mine honour, for a silken point  
I'll give my barony: never talk of it.

*North.* Why should that gentleman that  
rode by Travers  
Give then such instances of loss?

*L. Bard.* Who, he?  
He was some hiding fellow that had stolen  
The horse he rode on, and, upon my life,  
Spoke at a venture. Look! here comes  
more news.

*Enter MORTON.*

*North.* Yea, this man's brow, like to a  
title-leaf, 60

Foretells the nature of a tragic volume;  
So looks the strand whereon the imperious  
flood

Hath left a witness'd usurpation.  
Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrews-  
bury?

*Mor.* I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble  
lord,

Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask  
To fright our party.

*North.* How doth my son and brother?  
Thou tremblest, and the whiteness in thy  
cheek

Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.  
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless, 70

So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,  
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,  
And would have told him half his Troy was  
burn'd;

But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue,  
And I my Percy's death ere thou report'st it.  
This thou would'st say, 'Your son did thus  
and thus;

Your brother thus; so fought the noble  
Douglas';

Stopping my greedy ear with their bold  
deeds;

But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,  
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise, 80  
Ending with 'Brother, son, and all are dead.'

*Mor.* Douglas is living, and your brother,  
yet,

But for my lord your son—  
*North.* Why, he is dead.

See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!

He that but fears the thing he would not  
know  
Hath by instinct knowledge from others'  
eyes  
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak,  
Morton:

Tell thou thy earl his divination lies,  
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace  
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

*Mor.* You are too great to be by me gain-  
said;

Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.  
*North.* Yet, for all this, say not that  
Percy's dead.

I see a strange confession in thine eye:  
Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear  
or sin

To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so;  
The tongue offends not that reports his  
death:

And he doth sin that doth belie the dead,  
Not he which says the dead is not alive.  
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news 100  
Hath but a losing office, and his tongue  
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,  
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

*L. Bard.* I cannot think, my lord, your son  
is dead.

*Mor.* I am sorry I should force you to  
believe

That which I would to heaven I had not seen;  
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody  
state,

Rendering faint quittance, wearied and out-  
breath'd,

To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath  
beat down

The never-daunted Percy to the earth, 110  
From whence with life he never more sprung  
up.

In few, his death, whose spirit lent a fire  
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,  
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away  
From the best-temper'd courage in his  
troops;

For from his metal was his party steel'd;  
Which once in him abated, all the rest  
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy  
lead:

And as the thing that's heavy in itself, 119  
Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed,  
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,  
Lend to this weight such lightness with their  
fear

That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim  
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,  
Fly from the field. Then was that noble  
Worcester

Too soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious  
Scott,

The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring  
sword

Had three times slain the appearance of the  
king,

'Gan veil his stomach, and did grace the  
shame

Of those that turn'd their backs; and in his  
flight, 130

Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all

Is that the king hath won, and hath sent out  
A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,  
Under the conduct of young Lancaster  
And Westmoreland. This is the news at  
full.

*North.* For this I shall have time enough  
to mourn.

In poison there is physic; and these news,  
Having been well, that would have made me  
sick,

Being sick, have in some measure made me  
well:

And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd  
joints, 140

Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,  
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire

Out of his keeper's arms, even so my limbs,  
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd

with grief,  
Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore,  
thou nice crutch!

A scaly gauntlet now with joints of steel  
Must glove this hand: and hence, thou

sickly quoin!

Thou art a guard too wanton for the head  
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim

to hit.

Now bind my brows with iron; and ap-  
proach 150

The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare  
bring

To frown upon the enrag'd Northumber-  
land!

Let heaven kiss earth! now let not Nature's  
hand

Keep the wild flood confin'd! let order die!  
And let this world no longer be a stage

To feed contention in a lingering act;  
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain

Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being  
set

On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,  
And darkness be the burier of the dead! 160

*Tra.* This trained passion doth you wrong,  
my lord.

*L. Bard.* Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom  
from your honour.

*Mor.* The lives of all your loving com-  
plices

Lean on your health; the which if you give  
o'er

To stormy passion must perforce decay.  
You cast the event of war, my noble lord,

And summ'd the account of chance, before  
you said

'Let us make head.' It was your presumise  
That in the dole of blows your son might

drop:

You knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an  
edge, 170

More likely to fall in than to get o'er;  
You were advis'd his flesh was capable

Of wounds and scars, and that his forward  
spirit

Would lift him where most trade of danger  
rang'd:

Yet did you say 'Go forth'; and none of this,  
Though strongly apprehended, could re-  
strain

The stiff-borne action: what hath then befallen,  
Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,  
More than that being which was like to be?

*L. Bard.* We all that are engaged to this loss 183

Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas

That if we wrought our life 't was ten to one;  
And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd  
Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd;  
And since we are o'er-set, venture again.  
Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.

*Mor.* 'T is more than time: and, my most noble lord,

I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,  
The gentle Archbishop of York is up  
With well-appointed powers: he is a man  
Who with a double surety binds his followers. 191

My lord your son had only but the corpse,  
But shadows and the shows of men, to fight;  
For the same word, rebellion, did divide  
The action of their bodies from their souls;  
And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,

As men drink potions, that their weapons only

Seem'd on our side: but, for their spirits and souls,

This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,  
As fish are in a pond. But now the bishop  
Turns insurrection to religion: 201  
Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,  
He's follow'd both with body and with mind,

And doth enlarge his rising with the blood  
Of fair King Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones;

Derives from heaven his quarrel and his cause;

Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land,  
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;  
And more and less do flock to follow him.

*North.* I knew of this before; but, to speak truth, 210

This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.

Go in with me; and counsel every man  
The aptest way for safety and revenge:

Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed:

Never so few, nor never yet more need.  
*Exeunt.*

SCENE II — London. A Street.

*Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, with his Page bearing sword and buckler.*

*Fal.* Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?

*Page.* He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water; but for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for. 6

*Fal.* Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: the brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing

that tends to laughter, more than I invent or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap than to wait at my heels. I was never manned with an agate till now; but I will set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel; the jувenal, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand than he shall get one on his cheek; and yet he will not stick to say his face is a face-royal: God may finish it when he will, 't is not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still as a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he'll be crowing as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he's almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said Master Dombledon about the satin for my short cloak and my slops? 34

*Page.* He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph; he would not take his bond and yours: he liked not the security.

*Fal.* Let him be damned like the glutton! pray God his tongue be hotter! A whoreson Achitophel! a rascally yea-forsooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security. The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth as offer to stop it with security. I looked a' should have sent me two-and-twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it; and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him. Where's Bardolph? 55

*Page.* He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.

*Fal.* I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived. 61

*Enter the Lord Chief Justice and Servant.*

*Page.* Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

*Fal.* Wait close; I will not see him.

*Ch. Just.* What's he that goes there?

*Serv.* Falstaff, an 't please your lordship.  
*Ch. Just.* He that was in question for the robbery? 69

*Serv.* He, my lord; but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury, and, as

I hear, is now going with some charge to the Lord John of Lancaster.

*Ch. Just.* What! to York? Call him back again.

*Serv.* Sir John Falstaff!

*Fal.* Boy, tell him I am deaf.

*Page.* You must speak louder, my master is deaf. 79

*Ch. Just.* I am sure he is, to the hearing of anything good. Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

*Serv.* Sir John!

*Fal.* What! a young knave, and beg! Is there not wars? is there not employment? doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels want soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it. 90

*Serv.* You mistake me, sir.

*Fal.* Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

*Serv.* I pray you, sir, then set your knight-hood and your soldiership aside, and give me leave to tell you you lie in your throat if you say I am any other than an honest man.

*Fal.* I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou gettest any leave of me, hang me: if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hanged. You hunt-counter: hence! avaunt! 103

*Serv.* Sir, my lord would speak with you.

*Ch. Just.* Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

*Fal.* My good lord! God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad; I heard say your lordship was sick: I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltiness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverent care of your health.

*Ch. Just.* Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

*Fal.* An't please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales. 119

*Ch. Just.* I talk not of his majesty. You would not come when I sent for you.

*Fal.* And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

*Ch. Just.* Well, God mend him! I pray you, let me speak with you.

*Fal.* This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

*Ch. Just.* What tell you me of it? be it as it is. 130

*Fal.* It hath its original from much grief, from study and perturbation of the brain. I have read the cause of his effects in Galen: it is a kind of deafness.

*Ch. Just.* I think you are fallen into the

disease, for you hear not what I say to you.

*Fal.* Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal. 140

*Ch. Just.* To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I do become your physician.

*Fal.* I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or indeed a scruple itself. 149

*Ch. Just.* I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

*Fal.* As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come. 151

*Ch. Just.* Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

*Fal.* He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

*Ch. Just.* Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

*Fal.* I would it were otherwise: I would my means were greater and my waist slenderer. 159

*Ch. Just.* You have misled the youthful prince.

*Fal.* The young prince hath misled me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

*Ch. Just.* Well, I am loath to gall a new-healed wound: your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gadshill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action. 171

*Fal.* My lord!

*Ch. Just.* But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

*Fal.* To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a fox.

*Ch. Just.* What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

*Fal.* A wassail candle, my lord; all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth. 181

*Ch. Just.* There is not a white hair on your face but should have his effect of gravity.

*Fal.* His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

*Ch. Just.* You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

*Fal.* Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light, but I hope he that looks upon me will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell. Virtue is of so little regard in these costermonger times that true valour is turned bear-herd: pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them,

are not worth a gooseberry. You that are old consider not the capacities of us that are young; you do measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls; and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too. 200

*Ch. Just.* Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye, a dry hand, a yellow cheek, a white beard, a decreasing leg, an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken, your wind short, your chin double, your wit single, and every part about you blasted with antiquity, and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John! 209

*Fal.* My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with hollaing and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him! For the box o' the ear that the prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it, and the young lion repents; marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack. 222

*Ch. Just.* Well, God send the prince a better companion!

*Fal.* God send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

*Ch. Just.* Well, the king hath severed you and Prince Harry. I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaster against the archbishop and the Earl of Northumberland.

*Fal.* Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily; if it be a hot day, and I brandish any thing but a bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head but I am thrust upon it. Well, I cannot last ever. But it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If we will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is: I were better to be eaten to death with rust than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion. 247

*Ch. Just.* Well, be honest, be honest; and God bless your expedition!

*Fal.* Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?

*Ch. Just.* Not a penny; not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well: commend me to my cousin Westmoreland. 254

*Exeunt Chief Justice and Servant.*

*Fal.* If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle. A man can no more separate age and covetousness than a' can part young

limbs and lechery; but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other, and so both the degrees prevent my curses. Boy!

*Page.* Sir!

*Fal.* What money is in my purse?

*Page.* Seven groats and two pence.

*Fal.* I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the Earl of Westmoreland; and this to old Mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin. About it: you know where to find me. *Exit Page.*

A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one or the other plays the rogue with my great toe. 'T is no matter if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of any thing; I will turn diseases to commodity. *Exit.* 278

SCENE III.—*York. A Room in the Archbishop's Palace.*

*Enter the Archbishop of YORK, the Lords HASTINGS, MOWBRAY, and BARDOLPH.*

*Arch.* Thus have you heard our cause and known our means;

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all, Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:

And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?

*Mowb.* I well allow the occasion of our arms;

But gladly would be better satisfied

How in our means we should advance ourselves

To look with forehead bold and big enough

Upon the power and puissance of the king.

*Hast.* Our present musters grow upon the file 10

To five-and-twenty thousand men of choice;

And our supplies live largely in the hope

Of great Northumberland, whose bosom

burns

With an incensed fire of injuries.

*L. Bard.* The question then, Lord Hastings, standeth thus:

Whether our present five-and-twenty thousand

May hold up head without Northumberland.

*Hast.* With him, we may.

*L. Bard.* Ay, marry, there 's the point:

But if without him we be thought too feeble,

My judgment is, we should not step too far

Till we had his assistance by the hand;

For in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this,

Conjecture, expectation, and surmise

Of aids uncertain should not be admitted.

*Arch.* 'T is very true, Lord Bardolph; for indeed

It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

*L. Bard.* It was, my lord; who lin'd himself with hope,

Eating the air on promise of supply,

Flattering himself with project of a power

Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts; 30

And so, with great imagination  
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,  
And winking leap'd into destruction.

*Hast.* But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt  
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.

*L. Bard.* Yes, if this present quality of war,

Indeed the instant action, a cause on foot,  
Lives so in hope, as in an early spring  
We see the appearing buds; which to prove fruit, 35

Hope gives not so much warrant as despair  
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,

We first survey the plot, then draw the model;

And when we see the figure of the house,  
Then must we rate the cost of the erection;  
Which if we find outweighs ability,

What do we then but draw anew the model  
In fewer offices, or at last desist

To build at all? Much more, in this great work,

Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down  
And set another up, should we survey 50

The plot of situation and the model,  
Consent upon a sure foundation,

Question surveyors, know our own estate,  
How able such a work to undergo,

To weigh against his opposite; or else  
We fortify in paper and in figures,

Using the names of men instead of men:  
Like one that draws the model of a house

Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,

Gives o'er and leaves his part-created cost  
A naked subject to the weeping clouds, 61

And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

*Hast.* Grant that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth,  
Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd

The utmost man of expectation,  
I think we are a body strong enough,

Even as we are, to equal with the king.

*L. Bard.* What! is the king but five-and-twenty thousand?

*Hast.* To us no more; nay, not so much, Lord Bardolph:

For his divisions, as the times do brawl, 70  
Are in three heads: one power against the French,

And one against Glendower; perforce a third

Must take up us: so is the unfirm king  
In three divided, and his coffers sound

With hollow poverty and emptiness.

*Arch.* That he should draw his several strengths together

And come against us in full puissance,  
Need not be dreaded.

*Hast.* If he should do so, He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh

Baying him at the heels: never fear that. 80

*L. Bard.* Who is it like should lead his forces hither?

*Hast.* The Duke of Lancaster and Westmoreland;

Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth:

But who is substituted 'gainst the French  
I have no certain notice.

*Arch.* Let us on  
And publish the occasion of our arms.

The commonwealth is sick of their own choice;

Their over-greedy love hath surfeited.  
An habitation giddy and unsure

Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart. 90  
O thou fond many! with what loud applause

Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke

Before he was what thou would'st have him be:

And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,  
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him

That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.  
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou dis-  
gorge

Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard,  
And now thou would'st eat thy dead vomit

up,  
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times? 100

They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him die,

Are now become enamour'd on his grave:  
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly

head,  
When through proud London he came sigh-  
ing on

After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,  
Cry'st now, 'O earth! yield us that king

again,  
And take thou this.' O thoughts of men

accurst!

Past and to come seems best; things present worst.

*Mowb.* Shall we go draw our numbers  
and set on?

*Hast.* We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone. *Exeunt.* 110

## ACT II

## SCENE I.—London. A Street.

*Enter* Mistress QUICKLY, FANG, and his Boy, with her; and SNARE following.

*Quick.* Master Fang, have you entered the action?

*Fang.* It is entered.

*Quick.* Where's your yeoman? Is't a lusty yeoman? will a' stand to't?

*Fang.* Sirrah, where's Snare?

*Quick.* O Lord, ay! good Master Snare.

*Snare.* Here, here.

*Fang.* Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.

*Quick.* Yea, good Master Snare; I have entered him and all. 11

*Snare.* It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.

*Quick.* Alas the day! take heed of him: he stabbed me in mine own house, and that most beastly. In good faith, he cares not what mischief he doth if his weapon be out: he will foine like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

*Fang.* If I can close with him I care not for his thrust. 21

*Quick.* No, nor I neither: I'll be at your elbow.

*Fang.* An I but fist him once; an a' come but within my vice,—

*Quick.* I am undone with his going; I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my score. Good Master Fang, hold him sure: good Master Snare, let him not 'scape. A' comes continually to Pie-corner—saving your manhoods—to buy a saddle; and he's indited to dinner to the Lubber's-head in Lumbert street, to Master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is entered, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long one for a poor lone woman to bear; and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong. Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices, Master Fang and Master Snare: do me, do me, do me your offices. 45

*Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, Page, and BARDOLPH.*

*Fal.* How now! whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

*Fang.* Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly. 50

*Fal.* Away, varlets! Draw, Bardolph: cut me off the villain's head; throw the queen in the channel.

*Quick.* Throw me in the channel! I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue! Murder, murder! Ah! thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers and the king's? Ah! thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed, a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

*Fal.* Keep them off, Bardolph. 60

*Fang.* A rescue! a rescue!

*Quick.* Good people, bring a rescue or two. Thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't ta? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

*Fal.* Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

*Enter the Lord Chief Justice, attended.*

*Ch. Just.* What is the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

*Quick.* Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to me! 70

*Ch. Just.* How now, Sir John! what! are you brawling here?

Doth this become your place, your time and business?

You should have been well on your way to York.

Stand from him, fellow: wherefore hang'st upon him?

*Quick.* O my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

*Ch. Just.* For what sum? 78

*Quick.* It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, all I have. He hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his: but I will have some of it out again, or I will ride thee o' nights like the mare.

*Fal.* I think I am as like to ride the mare if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

*Ch. Just.* How comes this, Sir John? Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own? 90

*Fal.* What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

*Quick.* Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor, thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some, whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath: deny it if thou canst. 112

*Fal.* My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says up and down the town that her eldest son is like you. She hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you I may have redress against them. 118

*Ch. Just.* Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration; you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and person.

*Quick.* Yea, in troth, my lord. 128

*Ch. Just.* Prithee, peace. Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villany you have done with her: the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

*Fal.* My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness impudent sauciness; if a man will make court'sy and say nothing, he is virtuous. No, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your suitor: I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs. 140

*Ch. Just.* You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

*Fal.* Come hither, hostess.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Ch. Just.* Now, Master Gower! what news?

*Gow.* The king, my lord, and Harry Prince of Wales

Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

*Fal.* As I am a gentleman.

*Quick.* Nay, you said so before. 149

*Fal.* As I am a gentleman. Come, no more words of it.

*Quick.* By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

*Fal.* Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking: and for thy walls, a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the Prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound if thou canst. Come, an 'twere not for thy humours, there's not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy action. Come, thou must not be in this humour with me. Dost not know me? Come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

*Quick.* Prithee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles: i' faith, I am loath to pawn my plate, so God save me, la!

*Fal.* Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still. 170

*Quick.* Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to supper. You'll pay me all together?

*Fal.* Will I live? To BARDOLPH. Go, with her, with her; hook on, hook on.

*Quick.* Will you have Doll Tearsheet meet you at supper?

*Fal.* No more words; let's have her.

*Exeunt Mistress QUICKLY, BARDOLPH, Officers, and Page.*

*Ch. Just.* I have heard better news.

*Fal.* What's the news, my good lord? 180

*Ch. Just.* Where lay the king last night?

*Gow.* At Basingstoke, my lord.

*Fal.* I hope, my lord, all's well: what is the news, my lord?

*Ch. Just.* Come all his forces back?

*Gow.* No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,

Are march'd up to my Lord of Lancaster, Against Northumberland and the arch-bishop.

*Fal.* Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

*Ch. Just.* You shall have letters of me presently. Come, go along with me, good Master Gower. 191

*Fal.* My lord!

*Ch. Just.* What's the matter?

*Fal.* Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

*Gow.* I must wait upon my good lord here; I thank you, good Sir John.

*Ch. Just.* Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go. 200

*Fal.* Will you sup with me, Master Gower?

*Ch. Just.* What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir John?

*Fal.* Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me. This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair. 211

*Ch. Just.* Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. Another Street.*

*Enter the PRINCE and POINS.*

*Prince.* Before God, I am exceeding weary.

*Poins.* Is it come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.

*Prince.* Faith, it does me, though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer? 8

*Poins.* Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied as to remember so weak a composition.

*Prince.* Belike then my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name, or to know thy face to-morrow! or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast; viz. these, and those that were thy peach-coloured ones! or to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superfluity, and one other for use! But that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I, for it is a low ebb of linen with thee when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland: and God knows whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen shall inherit his kingdom; but the midwives say the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened. 30

*Poins.* How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes

would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

*Prince.* Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

*Poins.* Yes, faith, and let it be an excellent good thing.

*Prince.* It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

*Poins.* Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

*Prince.* Marry, I tell thee, it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee, as to one it pleases me for fault of a better, to call my friend, I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

*Poins.* Very hardly upon such a subject.

*Prince.* By this hand, thou thinkest me as far in the devil's book as thou and Falstaff for obduracy and persistency: let the end try the man. But I tell thee my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick; and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

*Poins.* The reason?

*Prince.* What would'st thou think of me if I should weep?

*Poins.* I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

*Prince.* It would be every man's thought; and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks; never a man's thought in the world keeps the roadway better than thine; every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so?

*Poins.* Why, because you have been so lewd and so much engrafted to Falstaff.

*Prince.* And to thee.

*Poins.* By this light, I am well spoke on; I can hear it with mine own ears: the worst that they can say of me is that I am a second brother and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and those two things I confess I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

*Enter BARDOLPH and Page.*

*Prince.* And the boy that I gave Falstaff: a' had him from me Christian; and look, if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

*Bard.* God save your grace!

*Prince.* And yours, most noble Bardolph.

*Bard.* To the Page. Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man-at-arms are you become! Is it such a matter to get a pottle-pot's maiden-head?

*Page.* A' calls me e'en now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last I spied his eyes, and methought he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and peeped through.

*Prince.* Hath not the boy profited?

*Bard.* Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

*Page.* Away, you rascally Althæa's dream, away!

*Prince.* Instruct us, boy; what dream, boy?

*Page.* Marry, my lord, Althæa dreamed she was delivered of a firebrand; and therefore I call him her dream.

*Prince.* A crown's worth of good interpretation. There 't is, boy.

*Gives him money.*

*Poins.* O! that this good blossom could be kept from cankers. Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

*Bard.* An you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

*Prince.* And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

*Bard.* Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town: there's a letter for you.

*Poins.* Delivered with good respect. And how doth the martlemas, your master?

*Bard.* In bodily health, sir.

*Poins.* Marry, the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him: though that he sick, it dies not.

*Prince.* I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog; and he holds his place, for look you how he writes.

*Poins.* *John Falstaff, knight*,—every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself; even like those that are kin to the king, for they never prick their finger but they say 'There's some of the king's blood spilt.' 'How comes that?' says he that takes upon him not to conceive. The answer is as ready as a borrower's cap; 'I am the king's poor cousin, sir.'

*Prince.* Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter:

*Poins.* Sir *John Falstaff, knight*, to the son of the king, nearest his father, *Harry Prince of Wales, greeting*. Why, this is a certificate.

*Prince.* Peace!

*Poins.* I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity: he sure means brevity in breath, short-winded. I commend me to thee, I commend thee and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favours so much that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou mayest, and so farewell.

*Thine*, by yea and no, which is as much as to say, as thou usest him, *Jack Falstaff with my familiars, John with my brothers and sisters, and Sir John with all Europe.*

My lord, I'll steep this letter in sack and make him eat it.

*Prince.* That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

*Poins.* God send the wench no worse fortune! but I never said so.

*Prince.* Well, thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us. Is your master here in London?

*Bard.* Yes, my lord.

*Prince.* Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank? 160

*Bard.* At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap.

*Prince.* What company?

*Page.* Ephesians, my lord, of the old church.

*Prince.* Sup any women with him?

*Page.* None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly and Mistress Doll Tearsheet.

*Prince.* What pagan may that be?

*Page.* A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's. 170

*Prince.* Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the town bull. Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

*Poins.* I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

*Prince.* Sirrah, you boy, and Bardolph; no word to your master that I am yet come to town: there's for your silence.

*Bard.* I have no tongue, sir. 179

*Page.* And for mine, sir, I will govern it.

*Prince.* Fare ye well; go.

*Exeunt BARDOLPH and Page.*

This Doll Tearsheet should be some road.

*Poins.* I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London.

*Prince.* How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen? 183

*Poins.* Put on two leathern jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

*Prince.* From a god to a bull! a heavy declension! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice! a low transformation! that shall be mine; for in every thing the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Warkworth. Before NORTH-UMBERLAND'S Castle.*

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, Lady NORTH-UMBERLAND, and Lady PERCY.*

*North.* I pray thee, loving wife and gentle daughter,

Give even way unto my rough affairs:

Put not you on the visage of the times, And be like them to Percy troublesome.

*Lady N.* I have given over, I will speak no more. Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

*North.* Alas! sweet wife, my honour is at pawn;

And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

*Lady P.* O! yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars.

The time was, father, that you broke your word 10

When you were more endear'd to it than now;

When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,

Threw many a northward look to see his father

Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.

Who then persuaded you to stay at home? There were two honours lost, yours and your son's;

For yours, the God of heaven brighten it! For his, it stuck upon him as the sun In the grey vault of heaven; and by his light

Did all the chivalry of England move 20 To do brave acts: he was indeed the glass Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves:

He had no legs, that practised not his gait; And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,

Became the accents of the valiant; For those that could speak low and tardily Would turn their own perfection to abuse. To seem like him: so that in speech, in gait, In diet, in affections of delight,

In military rules, humours of blood, 30 He was the mark and glass, copy and book. That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous him!

O miracle of men! him did you leave, Second to none, unseconded by you, To look upon the hideous god of war In disadvantage; to abide a field Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name

Did seem defensible: so you left him. Never, O! never, do his ghost the wrong To hold your honour more precise and nice 40

With others than with him: let them alone. The marshal and the archbishop are strong: Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,

To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck, Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

*North.* Beshrew your heart, Fair daughter! you do draw my spirits from me

With new lamenting ancient oversights. But I must go and meet with danger there, Or it will seek me in another place, And find me worse provided.

*Lady N.* O! fly to Scotland, 50 Till that the nobles and the armed commons Have of their puissance made a little taste.

*Lady P.* If they get ground and vantage of the king,

Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,

To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,

First let them try themselves. So did your son;

He was so suffer'd: so came I a widow; And never shall have length of life enough To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes, That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,

For recordation to my noble husband. 61

*North.* Come come, go in with me. 'T is with my mind

As with the tide swell'd up unto his height, That makes a still-stand, running neither way:

Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,

But many thousand reasons hold me back.  
I will resolve for Scotland: there am I,  
Till time and vantage crave my company.  
*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*London. A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap.*

*Enter two Drawers.*

*First Draw.* What the devil hast thou brought there? apple-johns? thou knowest Sir John cannot endure an apple-john.

*Second Draw.* Mass, thou sayest true. The prince once set a dish of apple-johns before him, and told him there were five more Sir Johns; and, putting off his hat, said, 'I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, withered knights.' It angered him to the heart; but he hath forgot that.

*First Draw.* Why then, cover, and set them down: and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise; Mistress Tearsheet would fain hear some music. Dispatch: the room where they supped is too hot; they'll come in straight.

*Second Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the prince and Master Poin's anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons; and Sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

*First Draw.* By the mass, here will be old utis: it will be an excellent stratagem.

*Second Draw.* I'll see if I can find out Sneak. *Exit.*

*Enter Mistress QUICKLY and DOLL TEARSHEET.*

*Quick.* I' faith, sweetheart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality: your pulside beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose, in good truth, la! But, i' faith, you have drunk too much canaries, and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say 'What's this?' How do you now?

*Doll.* Better than I was: hem!

*Quick.* Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth gold. Lo! here comes Sir John.

*Enter FALSTAFF, singing.*

*Fal.* When Arthur first in court—Empty the jordan.—And was a worthy king.

*Exit First Drawer.*

How now, Mistress Doll!

*Quick.* Sick of a calm: yea, good sooth. *Fal.* So is all her sect; an they be once in a calm they are sick.

*Doll.* You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

*Fal.* You make fat rascals, Mistress Doll.

*Doll.* I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

*Fal.* If the cook help to make the gluttony,

you help to make the diseases, Doll: we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

*Doll.* Ay, marry; our chains and our jewels.

*Fal.* 'Your brooches, pearls, and owches': for to serve bravely is to come halting off you know; to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charged chambers bravely,—

*Doll.* Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

*Quick.* By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two never meet but you fall to some discord: you are both, in good troth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confimities. What the good-year! one must bear, and that must be you: you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

*Doll.* Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bordeaux stuff in him: you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold. Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is nobody cares.

*Re-enter First Drawer.*

*First Draw.* Sir, Ancient Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

*Doll.* Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouthedest rogue in England.

*Quick.* If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live among my neighbours; I'll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very best. Shut the door; there comes no swaggerers here; I have not lived all this while to have swaggering now: shut the door, I pray you.

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, hostess?

*Quick.* Pray you, pacify yourself, Sir John: there comes no swaggerers here.

*Fal.* Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

*Quick.* Tilly-fally. Sir John, never tell me: your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before Master Tisick, the deputy, t' other day; and, as he said to me, 't was no longer ago than Wednesday last, 'Neighbour Quickly,' says he; Master Dumbe, our minister, was by then; 'Neighbour Quickly,' says he, 'receive those that are civil; for,' said he, 'you are in an ill name;' now a' said so, I can tell where-upon; 'for,' says he, 'you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive: receive,' says he, 'no swaggering companions.' There comes none here: you would bless you to hear what he said. No, I'll no swaggerers.

*Fal.* He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater, i' faith; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he will not swagger with a Barbary hen if her

feathers turn back in any show of resistance.  
Call him up, drawer. 109

*Exit First Drawer.*

*Quick.* Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater; but I do not love swaggering, by my troth; I am the worse, when one says swagger. Feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

*Doll.* So you do, hostess.

*Quick.* Do I? yea, in very truth do I, an 't were an aspen-leaf. I cannot abide swaggerers.

*Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and Page.*

*Pist.* God save you, Sir John! 119

*Fal.* Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon my hostess.

*Pist.* I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

*Fal.* She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

*Quick.* Come, I'll drink no proofs nor no bullets: I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I. 129

*Pist.* Then to you, Mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

*Doll.* Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

*Pist.* I know you, Mistress Dorothy.

*Doll.* Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away! By this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you! Since when, I pray you, sir? God's light! with two points on your shoulder? much! 143

*Pist.* God let me not live, but I will murder your ruff for this!

*Fal.* No more, Pistol: I would not have you go off here. Discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

*Quick.* No, good Captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain. 150

*Doll.* Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called captain? An captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. \* You a captain, you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house? He a captain! hang him, rogue! he lives upon mouldy-stewed prunes and dried cakes. A captain! God's light, these villains will make the word as odious as the word 'occupy,' which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to 't. 163

*Bard.* Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

*Fal.* Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll.

*Pist.* Not I: I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph; I could tear her. I'll be revenged of her.

*Page.* Pray thee, go down.

*Pist.* I'll see her damned first; to Pluto's damned lake, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down, down, dogs! down, fates! Have we not Hiren here? 173

*Quick.* Good Captain Peesel, be quiet; 't is very late, i' faith. I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

*Pist.* These be good humours, indeed!

Shall pack-horses,  
And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,  
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day, 179  
Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,  
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn  
them with

King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.

Shall we fall foul for toys?

*Quick.* By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

*Bard.* Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

*Pist.* Die men like dogs! give crowns like pins! Have we not Hiren here?

*Quick.* O' my word, captain, there's none such here. 190

What the good-year! do you think I would deny her?

For God's sake! be quiet.

*Pist.* Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis. Come, give's some sack.

*Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contento.*

Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire:

Give me some sack; and, sweetheart, lie thou there. *Laying down his sword.*

Come we to full points here, and are *et ceteras* nothing?

*Fal.* Pistol, I would be quiet.

*Pist.* Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif. What! we have seen the seven stars. 200

*Doll.* For God's sake, thrust him down stairs! I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

*Pist.* Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway nags?

*Fal.* Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling: nay, an a' do nothing but speak nothing, a' shall be nothing here.

*Bard.* Come, get you down stairs.

*Pist.* What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue?

*Snatching up his sword.* 210  
Then death rock me asleep, abridge my  
doleful days!

Why then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping  
wounds

Untwine the Sisters Three! Come, Atropos,  
I say!

*Quick.* Here's goodly stuff toward!

*Fal.* Give me my rapier, boy.

*Doll.* I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

*Fal.* Get you down stairs. *Drawing.* 218

*Quick.* Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these tirrits and frights. So; murder, I warrant now. Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons; put up your naked weapons.

*Exeunt BARDOLPH and PISTOL.*

*Doll.* I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal's gone. Ah! you whoreson little valiant villain, you.

*Quick.* Are you not hurt i' the groin? methought a' made a shrewd thrust at your belly. 228

*Re-enter BARDOLPH.*

*Fal.* Have you turned him out o' doors?

*Bard.* Yea, sir: the rascal's drunk. You have hurt him, sir, i' the shoulder.

*Fal.* A rascal, to brave me!

*Doll.* Ah! you sweet little rogue, you! Alas! poor ape, how thou sweatest. Come, let me wipe thy face; come on, you whoreson chops. Ah! rogue, i' faith, I love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the Nine Worthies. Ah! villain. 239

*Fal.* A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

*Doll.* Do, an thou darest for thy heart: an thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

*Enter Music.*

*Page.* The music is come, sir.

*Fal.* Let them play. Play, sirs. Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver. 248

*Doll.* I' faith, and thou follow'dst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o' days, and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

*Enter behind, the PRINCE and POINS, disguised like Drawers.*

*Fals.* Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's-head: do not bid me remember mine end.

*Doll.* Sirrah, what humour's the prince of?

*Fal.* A good shallow young fellow: a' would have made a good pantler, a' would ha' chipped bread well.

*Doll.* They say Poins has a good wit. 260

*Fal.* He a good wit! hang him, baboon! his wit's as thick as Tewksbury mustard: there's no more conceit in him than is in a mallet.

*Doll.* Why does the prince love him so, then?

*Fal.* Because their legs are both of a bigness, and a' plays at quoits well, and eats conger and fennel, and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons, and rides the wild mare with the boys, and jumps upon joint-stools, and swears with a good grace, and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg, and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories; and such other gambol faculties a' has, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

*Prince.* Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off? 279

*Poins.* Let's beat him before his whore.

*Prince.* Look, whether the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.

*Poins.* Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance?

*Fal.* Kiss me, Doll.

*Prince.* Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! what says the almanac to that?

*Poins.* And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lisping to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper. 290

*Fal.* Thou dost give me flattering busses.

*Doll.* By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

*Fal.* I am old, I am old.

*Doll.* I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

*Fal.* What stuff wilt thou have a kirtle of? I shall receive money o' Thursday; shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song! come: it grows late; we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me when I am gone. 300

*Doll.* By my troth, thou'lt set me a-weeping an thou sayest so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return. Well, hearken at the end.

*Fal.* Some sack, Francis!

*Prince, Poins.* Anon, anon, sir.

*Coming forward.*

*Fal.* Ha! a bastard son of the king's. And art thou not Poins his brother?

*Prince.* Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead! 310

*Fal.* A better than thou: I am a gentleman; thou art a drawer.

*Prince.* Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

*Quick.* O! the Lord preserve thy good grace; by my troth, welcome to London. Now, the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu! are you come from Wales?

*Fal.* Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty, by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome. 321

*Doll.* How, you fat fool! I scorn you.

*Poins.* My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

*Prince.* You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous civil gentlewoman!

*Quick.* God's blessing of your good heart! and so she is, by my troth. 330

*Fal.* Didst thou hear me?

*Prince.* Yea, and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gadshill: you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

*Fal.* No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

*Prince.* I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

*Fal.* No abuse, Hal, o' mine honour; no abuse. 340

*Prince.* Not to dispraise me, and call me pantler and bread-chipper and I know not what?

*Fal.* No abuse, Hal.

*Poins.* No abuse!

*Fal.* No abuse, Ned, i' the world; honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him; in which doing I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal; none, Ned, none: no, faith, boys, none. 351

*Prince.* See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us? Is she of the wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked? Or is the boy of the wicked? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked? 357

*Poins.* Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

*Fal.* The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy, there is a good angel about him; but the devil outbids him too.

*Prince.* For the women?

*Fal.* For one of them, she is in hell already, and burns poor souls. For the other, I owe her money, and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

*Quick.* No, I warrant you. 369

*Fal.* No, I think thou art not; I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which I think thou wilt howl.

*Quick.* All victuallers do so; what's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

*Prince.* You, gentlewoman,—

*Doll.* What says your grace?

*Fal.* His grace says that which his flesh rebels against. *Knocking within.* 380

*Quick.* Who knocks so loud at door? Look to the door there, Francis.

*Enter PETO.*

*Prince.* Peto, how now! what news?

*Peto.* The king your father is at Westminster;

And there are twenty weak and wearied posts

Come from the north: and, as I came along, I met and overtook a dozen captains,

Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,

And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

*Prince.* By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame, 390

So idly to profane the precious time, When tempest of commotion, like the south,

Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.

Give me my sword and cloak. Falstaff, good night.

*Exeunt the PRINCE, POINS, PETO, and BARDOLPH.*

*Fal.* Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence and leave it unpicked. *Knocking within.*

More knocking at the door!

*Re-enter BARDOLPH.*

How now! what's the matter? 400

*Bard.* You must away to court, sir, presently;

A dozen captains stay at door for you.

*Fal.* To the Page. Pay the musicians, sirrah. Farewell, hostess; farewell, Doll.

You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after: the undeserver may sleep when the man of action is called on. Farewell, good wenches. If I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go. 408

*Doll.* I cannot speak; if my heart be not ready to burst,—well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

*Fal.* Farewell, farewell.

*Exeunt FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*

*Quick.* Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod-time; but an honest and truer-hearted man,—well, fare thee well.

*Bard.* Within. Mistress Tearsheet!

*Quick.* What's the matter?

*Bard.* Within. Bid Mistress Tearsheet come to my master. 418

*Quick.* O! run, Doll, run; run, good Doll. *Exeunt.*

### ACT III

SCENE I.—Westminster. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter King HENRY in his nightgown, with a Page.*

*K. Hen.* Go call the earls of Surrey and of Warwick;

But, ere they come, bid them o'erread these letters,

And well consider of them. Make good speed. *Exit Page.*

How many thousand of my poorest subjects Are at this hour asleep! O Sleep! O gentle Sleep!

Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,

That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down

And steep my senses in forgetfulness? Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,

Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee, 10

And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,

Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great, Under the canopies of costly state,

And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody? O thou dull god! why liest thou with the vile

In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch

A watch-case or a common larum bell? Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast

Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains

In cradle of the rude imperious surge, 20  
And in the visitation of the winds,  
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging  
them  
With deaf'ning clamour in the slippery  
clouds,  
That with the hurly death itself awakes?  
Canst thou, O partial Sleep! give thy repose  
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,  
And in the calmest and most stillest night,  
With all appliances and means to boot,  
Deny it to a king? Then happy low, lie  
down! 30  
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

*Enter WARWICK and SURREY.*

War. Many good morrows to your  
majesty!  
K. Hen. Is it good morrow, lords?  
War. 'T is 'one o'clock, and past.  
K. Hen. Why then, good morrow to you  
all, my lords.  
Have you read o'er the letters that I sent  
you?  
War. We have, my liege.  
K. Hen. Then you perceive the body of  
our kingdom  
How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,  
And with what danger, near the heart of  
it. 40  
War. It is but as a body yet distemper'd,  
Which to his former strength may be  
restor'd  
With good advice and little medicine:  
My Lord Northumberland will soon be  
cool'd.  
K. Hen. O God! that one might read the  
book of fate,  
And see the revolution of the times  
Make mountains level, and the continent  
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself  
Into the sea! and, other times, to see  
The beachy girdle of the ocean 50  
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances  
mock,  
And changes fill the cup of alteration  
With divers liquors! O! if this were seen,  
The happiest youth, viewing his progress  
through,  
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,  
Would shut the book, and sit him down and  
die.  
'T is not ten years gone  
Since Richard and Northumberland, great  
friends,  
Did feast together, and in two years after  
Were they at wars: it is but eight years  
since 60  
This Percy was the man nearest my soul,  
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs  
And laid his love and life under my foot;  
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of  
Richard  
Gave him defiance. But which of you was  
by.—  
To WARWICK. You, cousin Nevil, as I may  
remember.—  
When Richard, with his eye brimful of tears,

Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,  
Did speak these words, now prov'd a  
prophecy? 69  
'Northumberland, thou ladder by the which  
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne';  
Though then, God knows, I had no such  
intent,  
But that necessity so bow'd the state  
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss:  
'The time shall come,' thus did he follow it,  
'The time will come, that foul sin, gathering  
head,  
Shall break into corruption': so went on,  
Foretelling this same time's condition  
And the division of our amity. 79  
War. There is a history in all men's lives,  
Figuring the nature of the times decess'd;  
The which observ'd a man may prophesy,  
With a near aim of the main chance of  
things  
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds  
And weak beginnings lie intreasur'd.  
Such things become the hatch and brood of  
time;  
And by the necessary form of this  
King Richard might create a perfect guess  
That great Northumberland, then false to  
him,  
Would of that seed grow to a greater false-  
ness, 80  
Which should not find a ground to root  
upon,  
Unless on you.  
K. Hen. Are these things then necessi-  
ties?  
Then let us meet them like necessities;  
And that same word even now cries out on  
us.  
They say the bishop and Northumberland  
Are fifty thousand strong.  
War. It cannot be, my lord;  
Rumour doth double, like the voice and  
echo,  
The numbers of the fear'd. Please it your  
grace  
To go to bed: upon my life, my lord,  
The powers that you already have sent  
forth 100  
Shall bring this prize in very easily.  
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd  
A certain instance that Glendower is dead.  
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill,  
And these unseason'd hours perforce must  
add  
Unto your sickness.  
K. Hen. I will take your counsel:  
And were these inward wars once out of  
hand,  
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.  
*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Court before Justice SHAL-  
LOW'S House in Gloucestershire.*

*Enter SHALLOW and SILENCE, meeting;  
MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE,  
BULLCALE, and Servants, behind.*

Shal. Come on, come on, come on, sir;  
give me your hand, sir, give me your hand,

sir: an early stirrer, by the rood! And how doth my good cousin Silence?

*Sil.* Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

*Shal.* And how doth my cousin, your bed-fellow? and your fairest daughter and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

*Sil.* Alas! a black ousel, cousin Shallow.

*Shal.* By yea and nay, sir, I dare say my cousin William is become a good scholar. He is at Oxford still, is he not?

*Sil.* Indeed, sir, to my cost.

*Shal.* A' must then to the inns o' court shortly. I was once of Clement's Inn; where I think they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

*Sil.* You were called 'lusty Shallow' then, cousin.

*Shal.* By the mass, I was called any thing; and I would have done any thing indeed too, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Barnes, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele, a Cotswold man; you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the inns o' court again; and I may say to you, we knew where the *bona-robos* were, and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

*Sil.* This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

*Shal.* The same Sir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan's head at the court gate, when a' was a crack not thus high; and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's Inn. Jesu! Jesu! the mad days that I have spent; and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

*Sil.* We shall all follow, cousin.

*Shal.* Certain, 't is certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

*Sil.* Truly, cousin, I was not there.

*Shal.* Death is certain. Is old Double of your town living yet?

*Sil.* Dead, sir.

*Shal.* Jesu! Jesu! dead! a' drew a good bow; and dead! a' shot a fine shoot: John a Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! a' would have clapped i' the clout at twelve score; and carried you a forehead shaft at fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see. How a score of ewes now?

*Sil.* Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

*Shal.* And is old Double dead?

*Sil.* Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

*Enter BARDOLPH, and One with him.*

*Bard.* Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?

*Shal.* I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's

justices of the peace; what is your good pleasure with me?

*Bard.* My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, Sir John Falstaff: a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

*Shal.* He greets me well, sir: I knew him a good backword man. How doth the good knight? may I ask how my lady his wife doth?

*Bard.* Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

*Shal.* It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated! it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated! it comes of *accommodo*: very good; a good phrase.

*Bard.* Pardon me, sir; I have heard the word. 'Phrase' call you it? By this good day, I know not the phrase; but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command, by heaven. Accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or when a man is, being, whereby a' may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

*Enter FALSTAFF.*

*Shal.* It is very just. Look! here comes good Sir John. Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand. By my troth, you like well and bear your years very well: welcome, good Sir John.

*Fal.* I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow. Master Surecard, as I think?

*Shal.* No, Sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

*Fal.* Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

*Sil.* Your good worship is welcome.

*Fal.* Fie! this is hot weather, gentlemen. Have you provided me here half-a-dozen sufficient men?

*Shal.* Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

*Fal.* Let me see them, I beseech you.

*Shal.* Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see: so, so, so, so, so, so, so: yea, marry, sir: Ralph Mouldy! Let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so. Let me see; where is Mouldy?

*Moul.* Here, an 't please you.

*Shal.* What think you, Sir John? a goodlimbed fellow; young, strong, and of good friends.

*Fal.* Is thy name Mouldy?

*Moul.* Yea, an 't please you.

*Fal.* 'T is the more time thou wert used.

*Shal.* Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! things that are mouldy lack use: very singular good! In faith, well said, Sir John; very well said.

*Fal.* Prick him.

*Moul.* I was pricked well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now for one to do her

husbandry and her drudgery: you need not to have pricked me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

*Fal.* Go to: peace, Mouldy! you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

*Moul.* Spent!

*Shal.* Peace, fellow, peace! stand aside: know you where you are? for the other, Sir John: let me see. Simon Shadow! 132

*Fal.* Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

*Shal.* Where's Shadow?

*Shad.* Here, sir.

*Fal.* Shadow, whose son art thou?

*Shad.* My mother's son, sir.

*Fal.* Thy mother's son! like enough. and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: it is often so, indeed; but much of the father's substance. 142

*Shal.* Do you like him, Sir John?

*Fal.* Shadow will serve for summer; prick him, for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

*Shal.* Thomas Wart!

*Fal.* Where's he?

*Wart.* Here, sir.

*Fal.* Is thy name Wart? 150

*Wart.* Yea, sir.

*Fal.* Thou art a very ragged wart.

*Shal.* Shall I prick him, Sir John?

*Fal.* It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

*Shal.* Ha, ha, ha! you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well. Francis Feeble!

*Fee.* Here, sir.

*Fal.* What trade art thou, Feeble? 160

*Fee.* A woman's tailor, sir.

*Shal.* Shall I prick him, sir?

*Fal.* You may; but if he had been a man's tailor he'd ha' pricked you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

*Fee.* I will do my good will, sir: you can have no more.

*Fal.* Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove or most magnanimous mouse. Prick the woman's tailor: well, Master Shallow; deep, Master Shallow. 173

*Fee.* I would Wart might have gone, sir.

*Fal.* I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou might'st mend him and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier that is the leader of so many thousands: let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

*Fee.* It shall suffice, sir. 180

*Fal.* I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble. Who is next?

*Shal.* Peter Bullcalf o' the green!

*Fal.* Yea, marry, let's see Bullcalf.

*Bull.* Here, sir.

*Fal.* Fore God, a likely fellow! Come, prick me Bullcalf till he roar again.

*Bull.* O Lord! good my lord captain,—

*Fal.* What! dost thou roar before thou art pricked? 190

*Bull.* O Lord! sir, I am a diseased man.

*Fal.* What disease hast thou?

*Bull.* A whoreson cold, sir; a cough, sir; which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs upon his coronation-day, sir.

*Fal.* Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is here all? 199

*Shal.* Here is two more called than your number; you must have but four here, sir: and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

*Fal.* Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, Master Shallow.

*Shal.* O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's fields?

*Fal.* No more of that, good Master Shallow, no more of that.

*Shal.* Ha! 't was a merry night. And is Jane Nightwork alive? 211

*Fal.* She lives, Master Shallow.

*Shal.* She never could away with me.

*Fal.* Never, never; she would always say she could not abide Master Shallow.

*Shal.* By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a *bona-roba*. Doth she hold her own well?

*Fal.* Old, old Master Shallow. 219

*Shal.* Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain she's old; and had Robin Nightwork by old Nightwork before I came to Clement's Inn.

*Sil.* That's fifty-five year ago.

*Shal.* Ha! cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen. Ha! Sir John, said I well?

*Fal.* We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow. 229

*Shal.* That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have. Our watchword was 'Hem, boys!' Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner: Jesu, the days that we have seen! Come, come.

*Exeunt FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, and SILENCE.*

*Bull.* Good Master Corporate Bardolph, stand my friend, and here's four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends: else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much. 242

*Bard.* Go to; stand aside.

*Moul.* And good Master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do anything about her when I am gone; and she is old and cannot help herself. You shall have forty, sir.

*Bard.* Go to; stand aside. 249

*Fee.* By my troth, I care not; a man can die but once; we owe God a death. I'll ne'er bear a base mind: an't be my destiny, so; an't be not, so. No man's too

good to serve's prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

*Bard.* Well said; thou'rt a good fellow.

*Fee.* Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

*Re-enter FALSTAFF and the Justices.*

*Fal.* Come, sir, which men shall I have?

*Shal.* Four, of which you please.

*Bard.* Sir, a word with you: I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bullcalf. 251

*Fal.* Go to; well.

*Shal.* Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

*Fal.* Do you choose for me.

*Shal.* Marry, then, Mouldy, Bullcalf, Feeble, and Shadow.

*Fal.* Mouldy and Bullcalf: for you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service: and for your part, Bullcalf, grow till you come unto it: I will none of you. 271

*Shal.* Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong: they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

*Fal.* Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man! Give me the spirit, Master Shallow. Here's Wart; you see what a ragged appearance it is: a' shall charge you and discharge you with the motion of a pewterer's hammer, come off and on swifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow; give me this man: he presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And for a retreat; how swiftly will this Feeble the woman's tailor run off! O! give me the spare men and spare me the great ones. Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph. 290

*Bard.* Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

*Fal.* Come, manage me your caliver. So: very well: go to: very good, exceedingly good. Oh! give me always a little, lean, old, chapped, bald shot. Well said, i' faith, Wart; thou'rt a good scab: hold, there's a tester for thee.

*Shal.* He is not his craft's master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end Green, when I lay at Clement's Inn, I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show, there was a little quiver fellow, and a' would manage you his piece thus: and a' would about and about, and come you in, and come you in: 'rah, tah, tah,' would a' say; 'bounce' would a' say; and away again would a' go, and again would a' come: I shall ne'er see such a fellow. 306

*Fal.* These fellows will do well, Master Shallow. God keep you, Master Silence: I will not use many words with you. Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night. Bardolph, give the soldiers coats. 311

*Shal.* Sir John, the Lord bless you! God prosper your affairs! God send us peace!

At your return visit our house. Let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure I will with ye to the court.

*Fal.* Fore God, I would you would, Master Shallow.

*Shal.* Go to; I have spoke at a word. God keep you.

*Fal.* Fare you well, gentle gentlemen.

*Exeunt SHALLOW and SILENCE.*  
*On, Bardolph; lead the men away.*

*Exeunt BARDOLPH, Recruits, etc.*  
As I return I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord, Lord! how subject we old men are to this vice of lying. This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth and the feats he hath done about Turnbull-street; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's Inn like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when a' was naked he was for all the world like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: a' was so forlorn that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible: a' was the very genius of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him mandrake: a' came ever in the rearward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the over-scuthed huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his fancies or his good-nights. And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire, and talks as familiarly of John a Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I'll be sworn a' ne'er saw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he burst his head for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it and told John a Gaunt he beat his own name; for you might have thrust him and all his apparel into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court; and now has he land and beeves. Well, I'll be acquainted with him if I return; and it shall go hard but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me. If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. *Exit.* 357

## ACT IV

### SCENE I.—A Forest in Yorkshire.

*Enter the Archbishop of YORK, MOW-BRAY, HASTINGS, and Others.*

*Arch.* What is this forest called?

*Hast.* 'T is Gualtree Forest, an 't shall please your grace.

*Arch.* Here stand, my lords, and send discoverers forth.

To know the numbers of our enemies.

*Hast.* We have sent forth already.

*Arch.* 'T is well done. My friends and brethren in these great affairs,

I must acquaint you that I have receiv'd

New-dated letters from Northumberland;  
Their cold intent, tenour and substance,  
thus:

Here doth he wish his person, with such  
powers 10

As might hold sortance with his quality;  
The which he could not levy; whereupon  
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,  
To Scotland; and concludes in hearty  
prayers

That your attempts may overlive the hazard  
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

*Mowb.* Thus do the hopes we have in  
him touch ground  
And dash themselves to pieces.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Hast.* Now, what news?

*Mess.* West of this forest, scarcely off a  
mile,

In goodly form comes on the enemy; 20  
And by the ground they hide, I judge their  
number

Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand.

*Mowb.* The just proportion that we gave  
them out.

Let us sway on and face them in the field.

*Arch.* What well-appointed leader fronts  
us here?

*Enter WESTMORELAND.*

*Mowb.* I think it is my Lord of Westmore-  
land.

*West.* Health and fair greeting from our  
general,

The prince, Lord John and Duke of Lan-  
caster.

*Arch.* Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland,  
in peace,

What doth concern your coming.

*West.* Then, my lord,  
Unto your grace do I in chief address 31

The substance of my speech. If that rebel-  
lion

Came like itself, in base and abject routs,  
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rags,

And countenanc'd by boys and beggary;  
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,

In his true, native, and most proper shape,  
You, reverend father, and these noble lords

Had not been here, to dress the ugly form  
Of base and bloody insurrection 40

With your fair honours. You, lord arch-  
bishop,

Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd,  
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath

touch'd,  
Whose learning and good letters peace hath

tutor'd,  
Whose white investments figure innocence,

The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,  
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself

Out of the speech of peace that bears such  
grace,

Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war;  
Turning your books to graves, your ink to

blood, 50  
Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine  
To a loud trumpet and a point of war?

*Arch.* Wherefore do I this? so the ques-  
tion stands.

Briefly to this end: we are all diseas'd;  
And with our surfeiting and wanton hours

Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,  
And we must bleed for it: of which disease

Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.  
But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland,

I take not on me here as a physician, 60  
Nor do I as an enemy to peace

Troop in the throngs of military men;  
But rather show awhile like fearful war,

To diet rank minds sick of happiness  
And purge the obstructions which begin to

stop  
Our very veins of life. Hear me more  
plainly:

I have in equal balance justly weigh'd  
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs

we suffer,  
And find our griefs heavier than our of-  
fences.

We see which way the stream of time doth  
run, 70

And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere  
By the rough torrent of occasion;

And have the summary of all our griefs,  
When the time shall serve, to show in arti-  
cles,

Which long ere this we offer'd to the king,  
And might by no suit gain our audience.

When we are wrong'd and would unfold our  
griefs,

We are denied access unto his person  
Even by those men that most have done us

wrong.  
The dangers of the days but newly gone, 80

Whose memory is written on the earth  
With yet appearing blood, and the examples

Of every minute's instance, present now,  
Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms;

Not to break peace or any branch of it,  
But to establish here a peace indeed,

Concurring both in name and quality.  
*West.* When ever yet was your appeal

denied?  
Wherein have you been galled by the king?

What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on  
you, 90

That you should seal this lawless bloody  
book

Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,  
And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?

*Arch.* My brother general, the common-  
wealth,

To brother born an household cruelty,  
I make my quarrel in particular.

*West.* There is no need of any such re-  
dress;

Or if there were, it not belongs to you.  
*Mowb.* Why not to him in part, and to us

all  
That feel the bruises of the days before, 100

And suffer the condition of these times  
To lay a heavy and unequal hand

Upon our honours?  
*West.* O! my good Lord Mowbray,

Construe the times to their necessities,  
And you shall see indeed, it is the time,

And not the king, that doth you injuries.  
Yet for your part, it not appears to me  
Either from the king or in the present time,  
That you should have an inch of any ground  
To build a grief on: were you not restor'd  
To all the Duke of Norfolk's signiories, 111  
Your noble and right well remember'd  
father's?

*Mowb.* What thing, in honour, had my  
father lost,

That need to be reviv'd and breath'd in me?  
The king that lov'd him, as the state stood  
then,

Was force perforce compell'd to banish  
him:

And then that Harry Bolingbroke and he,  
Being mounted and both roused in their  
seats,

Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,  
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers  
down, 120

Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights  
of steel,

And the loud trumpet blowing them together;  
Then, then, when there was nothing could  
have stay'd

My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,  
O! when the king did throw his warder  
down,

His own life hung upon the staff he threw;  
Then threw he down himself and all their  
lives

That by indictment and by dint of sword  
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

*West.* You speak, Lord Mowbray, now  
you know not what. 130

The Earl of Hereford was reputed then  
In England the most valiant gentleman:  
Who knows on whom fortune would then  
have smil'd?

But if your father had been victor there,  
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry;  
For all the country in a general voice  
Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers  
and love

Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on  
And bless'd and grac'd indeed, more than  
the king.

But this is mere digression from my pur-  
pose.

Here come I from our princely general 141  
To know your griefs; to tell you from his  
grace

That he will give you audience; and wherein  
It shall appear that your demands are just,  
You shall enjoy them; every thing set off  
That might so much as think you enemies.

*Mowb.* But he hath forc'd us to compel  
this offer,

And it proceeds from policy, not love.

*West.* Mowbray, you overween to take  
it so:

This offer comes from mercy, not from fear:  
For, lo! within a ken our army lies, 151

Upon mine honour, all too confident  
To give admittance to a thought of fear.

Our battle is more full of names than yours,  
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,  
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;

Then reason will our hearts should be as  
good:

Say you not then our offer is compell'd.

*Mowb.* Well, by my will we shall admit  
no parley.

*West.* That argues but the shame of your  
offence: 160

A rotten cause abides no handling.

*Hast.* Hath the Prince John a full com-  
mission,

In very ample virtue of his father,  
To hear and absolutely to determine  
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?

*West.* That is intended in the general's  
name.

I muse you make so slight a question.

*Arch.* Then take, my Lord of Westmore-  
land, this schedule,

For this contains our general grievances:  
Each several article herein redress'd; 170

All members of our cause, both here and  
hence,

That are insinew'd to this action,  
Acquitted by a true substantial form

And present execution of our wills  
To us and to our purposes consign'd;

We come within our awful banks again  
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

*West.* This will I show the general.  
Please you, lords,

In sight of both our battles we may meet;  
And either end in peace, which God so  
frame! 180

Or to the place of difference call the swords  
Which must decide it.

*Arch.* My lord, we will do so.

*Exit WESTMORELAND.*

*Mowb.* There is a thing within my bosom  
tells me

That no conditions of our peace can stahd.

*Hast.* Fear you not that: if we can make  
our peace

Upon such large terms and so absolute  
As our conditions shall consist upon,

Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky  
mountains.

*Mowb.* Yea, but our valuation shall be  
such 189

That every slight and false-derived cause  
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason

Shall to the king taste of this action;  
That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,

We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind  
That even our corn shall seem as light as  
chaff

And good from bad find no partition.

*Arch.* No, no, my lord. Note this; the  
king is weary

Of dainty and such picking grievances:  
For he hath found to end one doubt by death

Revives two greater in the heirs of life; 200  
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,

And keep no tell-tale to his memory  
That may repeat and history his loss

To new remembrance; for full well he  
knows

He cannot so precisely weed this land  
As his misdoubts present occasion:

His foes are so enrooted with his friends

That, plucking to unfix an enemy,  
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend:  
So that this land, like an offensive wife 210  
That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes,  
As he is striking, holds his infant up  
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm  
That was uprear'd to execution.

*Hast.* Besides, the king hath wasted all  
his rods

On late offenders, that he now doth lack  
The very instruments of chastisement;  
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,  
May offer, but not hold.

*Arch.* 'Tis very true:  
And therefore be assur'd, my good lord  
marshal, 220

If we do not now make our atonement well,  
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,  
Grow stronger for the breaking.

*Mowb.* Be it so.  
Here is return'd my Lord of Westmoreland.

*Re-enter WESTMORELAND.*

*West.* The prince is here at hand;  
pleaseth your lordship  
To meet his grace just distance 'tween our  
armies?

*Mowb.* Your grace of York, in God's  
name then, set forward.

*Arch.* Before, and greet his grace: my lord,  
we come. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

*Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, the Arch-  
bishop, HASTINGS, and others: from the  
other side, JOHN OF LANCASTER,  
WESTMORELAND, Officers, and Attend-  
ants.*

*Lanc.* You are well encounter'd here, my  
cousin Mowbray:

Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop;  
And so to you, Lord Hastings, and to all.  
My Lord of York, it better show'd with you,  
When that your flock, assembled by the  
bell,

Encircled you to hear with reverence  
Your exposition on the holy text  
Than now to see you here an iron man,  
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,  
Turning the word to sword and life to  
death. 10

That man that sits within a monarch's heart  
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,  
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,  
Alack! what mischiefs might he set abroad  
In shadow of such greatness. With you,  
lord bishop,

It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken  
How deep you were within the books of  
God?

To us the speaker in his parliament;  
To us the imagin'd voice of God himself;  
The very opener and intelligencer 20  
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,  
And our dull workings: O! who shall believe  
But you misuse the reverence of your place,  
Employ the countenance and grace of  
heaven,

As a false favourite doth his prince's name,  
In deeds dishonourable? You have ta'en up,  
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,  
The subjects of his substitute, my father;  
And both against the peace of heaven and  
him

Have here upswarm'd them.

*Arch.* Good my Lord of Lancaster,  
I am not here against your father's peace; 31  
But, as I told my Lord of Westmoreland,  
The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,  
Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous  
form.

To hold our safety up. I sent your grace  
The parcels and particulars of our grief,  
The which hath been with scorn shov'd  
from the court.

Whereon this Hydra son of war is born;  
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd  
asleep

With grant of our most just and right de-  
sires. 40

And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,  
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

*Mowb.* If not, we ready are to try our  
fortunes

To the last man.

*Hast.* And though we here fall down,  
We have supplies to second our attempt:  
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them;  
And so success of mischief shall be born,  
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel  
up

Whiles England shall have generation.

*Lanc.* You are too shallow, Hastings,  
much too shallow. 50

To sound the bottom of the after-times.

*West.* Pleaseth your grace to answer them  
directly

How far forth you do like their articles?

*Lanc.* I like them all, and do allow them  
well:

And swear here by the honour of my blood,  
My father's purposes have been mistook,  
And some about him have too lavishly  
Wrested this meaning and authority.

My lords, these griefs shall be with speed  
redress'd;

Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please  
you, 60

Discharge your powers unto their several  
counties,

As we will ours: and here between the  
armies

Let's drink together friendly and embrace,  
That all their eyes may bear those tokens  
home

Of our restored love and amity.

*Arch.* I take your princely word for these  
redresses.

*Lanc.* I give it you, and will maintain my  
word:

And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

*Hast.* Go, captain, and deliver to the  
army

This news of peace: let them have pay, and  
part. 70

I know it will well please them: hie thee,  
captain. *Exit Officer.*

*Arch.* To you, my noble Lord of Westmoreland.

*West.* I pledge your grace: and if you knew what pains

I have bestow'd to breed this present peace, You would drink freely; but my love to you Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

*Arch.* I do not doubt you.

*West.* I am glad of it.

Health to my lord and gentle cousin Mowbray.

*Mowb.* You wish me health in very happy season;

For I am, on the sudden, something ill. 80

*Arch.* Against ill chances men are ever merry,

But heaviness foreruns the good event.

*West.* Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow

Serves to say thus, 'Some good thing comes to-morrow.'

*Arch.* Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

*Mowb.* So much the worse if your own rule be true. *Shouts within.*

*Lanc.* The word of peace is render'd: hark, how they shout!

*Mowb.* This had been cheerful after victory.

*Arch.* A peace is of the nature of a conquest;

For then both parties nobly are subdued, And neither party loser. 91

*Lanc.* Go, my lord,

And let our army be discharged too.

*Exit WESTMORELAND.*

And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains

March by us, that we may peruse the men We should have cop'd withal.

*Arch.* Go, good Lord Hastings,

And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by. *Exit HASTINGS.*

*Lanc.* I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.

*Re-enter WESTMORELAND.*

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

*West.* The leaders, having charge from you to stand,

Will not go off until they hear you speak. 100

*Lanc.* They know their duties.

*Re-enter HASTINGS.*

*Hast.* My lord, our army is dispers'd already:

Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their courses

East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up,

Each hurries toward his home and sporting-place.

*West.* Good tidings, my Lord Hastings; for the which

I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason: And you, lord archbishop, and you, Lord

Mowbray,

Of capital treason I attach you both.

*Mowb.* Is this proceeding just and honourable? 110

*West.* Is your assembly so?

*Arch.* Will you thus break your faith?

*Lanc.* I pawn'd thee none.

I promis'd you redress of these same grievances

Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,

I will perform with a most Christian care.

But for you, rebels, look to taste the due

Meet for rebellion and such acts as yours.

Most shallowly did you these arms commence,

Fondly brought here and foolishly sent hence.

Strike up our drums! pursue the scatter'd stray: 120

God, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.

Some guard these traitors to the block of death;

Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Another Part of the Forest.

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter FALSTAFF and COLEVILE, meeting.*

*Fal.* What's your name, sir? of what condition are you, and of what place, I pray?

*Cole.* I am a knight, sir; and my name is Coleville of the dale.

*Fal.* Well then, Coleville is your name, a knight is your degree, and your place the dale: Coleville shall still be your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a place deep enough: so shall you be still Coleville of the dale. 10

*Cole.* Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

*Fal.* As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir, or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

*Cole.* I think you are Sir John Falstaff, and in that thought yield me. 19

*Fal.* I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifference, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: my womb, my womb, my womb undoes me. Here comes our general.

*Enter JOHN OF LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, BLUNT, and Others.*

*Lanc.* The heat is past, follow no further now.

Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland. *Exit WESTMORELAND.*

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while? 29

When every thing is ended, then you come:

These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,  
One time or other break some gallows' back.

*Fal.* I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility; I have foundered nine score and odd posts; and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken Sir John Coleville of the dale, a most furious knight and valorous enemy. But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, 'I came, saw, and overcame.'

*Lanc.* It was more of his courtesy than your deserving. 48

*Fal.* I know not: here he is, and here I yield him; and I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top on 't, Coleville kissing my foot. To the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt two-pences to me, and I in the clear sky of fame o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which show like pins' heads to her, believe not the word of the noble. Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount. 61

*Lanc.* Thine's too heavy to mount.

*Fal.* Let it shine then.

*Lanc.* Thine's too thick to shine.

*Fal.* Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

*Lanc.* Is thy name Coleville?

*Cole.* It is, my lord. 68

*Lanc.* A famous rebel art thou, Coleville.

*Fal.* And a famous true subject took him.

*Cole.* I am, my lord, but as my betters are That led me hither: had they been rul'd by me

You should have won them dearer than you have.

*Fal.* I know not how they sold themselves: but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis, and I thank thee for thee. 76

*Re-enter WESTMORELAND.*

*Lanc.* Now, have you left pursuit?

*West.* Retreat is made and execution stay'd.

*Lanc.* Send Coleville with his confederates To York, to present execution. 80

*Blunt,* lead him hence, and see you guard him sure. *Exeunt BLUNT and Others*

*with COLEVILLE, guarded.*

And now dispatch we toward the court, my lords.

I hear the king my father is sore sick:  
Our news shall go before us to his majesty,

Which, cousin, you shall bear to comfort him;

And we with sober speed will follow you.

*Fal.* My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go

Through Gloucestershire; and when you come to court

Stand my good lord, pray, in your good report.

*Lanc.* Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition, 90

Shall better speak of you than you deserve.

*Exeunt all but FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* I would you had but the wit: 't were better than your dukedom. Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh; but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never none of these demure boys come to any proof: for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches. They are generally fools and cowards, which some of us should be too but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery and delectable shapes; which, delivered o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice: but the sherris warms it and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work; and learning, a mere board of gold kept by a devil till sack commences it and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them should be, to forswear thin potations and to addict themselves to sack. 131

*Enter BARDOLPH.*

How now, Bardolph!

*Bard.* The army is discharged all and gone.

*Fal.* Let them go. I'll through Gloucestershire; and there will I visit Master

Robert Shallow, esquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. *Exeunt.* 142

SCENE IV.—*Westminster. The Jerusalem Chamber.*

*Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, and Others.*

*K. Hen.* Now, lords, if God doth give successful end

To this debate that bleedeth at our doors  
We will our youth lead on to higher fields  
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.  
Our navy is address'd, our power collected,  
Our substitutes in absence well invested,  
And every thing lies level to our wish:  
Only, we want a little personal strength;  
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,  
Come underneath the yoke of government. 10

*War.* Both which we doubt not but your majesty shall soon enjoy.

*K. Hen.* Humphrey, my son of Gloucester,

Where is the prince your brother?

*Glou.* I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

*K. Hen.* And how accompanied?

*Glou.* I do not know, my lord.

*K. Hen.* Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

*Glou.* No, my good lord; he is in presence here.

*Clar.* What would my lord and father?

*K. Hen.* Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.

How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother? 20

He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas.

Thou hast a better place in his affection  
Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy,  
And noble offices thou may'st effect  
Of mediation, after I am dead,

Between his greatness and thy other brethren:

Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love,  
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace  
By seeming cold or careless of his will;

For he is gracious, if he be observ'd: 30  
He hath a tear for pity and a hand  
Open as day for melting charity;

Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint,

As humorous as winter, and as sudden  
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.  
His temper therefore must be well observ'd:  
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,  
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth;

But, being moody, give him line and scope,  
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,

Confound themselves with working. Learn this, Thomas, 41

And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,

A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,  
That the united vessel of their blood,  
Mingled with venom of suggestion,  
As, force perforce, the age will pour it in,  
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong  
As aconitum or rash gunpowder.

*Clar.* I shall observe him with all care and love.

*K. Hen.* Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas? 50

*Clar.* He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

*K. Hen.* And how accompanied? canst thou tell that?

*Clar.* With Poinis and other his continual followers.

*K. Hen.* Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds;

And he, the noble image of my youth,  
Is overspread with them: therefore my grief  
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death:  
The blood weeps from my heart when I do shape

In forms imaginary the unguided days  
And rotten times that you shall look upon 60  
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.

For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,  
When rage and hot blood are his counselors,

When means and lavish manners meet together,

O! with what wings shall his affections fly  
Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay.

*War.* My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:

The prince but studies his companions  
Like a strange tongue, wherein, to gain the language,

'T is needful that the most immodest word  
Be look'd upon and learn'd; which once attain'd, 71

Your highness knows, comes to no further use

But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,

The prince will in the perfectness of time  
Cast off his followers; and their memory  
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,

By which his grace must mete the lives of others,

Turning past evils to advantages.

*K. Hen.* 'T is seldom when the bee doth leave her comb

In the dead carrion.

*Enter WESTMORELAND.*

Who's here? Westmoreland!

*West.* Health to my sovereign, and new happiness 81

Added to that that I am to deliver!  
Prince John your son doth kiss your grace's hand;

Mowbray, the Bishop Scroop, Hastings and all

Are brought to the correction of your law.  
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,  
But peace puts forth her olive everywhere.  
The manner how this action hath been borne

Here at more leisure may your highness read,

With every course in his particular. 90

*K. Hen.* O Westmoreland! thou art a summer bird,

Which ever in the haunch of winter sings  
The lifting up of day.

*Enter HARCOURT.*

Look! here's more news.  
*Har.* From enemies heaven keep your majesty;

And, when they stand against you, may they fall

As those that I am come to tell you of!

The Earl Northumberland and the Lord Bardolph,

With a great power of English and of Scots,  
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown.  
The manner and true order of the fight 100  
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

*K. Hen.* And wherefore should these good news make me sick?

Will fortune never come with both hands full

But write her fair words still in foulest letters?

She either gives a stomach and no food;  
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast  
And takes away the stomach; such are the rich,

That have abundance and enjoy it not.

I should rejoice now at this happy news,

And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy.

O me! come near me, now I am much ill. 111

*Glou.* Comfort, your majesty!

*Clar.* O my royal father!  
*West.* My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself: look up!

*War.* Be patient, princes: you do know these fits

Are with his highness very ordinary:

Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well.

*Clar.* No, no; he cannot long hold out these pangs:

The incessant care and labour of his mind  
Hath wrought the mure that should confine it in

So thin that life looks through and will break out. 120

*Glou.* The people fear me; for they do observe

Unfather'd heirs and loathly births of nature:  
The seasons change their manners, as the year

Had found some months asleep and leap'd them over.

*Clar.* The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;

And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,  
Say it did so a little time before

That our great-grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.

*War.* Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

*Glou.* This apoplexy will certain be his end.

*K. Hen.* I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence 131

Into some other chamber: softly, pray.  
*Exeunt.*

### SCENE V.—Another Chamber.

*King HENRY lying on a bed:* CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, and Others, in attendance.

*K. Hen.* Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;

Unless some dull and favourable hand  
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

*War.* Call for the music in the other room.

*K. Hen.* Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

*Clar.* His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

*War.* Less noise, less noise!

*Enter the PRINCE.*

*Prince.* Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

*Clar.* I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

*Prince.* How now! rain within doors, and none abroad!

How doth the king? 10

*Glou.* Exceeding ill.

*Prince.* Heard he the good news yet? Tell it him.

*Glou.* He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

*Prince.* If he be sick with joy, he'll recover without physic.

*War.* Not so much noise, my lords.  
Sweet prince, speak low;

The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.

*Clar.* Let us withdraw into the other room.

*War.* Will't please your grace to go along with us? 19

*Prince.* No; I will sit and watch here by the king. *Exeunt all but the PRINCE.*

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,

Being so troublesome a bedfellow?

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!

That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide  
To many a watchful night! sleep with it now!

Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet  
As he whose brow with homely biggin bound

SnORES out the watch of night. O majesty!  
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit

Like a rich armour worn in heat of day, 30  
That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath

There lies a downy feather which stirs not:  
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down

Perforce must move. My gracious lord!

my father!

This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep  
That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd

So many English kings. Thy due from me  
Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,

Which nature, love, and filial tenderness

Shall, O dear father! pay thee plentifully: 40

My due from thee is this imperial crown,  
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,

Derives itself to me. Lo! here it sits,  
*Putting it on his head.*

Which heaven shall guard; and put the world's whole strength

Into one giant arm, it shall not force  
This lineal honour from me. This from thee  
Will I to mine leave, as 't is left to me.

*Exit.*  
K. Hen. Warwick! Gloucester! Clarence!

*Re-enter WARWICK, GLOUCESTER,  
CLARENCE, and the rest.*

Clar. Doth the king call?

War. What would your majesty? How fares your grace? 50

K. Hen. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Clar. We left the prince my brother here, my liege,

Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

K. Hen. The Prince of Wales! Where is he? let me see him:

He is not here.

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.

Clou. He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.

K. Hen. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

K. Hen. The prince hath ta'en it hence: go, seek him out. 60

Is he so hasty that he doth suppose

My sleep my death?

Find him, my Lord of Warwick; chide him hither. *Exit WARWICK.*

This part of his conjoins with my disease,  
And helps to end me. See, sons, what things you are!

How quickly nature falls into revolt

When gold becomes her object!

For this the foolish over-careful fathers

Have broke their sleep with thoughts,  
Their brains with care, their bones with industry; 70

For this they have engrossed and pil'd up  
The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;

For this they have been thoughtful to invest  
Their sons with arts and martial exercises:  
When, like the bee, culling from every flower

The virtuous sweets,

Our thighs packed with wax, our mouths  
with honey,

We bring it to the hive, and like the bees,  
Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste 79

Yield his engrossments to the ending father.

*Re-enter WARWICK.*

Now, where is he that will not stay so long

Till his friend sickness hath determin'd me?

War. My lord, I found the prince in the next room.

Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks,  
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow

That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,  
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife

With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. Hen. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

*Re-enter the PRINCE.*

Lo! where he comes. Come hither to me, Harry. 90

Depart the chamber, leave us here alone. *Exeunt WARWICK and the rest.*

Prince. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair  
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours

Before thy hour is ripe? O foolish youth!  
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.

Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity  
Is held from falling with so weak a wind 100

That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.  
Thou hast stol'n that which after some few hours

Were thine without offence; and at my death

Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:

Thy life did manifest thou lov'd'st me not

And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.

Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,

Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,  
To stab at half an hour of my life.

What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour? 110

Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyself,

And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear  
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.

Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse

Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head:

Only compound me with forgotten dust;

Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.

Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;  
For now a time is come to mock at form.

Harry the Fifth is crown'd! Up, vanity! 120

Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors,  
hence!

And to the English court assemble now,  
From every region, apes of idleness!

Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:

Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,

Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit

The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?  
 Be happy, he will trouble you no more:  
 England shall double gild his treble guilt,  
 England shall give him office, honour,  
 might; 130  
 For the fifth Harry from curb'd license  
 plucks

The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog  
 Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent.  
 O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!  
 When that my care could not withhold thy  
 riots,

What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?  
 O! thou wilt be a wilderness again,  
 Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants.

*Prince.* O! pardon me, my liege; but for  
 my tears,

The moist impediments unto my speech, 140  
 I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke  
 Ere you with grief had spoke and I had  
 heard

The course of it so far. There is your  
 crown;

And he that wears the crown immortally  
 Long guard it yours! If I affect it more  
 Than as your honour and as your renown,  
 Let me no more from this obedience rise,  
 Which my most true and inward deuteous  
 spirit

Teacheth, this prostrate and exterior bend-  
 ing.

God witness with me, when I here came in,  
 And found no course of breath within your  
 majesty. 151

How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,  
 O! let me in my present wildness die  
 And never live to show the incredulous  
 world

The noble change that I have purposed.  
 Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,  
 And dead almost, my liege, to think you  
 were,

I spake unto this crown as having sense,  
 And thus upbraided it: 'The care on thee  
 depending

Hath fed upon the body of my father: 160  
 Therefore, thou best of gold art worst of  
 gold:

Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,  
 Preserving life in medicine potable:

But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most  
 renown'd,

Hast eat thy bearer up.' Thus, my most  
 royal liege,

Accusing it, I put it on my head,  
 To try with it, as with an enemy  
 That had before my face murder'd my  
 father,

The quarrel of a true inheritor.  
 But if it did infect my blood with joy, 170

Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;  
 If any rebel or vain spirit of mine

Did with the least affection of a welcome  
 Give entertainment to the might of it,

Let God for ever keep it from my head,  
 And make me as the poorest vassal is

That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!  
*K. Hen.* O my son!

God put it in thy mind to take it hence,

That thou might'st win the more thy father's  
 love, 180

Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.  
 Come hither, Harry: sit thou by my bed;  
 And hear, I think, the very latest counsel  
 That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my  
 son,

By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways  
 I met this crown; and I myself know well  
 How troublesome it sat upon my head:

To thee it shall descend with better quiet,  
 Better opinion, better confirmation;

For all the soil of the achievement goes 190  
 With me into the earth. It seem'd in me

But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous  
 hand,

And I had many living to upbraid  
 My gain of it by their assistances;

Which daily grew to quarrel and to blood-  
 shed,

Wounding supposed peace. All these bold  
 fears

Thou seest with peril I have answered;  
 For all my reign hath been but as a scene

Acting that argument; and now my death  
 Changes the mode: for what in me was

purchas'd, 200  
 Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort,

So thou the garland wear'st successively.  
 Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I

could do,  
 Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are

green;  
 And all my friends, which thou must make

thy friends,  
 Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en

out;  
 By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,

And by whose power I well might lodge a  
 fear

To be again displac'd: which to avoid,  
 I cut them off; and had a purpose now 210

To lead out many to the Holy Land,  
 Lest rest and lying still might make them

look  
 Too near unto my state. Therefore, my

Harry,  
 Be it thy course to busy giddy minds

With foreign quarrels; that action, hence  
 borne out,

May waste the memory of the former days.  
 More would I, but my lungs are wasted so

That strength of speech is utterly denied me.  
 How I came by the crown, O God forgive!

And grant it may with thee in true peace  
 live. 220

*Prince.* My gracious liege.  
 You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;

Then plain and right must my possession be:  
 Which I with more than with a common

pain  
 'Gainst all the world will rightfully main-  
 tain.

*Enter JOHN OF LANCASTER.*

*K. Hen.* Look, look! here comes my  
 John of Lancaster.

*Lanc.* Health, peace, and happiness to  
 my royal father!

*K. Hen.* Thou bring'st me happiness and peace, son John;  
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown  
From this bare wither'd trunk: upon thy sight  
My worldly business makes a period. 230  
Where is my Lord of Warwick?  
*Prince.* My Lord of Warwick!

*Re-enter WARWICK with Others.*

*K. Hen.* Doth any name particular belong  
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?  
*War.* 'T is call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.  
*K. Hen.* Laud be to God! even there my life must end.  
It hath been prophesied to me many years  
I should not die but in Jerusalem,  
Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land.  
But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie:  
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. *Exeunt.*

### ACT V

SCENE I.—*Gloucestershire. A Hall in SHALLOW'S House.*

*Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and Page.*

*Shal.* By cock and pie, sir, you shall not away to-night. What! Davy, I say.

*Fal.* You must excuse me, Master Robert Shallow.

*Shal.* I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused: excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused. Why, Davy!

*Enter DAVY.*

*Davy.* Here, sir. 9

*Shal.* Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy, let me see, Davy; let me see: yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither. Sir John, you shall not be excused.

*Davy.* Marry, sir, thus; those precepts cannot be served: and, again, sir, shall we sow the headland with wheat?

*Shal.* With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook: are there no young pigeons?

*Davy.* Yes, sir. Here is now the smith's note for shoeing and plough-irons. 20

*Shal.* Let it be cast and paid. Sir John, you shall not be excused.

*Davy.* Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had: and, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

*Shal.* A' shall answer it. Some pigeons, Davy, a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kick-shaws, tell William cook. 30

*Davy.* Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

*Shal.* Yea, Davy. I will use him well. A friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy, for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

*Davy.* No worse than they are backbitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

*Shal.* Well conceited, Davy: about thy business, Davy. 40

*Davy.* I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincot against Clement Perkes of the hill.

*Shal.* There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor: that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge. 46

*Davy.* I grant your worship that he is a knave, sir; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, this eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced. 57

*Shal.* Go to; I say he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. *Exit DAVY.*

Where are you, Sir John? Come, come, come; off with your boots. Give me your hand, Master Bardolph. 62

*Bard.* I am glad to see your worship.

*Shal.* I thank thee with all my heart, kind Master Bardolph: *To the Page.* And welcome, my tall fellow. Come, Sir John.

*Fal.* I'll follow you, good Master Robert Shallow. *Exit SHALLOW.*

*Bardolph, look to our horses. Exeunt BARDOLPH and Page.*

If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermits' staves as Master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: they, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like servingman. Their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society that they flock together in consent, like so many wild geese. If I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with Master Shallow that no man could better command his servants. It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing out of six fashions, which is four terms, or two actions, and a' shall laugh without intervallums. O! it is much that a lie with a slight oath and a jest with a sad brow will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders. O! you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up. 95

*Shal. Within.* Sir John!

*Fal.* I come, Master Shallow: I come, Master Shallow. *Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Westminster. An Apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter WARWICK and the Lord Chief Justice.*

*War.* How now, my lord chief justice! whither away?

*Ch. Just.* How doth the king?

*War.* Exceeding well: his cares are now all ended.

*Ch. Just.* I hope not dead.

*War.* He's walk'd the way of nature; And to our purposes he lives no more.

*Ch. Just.* I would his majesty had call'd me with him:

The service that I truly did his life Hath left me open to all injuries.

*War.* Indeed I think the young king loves you not.

*Ch. Just.* I know he doth not, and do arm myself 10

To overcome the condition of the time; Which cannot look more hideously upon me

Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

*Enter LANCASTER, CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, WESTMORELAND, and Others.*

*War.* Here comes the heavy issue of dead Harry:

O! that the living Harry had the temper Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen. How many nobles then should hold their places,

That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

*Ch. Just.* O God! I fear all will be overturn'd.

*Lanc.* Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow. 20

*Glou., Clar.* Good morrow, cousin.

*Lanc.* We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

*War.* We do remember; but our argument

Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

*Lanc.* Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!

*Ch. Just.* Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

*Glou.* O! good my lord, you have lost a friend indeed;

And I dare swear you borrow not that face

Of seeming sorrow; it is sure your own.

*Lanc.* Though no man be assur'd what grace to find, 30

You stand in coldest expectation.

I am the sorrier; would 't were otherwise.

*Clar.* Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff fair,

Which swims against your stream of quality.

*Ch. Just.* Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,

Led by the impartial conduct of my soul; And never shall you see that I will beg

A ragged and forstall'd remission. If truth and upright innocence fail me,

I'll to the king my master that is dead, And tell him who hath sent me after him.

*War.* Here comes the prince.

*Enter King HENRY the Fifth, attended.*

*Ch. Just.* Good morrow, and God save your majesty!

*K. Hen. V.* This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,

Sits not so easy on me as you think. Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear:

This is the English, not the Turkish court; Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,

But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,

For, by my faith, it very well becomes you: Sorrow so royally in you appears 51

That I will deeply put the fashion on And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad;

But entertain no more of it, good brothers, Than a joint burden laid upon us all.

For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd, I'll be your father and your brother too;

Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares:

Yet weep that Harry's dead, and so will I; But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears 60

By number into hours of happiness.

*Lanc., etc.* We hope no other from your majesty.

*K. Hen. V.* You all look strangely on me: To the Chief Justice. And you must;

You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

*Ch. Just.* I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,

Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

*K. Hen. V.* No? How might a prince of my great hopes forget

So great indignities you laid upon me? What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison 70

The immediate heir of England! Was this easy?

May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

*Ch. Just.* I then did use the person of your father;

The image of his power lay then in me: And, in the administration of his law,

Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth, Your highness pleased to forget my place,

The majesty and power of law and justice, The image of the king whom I presented,

And struck me in my very seat of judgment; Whereon, as an offender to your father, 81

I gave bold way to my authority, And did commit you. If the deed were ill,

Be you contented, wearing now the garland, To have a son set your decrees at nought,

To pluck down justice from your awful bench,

To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword

That guards the peace and safety of your person:

Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image And mock your workings in a second body.

Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours; 91

Be now the father and propose a son, Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,

See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,

Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;  
And then imagine me taking your part,  
And in your power soft silencing your son:  
After this cold consideration, sentence me;  
And, as you are a king, speak in your state

What I have done that misbecame my place,  
My person, or my liege's sovereignty. 101

*K. Hen. V.* You are right, justice; and you weigh this well;

Therefore still bear the balance and the sword:

And I do wish your honours may increase  
Till you do live to see a son of mine  
Offend you and obey you, as I did.

So shall I live to speak my father's words:  
'Happy am I, that have a man so bold  
That dares do justice on my proper son:  
And not less happy, having such a son, 110  
That would deliver up his greatness so  
Into the hands of justice.' You did commit me:

For which, I do commit into your hand  
The unstained sword that you have used to bear;

With this remembrance, that you use the same

With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit

As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand:

You shall be as a father to my youth;  
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear,

And I will stoop and humble my intents 120  
To your well-practis'd wise directions.

And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you;

My father is gone wild into his grave,  
For in his tomb lie my affections;

And with his spirit sadly I survive,  
To mock the expectation of the world,

To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out  
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down

After my seeming. The tide of blood in me  
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now: 130

Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,  
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods

And flow henceforth in formal majesty.  
Now call we our high court of parliament;

And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,

That the great body of our state may go  
In equal rank with the best govern'd nation;

That war, or peace, or both at once, may be

As things acquainted and familiar to us;  
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand. 140

Our coronation done, we will accite,  
As I before remember'd, all our state:

And, God consigning to my good intents,  
No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say,

God shorten Harry's happy life one day.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Gloucestershire. The Garden of SHALLOW'S House.*

*Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, DAVY, BARDOLPH, and the Page.*

*Shal.* Nay, you shall see mine orchard, where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own grafting, with a dish of caraways, and so forth; come, cousin Silence; and then to bed.

*Fal.* Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling and a rich.

*Shal.* Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John: marry, good air. Spread, Davy; spread, Davy: well said, Davy. 10

*Fal.* This Davy serves you for good uses: he is your servingman and your husband.

*Shal.* A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John: by the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper: a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down. Come, cousin.

*Sil.* Ah! sirrah, quoth a', we shall

*Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer, And praise heaven for the merry year;*

*When flesh is cheap and females dear, 20 And lusty lads roam here and there,*

*So merrily, And ever among so merrily.*

*Fal.* There's a merry heart! Good Master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

*Shal.* Give Master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

*Davy.* Sweet sir, sit; I'll be with you anon: most sweet sir, sit. Master page, good Master page, sit. Proface! What you want in meat we'll have in drink: but you must bear; the heart's all. *Exit.* 32

*Shal.* Be merry, Master Bardolph; and my little soldier there, be merry.

*Sil.* *Be merry, be merry, my wife has all; For women are shrews, both short and tall:*

*'T is merry in hall when beards wag all,*

*And welcome merry Shrove-tide.*

*Be merry, be merry. 39*

*Fal.* I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

*Sil.* Who, I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

*Re-enter DAVY.*

*Davy.* There's a dish of leather-coats for you. *Setting them before BARDOLPH.*

*Shal.* Davy!

*Davy.* Your worship! I'll be with you straight. A cup of wine, sir?

*Sil.* *A cup of wine that's brisk and fine, And drink unto the leman mine; 49 And a merry heart lives long-a.*

*Fal.* Well said, Master Silence.

*Sil.* An we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet o' the night.

*Fal.* Health and long life to you, Master Silence.

*Sil.* Fill the cup, and let it come;  
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

*Shal.* Honest Bardolph, welcome: if thou wantest any thing and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart. *To the Page.* Welcome, my little tiny thief; and welcome indeed, too. I'll drink to Master Bardolph and to all the cavaleros about London.

*Davy.* I hope to see London once ere I die.

*Bard.* An I might see you there, Davy,—  
*Shal.* By the mass, you'll crack a quart together: ha! will you not, Master Bardolph?

*Bard.* Yea, sir, in a pottle-pot.

*Shal.* By God's liggers, I thank thee. The knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that: a' will not out: he is true bred.

*Bard.* And I'll stick by him, sir.

*Shal.* Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry.

*Knocking within.* Look who's at door there. Ho! who knocks?

*Fal.* To SILENCE, who drinks a bumper. Why, now you have done me right.

*Sil.* Do me right,  
And dub me knight:  
Samingo.

Is 't not so? 80  
*Fal.* 'T is so.  
*Sil.* Is 't so? Why then, say an old man can do somewhat.

*Re-enter DAVY.*

*Davy.* An't please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

*Fal.* From the court! let him come in.

*Enter PISTOL.*

How now, Pistol!

*Pist.* Sir John, God save you! sir. 88

*Fal.* What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

*Pist.* Not the ill wind which blows no man to good. Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in this realm.

*Sil.* By 'r lady, I think a' be, but Goodman Puff of Barson.

*Pist.* Puff!  
Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!

Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend, And helter-skelter have I rode to thee, And tidings do I bring and lucky joys And golden times and happy news of price.

*Fal.* I prithee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

*Pist.* A foutra for the world and worldlings base! 101

I speak of Africa and golden joys.

*Fal.* O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?

Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.

*Sil.* And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.

*Pist.* Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?

And shall good news be baffled?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap. 110  
*Shal.* Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

*Pist.* Why then, lament therefore.

*Shal.* Give me pardon, sir: if, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it there's but two ways, either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

*Pist.* Under which king, Bezonian? speak, or die.

*Shal.* Under King Harry.

*Pist.* Harry the Fourth? or Fifth?

*Shal.* Harry the Fourth.

*Pist.* A foutra for thine office!  
Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king; 122  
Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth:

When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, like The bragging Spaniard.

*Fal.* What! is the old king dead?

*Pist.* As nail in door: the things I speak are just.

*Fal.* Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse. Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 't is thine. Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities. 131

*Bard.* O joyful day!  
I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

*Pist.* What! I do bring good news.

*Fal.* Carry Master Silence to bed. Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots: we'll ride all night. O sweet Pistol!

Away, Bardolph. *Exit BARDOLPH.*  
Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and withal devise something to do thyself good. Boot, boot, Master Shallow: I know the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Blessed are they which have been my friends, and woe unto my lord chief justice! 145

*Pist.* Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!

'Where is the life that late I led?' say they: Why, here it is: welcome these pleasant days! *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—London. A Street.

*Enter Beadles, dragging in Mistress QUICKLY and DOLL TEARSHEET*

*Quick.* No, thou arrant knave: I would to God that I might die that I might have thee hanged; thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

*First Bead.* The constables have delivered her over to me, and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her: there hath been a man or two lately killed about her.

*Doll.* Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on; I'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged rascal. An the child I now go with

do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain. 12

*Quick.* O the Lord! that Sir John were come; he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry!

*First Bead.* If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead that you and Pistol beat among you. 19

*Doll.* I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer, I will have you as soundly swung for this, you blue-bottle rogue! you filthy famished correctioner! if you be not swung, I'll forswear half-kirtles.

*First Bead.* Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.

*Quick.* O God! that right should thus overcome might. Well, of sufferance comes ease.

*Doll.* Come, you rogue, come: bring me to a justice. 30

*Quick.* Ay; come, you starved blood-hound.

*Doll.* Goodman death! goodman bones!

*Quick.* Thou atomy, thou!

*Doll.* Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal!

*First Bead.* Very well. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—A public Place near Westminster Abbey.

*Enter two Grooms strewing rushes.*

*First Groom.* More rushes, more rushes! *Second Groom.* The trumpets have sounded twice.

*First Groom.* 'T will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation. Dispatch, dispatch. *Exeunt.*

*Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and the Page.*

*Fal.* Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace. I will leer upon him as 'a comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

*Pist.* God bless thy lungs, good knight. 9

*Fal.* Come here, Pistol; stand behind me. O! if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But 't is no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

*Shal.* It doth so.

*Fal.* It shows my earnestness of affection.

*Shal.* It doth so.

*Fal.* My devotion.

*Shal.* It doth, it doth, it doth. 20

*Fal.* As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

*Shal.* It is most certain.

*Fal.* But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him; thinking of nothing else; putting all affairs else in

oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

*Pist.* 'T is *semper idem*, for *obsque hoc nihil est*. 'T is all in every part.

*Shal.* 'T is so, indeed. 31

*Pist.* My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,

And make thee rage.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts, Is in base durance and contagious prison; Haul'd thither

By most mechanical and dirty hand; Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's snake,

For Doll is in: Pistol speaks nought but truth.

*Fal.* I will deliver her. 41

*Shouts within, and trumpets sound.*

*Pist.* There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

*Enter King HENRY the Fifth and his Train, the Lord Chief Justice among them.*

*Fal.* God save thy grace, King Hal! my royal Hal!

*Pist.* The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!

*Fal.* God save thee, my sweet boy!

*K. Hen. V.* My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man.

*Ch. Just.* Have you your wits? know you what 't is you speak?

*Fal.* My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart! 50

*K. Hen. V.* I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers;

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester! I have long dream'd of such a kind of man, So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane; But, being awak'd, I do despise my dream. Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;

Leave gormandizing; know the grave doth gape

For thee thrice wider than for other men.

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;

Presume not that I am the thing I was; 60

For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,

That I have turn'd away my former self;

So will I those that kept me company.

When thou dost hear I am as I have been, Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast, The tutor and the feeder of my riots:

Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,

As I have done the rest of my misleaders,

Not to come near our person by ten mile.

For competence of life I will allow you, 70

That lack of means enforce you not to evil:

And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,

We will, according to your strength and qualities,

Give you advancement. Be it your charge, my lord,

To see perform'd the tenour of our word.

Set on. *Exeunt King HENRY V. and his Train.*

*Fal.* Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

*Shal.* Ay, marry, Sir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me. 80

*Fal.* That can hardly be, Master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this: I shall be sent for in private to him. Look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancements; I will be the man yet that shall make you great.

*Shal.* I cannot well perceive how, unless you should give me your doublet and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

*Fal.* Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you heard was but a colour. 91

*Shal.* A colour that I fear you will die in, Sir John.

*Fal.* Fear no colours: go with me to dinner. Come, Lieutenant Pistol; come Bardolph: I shall be sent for soon at night.

*Re-enter JOHN OF LANCASTER, the Lord Chief Justice; Officers with them.*

*Ch. Just.* Go carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet;

Take all his company along with him.

*Fal.* My lord, my lord!

*Ch. Just.* I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon. 100

Take them away.

*Pist.* *Si fortune me tormente, sperato, me contento.*

*Exeunt FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, Page, and Officers.*

*Lanc.* I like this fair proceeding of the king's.

He hath intent his wonted followers

Shall all be very well provided for;

But all are banish'd till their conversations  
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

*Ch. Just.* And so they are.

*Lanc.* The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

*Ch. Just.* He hath. 110

*Lanc.* I will lay odds that, ere this year expire,

We bear our civil swords and native fire

As far as France. I heard a bird so sing.

Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the king.

Come, will you hence?

*Exeunt.*

## EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY A DANCER.

*First my fear; then my courtesy; last my speech. My fear is your displeasure, my courtesy my duty, and my speech to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me; for what I have to say is of mine own making; and what indeed I should say will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture. Be it known to you, as it is very well, I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it and to promise you a better. I did mean indeed to pay you with this; which, if like an ill venture it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here I promised you I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some and I will pay you some; and as most debtors do, promise you infinitely. 18*

*If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment, to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me: if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly. 26*

*One word more I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France: where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already a' be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night: and so kneel down before you; but, indeed, to pray for the queen. 38*

## THE LIFE OF KING HENRY THE FIFTH

SHAKESPEARE arrives at last at the treatment of the great epic theme toward which all his work in this second group of history plays has been tending—the glorious deeds of Henry V, his ideal English king. We have already discussed at some length the difficulties that confronted Shakespeare in making a true transition from the character of the Prince as it was developed in the two parts of *Henry IV*, to that of the King; and we are not surprised in the present play to find that change so marked that it constitutes the subject for conversation during the greater part of the opening scene. The means which Ely and Canterbury admit, however, to account for this change were apparently no more satisfactory to Shakespeare than they are to us, for he seems at last to have unloosed the Gordian knot by creating in Henry an essentially new character. There is still an outward resemblance between him and the princely companion of Falstaff and his crew as is seen, for instance, in Henry's night visit to his soldiers, his personal and familiar talks with them, the incident of the glove, his broad humanity, his freedom from affectation and his contempt for ceremony. But there is an intellectual chasm between the two characters that has not been, and cannot be, bridged. Moral and religious changes do not trouble us; they are among the most common experiences of life and can be readily accounted for; but the change from the brilliant wit and the scintillating intellect of Prince Hal to the sober humor and the solid intellect of Henry V can be explained on no other ground than by admitting that the latter is a new creation.

That the purposes of the poet transcend here the limits of the drama is evidenced by the introduction of the Chorus, whose office is clearly defined at the outset:

“Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them  
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth;  
For 't is your thoughts that now must deck our kings,  
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,  
Turning the accomplishment of many years  
Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,  
Admit me Chorus to this history.”

This appeal to the hearer to stretch the imagination, “Minding true things by what their mockeries be” is repeated in some form in every Chorus: “Force a play”; “Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy”; “Work, work your thoughts”; “Entertain conjecture of a time.” It is this appeal as well as the narrative of the Chorus that helps to bind together these scenes, widely separated both in time and space, and that gives to the whole an epic grandeur in praise of the warlike deeds of him who in life assumed “the port of Mars.”

It is significant, however, that in this war with France, culminating in the battle of Agincourt, King Henry does not lightly follow the dying advice of his father to “busy giddy minds With foreign quarrels.” He appeals to Canterbury whether he in “right and conscience” has a just claim to France, and bids him “in the name of God” to take heed “how you awake our sleeping sword of war.” He alone, of all in the presence-chamber, seems to sense the awful responsibility of a decision which must inevitably involve the loss of human life. We already know what Canterbury's answer will be, and we know why he is so insistent that Henry shall unwind his bloody flag. It is because war with France will divert attention from the bill pending in parliament which, if passed, will drink deep into the property of the church. It was not, of course, necessary that Shakespeare should bring out that fact, but by giving it a prominent place in the narrative he has sounded a warning for all time to scrutinize minutely the motives which lead men, even those in high and holy offices, to raise the cry for war. There is no sign, however, that Henry suspects their motive. He is fully convinced of the justice of his claim, and being resolved, admits the ambassadors from the Dauphin. He bids them speak “with frank and uncurbed plainness” assuring them that he is “no tyrant, but a Christian king”

whose passion is subject to his grace. Their message is offensive as is the gift of the tennis-balls. The incident seems to be used here for the double purpose of showing Henry's frailty with the rest of common humanity, and also how slight a thing, when war is in question, will stir the blood of even well-governed men and distort their perspective. Henry's anger increases as he proceeds with his reply, until at last he tells them that the Dauphin's mock

"Hath turned his balls to gun-stones; and his soul  
Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance  
That shall fly with them; for many a thousand widows  
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;  
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;  
And some are yet ungotten and unborn  
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn."

Was ever such an unmasking of the crime and folly of a "just war" as is revealed in this first Act of a play written ostensibly to glorify war? An Archbishop, with almost divine eloquence, but with covert and selfish purpose, urging a conscientious, humane, and Christian king to war; and that same "mirror of all Christian kings" once resolved on war, setting over against the offence involved in the gift of a few tennis-balls the lives of thousands of husbands and sons as well as those of an unborn generation. Objection may be made that Shakespeare did not intend us to see this; but it is there, and we may rest assured that he saw it—and that he thought none the less of King Henry for all that. For throughout the play he has pictured Henry as one who fights only with a clear conscience.

It is this fine conscience of his warrior king that affords Shakespeare his best opportunity for inquiring somewhat closely into the ethics of war. That he fully understood its horrors is seen in Henry's appeal to the governor of Harfleur and his warning of what will follow resistance: The hot and forcing violation of pure maidens; old men's heads dashed to the wall; naked infants spitted upon pikes; mothers running mad and howling like the wives of Jewry at Herod's slaughter. Against all this Henry confesses himself helpless when once the dogs of war are unloosed.

On the eve of Agincourt Henry, incognito, moves among his soldiers. In his talk with Williams and Bates the discussion turns on war. "I am afeard," says Williams, "there are few that die well that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument?" In the long homily that Henry reads him in reply it is remarkable that he makes no attempt to answer that question; he confines his answer to relieving the king of all responsibility for the souls of his soldiers. Williams' question is that of a Christian: How can one obey the great commandment to be charitably (lovingly) disposed toward all men, when blood is the subject of one's thoughts and actions? That, more than ever, is the Christian's question to-day about war. Shakespeare asked it through the mouth of a common soldier, and in Henry's failure to answer it implied that no answer is possible which admits the existence of war.

One cannot fail to be impressed with the close connection of Henry's humanity with his religion. Form and ceremony are not enough. Pardon comes, not from building chantries or singing masses, but from penitence. That which binds humanity together is not governments or force, but trust. There is no more profound moral lesson to be found in Shakespeare than that conveyed in Henry's speech condemning Lord Scroop. Scroop's crime of treason is one committed, not merely against the person of his king but against humanity. His fall is "another fall of man." Having the appearance before all men of being dutiful, learned, noble, religious, self-controlled, and constant, he has by his treason betrayed mankind. If we would purge public office of corruption, we could do no better than to fasten this stigma upon the betrayer of public trust:

"How hast thou with jealousy infected  
The sweetness of affiance!"

# THE LIFE OF KING HENRY THE FIFTH

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.  
DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, } *Brothers to the*  
DUKE OF BEDFORD, } *King.*  
DUKE OF EXETER, *Uncle to the King.*  
DUKE OF YORK, *Cousin to the King.*  
EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND,  
and WARWICK.  
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.  
BISHOP OF ELY.  
EARL OF CAMBRIDGE.  
LORD SCROOP.  
SIR THOMAS GREY.  
SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLUELLEN,  
MACMORRIS, JAMY, *Officers in King Henry's Army.*  
BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, *Soldiers in the same.*  
PISTOL, NYM, BARDOLPH.

*Boy.*  
*A Herald.*  
CHARLES THE SIXTH, *King of France.*  
LEWIS, *the Dauphin.*  
DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, and  
BOURBON.  
*The Constable of France.*  
RAMBURES and GRANDPRÉ, *French Lords.*  
MONTJOY, *a French Herald.*  
*Governor of Harfleur.*  
*Ambassadors to the King of England.*  
ISABEL, *Queen of France.*  
KATHARINE, *Daughter to Charles and Isabel.*  
ALICE, *a Lady attending on the Princess.*  
*Hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap, formerly Mistress Quickly, and now married to Pistol.*

*Lords, Ladies, Officers, French and English Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, and Attendants.*

*Chorus.*

SCENE.—*England; afterwards France.*

### ACT I

*Enter CHORUS.*

O! for a Muse of fire, that would ascend  
The brightest heaven of invention;  
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act  
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene.  
Then should the war-like Harry, like himself,  
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,  
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine,  
sword, and fire  
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentlemen all,  
The flat unraised spirits that have dar'd  
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth 10  
So great an object: can this cockpit hold  
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram  
Within this wooden O the very casques  
That did affright the air at Agincourt?  
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may  
Attest in little place a million;  
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,  
On your imaginary forces work.  
Suppose within the girdle of these walls  
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies, 20  
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts  
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder:  
Piece out our imperfections with your  
thoughts;  
Into a thousand parts divide one man,  
And make imaginary puissance;

*Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them*  
*Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth;*  
*For 't is your thoughts that now must deck our kings,*  
*Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,*  
*Turning the accomplishment of many years*  
*Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,*  
*Admit me Chorus to this history;*  
*Who prologue-like your humble patience pray,*  
*Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.*  
*Exit.*

SCENE I.—*London. An Antechamber in the KING'S Palace.*

*Enter the Archbishop of CANTERBURY and the Bishop of ELY.*

*Cant.* My Lord, I'll tell you; that self bill is urg'd,  
Which in the eleventh year of the last king's reign  
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,  
But that the scrambling and unquiet time  
Did push it out of further question.  
*Ely.* But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

*Can.* It must be thought on. If it pass against us,

We lose the better half of our possession;  
For all the temporal lands which men devout  
By testament have given to the church . . . 10  
Would they strip from us; being valued thus:  
As much as would maintain, to the king's  
honour,

Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,  
Six thousand and two hundred good es-  
quires;

And, to relief of lazars and weak age,  
Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil,  
A hundred almshouses right well supplied;  
And to the coffers of the king beside,  
A thousand pounds by the year. Thus runs  
the bill.

*Ely.* This would drink deep.

*Can.* 'T would drink the cup and all.

*Ely.* But what prevention? . . . 21

*Can.* The king is full of grace and fair  
regard.

*Ely.* And a true lover of the holy church.

*Can.* The courses of his youth promis'd  
it not.

The breath no sooner left his father's body  
But that his wildness, mortified in him,  
Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very mo-  
ment,

Consideration like an angel came,  
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,  
Leaving his body as a paradise, . . . 30  
To envelop and contain celestial spirits.

Never was such a sudden scholar made;  
Never came reformation in a flood,  
With such a heady currance, scouring faults;  
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness  
So soon did lose his seat and all at once  
As in this king.

*Ely.* We are blessed in the change.

*Can.* Hear him but reason in divinity,  
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish  
You would desire the king were made a  
prelate: . . . 40

Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,  
You would say it hath been all in all his  
study:

List his discourse of war, and you shall  
hear

A fearful battle render'd you in music:  
Turn him to any cause of policy,  
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,  
Familiar as his garter; that, when he  
speaks,

The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,  
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears  
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences; 50  
So that the art and practic part of life  
Must be the mistress to this theoric:  
Which is a wonder how his grace should  
glean it,

Since his addiction was to courses vain;  
His companies unletter'd, rude, and shal-  
low;

His hours filled up with riots, banquets,  
sports;

And never noted in him any study,  
Any retirement, any sequestration  
From open haunts and popularity.

*Ely.* The strawberry grows underneath  
the nettle, . . . 60

And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best  
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:

And so the prince obscur'd his contempla-  
tion

Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,  
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by  
night,

Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.

*Can.* It must be so; for miracles are  
ceas'd;

And therefore we must needs admit the  
means

How things are perfected.

*Ely.* But, my good lord,  
How now for mitigation of this bill . . . 70

Urg'd by the commons? Doth his majesty  
Incline to it, or no?

*Can.* He seems indifferent,  
Or rather swaying more upon our part

Than cherishing the exhibitors against us;  
For I have made an offer to his majesty,

Upon our spiritual convocation,  
And in regard of causes now in hand,

Which I have open'd to his grace at large,  
As touching France, to give a greater sum

Than ever at one time the clergy yet . . . 80  
Did to his predecessors part withal.

*Ely.* How did this offer seem receiv'd, my  
lord?

*Can.* With good acceptance of his maj-  
esty;

Save that there was not time enough to  
hear,

As I perceiv'd his grace would fain have  
done,

The severals and unhidden passages  
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,

And generally to the crown and seat of  
France,

Deriv'd from Edward, his great-grandfather.

*Ely.* What was the impediment that broke  
this off? . . . 90

*Can.* The French ambassador upon that  
instant

Crav'd audience; and the hour I think is  
come

To give him hearing: is it four o'clock?

*Ely.* It is.

*Can.* Then go we in to know his em-  
bassy;

Which I could with a ready guess declare  
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

*Ely.* I'll wait upon you, and I long to  
hear it. *Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—The Same. The Presence Chamber.

*Enter* King HENRY, GLOUCESTER, BED-  
FORD, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORE-  
LAND, and Attendants.

*K. Hen.* Where is my gracious lord of  
Canterbury?

*Exe.* Not here in presence.

*K. Hen.* Send for him, good uncle.

*West.* Shall we call in the ambassador,  
my liege?

*K. Hen.* Not yet, my cousin: we would be resolv'd,  
Before we hear him, of some things of weight  
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

*Enter the Archbishop of CANTERBURY and the Bishop of ELY.*

*Cant.* God and his angels guard your sacred throne,  
And make you long become it!

*K. Hen.* Sure, we thank you.  
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed,  
And justly and religiously unfold  
Why the law Salique that they have in France  
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.

And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,  
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,

Or nicely charge your understanding soul  
With opening titles miscreate, whose right  
Suits not in native colours with the truth;  
For God doth know how many now in health  
Shall drop their blood in approbation  
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.  
Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,

How you awake our sleeping sword of war:  
We charge you, in the name of God, take heed;

For never two such kingdoms did contend  
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops

Are every one a woe, a sore complaint  
'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the swords

That make such waste in brief mortality.  
Under this conjuration speak, my lord,  
And we will hear, note, and believe in heart

That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd

As pure as sin with baptism.

*Cant.* Then hear me, gracious sovereign,  
and you peers,

That owe yourselves, your lives and services

To this imperial throne. There is no bar  
To make against your highness' claim to France

But this, which they produce from Pharamond,

*In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant,*  
'No woman shall succeed in Salique land.'  
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze

To be the realm of France, and Pharamond  
The founder of this law and female bar.  
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm  
That the land Salique is in Germany,  
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe;  
Where Charles the Great, having subdued the Saxons,

There left behind and settled certain French;  
Who, holding in disdain the German women  
For some dishonest manners of their life.

Establish'd then this law; to wit, no female  
Should be inheritor in Salique land;  
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,

Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.  
Then doth it well appear the Salique law  
Was not devised for the realm of France;  
Nor did the French possess the Salique land  
Until four hundred one and twenty years  
After defunction of King Pharamond,  
Idly suppos'd the founder of this law;  
Who died within the year of our redemption  
Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the Great

Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French  
Beyond the river Sala, in the year  
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,

King Pepin, which deposed Childeric,  
Did, as heir general, being descended  
Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,

Make claim and title to the crown of France.  
Hugh Capet also, who usurp'd the crown  
Of Charles the Duke of Lorraine, sole heir male

Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,

To find his title with some shows of truth,  
Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,

Convey'd himself as heir to the Lady Lingare,

Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son  
To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son  
Of Charles the Great. Also King Lewis the Tenth,

Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,  
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,  
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied  
That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,

Was lineal of the Lady Ermengare,  
Daughter to Charles the foresaid Duke of Lorraine:

By the which marriage the line of Charles the Great

Was re-united to the crown of France.  
So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,

King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,  
King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear

To hold in right and title of the female:  
So do the kings of France unto this day;

Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law

To bar your highness' claiming from the female;

And rather choose to hide them in a net  
Than amply to imbar their crooked titles  
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

*K. Hen.* May I with right and conscience  
make this claim?

*Cant.* The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!

For in the book of Numbers is it writ:  
'When the man dies, let the inheritance  
Descend unto the daughter.' Gracious lord,  
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;

Look back into your mighty ancestors;  
Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's  
tomb,  
From whom you claim; invoke his war-like  
spirit,  
And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black  
Prince,  
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,  
Making defeat on the full power of France;  
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill  
Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp  
Forage in blood of French nobility. 110  
O noble English! that could entertain  
With half their forces the full pride of  
France,

And let another half stand laughing by,  
All out of work, and cold for action.

*Ely.* Awake remembrance of these val-  
iant dead,

And with your puissant arm renew their  
feats:

You are their heir, you sit upon their throne,  
The blood and courage that renowned them  
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant  
liege

Is in the very May-morn of his youth, 120  
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

*Exe.* Your brother kings and monarchs  
of the earth

Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,  
As did the former lions of your blood.

*West.* They know your grace hath cause  
and means and might;

So hath your highness; never king of Eng-  
land

Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects,  
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in  
England

And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

*Conf.* O! let their bodies follow, my dear  
liege, 130

With blood and sword and fire to win your  
right;

In aid whereof we of the spirituality  
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum

As never did the clergy at one time  
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

*K. Hen.* We must not only arm to invade  
the French,

But lay down our proportions to defend  
Against the Scot, who will make road upon  
us

With all advantages.

*Conf.* They of those marches, gracious  
sovereign, 140

Shall be a wall sufficient to defend  
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

*K. Hen.* We do not mean the coursing  
snatchers only,

But fear the main intendment of the Scot,  
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to  
us;

For you shall read that my great-grandfather  
Never went with his forces into France

But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd king-  
dom

Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,  
With ample and brim fulness of his force, 150

Galling the gleaned land with hot essays,

Girding with grievous siege castles and  
towns;

That England, being empty of defence,  
Hath shook and trembled at the ill neigh-  
bourhood.

*Conf.* She hath been then more fear'd  
than harm'd, my liege;

For hear her but exemplified by herself:  
When all her chivalry hath been in France

And she a mourning widow of her nobles,  
She hath herself not only well defended,

But taken and impounded as a stray 160  
The King of Scots; whom she did send to  
France,

To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner  
kings,

And make her chronicles as rich with praise  
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea

With sunken wreck and sumless treasures.  
*West.* But there's a saying very old and  
true;

*If that you will France win,  
Then with Scotland first begin:*

For once the eagle England being in prey,  
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot 170  
Comes sneaking and so sucks her princely  
eggs,

Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,  
To tear and havoc more than she can eat.

*Exe.* It follows then the cat must stay at  
home:

Yet that is but a crush'd necessity,  
Since we have locks to safeguard neces-  
saries

And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.  
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad

The advised head defends itself at home:  
For government, though high and low and  
lower, 180

Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,  
Congreeing in a full and natural close,

Like music.

*Conf.* Therefore doth heaven divide  
The state of man in divers functions,

Setting endeavour in continual motion;  
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,

Obedience: for so work the honey-bees,  
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach

The act of order to a peopled kingdom.  
They have a king and officers of sorts; 190  
Where some, like magistrates, correct at  
home,

Others, like merchants, venture trade  
abroad,

Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,  
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;

Which pillage they with merry march bring  
home

To the tent-royal of their emperor:  
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys

The singing masons building roofs of gold,  
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,

The poor mechanic porters crowding in 200  
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,  
The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,

Delivering o'er to executors pale  
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,

That many things, having full reference

To one consent, may work contrariously;  
As many arrows, loosed several ways,  
Come to one mark; as many ways meet in  
one town;

As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;  
As many lines close in the dial's centre; 200  
So many a thousand actions, once afoot,  
End in one purpose, and be all well borne  
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my  
liege.

Divide your happy England into four;  
Whereof take you one quarter into France,  
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.  
If we, with thrice such powers left at home,  
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,  
Let us be worried and our nation lose  
The name of hardness and policy. 220

*K. Hen.* Call in the messengers sent from  
the Dauphin. *Exit an Attendant.*  
Now are we well resolv'd; and by God's  
help,

And yours, the noble sinews of our power,  
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe  
Or break it all to pieces: or there we'll sit,  
Ruling in large and ample empery  
O'er France and all her almost kingly duke-  
doms,

Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,  
Tombless, with no remembrance over them:  
Either our history shall with full mouth 230  
Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,  
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless  
mouth,

Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.

*Enter Ambassadors of France.*

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleas-  
ure

Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for we hear  
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

*First Amb.* May't please your majesty  
to give us leave

Freely to render what we have in charge;  
Or shall we sparingly show you far off 239  
The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy?

*K. Hen.* We are no tyrant, but a Chris-  
tian king;

Unto whose grace our passion is as subject  
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons:  
Therefore with frank and with uncurbed  
plainness

Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

*First Amb.* Thus then, in few.  
Your highness, lately sending into France,  
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the  
right

Of your great predecessor, King Edward  
the Third.

In answer of which claim, the prince our  
master 249

Says that you savour too much of your youth,  
And bids you be advis'd there's nought in  
France

That can be with a nimble galliard won;  
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.

He therefore sends you, meeter for your  
spirit,

This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,  
Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim

Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin  
speaks.

*K. Hen.* What treasure, uncle?

*Exe.* Tennis-balls, my liege.

*K. Hen.* We are glad the Dauphin is so  
pleasant with us; 259

His present and your pains we thank you  
for:

When we have match'd our rackets to these  
balls,

We will in France, by God's grace, play a set  
Shall strike his father's crown into the  
hazard.

Tell him he hath made a match with such a  
wrangler

That all the courts of France will be dis-  
turb'd

With chases. And we understand him well,  
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,  
Not measuring what use we made of them.  
We never valu'd this poor seat of England;  
And therefore, living hence, did give our-  
self 270

To barbarous license; as't is ever common  
That men are merriest when they are from  
home.

But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state,  
Be like a king and show my sail of greatness  
When I do rouse me in my throne of France:  
For that I have laid by my majesty  
And plodded like a man for working-days,  
But I will rise there with so full a glory  
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,  
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on  
us. 280

And tell the pleasant prince this mock of his  
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones; and his  
soul

Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful  
vengeance

That shall fly with them: for many a thou-  
sand widows

Shall this his mock mock out of their dear  
husbands;

Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles  
down;

And some are yet ungotten and unborn  
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's  
scorn.

But this lies all within the will of God,  
To whom I do appeal; and in whose name

Tell you the Dauphin I am coming on, *Exe.*  
To venge me as I may and to put forth

My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.  
So get you hence in peace; and tell the  
Dauphin

His jest will savour but of shallow wit  
When thousands weep more than did laugh  
at it.

Convey them with safe conduct. Fare you  
well. *Exeunt Ambassadors.*

*Exe.* This was a merry message.

*K. Hen.* We hope to make the sender  
blush at it.

Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour 300  
That may give furtherance to our expedi-  
tion;

For we have now no thought in us but  
France,

Save those to God, that run before our business.

Therefore let our proportions for these wars Be soon collected, and all things thought upon

That may with reasonable swiftness add More feathers to our wings; for, God before, We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.

Therefore let every man now task his thought,

That this fair action may on foot be brought.  
*Exeunt. Flourish.*

## ACT II

*Enter CHORUS.*

Now all the youth of England are on fire  
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;  
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought

Reigns solely in the breast of every man:  
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,  
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,  
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.  
For now sits Expectation in the air,  
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point  
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets, 10

Promised to Harry and his followers.  
The French advis'd by good intelligence  
Of this most dreadful preparation,  
Shake in their fear, and with pale policy  
Seek to divert the English purposes.  
O England! model to thy inward greatness,  
Like little body with a mighty heart,  
What might'st thou do, that honour would  
thee do,

Were all thy children kind and natural!  
But see thy fault! France hath in thee  
found out 20

A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills  
With treacherous crowns; and three corrupted men,

One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second,

Henry Lord Scroop of Masham, and the third,

Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,

Have, for the guilt of France,—O guilt indeed!—

Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;  
And by their hands this grace of kings must die,

If hell and treason hold their promises,  
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton. 31

Linger your patience on; and well digest  
The abuse of distance; force a play.

The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;  
The king is set from London; and the scene

Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton:

There is the playhouse now, there you must sit:

And thence to France shall we convey you safe,

And bring you back, charming the narrow seas

To give you gentle pass; for if we may,  
We'll not offend one stomach with our play. 40

But, till the king come forth and not till then,  
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene.  
*Exit.*

## SCENE I.—London. Eastcheap.

*Enter NYM and BARDOLPH.*

*Bard.* Well met, Corporal Nym.

*Nym.* Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

*Bard.* What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

*Nym.* For my part, I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve there shall be smiles; but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink and hold out mine iron. It is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will: and there's an end. 11

*Bard.* I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends, and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France: let it be so, good Corporal Nym.

*Nym.* Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

*Bard.* It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly; and certainly she did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her. 21

*Nym.* I cannot tell; things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and some say knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

*Enter PISTOL and Hostess.*

*Bard.* Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife. Good corporal, be patient here. How now, mine host Pistol! 30

*Pist.* Base tike, call'st thou me host? Now, by this hand I swear, I scorn the term; Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

*Host.* No, by my troth, not long; for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight.

*NYM and PISTOL draw.*  
O well-a-day, Lady! if he be not drawn now: we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed. 40

*Bard.* Good lieutenant! good corporal! offer nothing here.

*Nym.* Pish!

*Pist.* Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland!

*Host.* Good Corporal Nym, show thy valour and put up your sword.

*Nym.* Will you shog off? I would have you solus.

*Pist.* *Solus*, egregious dog! O viper vile!  
The *solus* in thy most mervailous face; 50  
The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,  
And in thy hateful lungs, yea in thy maw,  
perdy;

And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!  
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels;  
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,  
And flashing fire will follow.

*Nym.* I am not Barbason; you cannot  
conjure me. I have an humour to knock you  
indifferently well. If you grow foul with  
me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier,  
as I may, in fair terms: if you would walk  
off, I would prick your guts a little, in good  
terms, as I may; and that's the humour  
of it. 63

*Pist.* O braggart vile and damned furious  
wight!

The grave doth gape, and doting death is  
near;

Therefore exhale.

*Bard.* Hear me, hear me what I say: he  
that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up  
to the hilts, as I am a soldier. *Draws.*

*Pist.* An oath of mickle might; and fury  
shall abate. 70

Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give;  
Thy spirits are most tall.

*Nym.* I will cut thy throat, one time or  
other, in fair terms; that is the humour of it.

*Pist.* 'Couple a gorge!' 70  
That is the word. I thee defy again.

O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse  
to get?

No; to the spital go,

And from the powdering-tub of infamy 79  
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,  
Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her  
esponse;

I have, and I will hold, the quondam Quickly  
For the only she; and—*pauca*, there's  
enough.

Go to.

*Enter the Boy.*

*Boy.* Mine host, Pistol, you must come  
to my master, and you, hostess: he is very  
sick, and would to bed. Good Bardolph,  
put thy face between his sheets and do the  
office of a warming-pan. Faith, he's very ill.

*Bard.* Away, you rogue! 90

*Host.* By my troth, he'll yield the crow a  
pudding one of these days. The king has  
killed his heart. Good husband, come  
home presently. *Exeunt Hostess and Boy.*

*Bard.* Come, shall I make you two  
friends? We must to France together. Why  
the devil should we keep knives to cut one  
another's throats?

*Pist.* Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for  
food howl on!

*Nym.* You'll pay me the eight shillings I  
won of you at betting?

*Pist.* Base is the slave that pays. 100

*Nym.* That now I will have; that's the  
humour of it.

*Pist.* As manhood shall compound: push  
home. *They draw.*

*Bard.* By this sword, he that makes the  
first thrust, I'll kill him; by this sword, I  
will.

*Pist.* Sword is an oath, and oaths must  
have their course.

*Bard.* Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be  
friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why  
then, be enemies with me too. Prithee,  
put up.

*Nym.* I shall have my eight shillings I  
won of you at betting? 111

*Pist.* A noble shalt thou have, and present  
pay;

And liquor likewise will I give to thee,  
And friendship shall combine, and brother-  
hood:

I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me.  
Is not this just? for I shall sutler be  
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.  
Give me thy hand.

*Nym.* I shall have my noble?

*Pist.* In cash most justly paid. 120

*Nym.* Well then, that's the humour of 't.

*Re-enter Hostess.*

*Host.* As ever you came of women, come  
in quickly to Sir John. Ah! poor heart, he  
is so shaken of a burning quotidian tertian,  
that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet  
men, come to him.

*Nym.* The king hath run bad humours on  
the knight; that's the even of it.

*Pist.* Nym, thou hast spoke the right;  
His heart is fractured and corroborate. 130

*Nym.* The king is a good king: but it  
must be as it may; he passes some humours  
and careers.

*Pist.* Let us condole the knight: for,  
lambkins, we will live. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Southampton. A Council  
Chamber.

*Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, and WESTMORE-  
LAND.*

*Bed.* 'Fore God, his grace is bold to trust  
these traitors.

*Exe.* They shall be apprehended by and  
by.

*West.* How smooth and even they do bear  
themselves!

As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,  
Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.

*Bed.* The king hath note of all that they  
intend,

By interception which they dream not of.

*Exe.* Nay, but the man that was his bed-  
fellow,

Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gra-  
cious favours,

That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell 10  
His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

*Trumpets sound. Enter King HENRY,  
SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, GREY, Lords  
and Attendants.*

*K. Hen.* Now sits the wind fair, and we  
will aboard.

My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord  
of Masham,

And you, my gentle knight, give me your  
thoughts:

Think you not that the powers we bear with  
us

Will cut their passage through the force of  
France,

Doing the execution and the act

For which we have in head assembled  
them?

*Scroop.* No doubt, my liege, if each man  
do his best.

*K. Hen.* I doubt not that; since we are  
well persuaded 20

We carry not a heart with us from hence  
That grows not in a fair consent with ours;  
Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish  
Success and conquest to attend on us.

*Cam.* Never was monarch better fear'd  
and lov'd

Than is your majesty: there's not, I think,  
a subject

That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness  
Under the sweet shade of your government.

*Grey.* True: those that were your father's  
enemies

Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do  
serve you 30

With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

*K. Hen.* We therefore have great cause  
of thankfulness,

And shall forget the office of our hand,  
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit

According to the weight and worthiness.

*Scroop.* So service shall with steeled  
sinews toil,

And labour shall refresh itself with hope,  
To do your grace incessant services.

*K. Hen.* We judge no less. Uncle of  
Exeter,

Enlarge the man committed yesterday 40  
That rail'd against our person: we consider  
It was excess of wine that set him on;

And on his more advice we pardon him.

*Scroop.* That's mercy, but too much  
security:

Let him be punish'd, sovereign, lest example  
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a  
kind.

*K. Hen.* O! let us yet be merciful.

*Cam.* So may your highness, and yet  
punish too.

*Grey.* Sir,  
You show great mercy, if you give him life, 50  
After the taste of much correction.

*K. Hen.* Alas! your too much love and  
care of me

Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.  
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,

Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch  
our eye

When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd,  
and digested,

Appear before us? We'll yet enlarge that  
man,

Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in  
their dear care

And tender preservation of our person,

Would have him punish'd. And now to our  
French causes: 25

Who are the late commissioners?

*Cam.* I one, my lord:  
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

*Scroop.* So did you me, my liege.

*Grey.* And I, my royal sovereign.

*K. Hen.* Then, Richard Earl of Cam-  
bridge, there is yours;

There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham; and,  
sir knight,

Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:  
Read them; and know, I know your worthi-  
ness.

My Lord of Westmoreland, and uncle  
Exeter,

We will aboard to-night. Why, how now,  
gentlemen! 71

What see you in those papers that you lose  
So much complexion? Look ye, how they  
change!

Their cheeks are paper. Why, what read  
you there,

That hath so cowarded and chas'd your  
blood

Out of appearance?

*Cam.* I do confess my fault,  
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

*Grey, Scroop.* To which we all appeal.

*K. Hen.* The mercy that was quick in us  
but late

By your own counsel is suppress'd and  
kill'd: 80

You must not dare, for shame, to talk of  
mercy;

For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,  
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.

See you, my princes and my noble peers,  
These English monsters! My Lord of Cam-  
bridge here,

You know how apt our love was to accord  
To furnish him with all appertinents

Belonging to his honour; and this man  
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly con-  
spir'd,

And sworn unto the practices of France, 90  
To kill us here in Hampton; to the which  
This knight, no less for bounty bound  
to us

Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn.

But O!

What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop? thou  
cruel,

Ingrateful, savage and inhuman creature!  
Thou that didst bear the key of all my coun-  
sels,

That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,  
That almost might'st have coin'd me into  
gold

Would'st thou have practis'd on me for thy  
use!

May it be possible that foreign hire 100  
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil  
That might annoy my finger? 't is so strange  
That, though the truth of it stands off as  
gross

As black and white, my eye will scarcely  
see it.

Treason and murder ever kept together,

As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,  
 Working so grossly in a natural cause  
 That admiration did not whoop at them:  
 But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring  
 in  
 Wonder to wait on treason and on murder:  
 And whatsoever cunning fiend it was 111  
 That wrought upon thee so preposterously  
 Hath got the voice in hell for excellence:  
 All other devils that suggest by treasons  
 Do botch and bungle up damnation  
 With patches, colours, and with forms, being  
 fetch'd  
 From glistering semblances of piety;  
 But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand  
 up,  
 Gave thee no instance why thou should'st  
 do treason, 119  
 Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.  
 If that same demon that hath gull'd thee  
 thus  
 Should with his lion gait walk the whole  
 world,  
 He might return to vasty Tartar back,  
 And tell the legions: 'I can never win  
 A soul so easy as that Englishman's.'  
 O! how hast thou with jealousy infected  
 The sweetness of affiance. Show men duti-  
 ful?  
 Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and  
 learned?  
 Why, so didst thou: come they of noble  
 family?  
 Why, so didst thou: seem they religious? 130  
 Why, so didst thou: or are they spare in  
 diet,  
 Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,  
 Constant in spirit, not swerving with the  
 blood,  
 Garnish'd and deck'd in modest compli-  
 ment,  
 Not working with the eye without the ear,  
 And but in purged judgment trusting  
 neither?  
 Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem:  
 And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,  
 To mark the full-fraught man and best  
 indued  
 With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;  
 For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like 141  
 Another fall of man. Their faults are open:  
 Arrest them to the answer of the law;  
 And God acquit them of their practices!  
*Exe.* I arrest thee of high treason, by the  
 name of  
 Richard Earl of Cambridge.  
 I arrest thee of high treason, by the name  
 of Henry  
 Lord Scroop of Masham.  
 I arrest thee of high treason, by the name  
 of  
 Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumber-  
 land. 150  
*Scroop.* Our purposes God justly hath dis-  
 cover'd,  
 And I repent my fault more than my death;  
 Which I beseech your highness to forgive,  
 Although my body pay the price of it.

*Cam.* For me, the gold of France did not  
 seduce,  
 Although I did admit it as a motive  
 The sooner to effect what I intended:  
 But God be thanked for prevention;  
 Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,  
 Beseeching God and you to pardon me. 160  
*Grey.* Never did faithful subject more  
 rejoice  
 At the discovery of most dangerous treason  
 Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,  
 Prevented from a damned enterprise.  
 My fault, but not my body, pardon, sov-  
 ereign.  
*K. Hen.* God quit you in his mercy!  
 Hear your sentence.  
 You have conspir'd against our royal person,  
 Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from  
 his coffers.  
 Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death:  
 Wherein you would have sold your king to  
 slaughter, 170  
 His princes and his peers to servitude,  
 His subjects to oppression and contempt,  
 And his whole kingdom into desolation.  
 Touching our person seek we no revenge;  
 But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,  
 Whose ruin you have sought, that to her  
 laws  
 We do deliver you. Get you therefore,  
 hence,  
 Poor miserable wretches, to your death;  
 The taste whereof, God of his mercy give  
 you  
 Patience to endure, and true repentance 180  
 Of all your dear offences! Bear them hence.  
*Exeunt CAMBRIDGE, SCROOP, and*  
*GREY, guarded.*  
 Now, lords, for France; the enterprise  
 whereof  
 Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.  
 We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,  
 Since God so graciously hath brought to  
 light  
 This dangerous treason lurking in our  
 way  
 To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not  
 now  
 But every rub is smoothed on our way.  
 Then forth, dear countrymen: let us deliver  
 Our puissance into the hand of God, 190  
 Putting it straight in expedition.  
 Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:  
 No king of England, if not king of France.  
*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*London. Before a Tavern in*  
*Eastcheap.*  
*Enter PISTOL, HOSTESS, NYM, BARDOLPH*  
*and Boy.*  
*Host.* Prithee, honey-sweet husband, let  
 me bring thee to Staines.  
*Pist.* No; for my manly heart doth yearn.  
 Bardolph, be blithe; Nym, rouse thy vaunt-  
 ing veins:  
 Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he  
 is dead,  
 And we must yearn therefore.

*Bard.* Would I were with him, where-  
som'er he is, either in heaven or in hell! 8

*Host.* Nay, sure, he's not in hell: he's  
in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to  
Arthur's bosom. A' made a finer end and  
went away an it had been any christom  
child; a' parted even just between twelve  
and one, even at the turning o' the tide: for  
after I saw him fumble with the sheets and  
play with flowers and smile upon his fingers'  
ends, I knew there was but one way; for  
his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' bab-  
bled of green fields. 'How now, Sir John?'  
quoth I: 'what, man! be o' good cheer.'  
So a' cried out 'God, God, God!' three or  
four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him  
a' should not think of God, I hoped there  
was no need to trouble himself with any  
such thoughts yet. So a' bade me lay more  
clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the  
bed and felt them, and they were as cold as  
any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so  
upward, and upward, and all was as cold as  
any stone.

*Nym.* They say he cried out of sack.

*Host.* Ay, that a' did. 30

*Bard.* And of women.

*Host.* Nay, that a' did not.

*Boy.* Yes, that a' did; and said they were  
devils incarnate.

*Host.* A' could never abide carnation;  
't was a colour he never liked.

*Boy.* A' said once, the devil would have  
him about women.

*Host.* A' did in some sort, indeed, handle  
women; but then he was rheumatic, and  
talked of the whore of Babylon. 41

*Boy.* Do you not remember a' saw a flea  
stick upon Bardolph's nose, and a' said it  
was a black soul burning in hell-fire?

*Bard.* Well, the fuel is gone that main-  
tained that fire: that's all the riches I got in  
his service.

*Nym.* Shall we shog? the king will be  
gone from Southampton.

*Pist.* Come, let's away. My love, give  
me thy lips.

Look to my chattels and my moveables: 50  
Let senses rule, the word is 'Pitch and  
pay.'

Trust none;

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-  
cakes,

And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck:

Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor.

Go, clear thy crystals. Yoke-fellows in  
arms,

Let us to France; like horse-leeches, my  
boys,

To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

*Boy.* And that's but unwholesome food,  
they say. 60

*Pist.* Touch her soft mouth, and march.

*Bard.* Farewell, hostess. Kisses her.

*Nym.* I cannot kiss, that is the humour of  
it; but adieu.

*Pist.* Let housewifery appear: keep close,  
' I thee command.

*Host.* Farewell; adieu.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*France. An Apartment in the  
French King's Palace.*

*Enter the French King, attended; the  
DAUPHIN, the Dukes of BERRI and BRE-  
TAGNE, the Constable, and Others.*

*Fr. King.* Thus comes the English with  
full power upon us;

And more than carefully it us concerns

To answer royally in our defences.

Therefore the Dukes of Berri and of Bre-  
tagne,

Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make  
forth,

And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift dis-  
patch,

To line and new repair our towns of war  
With men of courage and with means de-  
fendant;

For England his approaches makes as fierce  
As waters to the sucking of a gulf. 10

It fits us then to be as provident  
As fear may teach us out of late examples

Left by the fatal and neglected English  
Upon our fields.

*Dau.* My most redoubted father,  
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;

For peace itself should not so dull a king-  
dom,

Though war nor no known quarrel were in  
question,

But that defences, musters, preparations,  
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and col-  
lected,

As were a war in expectation. 20

Therefore, I say, 't is meet we all go forth  
To view the sick and feeble parts of France:

And let us do it with no show of fear;  
No, with no more than if we heard that

England  
Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance:

For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,  
Her sceptre so fantastically borne

By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,  
That fear attends her not.

*Con.* O peace, Prince Dauphin!  
You are too much mistaken in this king. 30

Question your grace the late ambassadors,  
With what great state he heard their em-  
bassy,

How well supplied with noble counsellors,  
How modest in exception, and withal

How terrible in constant resolution,  
And you shall find his vanities forespent

Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,  
Covering discretion with a coat of folly;

As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots  
That shall first spring and be most delicate.

*Dau.* Well, 't is not so, my lord high con-  
stable; 41

But though we think it so, it is no matter:  
In cases of defence 't is best to weigh

The enemy more mighty than he seems:  
So the proportions of defence are fill'd;

Which of a weak and niggardly projection  
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scant-  
ing

A little cloth.

*Fr. King.* Think we King Harry strong;

And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.

The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us,

And he is bred out of that bloody strain 51  
That haunted us in our familiar paths:  
Witness our too much memorable shame  
When Cressy battle fatally was struck,  
And all our princes captiv'd by the hand  
Of that black name, Edward, Black Prince  
of Wales;

Whiles that his mountain sire, on mountain  
standing,

Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,  
Saw his heroidal seed, and smil'd to see him,  
Mangle the work of nature, and deface 60  
The patterns that by God and by French  
fathers

Had twenty years been made. This is a  
stem

Of that victorious stock; and let us fear  
The native mightiness and fate of him.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Ambassadors from Harry King of  
England

Do crave admittance to your majesty.

*Fr. King.* We'll give them present audi-  
ence. Go, and bring them.

*Exeunt Messenger and certain Lords.*  
You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

*Dau.* Turn head, and stop pursuit; for  
coward dogs

Most spend their mouths when what they  
seem to threaten 70

Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,  
Take up the English short, and let them  
know

Of what a monarchy you are the head:

Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin

As self-neglecting.

*Re-enter Lords, with EXETER and Train.*

*Fr. King.* From our brother England?

*Exe.* From him; and thus he greets your  
majesty.

He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,  
That you divest yourself, and lay apart

The borrowed glories that by gift of heaven,  
By law of nature and of nations, 'long 80

To him and to his heirs; namely, the crown  
And all wide-stretched honours that pertain

By custom and the ordinance of times  
Unto the crown of France. That you may  
know

'Tis no sinister nor no awkward claim,  
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd  
days,

Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,  
He sends you this most memorable line,

*Gives a pedigree.*

In every branch truly demonstrative;  
Willing you overlook this pedigree; 90

And when you find him evenly deriv'd  
From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,

Edward the Third, he bids you then resign  
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held

From him the native and true challenger.

*Fr. King.* Or else what follows?

*Exe.* Bloody constraint; for if you hide  
the crown

Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:  
Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming.

In thunder and in earthquake like a Jove,  
That, if requiring fail, he will compel; 101

And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,  
Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy

On the poor souls for whom this hungry war  
Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head

Turning the widows' tears, the orphans'  
cries,

The dead men's blood, the pining maidens'  
groans,

For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,  
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.

This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my  
message; 110

Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,  
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

*Fr. King.* For us, we will consider of this  
further:

To-morrow shall you bear our full intent  
Back to our brother England.

*Dau.* For the Dauphin,  
I stand here for him: what to him from  
England?

*Exe.* Scorn and defiance; slight regard,  
contempt,

And anything that may not misbecome  
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.

Thus says my king: an if your father's high-  
ness

Do not, in grant of all demands at large, 121  
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his maj-  
esty,

He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,  
That caves and womby vaultages of France

Shall chide your trespass and return your  
mock

In second accent of his ordinance.

*Dau.* Say, if my father render fair return,  
It is against my will; for I desire

Nothing but odds with England: to that  
end,

As matching to his youth and vanity, 130  
I did present him with the Paris balls.

*Exe.* He'll make your Paris Louvre shake  
for it,

Were it the mistress-court of mighty Europe:  
And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference,

As we his subjects have in wonder found,  
Between the promise of his greener days

And these he masters now. Now he weighs  
time

Even to the utmost grain; that you shall  
read

In your own losses, if he stay in France.

*Fr. King.* To-morrow shall you know our  
mind at full. 140

*Exe.* Dispatch us with all speed, lest that  
our king

Come here himself to question our delay;  
For he is footed in this land already.

*Fr. King.* You shall be soon dispatch'd  
with fair conditions:

A night is but small breath and little pause  
To answer matters of this consequence.

*Flourish. Exeunt.*

## ACT III

Enter CHORUS.

*Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies*

*In motion of no less celerity*

*Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen*

*The well-appointed king at Hampton pier  
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet  
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning:*

*Play with your fancies, and in them behold  
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;  
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give*

*To sounds confus'd; behold the threaten sails,*

*Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,  
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,*

*Breasting the lofty surge. O! do but think  
You stand upon the rivage and behold  
A city on the inconstant billows dancing;  
For so appears this fleet majestical,  
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!*

*Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,  
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,*

*Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,*

*Either past or not arriv'd to pith and puissance:*

*For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd  
With one appearing hair, that will not follow  
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?*

*Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege;*

*Behold the ordnance on their carriages,  
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.*

*Suppose the ambassador from the French comes back;*

*Tells Harry that the king doth offer him  
Katharine his daughter; and with her, to dowry,*

*Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms: 31  
The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner*

*With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,*

*Alarum, and chambers go off.  
And down goes all before them. Still be kind,*

*And eke out our performance with your mind. Exit.*

## SCENE I.—France. Before Harfleur.

*Alarums. Enter King HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, and Soldiers, with scaling-ladders.*

*K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;*

*Or close the wall up with our English dead.  
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man  
As modest stillness and humility:*

*But when the blast of war blows in our ears,  
Then imitate the action of the tiger;  
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,  
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;*

*Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;  
Let it pry through the portage of the head  
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it*

*As fearfully as doth a galled rock  
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,  
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.*

*Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,*

*Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit*

*To his full height! On, on, you noble English!*

*Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof;*

*Fathers that, like so many Alexanders, 19  
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,*

*And sheathe'd their swords for lack of argument.*

*Dishonour not your mothers; now attest  
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.*

*Be copy now to men of grosser blood,  
And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,*

*Whose limbs were made in England, show us here*

*The mettle of your pasture; let us swear  
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not;*

*For there is none of you so mean and base  
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes. 30*

*I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,  
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:*

*Follow your spirit; and upon this charge  
Cry 'God for Harry! England and Saint George!'*

*Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.*

## SCENE II.—The Same.

*Enter NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and Boy.*

*Bard. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!*

*Nym. Pray thee, corporal, stay: the knocks are too hot; and for mine own part,*

*I have not a case of lives: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.*

*Pist. The plain-song is most just, for humours do abound:*

*Knocks go and come, God's vassals drop and die;*

*And sword and shield,  
In bloody field,*

*Doth win immortal fame.*

*Boy. Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and safety.*

*Pist. And I:*

*If wishes would prevail with me,  
My purpose should not fail with me,  
But thither would I hie.*

Boy. *As duly,  
But not as truly,  
As bird doth sing on bough.*

*Enter FLUELLEN.*

*Flu.* Up to the breach, you dogs! avaunt, you cullions! *Driving them forward.*

*Pist.* Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould!

Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage;

Abate thy rage, great duke!

Good bawcock, bate thy rage; use lenity, sweet chuck!

*Nym.* These be good humours! your honour wins bad humours.

*Exeunt NYM, PISTOL, and BARDOLPH,  
followed by FLUELLEN.*

*Boy.* As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for indeed three such anticks do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-livered and red-faced; by the means whereof a' faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof a' breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath heard that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest a' should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are matched with as few good deeds; for a' never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal anything and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel; I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchers: which makes much against my manhood if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them and seek some better service: their villany goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. *Exit.*

*Re-enter FLUELLEN, GOWER following.*

*Gow.* Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines; the Duke of Gloucester would speak with you.

*Flu.* To the mines! tell you the duke it is not so good to come to the mines. For look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary, you may discuss unto the duke, look you, is digt himself four yard under the countermines. By Cheshu, I think a' will plow up all if there is not better directions.

*Gow.* The duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

*Flu.* It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

*Gow.* I think it be.

*Flu.* By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world: I will verify as much in his peard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

*Enter MACMORRIS and JAMY, at a distance.*

*Gow.* Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain, Captain Jamy, with him.

*Flu.* Captain Jamy is a marvellous valorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition and knowledge in th' aunchient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

*Jamy.* I say gud day, Captain Fluellen.

*Flu.* God-den to your worship, good Captain James.

*Gow.* How now, Captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

*Mac.* By Chrish, la! tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la! in an hour: O! tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done.

*Flu.* Captain Macmorris, I peseech you now, will you youtsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline: that is the point.

*Jamy.* It sall be vary gud, gud feith, gud captains bath: and I sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, marry.

*Mac.* It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me: the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes: it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet call us to the breach; and we talk, and, be Chrish, do nothing: 't is shame for us all; so God sa' me, 't is shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand; and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la!

*Jamy.* By the mess, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slumber, aile do gud service, or aile lig i' the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay it as valorously as I may, that sall I surely do, that is the breff and the long. Marry, I wad full fain hear some question 'tween you tway.

*Flu.* Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—

*Mac.* Of my nation! What ish my na-

tion? Ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal. What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

*Flu.* Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as good a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities. 142

*Mac.* I do not know you so good a man as myself: so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

*Gow.* Gentlemen, both, you will mistake each other.

*Jamy.* A! that's a foul fault.

*A parley sounded.*

*Gow.* The town sounds a parley. 149

*Flu.* Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you I know the disciplines of wars; and there is an end. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. Before the Gates of Harfleur.*

*The Governor and some Citizens on the walls; the English Forces below. Enter KING HENRY and his Train.*

*K. Hen.* How yet resolves the governor of the town?

This is the latest parle we will admit: Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves; Or like to men proud of destruction Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier, A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,

If I begin the battery once again, I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur Till in her ashes she lies buried.

The gates of mercy shall be all shut up, 10 And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,

In liberty of bloody hand shall range With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass

Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering infants.

What is it then to me, if impious war, Array'd in flames like to the prince of fiends,

Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats

Enlink'd to waste and desolation?

What is 't to me, when you yourselves are cause,

If your pure maidens fall into the hand 20 Of hot and forcing violation?

What rein can hold licentious wickedness When down the hill he holds his fierce career?

We may as bootless spend our vain command

Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil As send precepts to the leviathan

To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,

Take pity of your town and of your people, Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command; Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace 30

O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds Of heady murder, spoil, and villany.

If not, why, in a moment look to see

The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;

Your fathers taken by the silver beards, And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;

Your naked infants spitted upon pikes, Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd

Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry 40

At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen. What say you? will you yield, and this avoid?

Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

*Gov.* Our expectation hath this day an end.

The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated,

Returns us that his powers are yet not ready

To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king,

We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.

Enter our gates; dispose of us and ours; For we no longer are defensible. 50

*K. Hen.* Open your gates! Come, uncle Exeter,

Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain, And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:

Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle, The winter coming on and sickness growing

Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais. To-night in Harfleur we will be your guest;

To-morrow for the march are we address'd. *Flourish. KING HENRY and his train enter the town.*

SCENE IV.—*Rouen. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter KATHARINE and ALICE.*

*Kath. Alice, tu as esté en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.*

*Alice. Un peu, madame.*

*Kath. Je te prie, m'enseignes; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez vous la main en Anglois?*

*Alice. La main? elle est appelée de hand.*

*Kath. De hand. Et les doigts?*

*Alice. Les doigts? ma foy, je oublie les doigts; mais je me souviendray. Les doigts? je pense qu'ils sont appelés de fingers; ouy, de fingers.* 11

*Kath. La main, de hand; les doigts, de fingers. Je pense que je suis le bon escolier. J'ai gagné deux mots d'Anglois vistement. Comment appelez vous les ongles?*

*Alice. Les ongles? nous les appellons de nails.*

*Kath.* De nails. *Escoutez; dites moy si je parle bien: de hand, de fingres, et de nails.*

*Alice.* C'est bien dict, madame; il est fort bon Anglois. 20

*Kath.* Dites moy l'Anglois pour le bras.

*Alice.* De arm, madame.

*Kath.* Et le coude?

*Alice.* De elbow.

*Kath.* De elbow. *Je m'en fais la répétition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à présent.*

*Alice.* Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

*Kath.* Excusez moy, *Alice; escoutez: de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arma, de bilbow.* 31

*Alice.* De elbow, madame.

*Kath.* O Seigneur Dieu! je m'en oublie; de elbow. *Comment appelez vous le col?*

*Alice.* De nick, madame.

*Kath.* De nick. *Et le menton?*

*Alice.* De chin.

*Kath.* De sin. *Le col, de nick; le menton, de sin.* 39

*Alice.* Ouy. *Sauf vostre honneur, en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droit que les natifs d'Angleterre.*

*Kath.* Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps.

*Alice.* N'avez vous déjà oublié ce que je vous ay enseigné?

*Kath.* Non, je reciteray à vous promptement. *De hand, de fingre, de mails,—*

*Alice.* De nails, madame.

*Kath.* De nails, de arme, de ilbow. 40

*Alice.* Sauf vostre honneur, d'elbow.

*Kath.* Ainsi dis je; d'elbow, de nick, et de sin. *Comment appelez vous le pied et la robe?*

*Alice.* Le foot, madame; et le coun.

*Kath.* Le foot, et le coun? O Seigneur Dieu! ils sont les mots de son mauvais, corruptible, gros, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user. Je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde. Foh! le foot et le coun! Néant-moins je reciteray une autre fois ma leçon ensemble: d'hand, de fingre, de nails, d'arm, d'elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, le coun. 63

*Alice.* Excellent madame!

*Kath.* C'est assez pour une fois: allons nous à diner. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—The Same. Another Room in the Same.

*Enter the French King, the DAUPHIN, the Duke of BOURBON, the Constable of France, and Others.*

*Fr. King.* 'Tis certain he hath pass'd the river Somme.

*Con.* And if he be not fought withal, my lord,

Let us not live in France; let us quit all, And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

*Dau.* O Dieu vivant! shall a few sprays of us,

The emptying of our fathers' luxury, Our scions, put in wild and savage stock, Spirit up so suddenly into the clouds, And overlook their grafters?

*Bour.* Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards! 10

*Mort de mai vie!* if they march along Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,

To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

*Con.* Dieu de batailles! where have they this mettle?

Is not their climate foggy, raw and dull, On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale, Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,

A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley-broth,

Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat? 20

And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,

Seem frosty? O! for honour of our land, Let us not hang like roping icicles

Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people

Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields;

Poor we may call them in their native lords.

*Dau.* By faith and honour, Our madams mock at us, and plainly say

Our mettle is bred out; and they will give Their bodies to the lust of English youth 30

To new-store France with bastard warriors.

*Bour.* They bid us to the English dancing-schools,

And teach lavolts high and swift corantos; Saying our grace is only in our heels,

And that we are most lofty runaways.

*Fr. King.* Where is Montjoy the herald? speed him hence;

Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.

Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour edg'd

More sharper than your swords, hie to the field;

Charles Delabreth, high constable of France;

You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berri,

Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy; 42

Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont, Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,

Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois; High dukes, great princes, barons, lords,

and knights, For your great seats now quit you of great shames,

Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land

With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur:

Rush on his host as doth the melted snow 50 Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat

The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon :  
Go down upon him, you have power enough,  
And in a captive chariot into Roan  
Bring him our prisoner.

*Con.* This becomes the great.  
Sorry am I his numbers are so few,  
His soldiers sick and famish'd in their  
march,

For I am sure when he shall see our  
army

He 'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,  
And for achievement offer us his ransom. 60

*Fr. King.* Therefore, lord constable, haste  
on Montjoy,

And let him say to England that we send  
To know what willing ransom he will give.  
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in  
Roan.

*Dau.* Not so, I do beseech your majesty.  
*Fr. King.* Be patient, for you shall re-  
main with us.

Now forth, lord constable and princes all,  
And quickly bring us word of England's fall.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The English Camp in Picardy.*

*Enter GOWER and FLUELLEN.*

*Gow.* How now, Captain Fluellen! come  
you from the bridge?

*Flu.* I assure you there is very excellent  
services committed at the pridge.

*Gow.* Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

*Flu.* The Duke of Exeter is as magnani-  
mous as Agamemnon; and a man that I  
love and honour with my soul, and my heart,  
and my duty, and my life, and my living,  
and my uttermost power: he is not, God  
be praised and blessed! any hurt in the  
world, but keeps the pridge most valiantly,  
with excellent discipline. There is an aunchient  
lieutenant there at the pridge; I think  
in my very conscience he is as valiant a  
man as Mark Antony; and he is a man  
of no estimation in the world; but I did  
see him do as gallant service.

*Gow.* What do you call him?

*Flu.* He is called Aunchient Pistol.

*Gow.* I know him not. 20

*Enter PISTOL.*

*Flu.* Here is the man.

*Pist.* Captain, I thee beseech to do me  
favours: The Duke of Exeter doth love  
thee well.

*Flu.* Ay, I praise God; and I have mer-  
ited some love at his hands.

*Pist.* Bardolph, a soldier firm and sound  
of heart,

And of buxom valour, hath, by cruel fate  
And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,  
That goddess blind, 29

That stands upon the rolling restless  
stone,—

*Flu.* By your patience, Aunchient Pistol.  
Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler  
 afore her eyes, to signify to you that For-  
tune is blind: and she is painted also with  
a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral

of it, that she is turning, and inconstant,  
and mutability, and variation: and her foot,  
look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone,  
which rolls, and rolls, and rolls: in good  
truth, the poet makes a most excellent de-  
scription of it: Fortune is an excellent  
moral. 40

*Pist.* Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and  
frowns on him;

For he hath stol'n a pax, and hanged must  
a' be.

A damned death!

Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free

And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate.

But Exeter hath given the doom of death

For pax of little price.

Therefore, go speak; the duke will hear  
thy voice;

And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut  
With edge of penny cord and vile reproach:

Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee  
requite. 51

*Flu.* Aunchient Pistol, I do partly under-  
stand your meaning.

*Pist.* Why then, rejoice therefore.

*Flu.* Certainly, aunchient, it is not a  
thing to rejoice at; for if, look you, he were  
my brother, I would desire the duke to use  
his good pleasure and put him to execution;  
for discipline ought to be used.

*Pist.* Die and be damn'd; and figo for  
thy friendship! 60

*Flu.* It is well.

*Pist.* The fig of Spain! *Exit.*

*Flu.* Very good.

*Gow.* Why, this is an arrant counterfeit  
rascal: I remember him now; a bawd, a  
cut-purse.

*Flu.* I'll assure you a' uttered as prave  
words at the pridge as you shall see in a  
summer's day. But it is very well; what  
he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant  
you, when time is serve. 69

*Gow.* Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue,  
that now and then goes to the wars to grace  
himself at his return into London under the  
form of a soldier. And such fellows are  
perfect in the great commanders' names,  
and they will learn you by rote where serv-  
ices were done; at such and such a sconce,  
at such a breach, at such a convoy; who  
came off bravely, who was shot, who dis-  
graced, what terms the enemy stood on;  
and this they con perfectly in the phrase of  
war, which they trick up with new-tuned  
oaths: and what a beard of the general's  
cut and a horrid suit of the camp will do  
among foaming bottles and ale-washed  
wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But  
you must learn to know such slanders of the  
age, or else you may be marvellously mis-  
took. 85

*Flu.* I tell you what, Captain Gower; I  
do perceive he is not the man that he would  
gladly make show to the world he is: if I  
find a hole in his coat I will tell him my  
mind. *Drum heard.*

Hark you, the king is coming, and I must  
speak with him from the pridge. 91

*Enter King HENRY, GLOUCESTER, and Soldiers.*

*Flu.* God bless your majesty!

*K. Hen.* How now, Fluellen! cam'st thou from the bridge?

*Flu.* Ay, so please your majesty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge: the French is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and most prave passages. Marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge, but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of the pridge. I can tell your majesty the duke is a prave man. 101

*K. Hen.* What men have you lost, Fluellen?

*Flu.* The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church; one Bar-dolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames o' fire; and his lips blows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out. 112

*K. Hen.* We would have all such offenders so cut off: and we give express charge that in our marches through the country there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language; for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner. 120

*Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.*

*Mont.* You know me by my habit.

*K. Hen.* Well then I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

*Mont.* My master's mind.

*K. Hen.* Unfold it. 124

*Mont.* Thus says my king: Say thou to Harry of England: Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep: advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him we could have rebuked him at Harfleur, but that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full ripe: now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial: England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master, so much my office. 145

*K. Hen.* What is thy name? I know thy quality.

*Mont.* Montjoy.

*K. Hen.* Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,

And tell thy king I do not seek him now, But could be willing to march on to Calais Without impeachment; for, to say the sooth,

Though 't is no wisdom to confess so much Unto an enemy of craft and vantage, 153 My people are with sickness much enfeebled,

My numbers lessen'd, and those few I have Almost no better than so many French; Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,

I thought upon one pair of English legs Did march three Frenchmen. Yet, forgive me, God, 159

That I do brag thus! this your air of France Hath blown that vice in me: I must repent.

Go therefore, tell thy master here I am; My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk, My army but a weak and sickly guard; Yet, God before, tell him we will come on, Though France himself and such another neighbour

Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.

Go bid thy master well advise himself: If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd, We shall your tawny ground with your red blood 170

Discolour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well. The sum of all our answer is but this:

We would not seek a battle as we are; Nor, as we are, we say we will not shun it: So tell your master.

*Mont.* I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness. *Exit.*

*Glou.* I hope they will not come upon us now.

*K. Hen.* We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.

March to the bridge; it now draws toward night:

Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves, 180 And on to-morrow bid them march away. *Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The French Camp, near Agincourt.*

*Enter the Constable of France, the Lord RAMBURES, the Duke of ORLEANS, the DAUPHIN, and Others.*

*Con.* Tut! I have the best armour of the world. Would it were day!

*Orl.* You have an excellent armour; but let my horse have his due.

*Con.* It is the best horse of Europe.

*Orl.* Will it never be morning?

*Dau.* My lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armour—

*Orl.* You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world. 19

*Dau.* What a long night is this! I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. *Ca, ha!* He bounds from the earth as if his entrails were hairs; *le chevel volant*, the Pegasus, *qui a les narines de feu!* When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

*Orl.* He's of the colour of the nutmeg. 20

*Dau.* And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him: he is indeed a horse: and all other jades you may call beasts.

*Con.* Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

*Dau.* It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch; and his countenance enforces homage. 31

*Orl.* No more, cousin.

*Dau.* Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all. 'Tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world, familiar to us and unknown, to lay apart their particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise and began thus: 'Wonder of nature!'— 43

*Orl.* I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

*Dau.* Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser; for my horse is my mistress.

*Orl.* Your mistress bears well.

*Dau.* Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress. 50

*Con.* Nay, for methought yesterday your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

*Dau.* So perhaps did yours.

*Con.* Mine was not bridled.

*Dau.* O! then belike she was old and gentle; and you rode, like a kern of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait strossers.

*Con.* You have good judgment in horsemanship. 59

*Dau.* Be warned by me, then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs. I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

*Con.* I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

*Dau.* I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears his own hair.

*Con.* I could make as true a boast as that if I had a sow to my mistress.

*Dau.* *Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au boubrière* thou makest use of any thing. 70

*Con.* Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress; or any such proverb so little kin to the purpose.

*Ram.* My lord constable, the armour that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars or suns upon it?

*Con.* Stars, my lord.

*Dau.* Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

*Con.* And yet my sky shall not want.

*Dau.* That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 't were more honour some were away. 81

*Con.* Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well were some of your brags dismounted.

*Dau.* Would I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

*Con.* I will not say so for fear I should be faced out of my way. But I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English. 92

*Ram.* Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

*Con.* You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

*Dau.* 'Tis midnight; I'll go arm myself. *Exit.*

*Orl.* The Dauphin longs for morning.

*Ram.* He longs to eat the English.

*Con.* I think he will eat all he kills. 100

*Orl.* By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

*Con.* Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

*Orl.* He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

*Con.* Doing is activity, and he will still be doing.

*Orl.* He never did harm, that I heard of.

*Con.* Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name still. 111

*Orl.* I know him to be valiant.

*Con.* I was told that by one that knows him better than you.

*Orl.* What's he?

*Con.* Marry, he told me so himself; and he said he cared not who knew it.

*Orl.* He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him. 119

*Con.* By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw it but his lackey: 'tis a hooded valour; and when it appears, it will bate.

*Orl.* 'Til will never said well.'

*Con.* I will cap that proverb with 'There is flattery in friendship.'

*Orl.* And I will take up that with 'Give the devil his due.'

*Con.* Well placed: there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb with 'A pox of the devil.' 130

*Orl.* You are the better at proverbs, by how much 'A fool's bolt is soon shot.'

*Con.* You have shot over.

*Orl.* 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

*Con.* Who hath measured the ground?

*Mess.* The Lord Grandpré. 138

*Con.* A valiant and most expert gentleman. Would it were day! Alas! poor Harry of England, he longs not for the dawning as we do.

*Orl.* What a wretched and peevish fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge!

*Con.* If the English had any apprehension they would run away. 143

*Orl.* That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

*Ram.* That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage. 152

*Orl.* Foolish curs! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear and have their heads crushed like rotten apples. You may as well say that's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

*Con.* Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives; and then give them great meals of beef and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves and fight like devils. 162

*Orl.* Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

*Con.* Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs to eat and none to fight. Now is it time to arm; come, shall we about it?

*Orl.* It is now two o'clock: but, let me see, by ten.

We shall have each a hundred Englishmen. *Exeunt.*

#### ACT IV

*Enter CHORUS.*

*Now entertain conjecture of a time  
When creeping murmur and the poring dark  
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.  
From camp to camp, through the foul womb  
of night,*

*The hum of either army stilly sounds,  
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive  
The secret whispers of each other's watch:  
Fire answers fire, and through their palmy  
flames*

*Each battle sees the other's umber'd face;  
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful  
neighs* 10

*Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the  
tents*

*The armourers, accomplishing the knights,  
With busy hammers closing rivets up,  
Give dreadful note of preparation.  
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do  
toll,*

*And the third hour of drowsy morning  
name.*

*Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,  
The confident and over-lusty French  
Do the low-rated English play at dice,  
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night 20  
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp  
So tediously away. The poor condemned  
English,*

*Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires  
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate  
The morning's danger, and their gesture  
sad*

*Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn  
coats*

*Presenteth them unto the gazing moon  
So many horrid ghosts. O! now, who will  
behold*

*The royal captain of this ruin'd band  
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to  
tent,* 30

*Let him cry 'Praise and glory on his head!'  
For forth he goes and visits all his host,  
Bids them good morrow with a modest  
smile,*

*And calls them brothers, friends and coun-  
trymen.*

*Upon his royal face there is no note  
How dread an army hath enrouned him;  
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour  
Unto the weary and all-watched night;  
But freshly looks and overbears attaint  
With cheerful semblance and sweet maj-  
esty;* 40

*That every wretch, pining and pale before,  
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his  
looks.*

*A largess universal like the sun  
His liberal eye doth give to every one,  
Thawing cold fear. Then mean and gen-  
tle all,*

*Behold, as may unworthiness define,  
A little touch of Harry in the night.  
And so our scene must to the battle fly;  
Where, O for pity! we shall much disgrace  
With four or five most vile and ragged  
foils,* 50

*Right ill-dispos'd in brawl ridiculous,  
The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see;  
Minding true things by what their mock-  
eries be.* *Exit.*

#### SCENE I.—The English Camp at Agincourt.

*Enter King HENRY, BEDFORD, and  
GLOUCESTER.*

*K. Hen.* Gloucester, 't is true that we are  
in great danger;  
The greater therefore should our courage  
be.

*Good morrow, brother Bedford. God Al-  
mighty!*

*There is some soul of goodness in things  
evil,*

*Would men observingly distil it out;  
For our bad neighbors makes us early stir-  
rers,*

*Which is both healthful and good hus-  
bandry:*

*Besides, they are our outward consciences,  
And preachers to us all; admonishing*

That we should dress us fairly for our  
end.<sup>10</sup>  
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,  
And make a moral of the devil himself.

## Enter ERPINGHAM.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham:  
A good soft pillow for that good white head  
Were better than a churlish turf of France.

*Erp.* Not so, my liege: this lodging likes  
me better,

Since I may say 'Now lie I like a king.'

*K. Hen.* 'Tis good for men to love their  
present pains

Upon example; so the spirit is eased:  
And when the mind is quicken'd, out of  
doubt,<sup>20</sup>

The organs though defunct and dead before,  
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly  
move

With casted slough and fresh legerity.

Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. Brothers  
both,

Commend me to the princes in our camp;  
Do my good morrow to them; and anon  
Desire them all to my pavilion.

*Glow.* We shall, my liege.

*Exeunt GLOUCESTER and BEDFORD.*

*Erp.* Shall I attend your grace?

*K. Hen.* No, my good knight;  
Go with my brothers to my lords of Eng-  
land;

I and my bosom must debate awhile,<sup>31</sup>  
And then I would no other company.

*Erp.* The Lord in heaven bless thee,  
noble Harry!

*K. Hen.* God-a-mercy, old heart! thou  
speakest cheerfully.

## Enter PISTOL.

*Pist.* *Qui va là?*

*K. Hen.* A friend.

*Pist.* Discuss unto me; art thou officer?  
Or art thou base, common and popular?

*K. Hen.* I am a gentleman of a company.

*Pist.* Trail'st thou the puissant pike?<sup>40</sup>

*K. Hen.* Even so. What are you?

*Pist.* As good a gentleman as the em-  
peror.

*K. Hen.* Then you are a better than the  
king.

*Pist.* The king's a bawcock, and a heart of  
gold.

A lad of life, an imp of fame;

Of parents good, of fist most valiant:

I kiss his dirty shoe and from heart-string  
I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

*K. Hen.* Harry le Roy.

*Pist.* *Le Roy!* A Cornish name: art thou  
of Cornish crew?<sup>50</sup>

*K. Hen.* No, I am a Welshman.

*Pist.* Know'st thou Fluellen?

*K. Hen.* Yes.

*Pist.* Tell him, I'll knock his leek about  
his pate

Upon Saint Davy's day.

*K. Hen.* Do you not wear your dagger in  
your cap that day, lest he knock that about  
yours.

*Pist.* Art thou his friend?

*K. Hen.* And his kinsman too.

*Pist.* The figo for thee then!<sup>60</sup>

*K. Hen.* I thank you. God be with you!

*Pist.* My name is Pistol called. *Exit.*

*K. Hen.* It sorts well with your fierce-  
ness.

## Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER severally.

*Gow.* Captain Fluellen!

*Flu.* So! in the name of Chesu Christ,<sup>64</sup>

speak lower. It is the greatest admiration  
in the universal world, when the true and  
aunchient prerogatives and laws of the wars  
is not kept. If you would take the pains  
but to examine the wars of Pompey the  
Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that  
there is no tiddle taddle nor pibble pabble  
in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you  
shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and  
the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the  
sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be  
otherwise.<sup>75</sup>

*Gow.* Why, the enemy is loud; you hear  
him all night.

*Flu.* If the enemy is an ass and a fool  
and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think  
you, that we should also, look you, be an  
ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb? in  
your own conscience now?

*Gow.* I will speak lower.<sup>81</sup>

*Flu.* I pray you and peseech you that you  
will.

*Exeunt GOWER and FLUELLEN.*

*K. Hen.* Though it appear a little out of  
fashion,  
There is much care and valour in this  
Welshman.

Enter JOHN BATES, ALEXANDER COURT,  
and MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

*Court.* Brother John Bates, is not that  
the morning which breaks yonder?

*Bates.* I think it be; but we have no  
great cause to desire the approach of day.<sup>90</sup>

*Will.* We see yonder the beginning of the  
day but I think we shall never see the end  
of it. Who goes there?

*K. Hen.* A friend.

*Will.* Under what captain serve you?

*K. Hen.* Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

*Will.* A good old commander and a most  
kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks  
he of our estate?

*K. Hen.* Even as men wrecked upon a  
sand, that look to be washed off the next  
tide.<sup>101</sup>

*Bates.* He hath not told his thought to  
the king?

*K. Hen.* No; nor it is not meet he  
should. For, though I speak it to you, I  
think the king is but a man, as I am: the  
violet smells to him as it doth to me; the  
element shows to him as it doth to me; all  
his senses have but human conditions: his  
ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he ap-  
pears but a man; and though his affections  
are higher mounted than ours, yet when  
they stoop, they stoop with the like wing.  
Therefore when he sees reason of fears, as

we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army. 117

*Bates.* He may show what outward courage he will, but I believe, as cold a night as 't is, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck, and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

*K. Hen.* By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king: I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

*Bates.* Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved. 123

*K. Hen.* I dare say you love him not so ill to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this to feel other men's minds. Methinks I could not die any where so contented as in the king's company, his cause being just and his quarrel honourable.

*Will.* That's more than we know.

*Bates.* Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough if we know we are the king's subjects. If his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us. 139

*Will.* But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all 'We died at such a place;' some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afraid there are few die well that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it, whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection. 153

*K. Hen.* So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers and die in many irreconcilable iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation. But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death when they purpose their services. Besides there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery.

Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished for before-breach of the king's laws in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death they have borne life away, and where they would be safe they perish. Then, if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience; and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained: and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare. 196

*Will.* 'T is certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head; the king is not to answer it.

*Bates.* I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him. 201

*K. Hen.* I myself heard the king say he would not be ransomed.

*Will.* Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully; but when our throats are cut he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

*K. Hen.* If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after. 208

*Will.* You pay him then. That's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and private displeasure can do against a monarch. You may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 't is a foolish saying.

*K. Hen.* Your reproof is something too round: I should be angry with you if the time were convenient.

*Will.* Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live. 220

*K. Hen.* I embrace it.

*Will.* How shall I know thee again?

*K. Hen.* Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

*Will.* Here's my glove: give me another of thine.

*K. Hen.* There.

*Will.* This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say after to-morrow, 'This is my glove,' by this hand I will take thee a box on the ear. 232

*K. Hen.* If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

*Will.* Thou darest as well be hanged.

*K. Hen.* Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

*Will.* Keep thy word: fare thee well.

*Bates.* Be friends, you English fools, be friends: we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon. 241

*K. Hen.* Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: but it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and to-morrow the king himself will be a clipper. *Exeunt Soldiers.*

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls, Our debts, our careful wives, Our children, and our sins lay on the king! We must bear all. O hard condition! 250 Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath

Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel But his own wringing. What infinite heart's ease

Must kings neglect that private men enjoy! And what have kings that privates have not too,

Save ceremony, save general ceremony? And what art thou, thou idol ceremony? What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more

Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers? What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in? 260

O ceremony! show me but thy worth: What is thy soul of adoration? Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,

Creating awe and fear in other men? Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd, Than they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,

But poison'd flattery? O! be sick, great greatness,

And bid thy ceremony give thee cure. Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out 270 With titles blown from adulation? Will it give place to flexure and low-bending?

Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,

Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,

That play'st so subtly with a king's repose; I am a king that find thee; and I know 'T is not the balm, the sceptre and the ball, The sword, the mace, the crown imperial, The intertissued robe of gold and pearl, The farced title running fore the king, 280 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp That beats upon the high shore of this world,

No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony, Not all these, laid in bed majestic, Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave, Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;

Never sees horrid night, the child of hell, But, like a lackey, from the rise to set 289 Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night Sleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn, Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse, And follows so the ever-running year

With profitable labour to his grave: And, but for ceremony, such a wretch, Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,

Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king. The slave, a member of the country's peace, Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace, 300 Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

### Enter ERPINGHAM.

*Erp.* My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence, Seek through your camp to find you.

*K. Hen.* Good old knight, Collect them all together at my tent: I'll be before thee.

*Erp.* I shall do 't my lord. *Exit.*  
*K. Hen.* O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts;

Possess them not with fear; take from them now The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers

Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O Lord!

O! not to-day, think not upon the fault 310 My father made in compassing the crown. I Richard's body have interred new, And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears Than from it issued forced drops of blood. Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay, Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up

Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built

Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests

Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do; Though all that I can do is nothing worth, 320 Since that my penitence comes after all, Imploping pardon.

### Enter GLOUCESTER.

*Glou.* My liege!

*K. Hen.* My brother Gloucester's voice! Ay!

I know thy errand, I will go with thee: The day, my friends, and all things stay for me. *Exeunt.*

### SCENE II.—The French Camp.

*Enter the DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, RAMBURES and Others.*

*Orl.* The sun doth gild our armour: up, my lords!

*Dau.* *Montez à cheval!* My horse! valet! lacquais! ha!

*Orl.* O brave spirit!

*Dau.* *Via! les eaux et la terre!*

*Orl.* *Rien puis? l'air et le feu!*

*Dau.* *Ciel! cousin Orleans.*

### Enter Constable.

Now, my lord constable!

*Con.* Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh!

*Dau.* Mount them, and make incision in their hides,  
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes, 10  
And dout them with superfluous courage, ha!  
*Ram.* What! will you have them weep our horses' blood?  
How shall we then behold their natural tears?

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* The English are embattail'd, you French peers.

*Con.* To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!

Do but behold yon poor and starved band,  
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,  
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.

There is not work enough for all our hands;  
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins

To give each naked curtal-axe a stain, 21  
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,

And sheathe for lack of sport: let us but blow on them,

The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.  
'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,  
That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants,

Who in unnecessary action swarm  
About our squares of battle, were enow  
To purge this field of such a hilding foe,  
Though we upon this mountain's basis by 30  
Took stand for idle speculation:

But that our honours must not. What's to say?

A very little little let us do,  
And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound

The tucket sonance and the note to mount:  
For our approach shall so much dare the field

That England shall couch down in fear, and yield.

*Enter GRANDPRÉ.*

*Grand.* Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?

Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,

Ill-favour'dly become the morning field: 40  
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,  
And our air shakes them passing scornfully:

Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,

And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps:  
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,  
With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor jades

Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,

The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,

And in their pale dull mouths the gimmel bit

Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless; 50

And their executors, the knavish crows,  
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.  
Description cannot suit itself in words  
To demonstrate the life of such a battle  
In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

*Con.* They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.

*Dau.* Shall we go send them dinners and fresh suits,

And give their fasting horses provender,  
And after fight with them?

*Con.* I stay but for my guidon: to the field! 60

I will the banner from a trumpet take,  
And use it for my haste. Come, come,

away!  
The sun is high, and we outwear the day.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The English Camp.*

*Enter the English Host:* GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, SALISBURY, and WESTMORELAND.

*Glou.* Where is the king?

*Bed.* The king himself is rode to view their battle.

*West.* Of fighting men they have full three-score thousand.

*Exe.* There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

*Sal.* God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.

God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:

If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,  
Then, joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford,

My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,

And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu! 10

*Bed.* Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!

*Exe.* Farewell, kind lord. Fight valiantly to-day:

And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,  
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.

*Bed.* He is as full of valour as of kindness;

Princely in both.

*Enter King HENRY.*

*West.* O! that we now had here  
But one ten thousand of those men in England

That do no work to-day.

*K. Hen.* What's he that wishes so?  
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin:

If we are mark'd to die, we are enow 20  
To do our country loss; and if to live,

The fewer men, the greater share of honour.  
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.

By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,  
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;

It yearns me not if men my garments wear;

Such outward things dwell not in my desires:

But if it be a sin to covet honour,  
I am the most offending soul alive.  
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from Eng-  
land;

God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour;

As one man more, methinks, would share from me,

For the best hope I have. O! do not wish one more:

Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,

That he which hath no stomach to this fight,  
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,

And crowns for convoy put into his purse:  
We would not die in that man's company  
That fears his fellowship to die with us.

This day is called the feast of Crispian: 40  
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,

Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,  
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.

He that shall live this day, and see old age,  
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,  
And say 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian':

Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,

And say 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.'

Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,  
But he'll remember with advantages 50  
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,

Familiar in his mouth as household words,  
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,  
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Glou-

cester,  
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.

This story shall the good man teach his son;  
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,  
From this day to the ending of the world,

But we in it shall be remembered; 59  
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;  
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me  
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile  
This day shall gentle his condition:

And gentlemen in England now a-bed  
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were  
not here,

And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any  
speaks

That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Re-enter SALISBURY.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed:

The French are bravely in their battles set,  
And will with all expedience charge on us. 70

K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man whose mind is backward now!

K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from England, coz?

West. God's will! my liege, would you and I alone,

Without more help, could fight this royal battle!

K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men;

Which likes me better than to wish us one.  
You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,

If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound, 80  
Before thy most assured overthrow:  
For certainly thou art so near the gulf  
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides,  
in mercy,  
The constable desires thee thou wilt mind  
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls  
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire  
From off these fields, where, wretches, their  
poor bodies  
Must lie and fester.

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now?  
Mont. The Constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back: 90  
Bid them achieve me and then sell my bones.

Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?

The man that once did sell the lion's skin  
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunt-  
ing him.

A many of our bodies shall no doubt  
Find natives graves; upon the which, I  
trust,  
Shall witness live in brass of this day's  
work:

And those that leave their valiant bones in  
France,  
Dying like men, though buried in your dung-  
hills,  
They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall  
greet them, 100  
And draw their honours reeking up to  
heaven,  
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your  
clime,  
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in  
France.

Mark then abounding valour in our English,  
That being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,  
Break out into a second course of mischief,  
Killing in relapse of mortality.

Let me speak proudly: tell the constable  
We are but warriors for the working-day;  
Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd  
With rainy marching in the painful field; 111  
There's not a piece of feather in our host—  
Good argument, I hope, we will not fly—  
And time hath worn us into slovenry:  
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the  
trim;

And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night  
They'll be in fresher robes, or they will  
pluck  
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,  
And turn them out of service. If they do  
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They'll be in fresher robes, or they will  
pluck  
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,  
And turn them out of service. If they do  
this,

As, if God please, they shall, my ransom then  
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour; 121

Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald:

They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints;

Which if they have as I will leave 'em them, Shall yield them little, tell the constable.

Mont. I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee well:

Thou never shalt hear herald any more.

K. Hen. I fear thou 'lt once more come again for ransom.

Enter YORK.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg

The leading of the vaward. 130

K. Hen. Take it, brave York. Now, soldiers, march away:

And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day! Exeunt.

#### SCENE IV.—The Field of Battle.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter French Soldier, PISTOL, and Boy.

Pist. Yield, cur!

Fr. Sold. *Je pense que vous estes gentil-homme de bonne qualité.*

Pist. Quality? Calen o custure me! Art thou a gentleman?

What is thy name? discuss.

Fr. Sold. *O Seigneur Dieu!*

Pist. O, Signieur Dew should be a gentleman:

Perpend my words, O Signieur Dew, and mark:

O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox, Except, O signieur, thou do give me 10  
Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sold. *O, prenez misericorde! avez pitié de moy!*

Pist. Moy shall not serve; I will have forty moys;

Or I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sold. *Est il impossible d'eschapper la force de ton bras?*

Pist. Brass, cur!

Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat, 20

Offer'st me brass?

Fr. Sold. *O pardonnez moy!*

Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys?

Come hither, boy: ask me this slave in French

What is his name.

Boy. *Escoutez: comment estes vous appelé?*

Fr. Sold. *Monsieur le Fer.*

Boy. He says his name is Master Fer.

Pist. Master Fer! I'll fer him, and fir him, and ferret him. Discuss the same in French unto him. 31

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and fir.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sold. *Que dit-il, monsieur?*

Boy. *Il me commande à vous dire que vous faites vous prest; car ce soldat icy est disposé tout à cette heure de couper vostre gorge.*

Pist. *Ouy, cuppele gorge, permafoy,*

Peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns; 40

Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sold. *O! je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner. Je suis gentil-homme de bonne maison: gardez ma vie,*

*et je vous donneray deux cents escus.*

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his life: he is a gentleman of a good house; and for his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I The crowns will take. 51

Fr. Sold. *Petit monsieur, que dit-il?*

Boy. *Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier; neantmoins, pour les escus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.*

Fr. Sold. *Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remerciemens; et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, vaillant, et très-distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.* 61

Pist. Expound unto me boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks; and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one, as he thinks, the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

Pist. As I suck the blood, I will some mercy show. Follow me!

Boy. *Suivez vous le grand capitaine.* 70

Exeunt PISTOL and French Soldier.

I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true, 'The empty vessel makes the greatest sound.' Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; and they are both hanged; and so would this be if he durst steal anything adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it but boys. 82

#### SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Enter the DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, BOURBON, Constable, RAMBURES, and Others.

Con. *O diable!*

Orl. *O seigneur! le jour est perdu! tout est perdu!*

Dau. *Mort de ma vie!* all is confounded, all!

Reproach and everlasting shame

Sit mocking in our plumes. *O meschante fortune!*

Do not run away. *A short alarum.*  
*Con.* Why, all our ranks are broke.

*Dau.* *O* perdurable shame! let's stab ourselves.

Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

*Orl.* Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

*Bour.* Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!

Let us die in honour! Once more back again;

And he that will not follow Bourbon now, Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand, Like a base pandar, hold the chamber-door Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog, His fairest daughter is contaminated.

*Con.* Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!

Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

*Orl.* We are enough yet living in the field To smother up the English in our throngs, 20 If any order might be thought upon.

*Bour.* The devil take order now! I'll to the throng:

Let life be short, else shame will be too long.  
*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE VI.—Another Part of the Field.

*Alarums. Enter King HENRY and Forces; EXETER, and Others.*

*K. Hen.* Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen:

But all's not done; yet keep the French the field.

*Exe.* The Duke of York commends him to your majesty.

*K. Hen.* Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour

I saw him down, thrice up again and fighting;

From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

*Exe.* In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,

Larding the plain; and by his bloody side, Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds, The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies. 10 Suffolk first died; and York, all haggled over,

Comes to him, where in gore he lay in-steep'd,

And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes

That bloodily did yawn upon his face;

And cries aloud, 'Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk! My soul shall thine keep company to heaven;

Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast, As in this glorious and well-foughten field We kept together in our chivalry!' 19 Upon these words I came and cheer'd him up;

He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,

And, with a feeble gripe, says 'Dear my lord,

Commend my service to my sovereign.' So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;

And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd

A testament of noble-ending love.

The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd Those waters from me which I would have stopp'd;

But I had not so much of man in me, 30

And all my mother came into mine eyes And gave me up to tears.

*K. Hen.*

I blame you not; For, hearing this, I must perforce compound With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.

*Alarum.*

But, hark! what new alarum is this same?

The French have reforc'd their scatter'd men:

Then every soldier kill his prisoners!

Give the word through. *Exeunt.*

#### SCENE VII.—Another Part of the Field.

*Alarums. Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.*

*Flu.* Kill the boys and the luggage! 't is expressly against the law of arms: 't is as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offer'd; in your conscience now, is it not?

*Gow.* 'T is certain there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle have done this slaughter: besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king most worthily hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O! 't is a gallant king. 11

*Flu.* Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, Captain Gower. What call you the town's name where Alexander the Pig was born?

*Gow.* Alexander the Great.

*Flu.* Why, I pray you, is not pig great? the pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations. 19

*Gow.* I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon: his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

*Flu.* I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon, and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth; it is called Wye at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but 't is all one, 't is alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander, God knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeas-

ures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicated in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend, Cleitus.

*Gow.* Our king is not like him in that: he never killed any of his friends.

*Flu.* It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: as Alexander killed his friend Cleitus, being in his ales and his cups, so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgments, turned away the fat knight with the great belly-doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have forgot his name.

*Gow.* Sir John Falstaff.

*Flu.* That is he, I'll tell you there is good men porn at Monmouth.

*Gow.* Here comes his majesty.

*Alarum.* Enter King HENRY, with a Part of the English Forces; WARWICK, GLOUCESTER, EXETER, and Others.

*K. Hen.* I was not angry since I came to France

Until this instant. Take a trumpet, herald; Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill: so If they will fight with us, bid them come down.

Or void the field; they do offend our sight. If they'll do neither, we will come to them. And make them skirr away, as swift as stones

Enforced from the old Assyrian slings. Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have,

And not a man of them that we shall take Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter MONTJOY.

*Exe.* Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

*Glou.* His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

*K. Hen.* How now! what means this, herald? know'st thou not That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom?

Com'st thou again for ransom?

*Mont.* No, great king: I come to thee for charitable license,

That we may wander o'er this bloody field To look our dead, and then to bury them;

To sort our nobles from our common men; For many of our princes, woe the while!

Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood; So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs

In blood of princes; and their wounded steeds

Fret fetlock deep in gore, and with wild rage Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,

Killing them twice. O! give us leave, great king,

To view the field in safety and dispose Of their dead bodies.

*K. Hen.* I tell thee truly, herald, I know not if the day be ours or no;

For yet a many of your horsemen peer And gallop o'er the field.

*Mont.* The day is yours. *K. Hen.* Praised be God, and not our strength for it!

What is this castle call'd that stands hard by?

*Mont.* They call it Agincourt.

*K. Hen.* Then call we this the field of Agincourt,

Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

*Flu.* Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the Plack Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

*K. Hen.* They did, Fluellen.

*Flu.* Your majesty says very true. If your majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen did good service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which, your majesty know, to this hour is an honourable badge of the service; and I do believe your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

*K. Hen.* I wear it for a memorable honour;

For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

*Flu.* All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody. I can tell you that: God pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

*K. Hen.* Thanks, good my countryman.

*Flu.* By Cheshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the world: I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

*K. Hen.* God keep me so! Our heralds go with him:

Bring me just notice of the numbers dead On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

Points to WILLIAMS. Exeunt MONTJOY and Others.

*Exe.* Soldier, you must come to the king.

*K. Hen.* Soldier, why wearest thou that glove in thy cap?

*Will.* An't please your majesty, 't is the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

*K. Hen.* An Englishman?

*Will.* An't please your majesty, a rascal that swaggered with me last night; who, if a' live and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' the ear: or if I can see my glove in his cap, which he swore as he was a soldier he would wear if alive, I will strike it out soundly.

*K. Hen.* What think you, Captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

*Flu.* He is a craven and a villain, else, an't please your majesty, in my conscience.

*K. Hen.* It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

*Flu.* Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath. If he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a Jacksauce as ever his black shoe trod upon God's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la! 150

*K. Hen.* Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meetest the fellow.

*Will.* So I will, my liege, as I live.

*K. Hen.* Who servest thou under?

*Will.* Under Captain Gower, my liege.

*Flu.* Gower is a good captain, and is good knowledge, and literated in the wars.

*K. Hen.* Call him hither to me, soldier.

*Will.* I will, my liege. *Exit.* 159

*K. Hen.* Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me and stick it in thy cap. When Alençon and myself were down together I plucked this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend of Alençon, and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

*Flu.* Your grace does me as great honours as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man that has but two legs that shall find himself aggrieved at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once, and please God of his grace that I might see. 172

*K. Hen.* Knowest thou Gower?

*Flu.* He is my dear friend, an't please you.

*K. Hen.* Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

*Flu.* I will fetch him. *Exit.*

*K. Hen.* My Lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloucester,

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels.

The glove which I have given him for a favour 180

May haply purchase him a box o' the ear; it is the soldier's; I by bargain should

Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:

If that the soldier strike him, as I judge By his blunt bearing he will keep his word;

Some sudden mischief may arise of it; For I do know Fluellen valiant,

And touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder, And quickly will return an injury:

Follow and see there be no harm between them. 190

Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. *Exeunt.*

#### SCENE VIII.—Before King HENRY'S Pavilion.

*Enter GOWER and WILLIAMS.*

*Will.* I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

*Enter FLUELLEN.*

*Flu.* God's will and his pleasure, captain, I peseech you now come apace to the king:

there is more good toward you peradventure than is in your knowledge to dream of.

*Will.* Sir, know you this glove?

*Flu.* Know the glove! I know the glove is a glove.

*Will.* I know this; and thus I challenge it. *Strikes him.*

*Flu.* 'Sblood! an arrant traitor as any's in the universal 'orld, or in France, or in England. 11

*Gow.* How now, sir! you villian!

*Will.* Do you think I'll be forsworn?

*Flu.* Stand away, Captain Gower: I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

*Will.* I am no traitor.

*Flu.* That's a lie in thy throat. I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him: he's a friend of the Duke Alençon's.

*Enter WARWICK and GLOUCESTER.*

*War.* How now, how now! what's the matter?

*Flu.* My Lord of Warwick, here is, praised be God for it! a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

*Enter King HENRY and EXETER.*

*K. Hen.* How now! what's the matter?

*Flu.* My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon. 28

*Will.* My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap: I promised to strike him if he did. I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

*Flu.* Your majesty hear now, saving your majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is. I hope your majesty is pear me testimony and witness, and will avouchment that this is the glove of Alençon that your majesty is give me; in your conscience now? 40

*K. Hen.* Give me thy glove, soldier: look, here is the fellow of it.

'T was I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike; And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

*Flu.* An't please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the 'orld.

*K. Hen.* How canst thou make me satisfaction?

*Will.* All offences, my lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine that might offend your majesty. 51

*K. Hen.* It was ourself thou didst abuse.

*Will.* Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your own fault and not mine: for had you been as I took you for I made no

offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me. 60

*K. Hen.* Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,

And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow; And wear it for an honour in thy cap Till I do challenge it. Give him the crowns. And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

*Flu.* By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly. Hold, there is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to serve God, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the petter for you. 71

*Will.* I will none of your money.

*Flu.* It is with a good will; I can tell you it will serve you to mend your shoes: come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so good: 't is a good silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

*Enter an English Herald.*

*K. Hen.* Now, herald, are the dead numbered?

*Her.* Here is the number of the slaughter'd French. *Delivers a paper.*

*K. Hen.* What prisoners of good sort are taken uncle? 80

*Exe.* Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the king;

John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciquart;

Of other lords and barons, knights and squires,

Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

*K. Hen.* This note doth tell me of ten thousand French

That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,

And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead One hundred twenty-six: added to these.

Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,

Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which 90

Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights:

So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,

There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries; The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights,

squires, And gentlemen of blood and quality.

The names of those their nobles that lie dead:

Charles Delabreth, high constable of France; Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France;

The master of the cross-bows, Lord Ram-bures;

Great-master of France, the brave Sir Guis-chard Dauphin; 100

John Duke of Alençon; Anthony Duke of Brabant,

The brother to the Duke of Burgundy; And Edward Duke of Bar: of lusty earls,

Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix, Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Les- traie.

Here was a royal fellowship of death! Where is the number of our English dead?

*Herald presents another paper.*

Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,

Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire: None else of name; and of all other men 110

But five-and-twenty. O God! thy arm was here;

And not to us, but to thy arm alone, Ascribe we all. When, without stratagem,

But in plain shock and even play of battle, Was ever known so great and little loss

On one part and on the other? Take it, God, For it is none but thine!

*Exe.* 'T is wonderful!

*K. Hen.* Come, go we in procession to the village:

And be it death proclaimed through our host To boast of this or take that praise from God

Which is his only. 121

*Flu.* Is it not lawful, an't please your majesty, to tell how many is killed?

*K. Hen.* Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgment,

That God fought for us.

*Flu.* Yes, my conscience, he did us great good.

*K. Hen.* Do we all holy rites: Let there be sung *Non nobis* and *Te Deum*;

The dead with charity enclos'd in clay. And then to Calais; and to England then; 130

Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men. *Exeunt.*

## ACT V

*Enter CHORUS.*

*Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,*

*That I may prompt them: and of such as have,*

*I humbly pray them to admit the excuse Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,*

*Which cannot in their huge and proper life Be here presented. Now we bear the king*

*Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen,*

*Heave him away upon your winged thoughts Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach*

*Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and boys, 10*

*Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,*

*Which, like a mighty whiffier, fore the king Seems to prepare his way: so let him land,*

*And solemnly see him set on to London. So swift a pace hath thought that even now*

*You may imagine him upon Blackheath; Where that his lords desire him to have*

*borne*

*His bruised helmet and his bended sword Before him through the city: he forbids it,*

*Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride;*

*Giving full trophy, signal and ostent, Quite from himself to God. But now be-*

*hold,*

*In the quick forge and working-house of thought,  
How London doth pour out her citizens.  
The mayor and all his brethren in best sort,  
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,  
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,  
Go forth and fetch their conquering Cæsar in;*

*As, by a lower but loving likelihood,  
Were now the general of our gracious empress,*

*As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,*

*Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,  
How many would the peaceful city quit  
To welcome him! much more, and much more cause,*

*Did they this Harry. Now in London place him;*

*As yet the lamentation of the French  
Invites the King of England's stay at home;  
The emperor coming in behalf of France,  
To order peace between them; and omit  
All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd, 40  
Till Harry's back-return again to France:  
There must we bring him; and myself have play'd*

*The interm, by remembering you 't is past.  
Then brook abridgement, and your eyes advance,*

*After your thoughts, straight back again to France. Exit.*

SCENE I.—France. An English Court of Guard.

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

*Gow.* Nay, that's right; but why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.

*Flu.* There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you, asse my friend, Captain Gower. The rascally, scald, beggarly, lousy, praging knave, Pistol, which you and yourself and all the 'orld know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits, he is come to me and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and pid me eat my leek. It was in a place where I could not preed no contention with him; but I will be so sold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires. 14

*Gow.* Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

Enter PISTOL.

*Flu.* 'T is no matter for his swellings nor his turkey-cocks. God pless you, Aunchient Pistol! you scurvy, lousy knave, God pless you!

*Pist.* Ha! art thou bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Troyan, 20

To have me fold up Parca's fatal web? Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

*Flu.* I peseech you heartily, scurvy lousy knave, at my desires and my requests and my petitions to eat, look you, this leek; pe-

cause, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections and your appetites and your digestions does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

*Pist.* Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

*Flu.* There is one goat for you.

*Strikes him.*

Will you be so good, scald knave, as eat it?

*Pist.* Base Troyan, thou shalt die. 32

*Flu.* You say very true, scald knave, when God's will is. I will desire you to live in the mean time and eat your victuals: come, there is sauce for it.

*Strikes him again.*

You called me yesterday mountain-squire, but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to: if you can mock a leek you can eat a leek.

*Gow.* Enough, captain: you have astonished him. 41

*Flu.* I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days. Bite, I pray you; it is good for your green wound and your ploody coxcomb.

*Pist.* Must I bite?

*Flu.* Yes, certainly, and out of doubt and out of question too and ambiguities.

*Pist.* By this leek, I will most horribly revenge. I eat and yet I swear— 50

*Flu.* Eat, I pray you. Will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

*Pist.* Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see I eat.

*Flu.* Much good do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is good for your proken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em; that is all.

*Pist.* Good. 60

*Flu.* Ay, leeks is good. Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

*Pist.* Me a groat!

*Flu.* Yes, verily and in truth, you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

*Pist.* I take thy groatin earnest of revenge.

*Flu.* If I owe you any thing I will pay you in cudgels: you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. Exit. 71

*Pist.* All hell shall stir for this.

*Gow.* Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well.

Exit. 83

*Pist.* Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now?

News have I that my Nell is dead i' the spital  
Of malady of France;  
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.  
Old I do wax, and from my weary limbs  
Honour is cudgelled. Well, bawd I'll turn,  
And something lean to cut-purse of quick  
hand.  
To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:  
And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd  
scars,  
And swear I got them in the Gallia wars.

Exit.

SCENE II.—*Troyes in Champagne. An Apartment in the French King's Palace.*

*Enter, at one door, King HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and other Lords; at another, the French King, Queen ISABEL, the Princess KATHARINE, ALICE, and other Ladies, the Duke of BURGUNDY, and his Train.*

*K. Hen.* Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!  
Unto our brother France, and to our sister,  
Health and fair time of day; joy and good  
wishes.  
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;

And, as a branch and member of this royalty,  
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,  
We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy;  
And, princes French, and peers, health to  
you all!

*Fr. King.* Right joyous are we to behold  
your face,  
Most worthy brother England; fairly met: 10  
So are you, princes English, every one.

*Q. Isa.* So happy be the issue, brother  
England,  
Of this good day and of this gracious meet-  
ing,

As we are now glad to behold your eyes;  
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in  
them  
Against the French, that met them in their  
bent,

The fatal balls of murdering basilisks:  
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,  
Have lost their quality, and that this day  
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into  
love. 20

*K. Hen.* To cry amen to that, thus we  
appear.

*Q. Isa.* You English princes all, I do  
salute you.

*Bur.* My duty to you both, on equal love,  
Great Kings of France and England! That I  
have labour'd

With all my wits, my pains, and strong en-  
deavours,

To bring your most imperial majesties  
Unto this bar and royal interview,  
Your mightiness on both parts best can wit-  
ness.

Since then my office hath so far prevail'd  
That face to face, and royal eye to eye, 30  
You have congreeted, let it not disgrace me

If I demand before this royal view,  
What rub or what impediment there is,  
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled  
Peace,  
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful  
births,  
Should not in this best garden of the world,  
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?  
Alas! she hath from France too long been  
chas'd,

And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,  
Corrupting in its own fertility. 40

Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,  
Unpruned dies; her hedges even-pleach'd,  
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,  
Put forth disorder'd twigs; her fallow leas  
The darnel, hemlock and rank fumitory  
Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts  
That should deracinate such savagery;  
That even mead, that erst brought sweetly  
forth

The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green  
clover,

Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank, 50  
Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems  
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies,  
burs,

Losing both beauty and utility;  
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and  
hedges,

Defective in their natures, grow to wildness;  
Even so our houses and ourselves and chil-  
dren

Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,  
The sciences that should become our coun-  
try,

But grow like savages, as soldiers will  
That nothing do but meditate on blood, 60  
To swearing and stern looks, diffus'd attire,  
And every thing that seems unnatural.

Which to reduce into our former favour  
You are assembled; and my speech entreats  
That I may know the let why gentle Peace  
Should not expel these inconveniences,  
And bless us with her former qualities.

*K. Hen.* If, Duke of Burgundy, you would  
the peace,

Whose want gives growth to the imperfec-  
tions

Which you have cited, you must buy that  
peace

With full accord to all our just demands; 71  
Whose tenours and particular effects  
You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your  
hands.

*Bur.* The king hath heard them; to the  
which as yet

There is no answer made.

*K. Hen.* Well then the peace,  
Which you before so urg'd, lies in his an-  
swer.

*Fr. King.* I have but with a cursory eye  
O'erglanc'd the articles: pleaseth your grace  
To appoint some of your council presently  
To sit with us once more, with better heed 80  
To re-survey them, we will suddenly  
Pass our accept and peremptory answer.

*K. Hen.* Brother, we shall. Go, uncle  
Exeter,

And brother Clarence, and you, brother Gloucester, Warwick and Huntingdon, go with the king; And take with you free power to ratify, Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best Shall see advantageous for our dignity, Any thing in or out of our demands, And we'll consign thereto. Will you, fair sister,

Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

*Q. Isa.* Our gracious brother, I will go with them.

Haply a woman's voice may do some good When articles too nicely urg'd be stood on.

*K. Hen.* Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us:

She is our capital demand, compris'd Within the fore-rank of our articles.

*Q. Isa.* She hath good leave.

*Exeunt all but King HENRY, KATHARINE, and ALICE.*

*K. Hen.* Fair Katharine, and most fair, Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms Such as will enter at a lady's ear And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

*Kath.* Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.

*K. Hen.* O fair Katharine! if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

*Kath.* *Pardonnez-moy*, I cannot tell vat is 'like me.'

*K. Hen.* An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel.

*Kath.* *Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?*

*Alice.* *Ouy, vraiment, sauf vostre grace, ainsi dit-il.*

*K. Hen.* I said so, dear Katharine, and I must not blush to affirm it.

*Kath.* *O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.*

*K. Hen.* What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

*Alice.* *Ouy; dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de princess.*

*K. Hen.* The princess is the better Englishwoman. P' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for if thou could'st, thou would'st find me such a plain king that thou would'st think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say 'I love you': then if you urge me further than to say 'Do you in faith?' I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i' faith, do: and so clap hands and a bargain. How say you, lady?

*Kath.* *Sauf vostre honneur*, me understand vell.

*K. Hen.* Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure, and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into

my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off. But, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urg'd, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: if thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy, for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places; for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rime themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rime is but a ballad. A good leg will fall, a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white, a curled pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or rather the sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me; and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king. And what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

*Kath.* Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France?

*K. Hen.* No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate; but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France, for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine; and Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine.

*Kath.* I cannot tell vat is dat.

*K. Hen.* No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Je quand sur le possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moi*—let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!—*donc vostre est France, et vous estes mienne.* It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

*Kath.* *Sauf vostre honneur, le François que vous parlez est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.*

*K. Hen.* No, faith, is 't not, Kate; but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou

understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

*Kath.* I cannot tell.

*K. Hen.* Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me: and at night when you come into your closet you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate, as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt, I get thee with scrambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder. Shall not thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce? 224

*Kath.* I do not know dat.

*K. Hen.* No; 't is hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy, and for my English moiety take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très cher et divin déesse*? 235

*Kath.* Your majesté ave fausse French enough to deceive de most sage damoiselle dat is en France. 235

*K. Hen.* Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me: therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that when I come to woo ladies I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better. And therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say 'Harry of England, I am thine': which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud 'England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine'; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English: wilt thou have me? 286

*Kath.* Dat is as it sall please de roy mon père.

*K. Hen.* Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

*Kath.* Den it sall also content me.

*K. Hen.* Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen. 271

*Kath.* *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez! Ma fou, je ne veux point que vous abaissiez vostre grandeur, en baisant le main d'une vostre indigne serviteur: excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon très puissant seigneur.*

*K. Hen.* Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

*Kath.* *Les dames et damoiselles, pour estre baisées devant leur noces, il n'est pas le coutume de France.* 281

*K. Hen.* Madam my interpreter, what says she?

*Alice.* Dat it is not be de fashion pour les ladies of France—I cannot tell vat is baiser in English.

*K. Hen.* To kiss.

*Alice.* Your majesty *entendre* better que moy.

*K. Her.* It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say? 291

*Alice.* *Ouy, vraiment.*

*K. Hen.* O Kate! nice customs court'sy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouth of all find-faults, as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently and yielding.

*Kisses her.*

You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate; there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father. 306

*Re-enter the French King and Queen, BURGUNDY, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, EXETER, WESTMORELAND, and other French and English Lords.*

*Bur.* God save your majesty! My royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

*K. Hen.* I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English. 311

*Bur.* Is she not apt?

*K. Hen.* Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

*Bur.* Pardon the frankness of my mirth if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle; if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my

lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

*K. Hen.* Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind and enforces.

*Bur.* They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

*K. Hen.* Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

*Bur.* I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

*K. Hen.* This moral ties me over to time and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

*Bur.* As love is, my lord, before it loves.

*K. Hen.* It is so: and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

*Fr. King.* Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turned into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls that war hath never entered.

*K. Hen.* Shall Kate be my wife?

*Fr. King.* So please you.

*K. Hen.* I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her: so the maid that stood in the way for my wish shall show me the way to my will.

*Fr. King.* We have consented to all terms of reason.

*K. Hen.* Is 't so, my lords of England?

*West.* The king hath granted every article:

His daughter first, and then in sequel all, according to their firm proposed natures.

*Exe.* Only he hath not yet subscribed this: Where your majesty demands, that the King of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form, and with this addition in French, *Notre très cher filz Henry, Roy d'Angleterre, Héritier de France*; and thus in Latin, *Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, Rex Angliæ, et Hæres Franciæ*.

*Fr. King.* Nor this I have not, brother, so denied.

But your request shall make me let it pass.

*K. Hen.* I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,

Let that one article rank with the rest; And thereupon give me your daughter.

*Fr. King.* Take her, fair son; and from her blood raise up

Issue to me; that the contending kingdoms Of France and England, whose very shores

look pale

With envy of each other's happiness,

May cease their hatred, and this dear conjunction

Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord

In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance

His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

*All.* Amen!

*K. Hen.* Now welcome, Kate: and bear me witness all,

That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.

*Flourish.*  
*Q. Isa.* God, the best maker of all marriages,

Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!

As man and wife, being two, are one in love, So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a

spousal

That never may ill office, or fell jealousy, Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,

Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,

To make divorce of their incorporate league; That English may as French, French Englishmen,

Receive each other! God speak this Amen!

*All.* Amen!

*K. Hen.* Prepare we for our marriage: on which day,

My Lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath, And all the peers', for surety of our

leagues.

Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me; And may our oaths well kept and prosperous

bel!

*Sennet. Exeunt.*

*Enter CHORUS.*

Thus far with rough and all-unable pen,  
Our bending author hath pursu'd the

story;

In little room confining mighty men,  
Mangling by starts the full course of their

glory;

Small time, but in that small most greatly liv'd

This star of England: Fortune made his sword,

By which the world's best garden he achiev'd,

And of it left his son imperial lord.  
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd

King

Of France and England, did this king succeed:

Whose state so many had the managing,  
That they lost France and made his Eng-

land bleed:

Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for their sake,

In your fair minds let this acceptance take.  
*Exit.*

## THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH

**T**HE three parts of *Henry VI* form, with *Richard III*, practically one great play of twenty Acts, setting forth dramatically historical events from the death of Henry V to that of Richard III. The group will be best approached by reading in the order named—*Richard II*, *Henry IV*, *Parts I and II*, and *Henry V*.

Comparatively few critics accept the first part of *Henry VI* as any other than an old play touched up by Shakespeare. The strongest external evidence that he had any part in it is found in the fact that it was first printed among his plays in the First Folio. This fact, taken in connection with the obvious close relation existing between this play and *Part II*, in which Shakespeare's hand certainly appears, warrants the belief that *Part I* as we have it is at least in some particulars the result of Shakespeare's work. To cite but one instance of a connection apparently hitherto overlooked, we may point to the reference in the opening scene of *Part I* by Winchester to the wife of Gloucester:

"Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,  
More than God or religious churchmen may."

Now this reference to Gloucester's wife is in *Part I* completely isolated. Gloucester even ignores it in his reply. It seems unaccountable that the writer of *Part I* should introduce a remark in itself so fraught with possible significance unless he meant later to reveal its import. In the final scene of *Part I* Gloucester enters strong objections to the proposed marriage of the King with Margaret of France and he speaks disparagingly of her in the presence of Suffolk, whose intrigue with her has been already set forth. Gloucester's objection is overruled and *Part I* closes with Suffolk about to set out for France and boasting that

"Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king;  
But I will rule both her, the king, and realm."

*Part II* opens with Suffolk returned from France with Margaret as queen, a perfectly obvious way of hitching *Part II* to *Part I*, even though it were by a different writer. In the second scene of *Part II* we are introduced for the first time to Eleanor, the wife of Gloucester, whose ambition for her husband presages danger for them both. In the following scene Queen Margaret says to Suffolk:

"Not all these lords do vex me half so much  
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife."

Here obviously the significance of that apparently unrelated phrase in the opening scene of *Part I* is being unfolded. The identity of the writer of *Part I* with the writer of *Part II* seems better established by such slight and remote connections than by the more obvious intent to continue in *Part II* the story begun in *Part I*. It seems fair to assume that the hand that wrote "Thy wife is proud" was prepared at the time to develop that thought later into what proves to be one of the most tragic incidents to be found in the entire group of the *Henry VI* plays.

Of course *Part I* has the defects common to all early attempts to dramatize history. It sets forth events chiefly in chronological rather than in logical sequence, trusting that each scene will prove sufficiently interesting in itself and leaving us at the end with the feeling that we have not arrived; and that if indeed we are on the way, no destination has been clearly indicated. This incoherence gives way gradually with Shakespeare's increasing experience in selecting and compressing his material and in characterization and dialogue, until we arrive at such great tragedies as *Macbeth* and *Lear*, which are built essentially out of the same materials as make up the chronicle play. And yet, even in this comparatively crude play of *Part I* we find evidences of the attempt to give logical unity to historical events.

The play opens, for instance, with the funeral of King Henry V, whose exploits in France had been the nation's pride and whose infant son succeeded to the throne under the protectorate of the Duke of Gloucester. It is, of course, for the purpose of securing dramatic unity and effectiveness that Shakespeare has messengers from France arrive and announce over the bier of Henry V events which did not occur until several years after his death. His aim is, of course, to transfer us as speedily as possible to France and show us those events culminating in England's loss of France under the leadership and inspiration of Joan of Arc. If he aimed, however, to make the loss of France of central interest, the play should have concluded with the fourth scene of the fifth Act; that is, with the signing of the "solemn peace." But in the first scene of the play he had also set in motion the differences which are later to develop into the wars between the houses of York and Lancaster. The death of Talbot in France shows how seriously already those factions threaten England. Suffolk's scheme to marry Margaret to King Henry imports still further factional strife. Obviously the play cannot end with the loss of France, but must develop what has already promised to lead to civil war. Having started these disputes Shakespeare must carry them to some conclusion. He is compelled either to leave the play unfinished, or to add another scene which may be variously regarded as an epilogue to *Part I* or as a prologue to *Part II*. Later, in *King Lear*, he was able to carry two separate sets of interest throughout the play, and yet so to interweave them as to make them one. In the present play there are signs that the apprentice will develop into the master, but it is clear that he has still a long way to go.

Many critics who repudiate this play as in no sense by Shakespeare openly rejoice in being thus able to relieve him from all responsibility for the treatment accorded here to Joan of Arc. However repellent some of these scenes may appear to us in the light of our present knowledge, it is sufficient excuse for Shakespeare to say that he would better have satisfied the opinion and taste of the time had he had Joan burned upon the stage. If there is any scene in the play which to us seems to be from some other hand it is not the one commonly regarded as most repellent, the confession scene, but the one in which Joan summons the Fiends to her aid. This seems to us to lack any semblance of even Shakespeare's immature dramatic powers when dealing with such material. Even the confession scene, when carefully considered, leaves Joan in a much better light, and intentionally so, than her English baiters. That human cry of terror which follows Warwick's mention of the faggots, the pitch, the stake and the torture, justifies any device by which she may hope to escape such a death:

"Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?"

The English jests which follow her confession must, to the man who penned them, have set Joan by comparison infinitely above them; and when at last she sees no hope, she summons once more her old fortitude and with high head cries: "Then lead me hence." In her scene with Burgundy earlier in the play Shakespeare has given her two lines which, as the final word to all traitors, merit her immortality:

"Who join'st thou with but with a lordly nation  
That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?"

A careful reading of these scenes depicting the patriotic enthusiasm of the French Maid cannot but reveal an underlying sympathy with her on the part of the writer which calls for no apology should that writer prove some day to be none other than Shakespeare.

# THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.  
DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, Uncle to the King,  
and Protector.  
DUKE OF BEDFORD, Uncle to the King,  
Regent of France.  
THOMAS BEAUFORT, Duke of Exeter, Great-  
uncle to the King.  
HENRY BEAUFORT, Great-uncle to the  
King, Bishop of Winchester, and after-  
wards Cardinal.  
JOHN BEAUFORT, Earl, afterwards Duke,  
of Somerset.  
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Son of Richard,  
late Earl of Cambridge, afterwards Duke  
of York.  
EARL OF WARWICK.  
EARL OF SALISBURY.  
EARL OF SUFFOLK.  
LORD TALBOT, afterwards Earl of Shrews-  
bury.  
JOHN TALBOT, his Son.  
EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.  
SIR JOHN FASTOLFE, SIR WILLIAM  
LUCY, SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE, SIR  
THOMAS GARGRAVE.  
Mayor of London.

WOODVILLE, Lieutenant of the Tower.  
VERNON, of the White-Rose or York  
Faction.  
BASSET, of the Red-Rose or Lancaster  
Faction.  
A Lawyer. Mortimer's Keepers.  
CHARLES, Dauphin, and afterwards King of  
France.  
REIGNIER, Duke of Anjou, and tituler  
King of Naples.  
DUKE OF BURGUNDY.  
DUKE OF ALENÇON.  
BASTARD OF ORLEANS.  
Governor of Paris.  
Master-Gunner of Orleans, and his Son.  
General of the French Forces in Bour-  
deaux.  
A French Sergeant. A Porter.  
An old Shepherd, Father to Joan la Pu-  
celle.  
MARGARET, Daughter to Reignier; after-  
wards married to King Henry.  
COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.  
JOAN LA PUCELLE, commonly called Joan  
of Arc.

Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.  
Fiends appearing to Joan la Pucelle.

SCENE.—Partly in England, and partly in France.

### ACT I

#### SCENE I.—Westminster Abbey.

*Dead March. Enter the Funeral of King  
HENRY the Fifth; attended on by the  
Dukes of BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, and  
EXETER; the Earl of WARWICK, the  
Bishop of WINCHESTER, Heralds, etc.*

*Bed.* Hung be the heavens with black,  
yield day to night!  
*Comets,* importing change of times and  
states,  
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,  
And with them scourge the bad revolting  
stars  
That have consented unto Henry's death!  
King Henry the Fifth, too famous to live  
long!  
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.  
*Glou.* England ne'er had a king until his  
time.  
Virtue he had, deserving to command:

His brandish'd sword did blind men with  
his beams;  
His arms spread wider than a dragon's  
wings;  
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful  
fire,  
More dazzled and drove back his enemies  
Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their  
faces.  
What should I say? his deeds exceed all  
speech:  
He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered.  
*Exe.* We mourn in black: why mourn we  
not in blood?  
Henry is dead and never shall revive.  
Upon a wooden coffin we attend.  
And death's dishonourable victory  
We with our stately presence glorify,  
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.  
What! shall we curse the planets of mis-  
hap  
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?  
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French

Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,  
By magic verses have contriv'd his end?

*Win.* He was a king bless'd of the King  
of kings.

Unto the French the dreadful judgment-day  
So dreadful will not be as was his sight. 30  
The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:  
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

*Glou.* The church! where is it? had not  
churchmen pray'd

His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:  
None do you like but an effeminate prince,  
Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-  
awe.

*Win.* Gloucester, whate'er we like, thou  
art protector,  
And lookest to command the prince and  
realm.

Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,  
More than God or religious churchmen  
may. 40

*Glou.* Name not religion, for thou lov'st  
the flesh,

And ne'er throughout the year to church  
thou go'st

Except it be to pray against thy foes.

*Bed.* Cease, cease these jars and rest your  
minds in peace!

Let's to the altar: heralds, wait on us.  
Instead of gold we'll offer up our arms,  
Since arms avail not now that Henry's  
dead.

Posterity, await for wretched years,  
When at their mothers' moist eyes babes  
shall suck,

Our isle be made a marish of salt tears, 50  
And none but women left to wail the dead.  
Henry the Fifth! thy ghost I invoke:  
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!  
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!  
A far more glorious star thy soul will make  
Than Julius Cæsar or bright—

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My honourable lords, health to  
you all!

Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,  
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfort:  
Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans, 60  
Paris, Guysors, Poitiers, all are quite lost.

*Bed.* What say'st thou, man, before dead  
Henry's corse?

Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns  
Will make him burst his lead and rise from  
death.

*Glou.* Is Paris lost? is Roan yielded up?  
If Henry were recall'd to life again  
These news would cause him once more  
yield the ghost.

*Exe.* How were they lost? what treachery  
was us'd?

*Mess.* No treachery; but want of men  
and money.

Amongst the soldiers this is muttered, 70  
That here you maintain several factions;  
And, whilst a field should be dispatch'd and  
fought,

You are disputing of your generals.

One would have lingering wars with little  
cost;

Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;  
A third man thinks, without expense at all,  
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.  
Awake, awake, English nobility!

Let not sloth dim your honours new begot:  
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your  
arms; 80

Of England's coat one half is cut away.

*Exe.* Were our tears wanting to this fu-  
neral

These tidings would call forth their flowing  
tides.

*Bed.* Me they concern. Regent I am of  
France.

Give me my steeled coat: I'll fight for  
France.

Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!  
Wounds will I lend the French instead of  
eyes,

To weep their intermissive miseries.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Second Mess.* Lords, view these letters  
full of bad mischance.

France is revolted from the English quite, 90  
Except some petty towns of no import:  
The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in  
Rheims;

The Bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;  
Reignier, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part;  
The Duke of Alençon flieth to his side.

*Exe.* The Dauphin crowned king! all fly  
to him!

O! whither shall we fly from his reproach?

*Glou.* We will not fly, but to our enemies'  
throats.

Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

*Bed.* Gloucester, why doubt'st thou of  
my forwardness? 100

An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,  
Wherewith already France is overrun.

*Enter a third Messenger.*

*Third Mess.* My gracious lords, to add  
to your laments,

Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's  
hearse,

I must inform you of a dismal fight  
Betwix the stout Lord Talbot and the  
French.

*Win.* What! wherein Talbot overcame?  
is 't so?

*Third Mess.* O, no! wherein Lord Talbot  
was o'erthrown:

The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.  
The tenth of August last this dreadful  
lord, 110

Retiring from the siege of Orleans,  
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,  
By three-and-twenty thousand of the French  
Was round encompassed and set upon.

No leisure had he to enrank his men;  
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;  
Instead whereof sharp stakes pluck'd out of  
hedges

They pitched in the ground confusedly,  
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.

More than three hours the fight continued; 120

Where valiant Talbot above human thought  
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.  
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst  
stand him;

Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he  
flew.

The French exclaim'd the devil was in arms;  
All the whole army stood agazed on him.  
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,  
A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain,  
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.  
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd  
up, 130

If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the  
coward.

He, being in the vaward, plac'd behind  
With purpose to relieve and follow them,  
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.  
Hence grew the general wreck and mas-  
sacre:

Enclosed were they with their enemies.  
A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,  
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;  
Whom all France, with their chief assem-  
bled strength,

Durst not presume to look once in the face.  
*Bed.* Is Talbot slain? then I will slay my-  
self, 141

For living idly here in pomp and ease  
While such a worthy leader, wanting aid,  
Unto his dastard foeman is betray'd.

*Third Mess.* O, no! he lives; but is took  
prisoner,

And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hun-  
gerford:

Most of the rest slaughter'd or took like-  
wise.

*Bed.* His ransom there is none but I shall  
pay:

I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his  
throne;

His crown shall be the ransom of my  
friend; 150

Four of their lords I'll change for one of  
ours.

Farewell, my masters; to my task will I;  
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,  
To keep our great Saint George's feast  
withal:

Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,  
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe  
quake.

*Third Mess.* So you had need; for Or-  
leans is besieg'd;

The English army is grown weak and faint;  
The Earl of Salisbury craveth supply,  
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny, 160

Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.  
*Exe.* Remember, lords, your oaths to  
Henry sworn,

Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,  
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

*Bed.* I do remember it; and here take  
my leave,

To go about my preparation. *Exit.*  
*Glou.* I'll to the Tower with all the haste  
I can,

To view the artillery and munition;  
And then I will proclaim young Henry king.

*Exit.*  
*Exe.* To Eltham will I, where the young  
king is, 170

Being ordain'd his special governor;  
And for his safety there I'll best devise.

*Exit.*  
*Win.* Each hath his place and function to  
attend;

I am left out; for me nothing remains.  
But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office.  
The king from Eltham I intend to steal,  
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal.  
*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—France. Before Orleans.

*Flourish.* Enter CHARLES, with his Forces;  
ALENÇON, REIGNIER, and Others.

*Cha.* Mars his true moving, even as in  
the heavens

So in the earth, to this day is not known.  
Late did he shine upon the English side;  
Now we are victors; upon us he smiles.  
What towns of any moment but we have?  
At pleasure we lie near Orleans;  
Otherwhiles the famish'd English, like pale  
ghosts,

Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.  
*Alen.* They want their porridge and their  
fat bull-beeves:

Either they must be dieted like mules: 10  
And have their provender tied to their  
mouths,

Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.  
*Reig.* Let's raise the siege: why live we  
idly here?

Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:  
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury,  
And he may well in fretting spend his  
gall;

Nor men nor money hath he to make war.  
*Cha.* Sound, sound alarum! we will rush  
on them.

Now for the honour of the forlorn French!  
Him I forgive my death that killeth me 20  
When he sees me go back one foot or fly.

*Exeunt.*

*Alarums.* Excursions; afterwards a re-  
treat. Re-enter CHARLES, ALENÇON,  
REIGNIER, and Others.

*Cha.* Who ever saw the like? what men  
have I!

Dogs! cowards! dastards! I would ne'er  
have fled

But that they left me 'midst my enemies.  
*Reig.* Salisbury is a desperate homicide;

He fighteth as one weary of his life:  
The other lords, like lions wanting food,  
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

*Alen.* Froissart, a countryman of ours,  
records,

England all Olivers and Rowlands bred 30  
During the time Edward the Third did reign.

More truly now may this be verified;  
For none but Samsons and Goliases  
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!

Lean raw-bon'd rascals! who would e'er suppose

They had such courage and audacity?

*Cha.* Let's leave this town; for they are hare-brain'd slaves,

And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:

Of old I know them; rather with their teeth  
The walls they'll tear down than forsake the siege. 40

*Reig.* I think, by some odd gimmals or device

Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on;

Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.  
By my consent, we'll e'en let them alone.

*Alen.* Be it so.

*Enter the Bastard of ORLEANS.*

*Bast.* Where's the Prince Dauphin? I have news for him.

*Cha.* Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

*Bast.* Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer appall'd:

Hath the late overthrow wrought this effence?

Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand: 50  
A holy maid hither with me I bring,

Which by a vision sent to her from heaven  
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,

And drive the English forth the bounds of France.

The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,  
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome;

What's past and what's to come she can descry.

Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,  
For they are certain and unfallible.

*Cha.* Go, call her in. *Exit Bastard.*

But first, to try her skill, 60  
*Reignier*, stand thou as Dauphin in my place:

Question her proudly; let thy looks be stern

By this means shall we sound what skill she hath. *Retires.*

*Re-enter the Bastard of ORLEANS, with JOAN LA PUCELLE and Others.*

*Reig.* Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wondrous feats?

*Joan.* Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?

Where is the Dauphin? Come, come from behind;

I know thee well, though never seen before.  
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me:

In private will I talk with thee apart.  
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave

awhile. 70

*Reig.* She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

*Joan.* Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,

My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.  
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd

To shine on my contemptible estate:  
Lo! whilst I waited on my tender lambs,

And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,

God's mother deign'd to appear to me,  
And in a vision full of majesty

Will'd me to leave my base vocation 80  
And free my country from calamity:

Her aid she promis'd and assur'd success;  
In complete glory she reveal'd herself;

And, whereas I was black and swart before,  
With those clear rays which she infus'd on

me,  
That beauty am I bless'd with which you

see.  
Ask me what question thou canst possible

And I will answer unpremeditated:  
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,

And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex. 90  
Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate

If thou receive me for thy war-like mate.  
*Cha.* Thou hast astonish'd me with thy

high terms,  
Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,

In single combat thou shalt buckle with me,  
And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;

Otherwise I renounce all confidence.  
*Joan.* I am prepar'd: here is my keen-

edg'd sword,  
Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each

side;  
The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's

churchyard, 100  
Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

*Cha.* Then come, o' God's name; I fear no woman.

*Joan.* And while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.

*Here they fight, and JOAN LA PUCELLE overcomes.*

*Cha.* Stay, stay thy hands! thou art an Amazon,

And fightest with the sword of Deborah.  
*Joan.* Christ's mother helps me, else I

were too weak.  
*Cha.* Whoe'er helps thee, 't is thou that

must help me.  
Impatiently I burn with thy desire;

My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.

Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so, 110  
Let me thy servant and not sovereign be:

'T is the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.  
*Joan.* I must not yield to any rites of love,

For my profession's sacred from above:  
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,

Then will I think upon a recompense.  
*Cha.* Meantime look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.

*Reig.* My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

*Alen.* Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock;

Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech. 120

*Reig.* Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?

*Alen.* He may mean more than we poor men do know:

These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

*Reig.* My lord, where are you? what devise you on?

Shall we give over Orleans, or no?

*Joan.* Why, no, I say: distrustful recreants!

Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.

*Cha.* What she says I'll confirm: we'll fight it out.

*Joan.* Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.

This night the siege assuredly I'll raise: 130  
Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,

Since I have entered into these wars.

Glory is like a circle in the water,

Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself

Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.

With Henry's death the English circle ends;

Dispersed are the glories it included.

Now am I like that proud insulting ship

Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.

*Cha.* Was Mahomet inspired with a dove? 140

Thou with an eagle art inspired then.

Helen, the mother of great Constantine,

Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters were like thee.

Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,

How may I reverently worship thee enough?

*Alen.* Leave off delays and let us raise the siege.

*Reig.* Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours;

Drive them from Orleans and be immortaliz'd.

*Cha.* Presently we'll try. Come, let's away about it:

No prophet will I trust if she prove false. 150  
*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.—London. Before the Tower.

*Enter, at the gates, the Duke of GLOUCESTER, with his Servingmen, in blue coats.*

*Glou.* I am come to survey the Tower this day;

Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.

Where be these warders that they wait not here?

Open the gates! 'T is Gloucester that calls.

*First Ward. Within.* Who's there that knocks so imperiously?

*First Serv.* It is the noble Duke of Gloucester.

*Second Ward. Within.* Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

*First Serv.* Villains, answer you so the lord protector?

*First Ward. Within.* The Lord protect him! so we answer him:

We do no otherwise than we are will'd. 10

*Glou.* Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine?

There's none protector of the realm but I.

Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize.

Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

*GLOUCESTER'S Men rush at the Tower gates, and WOODVILLE the Lieutenant speaks within.*

*Wood.* What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

*Glou.* Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?

Open the gates! here's Gloucester that would enter.

*Wood.* Have patience, noble duke; I may not open;

The Cardinal of Winchester forbids:

From him I have express commandement 20

That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.

*Glou.* Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him 'fore me?

Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate, Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er

could brook?

Thou art no friend to God or to the king:

Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

*First Serv.* Open the gates unto the lord protector,

Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

*Enter WINCHESTER, attended by Servingmen in tawny coats.*

*Win.* How now, ambitious Humphrey! what means this?

*Glou.* Peel'd priest, dost thou command me to be shut out? 30

*Win.* I do, thou most usurping proditor, And not protector, of the king or realm.

*Glou.* Stand back, thou manifest conspirator,

Thou that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord;

Thou that giv'st whores indulgences to sin:

I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,

If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

*Win.* Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a foot:

This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain, To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt. 40

*Glou.* I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back:

Thy scarlet robes as a child's bearing-cloth I'll use to carry thee out of this place.

*Win.* Do what thou dar'st; I beard thee to thy face.

*Glou.* What! am I dar'd and bearded to my face?

Draw, men, for all this privileged place; Blue coats to tawny coats. Priest, beware your beard;

*GLOUCESTER and his Men attack the Cardinal.*

I mean to tug it and to cuff you soundly.

Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat,

In spite of pope or dignities of church: 50  
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

*Win.* Gloucester, thou 'lt answer this before the pope.

*Glou.* Winchester goose! I cry, a rope! a rope!

Now beat them hence; why do you let them stay?

Thou 'lt chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.

Out, tawny coats! out, scarlet hypocrite!

*Here GLOUCESTER'S Men beat out the Cardinal's Men, and enter in the hurly-burly the Mayor of London and his Officers.*

*May.* Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,

Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

*Glou.* Peace, mayor! thou know'st little of my wrongs.

Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,

Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.

*Win.* Here's Gloucester, a foe to citizens; One that still motions war and never peace, O'ercharging your free purses with large fines,

That seeks to overthrow religion Because he is protector of the realm, And would have armour here out of the Tower,

To crown himself king and suppress the prince.

*Glou.* I will not answer thee with words, but blows. *Here they skirmish again.*

*May.* Nought rests for me in this tumultuous strife

But to make open proclamation. Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou canst, Cry.

*Off.* All manner of men, assembled here in arms this day against God's peace and the king's, we charge and command you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or use any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.

*Glou.* Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law;

But we shall meet and break our minds at large.

*Win.* Gloucester, we will meet; to thy cost, be sure;

Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

*May.* I'll call for clubs if you will not away.

This cardinal's more haughty than the devil.

*Glou.* Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou may'st.

*Win.* Abominable Gloucester! guard thy head;

For I intend to have it ere long.

*Exeunt severally, GLOUCESTER and WINCHESTER, with their Servingmen.*

*May.* See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.

Good God! these nobles should such stomachs bear;

I myself fight not once in forty year.

*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.—France. Before Orleans.

*Enter, on the walls, the Master-Gunner and his Boy.*

*M. Gun.* Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieg'd,

And how the English have the suburbs won.

*Boy.* Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,

Howe'er unfortunate I miss'd my aim.

*M. Gun.* But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:

Chief master-gunner am I of this town; Something I must do to procure me grace.

The prince's espials have informed me How the English, in the suburbs close in-trench'd,

Wont through a secret grate of iron bars to In yonder tower to overpeer the city,

And thence discover how with most advantage

They may vex us with shot or with assault. To intercept this inconvenience,

A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd; And fully even these three days have I watch'd

If I could see them. Now, boy, do thou watch,

For I can stay no longer.

If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word; I And thou shalt find me at the governor's.

*Exit.*

*Boy.* Father, I warrant you; take you no care; I'll never trouble you if I may spy them.

*Exit.*

*Enter, on the turrets, the Lords SALISBURY and TALBOT; Sir WILLIAM GLANSDALE, Sir THOMAS GARGRAVE, and Others.*

*Sal.* Talbot, my life, my joy! again return'd!

How wert thou handled being prisoner, Or by what means gott'st thou to be releas'd,

Discourse, I prithee, on this turret's top.

*Tal.* The Duke of Bedford had a prisoner Called the brave Lord Ponton de Santraillies;

For him I was exchang'd and ransomed. But with a baser man of arms by far

Once in contempt they would have barter'd me;

Which I disdain'd scorn'd, and craved death

Rather than I would be so vile-esteem'd.

In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.

But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart:

Whom with my bare fists I would execute If I now had him brought into my power.

*Sal.* Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertain'd.

*Tal.* With scoffs and scorns and contumelious taunts.

In open market-place produc'd they me, To be a public spectacle to all:

Here, said they, is the terror of the French,  
The scarecrow that affrights our children so.  
Then broke I from the officers that led me,  
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the  
ground,

To hurl at the beholders of my shame.  
My grisly countenance made others fly;  
None durst come near for fear of sudden  
death.

In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;  
So great fear of my name 'mongst them was  
spread

That they suppos'd I could rend bars of steel  
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant;  
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,  
That walk'd about me every minute-while;  
And if I did but stir out of my bed  
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

*Enter the Boy with a linstock.*

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you  
endur'd;

But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.  
Now it is supper-time in Orleans:  
Here, through this grate, I count each one  
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify:  
Let us look in; the sight will much delight  
thee.

Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William  
Glansdale,

Let me have your express opinions  
Where is best place to make our battery  
next.

Gar. I think at the north gate; for there  
stand lords.

Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of the  
bridge.

Tal. For aught I see, this city must be  
famish'd

Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

*Here they shoot. SALISBURY and Sir  
THOMAS GARGRAVE fall.*

Sal. O Lord! have mercy on us, wretched  
sinners.

Gar. O Lord! have mercy on me, woeful  
man.

Tal. What chance is this that suddenly  
hath cross'd us?

Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst  
speak:

How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?  
One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side struck  
off!

Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand  
That hath contriv'd this woeful tragedy!  
In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;  
Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars;  
Whilst any trump did sound or drum struck  
up,

His sword did ne'er leave striking in the  
field.

Yet liv'st thou Salisbury? though thy speech  
doth fail,

One eye thou hast to look to heaven for  
grace:

The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.  
Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,  
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!  
Bear hence his body; I will help to bury it.

Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?  
Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.  
Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort:  
Thou shalt not die whiles—

He beckons with his hand and smiles on  
me,

As who should say 'When I am dead and  
gone,

Remember to avenge me on the French.'  
Plantagenet, I will; and like thee, Nero,  
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:

Wretched shall France be only in my name.  
*An alarm; it thunders and lightens.*

What stir is this? what tumult's in the  
heavens?

Whence cometh this alarm and the noise?

*Enter a Messenger.*

Mess. My lord, my lord! the French have  
gather'd head:

The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle  
join'd,

A holy prophetess new risen up  
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

*Here SALISBURY lifteth himself  
up and groans.*

Tal. Hear, hear how dying Salisbury doth  
groan!

It irks his heart he cannot be reveng'd.  
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you;

Pucelle or puzzle, dolphin or dogfish,  
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's  
heels

And make a quagmire of your mingled  
brains.

Convey me Salisbury into his tent,  
And then we'll try what these dastard  
Frenchmen dare.

*Exeunt, bearing out the bodies.*

SCENE V.—*The Same. Before one of the  
Gates.*

*Alarm. Skirmishings. TALBOT pursues  
the DAUPHIN, drives him in and exit:  
then enter JOAN LA PUELLE, driving  
Englishmen before her, and exit after  
them. Then re-enter TALBOT.*

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour,  
and my force?

Our English troops retire, I cannot stay  
them;

A woman clad in armour chaseth them.

*Re-enter JOAN LA PUELLE.*

Here, here she comes. I'll have a bout  
with thee;

Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:  
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,

And straightway give thy soul to him thou  
serv'st.

Joan. Come, come; 't is only I that must  
disgrace thee.

*They fight.*

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to  
prevail?

My breast I'll burst with straining of my  
courage,

And from my shoulders crack my arms  
asunder,

But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.  
*They fight again.*

Joan. Talbot, farwell; thy hour is not yet come:

I must go victual Orleans forthwith.

*A short alarum: then enter the town with soldiers.*

O'ertake me if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.

Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved men; Help Salisbury to make his testament: This day is ours, as many more shall be.

*Exit.*

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;

I know not where I am, nor what I do: 20  
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,  
Drives back our troops and conquers as she lists:

So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,

Are from their hives and houses driven away.

They call'd us for our fierceness English dogs;

Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.

*A short alarum.*

Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight  
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;  
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:

Sheep run not half so treacherous from the wolf, 30

Or horse or oxen from the leopard,  
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.

*Alarum. Another skirmish.*

It will not be: retire into your trenches;  
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,  
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.

Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans  
In spite of us or aught that we could do.  
O! would I were to die with Salisbury.  
The shame hereof will make me hide my head.

*Alarum. Retreat. Exeunt TALBOT and his Forces.*

#### SCENE VI.—The Same.

*Flourish. Enter, on the walls, JOAN LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER, ALENÇON, and Soldiers.*

Joan. Advance our waving colours on the walls;

Rescu'd is Orleans from the English.

Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

Cha. Divinest creature, Astræa's daughter,

How shall I honour thee for this success?  
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,  
That one day bloom'd and fruitful were the next.

France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!  
Recover'd is the town of Orleans:

More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state. 10

Reig. Why ring not out the bells aloud throughout the town?

Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires

And feast and banquet in the open streets,  
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and joy,

When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.

Cha. 'T is Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;

For which I will divide my crown with her;  
And all the priests and friars in my realm

Shall in procession sing her endless praise. 20  
A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear

Than Rhodope's or Memphis' ever was:  
In memory of her when she is dead,

Her ashes, in an urn more precious  
Than the rich-jewell'd coffer of Darius,

Transported shall be at high festivals  
Before the kings and queens of France.

No longer on Saint Denis will we cry,  
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.

Come in, and let us banquet royally 30  
After this golden day of victory.

*Flourish. Exeunt.*

#### ACT II

##### SCENE I.—Before Orleans.

*Enter to the gates, a French Sergeant, and two Sentinels.*

Serg. Sirs, take your places and be vigilant.

If any noise or soldier you perceive  
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign

Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.  
*First Sent.* Sergeant, you shall.

*Exit Sergeant.*

Thus are poor servitors,

When others sleep upon their quiet beds,  
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

*Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, and Forces, with scaling-ladders; their drums beating a dead march.*

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy,

By whose approach the regions of Artois,  
Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us, 10

This happy night the Frenchmen are secure:  
Having all day carous'd and banqueted:

Embrace we then this opportunity,  
As fitting best to quittance their deceit

Contriv'd by art and baleful sorcery.  
*Bed.* Coward of France! how much he

wrongs his fame,  
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,

To join with witches and the help of hell!  
*Bur.* Traitors have never other company.

But what's that Pucelle whom they term so pure? 20

Tal. A maid, they say.

*Bed.* A maid, and be so martial!

*Bur.* Pray God she prove not masculine ere long,

If underneath the standard of the French  
She carry armour as she hath begun.

*Tal.* Well, let them practise and converse  
with spirits; *God is our fortress, in whose conquering*  
*name*

Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

*Bed.* Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.

*Tal.* Not all together: better far, I guess,  
That we do make our entrance several  
ways, 30

That if it chance the one of us do fail,  
The other yet may rise against their force.

*Bed.* Agreed. I'll to yond corner.

*Bur.* And I to this.

*Tal.* And here will Talbot mount, or make  
his grave.

Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right  
Of English Henry, shall this night appear  
How much in duty I am bound to both.

*The English scale the walls, crying 'Saint  
George!' 'A Talbot!' and all enter the  
town.*

*Sent.* Within. Arm, arm! the enemy doth  
make assault!

*The French leap over the walls in their  
shirts. Enter, several ways, the Bastard  
of ORLEANS, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, half  
ready, and half unready.*

*Alen.* How now, my lords! what! all  
unready so?

*Bast.* Unready! ay, and glad we 'scap'd  
so well. 40

*Reig.* 'T was time, I trow, to wake and  
leave our beds,

Hearing alarums at our chamber-doors.

*Alen.* Of all exploits since first I follow'd  
arms,

Ne'er heard I of a war-like enterprise  
More venturous or desperate than this.

*Bast.* I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

*Reig.* If not of hell, the heavens, sure,  
favour him.

*Alen.* Here cometh Charles: I marvel  
how he sped.

*Bast.* Tut! holy Joan was his defensive  
guard.

*Enter CHARLES and JOAN LA PUCELLE.*

*Cha.* Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful  
dame? 50

Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,  
Make us partakers of a little gain,

That now our loss might be ten times so  
much?

*Joan.* Wherefore is Charles impatient  
with his friend?

At all times will you have my power alike?  
Sleeping or waking must I still prevail.

Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?  
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been  
good,

This sudden mischief never could have  
fallen.

*Cha.* Duke of Alençon, this was your  
default, 60

That, being captain of the watch to-night,  
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

*Alen.* Had all your quarters been as  
safely kept

As that whereof I had the government,  
We had not been thus shamefully surpris'd.

*Bast.* Mine was secure.

*Reig.* And so was mine, my lord.

*Cha.* And for myself, most part of all this  
night,

Within her quarter and mine own precinct  
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,

About relieving of the sentinels: 70

Then how or which way should they first  
break in?

*Joan.* Question, my lords, no further of  
the case,

How or which way: 't is sure they found  
some place

But weakly guarded, where the breach was  
made.

And now there rests no other shift but this;  
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dis-  
pers'd,

And lay new platforms to endamage them.

*Alarum. Enter an English Soldier, crying  
'A Talbot! A Talbot!' They fly, leaving  
their clothes behind.*

*Sold.* I'll be so bold to take what they  
have left.

The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;  
For I have loaden me with many spoils, 80

Using no other weapon but his name. *Exit.*

SCENE II.—Orleans. Within the Town.

*Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, a  
Captain, and Others.*

*Bed.* The day begins to break, and night  
is fled,

Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.  
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pur-  
suit. *Retreat sounded.*

*Tal.* Bring forth the body of old Salis-  
bury,

And here advance it in the market-place,  
The middle centre of this cursed town.

Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;  
For every drop of blood was drawn from  
him

There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-  
night.

And that hereafter ages may behold 10

What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,  
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect

A tomb wherein his corpse shall be interr'd:  
Upon the which, that every one may read,

Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans,  
The treacherous manner of his mournful  
death,

And what a terror he had been to France.  
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,

I muse we met not with the Dauphin's grace,  
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of  
Arc, 20

Nor any of his false confederates.

*Bed.* 'T is thought, Lord Talbot, when  
the fight began,

Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds.

They did amongst the troops of armed men Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

*Bur.* Myself, as far as I could well discern For smoke and dusky vapours of the night, Am sure I scar'd the Dauphin and his trull, When arm in arm they both came swiftly running.

Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves 30 That could not live asunder day or night. After that things are set in order here, We'll follow them with all the power we have.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* All hail, my lords! Which of this princely train

Call ye the war-like Talbot, for his acts So much applauded through the realm of France?

*Tal.* Here is the Talbot: who would speak with him?

*Mess.* The virtuous lady, Countess of Auvergne,

With modesty admiring thy renown, By me entreats, great lord thou would'st vouchsafe 40

To visit her poor castle where she lies, That she may boast she hath beheld the man

Whose glory fills the world with loud report. *Bur.* Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our wars

Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport, When ladies crave to be encounter'd with. You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

*Tal.* Ne'er trust me then; for when a world of men

Could not prevail with all their oratory, Yet hath a woman's kindness over-ru'd. 50 And therefore tell her, I return great thanks, And in submission will attend on her.

Will not your honours bear me company? *Bed.* No, truly, it is more than manners will;

And I have heard it said, unbidden guests Are often welcomest when they are gone.

*Tal.* Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,

I mean to prove this lady's courtesy. Come hither, captain. *Whispers.*

You perceive my mind. *Cap.* I do, my lord, and mean accordingly. *Exeunt.* 60

SCENE III.—Auvergne. Court of the Castle.

*Enter the COUNTESS and her Porter.*

*Count.* Porter, remember what I gave in charge;

And when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

*Port.* Madam, I will. *Exit.*

*Count.* The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,

I shall as famous be by this exploit

As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death. Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight, And his achievements of no less account: Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,

To give their censure of these rare reports. 10

*Enter Messenger and TALBOT.*

*Mess.* Madam,

According as your ladyship desir'd, By message crav'd, so is Lord Talbot come.

*Count.* And he is welcome. What! is this the man?

*Mess.* Madam, it is.

*Count.* Is this the scourge of France? Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad That with his name the mothers still their babes?

I see report is fabulous and false: I thought I should have seen some Hercules, A second Hector, for his grim aspect, 20 And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.

Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf: It cannot be this weak and writhled shrimp Should strike such terror to his enemies.

*Tal.* Madam, I have been bold to trouble you;

But since your ladyship is not at leisure, I'll sort some other time to visit you.

*Count.* What means he now? Go ask him whither he goes.

*Mess.* Stay, my Lord Talbot; for my lady craves

To know the cause of your abrupt departure. 30

*Tal.* Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,

I go to certify her Talbot's here.

*Re-enter Porter with keys.*

*Count.* If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

*Tal.* Prisoner! to whom?

*Count.* To me, blood-thirsty lord; And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.

Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,

For in my gallery thy picture hangs: But now the substance shall endure the like,

And I will chain these legs and arms of thine, That hast by tyranny these many years 40

Wasted our country, slain our citizens, And sent our sons and husbands captive.

*Tal.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Count.* Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to moan.

*Tal.* I laugh to see your ladyship so fond To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow

Whereon to practise your severity. *Count.* Why, art not thou the man?

*Tal.* I am, indeed.

*Count.* Then have I substance too.

*Tal.* No, no, I am but shadow of myself: 50

You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;

For what you see is but the smallest part  
And least proportion of humanity.

I tell you, madam, were the whole frame  
here,

It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,  
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.

*Count.* This is a riddling merchant for the  
nonce;

He will be here, and yet he is not here:  
How can these contrarieties agree?

*Tal.* That will I show you presently. 60

*He winds his horn. Drums strike up; a  
peal of ordnance. The gates being forced,  
enter Soldiers.*

How say you, madam? are you now per-  
suaded

That Talbot is but shadow of himself?

These are his substance, sinews, arms, and  
strength,

With which he yoketh your rebellious necks,  
Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,  
And in a moment makes them desolate.

*Count.* Victorious Talbot, pardon my  
abuse:

I find thou art no less than fame hath  
bruted,

And more than may be gather'd by thy  
shape.

Let my presumption not provoke thy  
wrath;

For I am sorry that with reverence  
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

*Tal.* Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor mis-  
construe

The mind of Talbot as you did mistake  
The outward composition of his body.

What you have done hath not offended me;  
No other satisfaction do I crave,

But only, with your patience, that we may  
Taste of your wine and see what cates you  
have;

For soldiers' stomachs always serve them  
well.

*Count.* With all my heart, and think me  
honoured

To feast so great a warrior in my house.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*London. The Temple Garden.*

*Enter the Earls of SOMERSET, SUFFOLK,  
and WARWICK; RICHARD PLANTA-  
GENET, VERNON, and a Lawyer.*

*Plan.* Great lords and gentlemen, what  
means this silence?

Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

*Suf.* Within the Temple hall we were too  
loud;

The garden here is more convenient.

*Plan.* Then say at once if I maintain'd the  
truth,

Or else was wrangling Somerset in the  
error?

*Suf.* Faith, I have been a truant in the law,  
And never yet could frame my will to it;

And therefore frame the law unto my will.

*Som.* Judge you, my Lord of Warwick,  
then, between us.

*War.* Between two hawks, which flies the  
higher pitch;

Between two dogs, which hath the deeper  
mouth;

Between two blades, which bears the better  
temper;

Between two horses, which doth bear him  
best;

Between two girls, which hath the merriest  
eye;

I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judg-  
ment;

But in these nice sharp quilllets of the law,  
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

*Plan.* Tut, tut! here is a mannerly for-  
bearance:

The truth appears so naked on my side 20  
That any purblind eye may find it out.

*Som.* And on my side it is so well ap-  
parel'd,

So clear, so shining, and so evident,  
That it will glimmer through a blind man's  
eye.

*Plan.* Since you are tongue-tied and so  
loath to speak,

In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts;  
Let him that is a true-born gentleman

And stands upon the honour of his birth,  
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,

From off this brier pluck a white rose with  
me.

*Som.* Let him that is no coward nor no  
flatterer,

But dare maintain the party of the truth,  
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

*War.* I love no colours, and without all  
colour

Of base insinuating flattery  
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

*Suf.* I pluck this red rose with young  
Somerset,

And say withal I think he held the right.

*Ver.* Stay, lords and gentlemen, and  
pluck no more

Till you conclude that he, upon whose side  
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,

Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

*Som.* Good Master Vernon, it is well ob-  
jected:

If I have fewest I subscribe in silence.

*Plan.* And I.

*Ver.* Then for the truth and plainness of  
the case,

I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,  
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

*Som.* Prick not your finger as you pluck  
it off,

Lest bleeding you do paint the white rose  
red,

And fall on my side so, against your will.

*Ver.* If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,  
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,

And keep me on the side still where I am.

*Som.* Well, well, come on: who else?

*Law.* Unless my study and my books be  
false,  
The argument you held was wrong in  
you;

In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.

*Plan.* Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

*Som.* Here in my scabbard; meditating that

Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.

*Plan.* Meantime your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;

For pale they look with fear, as witnessing The truth on our side.

*Som.* No, Plantagenet, 'T is not for fear but anger that thy cheeks Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses,

And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

*Plan.* Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

*Som.* Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

*Plan.* Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth;

Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

*Som.* Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,

That shall maintain what I have said is true, Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

*Plan.* Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,

I scorn thee and thy faction, peevish boy.

*Suf.* Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

*Plan.* Proud Pole, I will, and scorn both him and thee.

*Suf.* I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

*Som.* Away, away! good William de la Pole;

We grace the yeoman by conversing with him.

*War.* Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset;

His grandfather was Lionel, Duke of Clarence,

Third son to the third Edward, King of England.

Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?

*Plan.* He bears him on the place's privilege,

Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

*Som.* By him that made me, I'll maintain my words

On any plot of ground in Christendom.

Was not thy father, Richard, Earl of Cambridge;

For treason executed in our late king's days?

And by his treason stand'st not thou attainted,

Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?

His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;

And, till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.

*Plan.* My father was attached, not attainted,

Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;

And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,

Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.

For your partaker Pole and you yourself, 100 I'll note you in my book of memory.

To scourge you for this apprehension:

Look to it well and say you are well warn'd.

*Som.* Ah, thou shalt find us ready for thee still,

And know us by these colours for thy foes;

For these my friends in spite of thee shall wear.

*Plan.* And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,

As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,

Will I for ever and my faction wear,

Until it whither with me to my grave 110 Or flourish to the height of my degree.

*Suf.* Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition:

And so farewell until I meet thee next. *Exit.*

*Som.* Have with thee, Pole. Farewell, ambitious Richard. *Exit.*

*Plan.* How I am brav'd and must perforce endure it!

*War.* This blot that they object against your house

Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament,

Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloucester;

And if thou be not then created York,

I will not live to be accounted Warwick. 120

Meantime, in signal of my love to thee,

Against proud Somerset and William Pole,

Will I upon thy party wear this rose.

And here I prophesy: this brawl to-day,

Grown to this faction in the Temple garden,

Shall send between the red rose and the white

A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

*Plan.* Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you,

That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

*Ver.* In your behalf still will I wear the same. 130

*Law.* And so will I.

*Plan.* Thanks, gentle sir.

Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say

This quarrel will drink blood another day.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Tower of London.*

*Enter MORTIMER, brought in a chair by two Gaolers.*

*Mor.* Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,

Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.

Even like a man new haled from the rack,

So fare my limbs with long imprisonment;

And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,

Nestor-like aged in an age of care,

Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.

These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,

Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent;

Weak shoulders, overborne with burdening grief, 10

And pitiless arms, like to a wither'd vine

That droops his sapless branches to the ground:

Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay  
is numb,

Unable to support this lump of clay,  
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,  
As witting I no other comfort have.

But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?  
*First Gaol.* Richard Plantagenet, my lord,  
will come:

We sent unto the temple, unto his chamber,  
And answer was return'd that he will  
come. 20

*Mor.* Enough; my soul shall then be satisfied.

Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal  
mine.

Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,  
Before whose glory I was great in arms,  
This loathsome sequestration have I had;  
And even since then hath Richard been ob-

scur'd,  
Depriv'd of honour and inheritance:

But now the arbitrator of despairs,  
Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,  
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me  
hence. 30

I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,  
That so he might recover what was lost.

*Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.*

*First Gaol.* My lord, your loving nephew  
now is come.

*Mor.* Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is  
he come?

*Plan.* Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,  
Your nephew, late despised Richard, comes.

*Mor.* Direct mine arms I may embrace  
his neck,

And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:  
O! tell me when my lips do touch his  
cheeks,

That I may kindly give one fainting kiss. 40  
And now declare, sweet stem from York's  
great stock,

Why didst thou say of late thou wert des-  
pis'd?

*Plan.* First, lean thine aged back against  
mine arm,

And in that ease I'll tell thee my disease.  
This day, in argument upon a case,  
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and  
me;

Among which terms he us'd his lavish  
tongue

And did upbraid me with my father's death:  
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,  
Else with the like I had requited him. 50

Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,  
In honour of a true Plantagenet,

And for alliance sake, declare the cause  
My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his  
head.

*Mor.* That cause, fair nephew, that im-  
prison'd me,

And hath detain'd me all my flow'ring youth  
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,  
Was cursed instrument of his decease.

*Plan.* Discover more at large what cause  
that was,

For I am ignorant and cannot guess. 60

*Mor.* I will, if that my fading breath per-  
mit,

And death approach not ere my tale be done.  
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,  
Depos'd his nephew Richard, Edward's son,

The first-begotten and the lawful heir  
Of Edward king, the third of that descent:

During whose reign the Percies of the north,  
Finding his usurpation most unjust,

Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne.  
The reason mov'd these war-like lords to  
this 70

Was, for that, young King Richard thus re-  
mov'd,

Leaving no heir begotten of his body,  
I was the next by birth and parentage;

For by my mother I derived am  
From Lionel, Duke of Clarence, the third  
son

To King Edward the Third; whereas he  
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedi-  
gree,

Being but fourth of that heroic line.  
But mark: as in this haughty great attempt

They labour'd to plant the rightful heir, 80  
I lost my liberty and they their lives.

Long after this, when Henry the Fifth,  
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke, did  
reign,

Thy father, Earl of Cambridge, then deriv'd  
From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of  
York,

Marrying my sister that thy mother was,  
Again in pity of my hard distress

Levied an army, weening to redeem  
And have install'd me in the diadem;

But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl, 90  
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,

In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

*Plan.* Of which, my lord, your honour is  
the last.

*Mor.* True; and thou seest that I no  
issue have,

And that my fainting words do warrant  
death.

Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee  
gather:

But yet be wary in thy studious care.

*Plan.* Thy grave admonishments prevail  
with me:

But yet methinks my father's execution  
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny. 100

*Mor.* With silence, nephew, be thou  
politic;

Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,  
And like a mountain, not to be remov'd.

But now thy uncle is removing hence,  
As princes do their courts, when they are  
cloy'd

With long continuance in a settled place.

*Plan.* O, uncle! would some part of my  
young years

Might but redeem the passage of your age.

*Mor.* Thou dost then wrong me, as that  
slaughterer doth

Which giveth many wounds when one will  
kill. 110

Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;  
Only give order for my funeral:

And so farewell; and fair be all thy hopes,  
And prosperous be thy life in peace and war!

*Dies.*

*Plan.* And peace, no war, befall thy part-  
ing soul!

In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,  
And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.  
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;  
And what I do imagine let that rest.  
Keepers, convey him hence; and I myself  
Will see his burial better than his life. 121

*Exeunt Gaolers, bearing out the  
body of MORTIMER.*

Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,  
Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort:  
And for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,  
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,  
I doubt not but with honour to redress;  
And therefore haste I to the parliament,  
Either to be restored to my blood,  
Or make my ill the advantage of my good.

*Exit.*

### ACT III

SCENE I.—*London. The Parliament House.*

*Flourish. Enter King HENRY, EXETER,  
GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET,  
and SUFFOLK; the Bishop of WINCHES-  
TER, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, and  
Others. GLOUCESTER offers to put up a  
bill; WINCHESTER snatches it, and  
tears it.*

*Win.* Com'st thou with deep premedi-  
tated lines,  
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,  
Humphrey of Gloucester? If thou canst  
accuse,

Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,  
Do it without invention, suddenly;  
As I with sudden and extemporal speech  
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

*Glou.* Presumptuous priest! this place  
commands my patience

Or thou should'st find thou hast dishonour'd  
me.

Think not, although in writing I preferr'd 10  
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,  
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not  
able

Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:  
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wicked-  
ness,

Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious  
pranks,

As very infants prattle of thy pride.  
Thou art a most pernicious usurer,  
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;  
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems  
A man of thy profession and degree: 20  
And for thy treachery, what's more mani-  
fest?

In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,  
As well at London-bridge as at the Tower.  
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were  
sifted,

The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt  
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

*Win.* Gloucester, I do defy thee. Lords,  
vouchsafe

To give me hearing what I shall reply.  
If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,  
As he will have me, how am I so poor? 38  
Or how haps it I seek not to advance  
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted call-  
ing?

And for dissension, who preferreth peace  
More than I do, except I be provok'd?  
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;  
It is not that that hath incens'd the duke:  
It is, because no one should sway but he;  
No one but he should be about the king;  
And that engenders thunder in his breast,  
And makes him roar these accusations  
forth. 40

But he shall know I am as good—  
*Glou.* As good!

Thou bastard of my grandfather!  
*Win.* Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I  
pray,

But one imperious in another's throne?  
*Glou.* Am I not protector, saucy priest?

*Win.* And am not I a prelate of the church?

*Glou.* Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,  
And useth it to patronage his theft.

*Win.* Unreverent Gloucester!

*Glou.* Thou art reverent,  
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy  
life. 50

*Win.* Rome shall remedy this.

*War.* Roam thither then.

*Som.* My lord, it were your duty to for-  
bear.

*War.* Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.  
*Som.* Methinks my lord should be reli-  
gious,

And know the office that belongs to such.  
*War.* Methinks his lordship should be  
humbler;

It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

*Som.* Yes, when his holy state is touch'd  
so near.

*War.* State holy or unhallow'd, what of  
that?

Is not his grace protector to the king? 60

*Plan. Aside.* Plantagenet, I see, must  
hold his tongue.

Lest it be said, 'Speak, sirrah, when you  
should;

Must your bold verdict enter talk with  
lords?' 65

Else would I have a fling at Winchester.

*K. Hen.* Uncles of Gloucester and of Win-  
chester,

The special watchmen of our English weal,  
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail.

To join your hearts in love and amity.  
O! what a scandal is it to our crown, 70

That two such noble peers as ye should jar.  
Believe me, lords, my tender years can  
tell

Civil dissension is a viperous worm,  
That gnaws the bowels of the common-  
wealth.

*A noise within.* 'Down with the tawny coats!'  
What tumult's this?

*War.* An uproar, I dare warrant,

Begun through malice of the bishop's men.  
A noise again. 'Stones! stones!'

*Enter the Mayor of London, attended.*

*May.* O! my good lords, and virtuous  
*Henry.* Pity the city of London, pity us.  
The bishop and the Duke of Gloucester's  
men,

Forbidden late to carry any weapon,  
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble  
stones, 80  
And banding themselves in contrary parts  
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,  
That many have their giddy brains knock'd  
out:

Our windows are broke down in every street,  
And we for fear compell'd to shut our shops.

*Enter, skirmishing, the Servingmen of  
GLOUCESTER and WINCHESTER, with  
bloody pates.*

*K. Hen.* We charge you, on allegiance to  
ourselves,  
To hold your slaught'ring hands and keep  
the peace.

*Pray, uncle Gloucester, mitigate this strife.*  
*First Serv.* Nay, if we be forbidden stones,  
we'll fall to it with our teeth. 90

*Second Serv.* Do what ye dare; we are as  
resolute.

*Glou.* You of my household, leave this  
peevish broil,  
And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

*First Serv.* My lord, we know your grace  
to be a man

Just and upright, and, for your royal birth,  
Inferior to none but to his majesty;

And ere that we will suffer such a prince,  
So kind a father of the commonweal,

To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate, 99  
We and our wives and children all will fight,

And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.  
*Third Serv.* Ay, and the very parings of  
our nails

Shall pitch a field when we are dead.

*Glou.* Stay, stay, I say!  
*Skirmish again.*

And if you love me, as you say you do,  
Let me persuade you to forbear awhile.

*K. Hen.* O! how this discord doth afflict  
my soul.

Can you, my lord of Winchester, behold  
My sighs and tears and will not once relent?

Who should be pitiful if you be not?  
Or who should study to prefer a peace 110

If holy churchmen take delight in broils?  
*War.* Yield, my lord protector; yield,  
Winchester;

Except you mean with obstinate repulse  
To slay your sovereign and destroy the  
realm.

You see what mischief and what murder too  
Hath been enacted through your enmity:

Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.  
*Win.* He shall submit, or I will never  
yield.

*Glou.* Compassion on the king commands  
me stoop;

Or I would see his heart out ere the priest 120  
Should ever get that privilege of me.

*War.* Behold, my lord of Winchester, the  
duke

Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,  
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear:

Why look you still so stern and tragical?  
*Glou.* Here, Winchester, I offer thee my  
hand.

*K. Hen.* Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have  
heard you preach

That malice was a great and grievous sin;  
And will not you maintain the thing you  
teach,

But prove a chief offender in the same? 130  
*War.* Sweet king! the bishop hath a  
kindly gird.

For shame, my lord of Winchester, relent!  
What! shall a child instruct you what to  
do?

*Win.* Well, Duke of Gloucester, I will  
yield to thee;

Love for thy love and hand for hand I give.  
*Glou. Aside.* Ay; but, I fear me, with a  
hollow heart.

See here, my friends and loving country-  
men,

This token serveth for a flag of truce  
Betwixt ourselves and all our followers.

So help me God, as I dissemble not! 140  
*Win. Aside.* So help me God, as I intend  
it not!

*K. Hen.* O loving uncle, kind Duke of  
Gloucester,

How joyful am I made by this contract!  
Away, my masters! trouble us no more;

But join in friendship, as your lords have  
done.

*First Serv.* Content: I'll to the surgeon's.  
*Second Serv.* And so will I.

*Third Serv.* And I will see what physic the  
tavern affords.

*Exeunt Mayor, Servingmen, etc.*  
*War.* Accept this scroll, most gracious  
sovereign, 149

Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet  
We do exhibit to your majesty.

*Glou.* Well urg'd, my Lord of Warwick:  
for, sweet prince,

An if your grace mark every circumstance,  
You have great reason to do Richard right;

Especially for those occasions  
At Eltham-place I told your majesty.

*K. Hen.* And those occasions, uncle, were  
of force:

Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is  
That Richard be restored to his blood. 159

*War.* Let Richard be restored to his blood;  
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

*Win.* As will the rest, so willeth Win-  
chester.

*K. Hen.* If Richard will be true, not that  
alone,

But all the whole inheritance I give  
That doth belong unto the house of York,

From whence you spring by lineal descent.  
*Plan.* Thy humble servant, vows obedi-  
ence

And humble service till the point of death.

*K. Hen.* Stoop then and set your knee against my foot;

And, in requerd of that duty done, 170  
I gird thee with the valiant sword of York:  
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet,  
And rise created princely Duke of York.

*Plan.* And so thrive Richard as thy foes may fall!  
And as my duty springs, so perish they  
That grudge one thought against your majesty!

*All.* Welcome, high prince, the mighty Duke of York!

*Som. Aside.* Perish, base prince, ignoble Duke of York!

*Glou.* Now will it best avail your majesty  
To cross the seas and to be crown'd in France. 180

The presence of a king engenders love  
Amongst his subjects and his royal friends,  
As it disanimates his enemies.

*K. Hen.* When Gloucester says the word,  
King Henry goes;

For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

*Glou.* Your ships already are in readiness.

*Flourish. Exeunt all but EXETER.*

*Exe.* Ay, we may march in England or in France,

Not seeing what is likely to ensue.

This late dissension grown betwixt the peers  
Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love, 190  
And will at last break out into a flame:

As fester'd members rot but by degree,  
Till bones and flesh and sinews fall away,  
So will this base and envious discord breed.

And now I fear that fatal prophecy  
Which in the time of Henry nam'd the Fifth  
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe;  
That Henry born at Monmouth should win all,

And Henry born at Windsor should lose all:  
Which is so plain that Exeter doth wish 200  
His days may finish ere that hapless time.

*Exit.*

## SCENE II.—France. Before Rouen.

*Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE disguised, and Soldiers dressed like countrymen, with sacks upon their backs.*

*Joan.* These are the city gates, the gates of Roan,

Through which our policy must make a breach:

Take heed, be wary how you place your words;

Talk like the vulgar sort of market men  
That come to gather money for their corn.

If we have entrance, as I hope we shall,  
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,

I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,  
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

*First Sold.* Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city, 10

And we be lords and rulers over Roan;  
Therefore we'll knock. *Knocks.*

*Watch.* Within. *Qui est là?*

*Joan. Paysans, pauvres gens de France:*  
Poor market folks that come to sell their corn.

*Watch. Opens the gate.* Enter, go in; the market bell is rung.

*Joan.* Now, Roan, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground.

*JOAN LA PUCELLE, etc., enter the city.*

*Enter CHARLES, the Bastard of ORLEANS, ALENÇON, and Forces.*

*Cha.* Saint Denis bless this happy stragem!

And once again we'll sleep secure in Roan.  
*Bast.* Here enter'd Pucelle and her practisants; 20

Now she is there how will she specify  
Where is the best and safest passage in?

*Alen.* By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower;

Which, once discern'd shows that her meaning is,

No way to that, for weakness, which she enter'd.

*Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE on a battlement, holding out a torch burning.*

*Joan.* Behold! this is the happy wedding torch

That joineth Roan unto her countrymen,  
But burning fatal to the Talbotites. *Exit.*

*Bast.* See, noble Charles, the beacon of our friend,

The burning torch in yonder turret stands. 30

*Cha.* Now shine it like a comet of revenge,

A prophet to the fall of all our foes!

*Alen.* Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends;

Enter, and cry 'The Dauphin!' presently,  
And then do execution on the watch.

*Alarum. Exeunt.*

*An alarum. Enter TALBOT in an excursion.*

*Tal.* France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,

If Talbot but survive thy treachery.  
Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,

Hath wrought thus hellish mischief unawares,  
That hardly we escap'd the pride of France. 40

*Exit.*

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter, from the town, BEDFORD, brought in sick in a chair.*

*Enter TALBOT and BURGUNDY without. Then, enter on the walls, JOAN LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, the Bastard of ORLEANS, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, and Others.*

*Joan.* Good morrow, gallants! Want ye corn for bread?

I think the Duke of Burgundy will fast  
Before he'll buy again at such a rate.

'T was full of darnel; do you like the taste?

*Bur.* Scoff on, vile fiend and shameless courtesan!

I trust ere long to choke thee with thine own,

And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

*Cha.* Your grace may starve perhaps before that time.

*Bed.* O! let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason.

*Joan.* What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance, 50

And run a tilt at death within a chair?

*Tal.* Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,

Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours!

Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age

And twit with cowardice a man half dead?

Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,

Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

*Joan.* Are ye so hot, sir? Yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;

If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.

*The English whisper together in council.*

God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker? 60

*Tal.* Dare ye come forth and meet us in the field?

*Joan.* Belike your lordship takes us then for fools,

To try if that our own be ours or no.

*Tal.* I speak not to that railing Hecate,

But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest;

Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

*Alen.* Signior, no.

*Tal.* Signior, hang! base muleters of France!

Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,

And dare not take up arms like gentlemen. 70

*Joan.* Away, captains! let's get us from the walls,

For Talbot means no goodness by his looks.

God be wi' you, my lord: we came but to tell you

That we are here.

*Exeunt JOAN LA PUCELLE, etc., from the walls.*

*Tal.* And there will we be too ere it be long,

Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!

Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,

Prick'd on by public wrongs sustain'd in France,

Either to get the town again or die;

And I, as sure as English Henry lives, 80

And as his father here was conqueror,

As sure as in this late-betrayed town

Great Cœur-de-Lion's heart was buried,

So sure I swear to get the town or die.

*Bur.* My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

*Tal.* But ere we go, regard this dying prince,

The valiant Duke of Bedford. Come, my lord,

We will bestow you in some better place,

Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.

*Bed.* Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me; 90

Here will I sit before the walls of Roan, And will be partner of your weal or woe.

*Bur.* Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.

*Bed.* Not to be gone from hence; for once I read

That stout Pendragon in his litter sick Came to the field and vanquished his foes.

Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts,

Because I ever found them as myself.

*Tal.* Undaunted spirit in a dying breast! Then be it so: heavens keep old Bedford safe! 100

And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,

But gather we our forces out of hand,

And set upon our boasting enemy.

*Exeunt all but BEDFORD and Attendants.*

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE and a Captain.*

*Cap.* Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?

*Fast.* Whither away! to save myself by flight:

We are like to have the overthrow again.

*Cap.* What! will you fly, and leave Lord Talbot?

*Fast.* Ay,

All the Talbots in the world, to save my life.

*Cap.* Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee! *Exit.*

*Retreat. Excursions. Enter, from the town, JOAN LA PUCELLE, ALENÇON, CHARLES, etc., and exeunt, flying.*

*Bed.* Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please, 110

For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.

What is the trust or strength of foolish man? They that of late were daring with their scoffs

Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

*Dies, and is carried in by two in his chair.*

*Alarum. Re-enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and Others.*

*Tal.* Lost, and recover'd in a day again! This is a double honour, Burgundy:

Yet heavens have glory for this victory!

*Bur.* War-like and martial Talbot, Burgundy

Enshrines thee in his heart, and there erects Thy noble deeds as valour's monument. 120

*Tal.* Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?

I think her old familiar is asleep:

Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeke?

What! all amot? Roan hangs her head for grief

That such a valiant company are fled.

Now will we take some order in the town, Placing therein some expert officers,

And then depart to Paris to the king;

For there young Henry with his nobles lie.

*Bur.* What wills Lord Talbot pleaseth Burgundy. 130  
*Tal.* But yet, before we go, let's not forget  
 The noble duke of Bedford late deceas'd,  
 But sees his exequies fulfill'd in Roan.  
 A braver soldier never couched lance,  
 A gentler heart did never sway in court;  
 But kings and mightiest potentates must die,  
 For that's the end of human misery.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. The Plains near Rouen.*

*Enter, CHARLES, the Bastard of ORLEANS, ALENÇON, JOAN LA PUCELLE, and Forces.*

*Joan.* Dismay not, princes, at this accident,  
 Nor grieve that Roan is so recovered:  
 Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,  
 For things that are not to be remedied.  
 Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,  
 And like a peacock sweep along his tail;  
 We'll pull his plumes and take away his train

If Dauphin and the rest will be but rul'd.  
*Cha.* We have been guided by thee hitherto,

And of thy cunning had no diffidence: 10  
 One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

*Bast.* Search out thy wit for secret policies,  
 And we will make thee famous through the world.

*Alen.* We'll set thy statue in some holy place,  
 And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint:

Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.  
*Joan.* Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:

By fair persuasions mix'd with sugar'd words  
 We will entice the Duke of Burgundy  
 To leave the Talbot and to follow us. 20

*Cha.* Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,

France were no place for Henry's warriors;  
 Nor should that nation boast it so with us,  
 But be extirp'd from our provinces.

*Alen.* For ever should they be expul'd from France,

And not have title of an earldom here.  
*Joan.* Your honours shall perceive how I will work

To bring this matter to the wished end.  
*Drum sounds afar off.*

Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive

Their powers are marching unto Parisward. 30

*Here sound an English March. Enter, and pass over at a distance, TALBOT and his Forces.*

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread,

And all the troops of English after him.

*A French March. Enter the Duke of BURGUNDY and Forces.*

Now in the rearward comes the duke and his:

Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.  
 Summon a parley; we will talk with him.

*Trumpets sound a parley.*

*Cha.* A parley with the Duke of Burgundy!

*Bur.* Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

*Joan.* The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

*Bur.* What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.

*Cha.* Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy words. 40

*Joan.* Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!

Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

*Bur.* Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

*Joan.* Look on thy country, look on fertile France,

And see the cities and the towns defac'd  
 By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.

As looks the mother on her lowly babe  
 When death doth close his tender dying eyes,

See, see the pining malady of France;  
 Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds, 50

Which thou thyself hast given her woeful breast.

O! turn thy edged sword another way;  
 Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help.

One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom

Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore:

Return thee therefore with a flood of tears,  
 And wash away thy country's stained spots.

*Bur.* Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,

Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

*Joan.* Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee, 60

Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.

Who join'st thou with but with a lordly nation

That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?

When Talbot hath set footing once in France,

And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,  
 Who then but English Henry will be lord,

And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?

Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof,  
 Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe,

And was he not in England prisoner? 70  
 But when they heard he was thine enemy,

They set him free without his ransom paid,

In spite of Burgundy and all his friends.  
 See then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen,

And join'st with them will be thy slaughtermen.

Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring lord;

Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

*Bur.* I am vanquished; these haughty words of hers

Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot, And made me almost yield upon my knees. 80 Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!

And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace: My forces and my power of men are yours.

So, farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

*Joan. Aside.* Done like a Frenchman: turn, and turn again!

*Cha.* Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us fresh.

*Bast.* And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

*Alen.* Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,

And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

*Cha.* Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers, 90

And seek how we may prejudice the foe. *Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.—Paris. The Palace.

*Enter* King HENRY, GLOUCESTER, Bishop of WINCHESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WARWICK, EXETER; VERNON, BASSET, and Others. *To them with his soldiers, TALBOT.*

*Tal.* My gracious prince, and honourable peers,

Hearing of your arrival in this realm, I have awhile given truce unto my wars, To do my duty to my sovereign:

In sign whereof, this arm, that hath reclaim'd

To your obedience fifty fortresses, Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,

Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem, Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet; *Kneels.*

And with submissive loyalty of heart 10 Ascribes the glory of his conquest got First to my God, and next unto your grace.

*K. Hen.* Is this the Lord Talbot, uncle Gloucester,

That hath so long been resident in France?

*Glou.* Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

*K. Hen.* Welcome, brave captain and victorious lord!

When I was young, as yet I am not old, I do remember how my father said A stouter champion never handled sword. Long since we were resolved of your truth, 20 Your faithful service and your toil in war; Yet never have you tasted our reward, Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,

Because till now we never saw your face: Therefore, stand up; and for these good deserts,

We here create you Earl of Shrewsbury; And in our coronation take your place.

*Flourish. Exeunt all but VERNON and BASSET.*

*Ver.* Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,

Disgracing of these colours that I wear In honour of my noble Lord of York, 30 Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

*Bas.* Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage

The envious barking of your saucy tongue Against my lord the Duke of Somerset.

*Ver.* Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

*Bas.* Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

*Ver.* Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that. *Strikes him.*

*Bas.* Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such

That whoso draws a sword, 't is present death,

Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood. 40

But I'll unto his majesty, and crave I may have liberty to venge this wrong; When thou shalt see I'll meet thee to thy cost.

*Ver.* Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you;

And, after, meet you sooner than you would. *Exeunt.*

#### ACT IV

##### SCENE I.—Paris. A Hall of State.

*Enter* King HENRY, GLOUCESTER, EXETER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WINCHESTER, WARWICK, TALBOT, the Governor of Paris, and Others.

*Glou.* Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.

*Win.* God save King Henry, of that name the sixth!

*Glou.* Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,

That you elect no other king but him, Esteem none friends but such as are his friends,

And none your foes but such as shall pretend

Malicious practices against his state: This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!

*Enter* Sir JOHN FALSTOLFE.

*Fal.* My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,

To haste unto your coronation, 10 A letter was deliver'd to my hands,

Writ to your grace from the Duke of Burgundy.

*Tal.* Shame to the Duke of Burgundy and thee!

I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,

To tear the garter from thy craven's leg; *Plucks it off.*

Which I have done, because unworthily  
Thou wast installed in that high degree.  
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:  
This dastard, at the battle of Patay, 19  
When but in all I was six thousand strong,  
And that the French were almost ten to one,  
Before we met or that a stroke was given,  
Like to a trusty squire did run away:  
In which assault we lost twelve hundred  
men;

Myself and divers gentlemen beside  
Were there surpris'd and taken prisoners.  
Then judge, great lords, if I have done  
amiss;

Or whether that such cowards ought to wear  
This ornament of knighthood, yea or no.

*Glou.* To say the truth, this fact was in-  
famous 30

And ill beseming any common man,  
Much more a knight, a captain and a leader.

*Tal.* When first this order was ordain'd,  
my lords,

Knights of the garter were of noble birth,  
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty cour-  
age,

Such as were grown to credit by the wars;  
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,  
But always resolute in most extremes.

He then that is not furnish'd in this sort  
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,  
Profaning this most honourable order, 41

And should, if I were worthy to be judge,  
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain  
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

*K. Hen.* Stain to thy countrymen! thou  
hear'st thy doom.

Be packing therefore, thou that wast a  
knight:

Henceforth we banish thee on pain of death.  
*Exit FASTOLFE.*

And now, my lord protector, view the letter  
Sent from our uncle Duke of Burgundy.

*Glou.* What means his grace, that he hath  
chang'd his style? 50

No more but, plain and bluntly, *To the  
King!*

Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?  
Or doth this churlish superscription

Pretend some alteration in good will?  
What's here? *I have, upon especial cause,*

*Mov'd with compassion of my country's  
wreck,*

*Together with the pitiful complaints  
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,*

*Forsaken your pernicious faction  
And join'd with Charles, the rightful King*

*of France.* 60

O monstrous treachery! Can this be so,  
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,

There should be found such false dissem-  
bling guile?

*K. Hen.* What! doth my uncle Burgundy  
revolt?

*Glou.* He doth, my lord, and is become  
your foe.

*K. Hen.* Is that the worst this letter doth  
contain?

*Glou.* It is the worst, and all, my lord, he  
writes.

*K. Hen.* Why, then, Lord Talbot there  
shall talk with him,

And give him chastisement for this abuse.

How say you, my lord? are you not con-  
tent? 70

*Tal.* Content, my liege? Yes: but that  
I am prevented,

I should have begg'd I might have been em-  
ploy'd.

*K. Hen.* Then gather strength and march  
unto him straight:

Let him perceive how ill we brook his trea-  
son,

And what offence it is to flout his friends.

*Tal.* I go, my lord; in heart desiring still  
You may behold confusion of your foes. *Exit.*

*Enter VERNON and BASSET.*

*Ver.* Grant me the combat, gracious sov-  
ereign!

*Bas.* And me, my lord; grant me the  
combat too!

*York.* This is my servant: hear him,  
noble prince! 80

*Som.* And this is mine: sweet Henry,  
favour him!

*K. Hen.* Be patient, lords; and give them  
leave to speak.

Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus ex-  
claim?

And wherefore crave you combat? or with  
whom?

*Ver.* With him, my lord; for he hath done  
me wrong.

*Bas.* And I with him; for he hath done  
me wrong.

*K. Hen.* What is that wrong whereof you  
both complain?

First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

*Bas.* Crossing the sea from England into  
France,

This fellow here, with envious carping  
tongue, 90

Upbraided me about the rose I wear;  
Saying, the sanguine colour of the leaves

Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,  
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth

About a certain question in the law  
Argu'd betwixt the Duke of York and him,

With other vile and ignominious terms:  
In confutation of which rude reproach,

And in defence of my lord's worthiness,  
I crave the benefit of law of arms. 100

*Ver.* And that is my petition, noble lord:  
For though he seem with forged quaint con-  
ceit

To set a gloss upon his bold intent,  
Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him;

And he first took exceptions at this badge,  
Pronouncing that the paleness of this flower

Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

*York.* Will not this malice, Somerset, be  
left?

*Som.* Your private grudge, my Lord of  
York, will out, 109

Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

*K. Hen.* Good Lord! what madness rules  
in brain-sick men,

When for so slight and frivolous a cause  
Such factious emulations shall arise!  
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,  
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

*York.* Let this dissension first be tried by  
fight,  
And then your highness shall command a  
peace.

*Som.* The quarrel toucheth none but us  
alone;  
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.

*York.* There is my pledge; accept it,  
Somerset, 120

*Ver.* Nay, let it rest where it began at  
first.

*Bas.* Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.  
*Glou.* Confirm it so? Confounded be your  
strife!

And perish ye, with your audacious prate!  
Presumptuous vassals! are you not asham'd  
With this immodest clamorous outrage  
To trouble and disturb the king and us?  
And you, my lords, methinks you do not well  
To bear with their perverse objections;  
Much less to take occasion from their  
mouths 130

To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves:  
Let me persuade you take a better course.

*Exe.* It grieves his highness: good my  
lords, be friends.

*K. Hen.* Come hither, you that would be  
combatants.

Henceforth I charge you, as you love our  
favour,

Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.  
And you, my lords, remember where we are;  
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation.  
If they perceive dissension in our looks,  
And that within ourselves we disagree, 140  
How will their grudging stomachs be pro-  
vok'd

To wilful disobedience, and rebel!  
Beside, what infamy will there arise,  
When foreign princes shall be certified  
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,  
King Henry's peers and chief nobility  
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of  
France!

O! think upon the conquest of my father,  
My tender years, and let us not forego  
That for a trifle that was bought with  
blood. 150

Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.  
I see no reason, if I wear this rose,

*Puts on a red rose.*  
That any one should therefore be suspi-  
cious

I more incline to Somerset than York:  
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both.  
As well they may upbraid me with my  
crown,

Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is  
crown'd.

But your discretions better can persuade  
Than I am able to instruct or teach:  
And therefore, as we hither came in  
peace, 160

So let us still continue peace and love.  
Cousin of York, we institute your grace

To be our regent in these parts of France:  
And, good my Lord of Somerset, unite  
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of  
foot;

And, like true subjects, sons of your pro-  
genitors,

Go cheerfully together and digest  
Your angry choler on your enemies.

Ourselves, my lord protector, and the rest,  
After some respite will return to Calais; 170  
From thence to England, where I hope ere  
long

To be presented, by your victories,  
With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous  
rout.

*Flourish.* *Exeunt all but YORK, WAR-  
WICK, EXETER, and VERNON.*

*War.* My Lord of York, I promise you,  
the king

Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

*York.* And so he did; but yet I like it not  
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

*War.* Tush! that was but his fancy,  
blame him not;

I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no  
harm.

*York.* An if I wist he did,—but let it  
rest; 180

Others affairs must now be managed.

*Exeunt YORK, WARWICK, and VERNON.*

*Exe.* Well didst thou, Richard, to sup-  
press thy voice;

For had the passions of thy heart burst out,  
I fear we should have seen decipher'd there  
More rancorous spite, more furious raging  
broils,

Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.  
But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees

This jarring discord of nobility,  
This shouldering of each other in the court,

This factious bandying of their favourites, 190  
But that it doth presage some ill event.

'Tis much when sceptres are in children's  
hands;

But more when envy breeds unkind divi-  
sion:

There comes the ruin, there begins confu-  
sion. *Exit.*

## SCENE II.—Before Bourdeaux.

*Enter TALBOT, with his Forces.*

*Tal.* Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trum-  
peter;

Summon their general unto the wall.

*Trumpet sounds a parley. Enter, on the  
walls, the General of the French Forces,  
and Others.*

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,  
Servant in arms to Harry King of England;  
And thus he would: Open your city gates,  
Be humble to us, call my sovereign yours,  
And do him homage as obedient subjects,  
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power;  
But if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,  
You tempt the fury of my three attendants, 10  
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing  
fire;

Who in a moment even with the earth  
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,  
If you forsake the offer of their love.

*Gen.* Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,

Our nation's terror and their bloody scourge!  
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.

On us thou canst not enter but by death;  
For, I protest, we are well fortified,  
And strong enough to issue out and fight: 20  
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,  
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee:  
On either hand thee there are squadrons  
pitch'd

To walk thee from the liberty of flight;  
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress  
But death doth front thee with apparent  
spoil,

And pale destruction meets thee in the face.  
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament

To rive their dangerous artillery  
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot. 30  
Lo! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant  
man,

Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit:  
This is the latest glory of thy praise,  
That I, thy enemy, due thee withal;  
For ere the glass, that now begins to run,  
Finish the process of his sandy hour,  
These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,  
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and  
dead. *Drum afar off.*

Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warn-  
ing bell,  
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul, 40  
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

*Exeunt General, etc., from the walls.*  
*Tal.* He fables not; I hear the enemy.  
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their  
wings.

O! negligent and heedless discipline;  
How are we park'd and bounded in a pale,  
A little herd of England's timorous deer,  
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs!  
If we be English deer, be then in blood;  
Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch,  
But rather moody-mad and desperate stags,  
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of  
steel. 51

And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:  
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,  
And they shall find dear deer of us, my  
friends.

God and Saint George, Talbot and Eng-  
land's right,  
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight!

*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.—Plains in Gascony.

*Enter YORK, with Forces; to him, a Mes-  
senger.*

*York.* Are not the speedy scouts return'd  
again  
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dau-  
phin?

*Mess.* They are return'd, my lord, and  
give it out

That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his  
power,

To fight with Talbot. As he march'd along,  
By your espials were discovered  
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin  
led,

Which join'd with him and made their  
march for Bourdeaux.

*York.* A plague upon that villian Somers-  
et,

That thus delays my promised supply 10  
Of horsemen that were levied for this siege!  
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid,  
And I am louted by a traitor villian  
And cannot help the noble chevalier.  
God comfort him in this necessity!  
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France!

*Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.*

*Lucy.* Thou princely leader of our English  
strength,

Never so needful on the earth of France,  
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot,  
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron 20  
And hemm'd about with grim destruction.  
To Bourdeaux, war-like duke! to Bourdeaux,  
York!

Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's  
honour.

*York.* O God! that Somerset, who in  
proud heart

Doth stop my cornets, were in Talbot's  
place;

So should we save a valiant gentleman  
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.  
Mad ire and wrathful fury make me weep  
That thus we die while remiss traitors  
sleep.

*Lucy.* O! send some succor to the dis-  
tress'd lord. 30

*York.* He dies, we lose; I break my war-  
like word;

We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they  
daily get;

All long of this vile traitor Somerset.

*Lucy.* Then God take mercy on brave  
Talbot's soul;

And on his son young John, whom two hours  
since

I met in travel toward his war-like father.  
This seven years did not Talbot see his son;  
And now they meet where both their lives  
are done.

*York.* Alas! what joy shall noble Talbot  
have

To bid his young son welcome to his  
grave? 40

Away! vexation almost stops my breath  
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of  
death.

*Lucy.* farewell: no more my fortune can  
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.  
Maine, Blois, Poitiers, and Tours, are won  
away,

Long all of Somerset and his delay.

*Exit, with his soldiers.*

*Lucy.* Thus, while the vulture of sedition  
Feeds in the bosom of such great command-  
ers,

Sleeping neglecton doth betray to loss 49  
 The conquest of our scarce cold conqueror,  
 That ever living man of memory,  
 Henry the Fifth: whiles they each other  
 CROSS,  
 Lives, honours, lands, and all hurry to loss.  
*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Other Plains in Gascony.*

*Enter SOMERSET, with his Army; a Captain of TALBOT'S with him.*

*Som.* It is too late; I cannot send them now:

This expedition was by York and Talbot  
 Too rashly plotted: all our general force  
 Might with a sally of the very town  
 Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot  
 Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour  
 By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure:

York set him on to fight and die in shame,  
 That, Talbot dead, great York might bear  
 the name.

*Cap.* Here is Sir William Lucy, who with  
 me 10  
 Set from our o'ermatch'd forces forth for  
 aid.

*Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.*

*Som.* How now, Sir William! whither  
 were you sent?

*Lucy.* Whither, my lord! from bought  
 and sold Lord Talbot;

Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,  
 Cries out for noble York and Somerset,  
 To beat assailing death from his weak legions:

And whiles the honourable captain there  
 Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied  
 limbs,

And, in advantage lingering, looks for rescue,

You, his false hopes, the trust of England's  
 honour, 20

Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.  
 Let not your private discord keep away

The levied succours that should lend him  
 aid,

While he, renowned noble gentleman,  
 Yields up his life unto a world of odds:  
 Orleans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy,  
 Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,  
 And Talbot perisheth by your default.

*Som.* York set him on; York should have  
 sent him aid.

*Lucy.* And York as fast upon your grace  
 exclaims; 30

Swearing that you withhold his levied host  
 Collected for this expedition.

*Som.* York lies; he might have sent and  
 had the horse:

I owe him little duty, and less love,  
 And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

*Lucy.* The fraud of England, not the  
 force of France,

Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot.

Never to England shall he bear his life,  
 But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

*Som.* Come, go; I will dispatch the horse-  
 men straight: 40

Within six hours they will be at his aid.  
*Lucy.* Too late comes rescue: he is ta'en  
 or slain,

For fly he could not if he would have fled;  
 And fly would Talbot never, though he  
 might.

*Som.* If he be dead, brave Talbot, then  
 adieu!

*Lucy.* His fame lives in the world, his  
 shame in you. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The English Camp near Bourdeaux.**Enter TALBOT and JOHN his Son.*

*Tal.* O young John Talbot! I did send for  
 thee

To tutor thee in stratagems of war,  
 That Talbot's name might be in thee re-  
 viv'd

When sapless age and weak unable limbs  
 Should bring thy father to his drooping  
 chair.

But, O malignant and ill-boding stars!  
 Now art thou come unto a feast of death,  
 A terrible and unavoids danger:

Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest  
 horse,

And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape 10  
 By sudden flight: come, dally not, be gone.

*John.* Is my name Talbot? and am I your  
 son?

And shall I fly? O! if you love my mother,  
 Dishonour not her honourable name,  
 To make a bastard and a slave of me:

The world will say, he is not Talbot's blood  
 That basely fled when noble Talbot stood.

*Tal.* Fly, to revenge my death if I be  
 slain.

*John.* He that flies so will ne'er return  
 again.

*Tal.* If we both stay, we both are sure to  
 die. 20

*John.* Then let me stay; and father, do  
 you fly:

Your loss is great, so your regard should be;  
 My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.  
 Upon my death the French can little boast;  
 In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.  
 Flight cannot stain the honour you have  
 won;

But mine it will that no exploit have done:  
 You fled for vantage every one will swear;

But if I bow, they'll say it was for fear.  
 There is no hope that ever I will stay

If the first hour I shrink and run away.  
 Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,

Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

*Tal.* Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in  
 one tomb?

*John.* Ay, rather than I'll shame my  
 mother's womb.

*Tal.* Upon my blessing I command thee  
 go.

*John.* To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

*Tal.* Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.

*John.* No part of him but will be shame in me.

*Tal.* Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

*John.* Yes, your renowned name: shall flight abuse it?

*Tal.* Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

*John.* You cannot witness for me, being slain.

If death be so apparent, then both fly.

*Tal.* And leave my followers here to fight and die?

My age was never tainted with such shame.

*John.* And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?

No more can I be sever'd from your side. Then can yourself yourself in twain divide.

Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I; so For live I will not if my father die.

*Tal.* Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son.

Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.

Come, side by side together live and die,  
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.

*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE VI.—A Field of Battle.

*Alarum.* Excursions, wherein TALBOT'S Son is hemmed about, and TALBOT rescues him.

*Tal.* Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight!

The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,  
And left us to the rage of France his sword.  
Where is John Talbot? Pause, and take thy breath;

I gave thee life and rescu'd thee from death.

*John.* O! twice my father, twice am I thy son:

The life thou gav'st me first was lost and done,

Till with thy war-like sword, despite of fate,  
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

*Tal.* When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,

It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire

Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,  
Quickened with youthful spleen and war-like rage,

Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,  
And from the pride of Gallia rescu'd thee.

The ireful bastard Orleans, that drew blood  
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood

Of thy first fight, I soon encountered,  
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed

Some of his bastard blood; and in disgrace

Bespoke him thus: 'Contaminated, base  
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,

Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine

Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy.'

Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,  
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care,

Art thou not weary, John? how dost thou fare?

Wilt thou yet leave the battle boy, and fly,  
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?

Fly, to revenge my death when I am dead; so  
The help of one stands me in little stead.

O! too much folly is it, well I wot,  
To hazard all our lives in one small boat.

If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,  
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:

By me thy nothing gain an if I stay;  
'Tis but the short'ning of my life one day.

In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,

My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame.

All these and more we hazard by thy stay; so  
All these are sav'd if thou wilt fly away.

*John.* The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart;

These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart.

On that advantage, bought with such a shame,

To save a paltry life and slay bright fame,  
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,

The coward horse that bears me fall and die!

And like me to the peasant boys of France,  
To be shame's scorn and subject of mischance!

Surely, by all the glory you have won, so  
An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son:

Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;  
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

*Tal.* Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete.

Thou Icarus. Thy life to me is sweet:  
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side,

And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride.

*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE VII.—Another Part of the Field.

*Alarums.* Excursions. Enter TALBOT, wounded, supported by a Servant.

*Tal.* Where is my other life? mine own is gone:

O! where's your young Talbot? where is valiant John?

Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,  
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee.

When he perceiv'd me shrink and on my knee,

His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,  
And like a hungry lion did commence

Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience;  
But when my angry guardant stood alone,

Tend'ring my ruin and assail'd of none, so  
Dizzy-eyed fury and great rage of heart

Suddenly made him from my side to start  
Into the clust'ring battle of the French;

And in that sea of blood my boy did drench  
His over-mounting spirit; and there died

My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

*Enter Soldiers, bearing the body of JOHN TALBOT.*

*Serv.* O! my dear lord, lo! where your son is borne.

*Tal.* Thou antic Death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,

Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,  
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity, 20

Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,

In thy despite shall scape mortality.

O! thou whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,

Speak to thy father ere thou yield thy breath;  
Brave death by speaking whether he will or no;

Imagine him a Frenchman and thy foe.

Poor boy! he smiles, methinks, as who should say,

Had death been French, then death had died to-day.

Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms:

My spirit can no longer bear these harms. 30  
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,

Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave. *Dies.*

*Alarums. Exeunt Soldiers and Servant, leaving the two bodies. Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, the Bastard of ORLEANS, JOAN LA PUCELLE, and Forces.*

*Cha.* Had York and Somerset brought rescue in

We should have found a bloody day of this.

*Bast.* How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-wood,

Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!

*Joan.* Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said:

'Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid;

But with a proud majestical high scorn,  
He answer'd thus: 'Young Talbot was not born 40

To be the pillage of a giglot wench.'

So, rushing in the bowels of the French,  
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

*Bur.* Doubtless he would have made a noble knight;

See, where he lies inhearsed in the arms  
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

*Bast.* Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder,

Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

*Cha.* O, no! forbear; for that which we have fled

During the life, let us not wrong it dead. 50

*Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY, attended; a French Herald preceeding.*

*Lucy.* Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent,

To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

*Cha.* On what submissive message art thou sent?

*Lucy.* Submission, Dauphin! 't is a mere French word;

We English warriors wot not what it means.  
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en

And to survey the bodies of the dead.

*Cha.* For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.

But tell me whom thou seek'st.

*Lucy.* But where's the great Alcides of the field, 60

Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury,  
Created for his rare success in arms,

Great Earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence;

Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,  
Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of Alton,

Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of Sheffield,

The thrice-victorious Lord of Falconbridge,  
Knight of the noble order of Saint George,

Worthy Saint Michael and the Golden Fleece,

Great mareshal to Henry the Sixth : 70  
Of all his wars within the realm of France?

*Joan.* Here is a silly stately style indeed!  
The Turk, that two-and-fifty kingdoms hath,

Writes not so tedious a style as this.  
Him that thou magnifiest with all these titles

Stinking and fly-blown lies here at our feet.

*Lucy.* Is Talbot slain, the Frenchmen's only scourge,

Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?  
O! were mine eyeballs into bullets turn'd,

That I in rage might shoot them at your faces. 80

O! that I could but call these dead to life,  
It were enough to fright the realm of France.

Were but his picture left amongst you here

It would amaze the proudest of you all.  
Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence

And give them burial as beseems their worth.

*Joan.* I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,

He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.

For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep them here

They would but stink and putrefy the air. 90

*Cha.* Go, take their bodies hence.

*Lucy.* I'll bear them hence:  
But from their ashes shall be rear'd

A phoenix that shall make all France afraid.

*Cha.* So we be rid of them, do with 'em what thou wilt.

And now to Paris, in this conquering vein:  
All will be ours now bloody Talbot's slain.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT V

SCENE I.—*London. The Palace.*

*Enter* King HENRY, GLOUCESTER, and EXETER.

*K. Hen.* Have you perus'd the letters from the pope,

The emperor, and the Earl of Armagnac?

*Glou.* I have, my lord; and their intent is this:

They humbly sue unto your excellence To have a godly peace concluded of Between the realms of England and of France.

*K. Hen.* How doth your grace affect their motion?

*Glou.* Well, my good lord; and as the only means

To stop effusion of our Christian blood, And stablish quietness on every side. 10

*K. Hen.* Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought

It was both impious and unnatural That such immanity and bloody strife

Should reign among professors of one faith.

*Glou.* Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect

And surer bind this knot of amity, The Earl of Armagnac, near knit to Charles,

A man of great authority in France, Proffers his only daughter to your grace

In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry. 20

*K. Hen.* Marriage, uncle! alas! my years are young,

And fitter is my study and my books Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.

Yet call the ambassadors; and, as you please,

So let them have their answers every one: I shall be well content with any choice

Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.

*Enter* WINCHESTER in *Cardinal's habit*, a Legate and two Ambassadors.

*Exe.* What! is my lord of Winchester install'd,

And call'd unto a cardinal's degree? Then I perceive that will be verified 30

Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy:

'If once he come to be a cardinal, He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.'

*K. Hen.* My lords ambassadors, your several suits

Have been consider'd and debated on. Your purpose is both good and reasonable;

And therefore are we certainly resolv'd To draw conditions of a friendly peace;

Which by my lord of Winchester we mean Shall be transported presently to France. 40

*Glou.* And for the proffer of my lord your master,

I have inform'd his highness so at large, As, liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,

Her beauty, and the value of her dowry, He doth intend she shall be England's

queen.

'*K. Hen.* In argument and proof of which contract,

Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.

And so, my lord protector, see them guarded And safely brought to Dover; where in-

shipp'd Commit them to the fortune of the sea. 50

*Exeunt* King HENRY and Train; GLOUCESTER, EXETER, and

Ambassadors.

*Win.* Stay, my lord legate: you shall first receive

The sum of money which I promised Should be deliver'd to his holiness

For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

*Leg.* I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

*Win. Aside.* Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,

Or be inferior to the proudest peer. Humphrey of Gloucester, thou shalt well

perceive That neither in birth or for authority

The bishop will be overborne by thee: 60

I'll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,

Or sack this country with a mutiny. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*France. Plains in Anjou.*

*Enter* CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, JOAN LA PUCELLE, and Forces, marching.

*Cha.* These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits:

'T is said the stout Parisians do revolt And turn again unto the war-like French.

*Alen.* Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,

And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

*Joan.* Peace be amongst them if they turn to us;

Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

*Enter a Scout.*

*Scout.* Success unto our valiant general, And happiness to his accomplices!

*Cha.* What tidings send our scouts? I prithee, speak. 10

*Scout.* The English army, that divided was

Into two parties, is now conjoin'd in one, And means to give you battle presently.

*Cha.* Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is;

But we will presently provide for them.

*Bur.* I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there:

Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

*Joan.* Of all base passions, fear is most accurs'd.

Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine;

Let Henry fret and all the world repine. 20

*Cha.* Then on, my lords; and France be fortunate! *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. Before Angiers.*

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE.*

*Joan.* The regent conquers and the Frenchmen fly.

Now help, ye charming spells and periapts;  
And ye choice spirits that admonish me  
And give me signs of future accidents:

*Thunder.*  
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes  
Under the lordly monarch of the north,  
Appear and aid me in this enterprise!

*Enter Fiends.*

This speedy and quick appearance argues  
proof

Of your accustom'd diligence to me.  
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd 10  
Out of the powerful legions under earth,  
Help me this once, that France may get the  
field. *They walk, and speak not.*

O! hold me not with silence over-long.  
Where I was wont to feed you with my  
blood,

I'll lop a member off and give it you  
In earnest of a further benefit,  
So you do condescend to help me now.

*They hang their heads.*  
No hope to have redress? My body shall  
Pay recompense if you will grant my suit.

*They shake their heads.*  
Cannot my body nor blood-sacrifice 20  
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?  
Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all,  
Before that England give the French the foil.

*They depart.*  
See! they forsake me. Now the time is  
come

That France must vail her lofty-plumed  
crest,

And let her head fall into England's lap.  
My ancient incantations are too weak,  
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:  
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.  
*Exit.*

*Alarums. Enter French and English, fighting; JOAN LA PUCELLE and YORK fight hand to hand. JOAN LA PUCELLE is taken. The French fly.*

*York.* Damsel of France, I think I have  
you fast: 30

Unchain your spirits now with spelling  
charms,

And try if they can gain your liberty.  
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!  
See how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,  
As if with Circe she would change my shape.

*Joan.* Chang'd to a worser shape thou  
canst not be.

*York.* O! Charles the Dauphin is a proper  
man:

No shape but his can please your dainty eye.  
*Joan.* A plaguing mischief light on Charles  
and thee!

And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd 40  
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your  
beds!

*York.* Fell banning hag, enchantress, hold  
thy tongue!

*Joan.* I prithee, give me leave to curse  
awhile.

*York.* Curse, miscreant, when thou  
comest to the stake. *Exeunt.*

*Alarums. Enter SUFFOLK, leading in Lady MARGARET.*

*Suf.* Be what thou wilt, thou art my pris-  
oner. *Gazes on her.*  
O fairest beauty! do not fear nor fly,  
For I will touch thee but with reverent  
hands.

I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,  
And lay them gently on thy tender side.  
Who art thou? say, that I may honour  
thee. 50

*Mar.* Margaret my name, and daughter  
to a king,  
The King of Naples, whosoe'er thou art.

*Suf.* An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.  
Be not offended, nature's miracle,  
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:  
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,  
Keeping them prisoner underneath her  
wings.

Yet, if this servile usage once offend,  
Go and be free again, as Suffolk's friend.

*She turns away as going.*  
O, stay! I have no power to let her pass; 60  
My hand would free her, but my heart says  
no.

As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,  
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,  
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.  
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:  
I'll call for pen and ink and write my mind.  
Fie, de la Pole! disable not thyself;  
Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy pris-  
oner?

Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?  
Ay; beauty's princely majesty is such. 70  
Confounds the tongue and makes the senses  
rough.

*Mar.* Say, Earl of Suffolk, if thy name be  
so,

What ransom must I pay before I pass?  
For I perceive I am thy prisoner.

*Suf.* How canst thou tell she will deny  
thy suit,

Before thou make a trial of her love?  
*Mar.* Why speak'st thou not? what ran-  
som must I pay?

*Suf.* She's beautiful and therefore to be  
woo'd;

She is a woman, therefore to be won.  
*Mar.* Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea or  
no? 80

*Suf.* Fond man! remember that thou hast  
a wife;

Then how can Margaret be thy paramour?  
*Mar.* I were best to leave him, for he will  
not hear.

*Suf.* There all is marr'd; there lies a  
cooling card.

*Mar.* He talks at random; sure, the man  
is mad.

*Suf.* And yet a dispensation may be had.

*Mar.* And yet I would that you would answer me.

*Suf.* I'll win this Lady Margaret. For whom?  
Why, for my king: tush! that's a wooden thing.

*Mar.* He talks of wood: it is some carpenter. 90

*Suf.* Yet so my fancy may be satisfied, And peace established between these realms. But there remains a scruple in that too; For though her father be the King of Naples, Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor, And our nobility will scorn the match.

*Mar.* Hear ye, captain? Are you not at leisure?

*Suf.* It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:

Henry is youthful and will quickly yield.

*Madam,* I have a secret to reveal. 100

*Mar.* What though I be enthral'd? he seems a knight,

And will not any way dishonour me.

*Suf.* Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

*Mar.* Perhaps I shall be rescu'd by the French;

And then I need not crave his courtesy.

*Suf.* Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—

*Mar.* Tush! women have been captivate ere now.

*Suf.* Lady, wherefore talk you so?

*Mar.* I cry you mercy, 't is but *quid* for *quo*.

*Suf.* Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose 110

Your bondage happy to be made a queen?

*Mar.* To be a queen in bondage is more vile

Than is a slave in base servility;

For princes should be free.

*Suf.* And so shall you,

If happy England's royal king be free.

*Mar.* Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

*Suf.* I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen,

To put a golden sceptre in thy hand,

And set a precious crown upon thy head,

If thou wilt condescend to be my—

*Mar.* What? 120

*Suf.* His love.

*Mar.* I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

*Suf.* No, gentle madam; I unworthy am

To woo so fair a dame to be his wife

And have no portion in the choice myself.

How say you, madam, are ye so content?

*Mar.* An if my father please, I am content.

*Suf.* Then call our captains and our colours forth!

And, madam, at your father's castle walls

We'll crave a parley, to confer with him. 130

*Troops come forward.*

*A Parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER, on the walls.*

See, Reignier, see thy daughter prisoner!

*Reig.* To whom?

*Suf.* To me.

*Reig.* Suffolk, what remedy? I am a soldier, and unapt to weep Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

*Suf.* Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:

Consent, and for thy honour give consent, Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king, Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;

And this her easy-held imprisonment 139 Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.

*Reig.* Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?

*Suf.* Fair Margaret knows That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.

*Reig.* Upon thy princely warrant, I descend

To give thee answer of thy just demand.

*Exit from the walls.*

*Suf.* And here I will expect thy coming.

*Trumpets sounded. Enter REIGNIER.*

*Reig.* Welcome, brave earl, into our territories:

Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.

*Suf.* Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,

Fit to be made companion with a king.

What answer makes your grace unto my suit? 150

*Reig.* Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth

To be the princely bride of such a lord,

Upon condition I may quietly

Enjoy mine own, the country Maine and Anjou,

Free from oppression or the stroke of war, My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.

*Suf.* That is her ransom; I deliver her; And those two counties I will undertake Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

*Reig.* And I again, in Henry's royal name, 160

As deputy unto that gracious king, Give thee her hand for sign of plighted faith.

*Suf.* Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,

Because this is in traffic of a king:

*Aside.* And yet, methinks, I could be well content

To be mine own attorney in this case.

I'll over then to England with this news

And make this marriage to be solemniz'd.

So farewell, Reignier: set this diamond safe In golden palaces, as it becomes. 170

*Reig.* I do embrace thee, as I would embrace

The Christian prince, King Henry, were he here.

*Mar.* Farewell, my lord. Good wishes, praise and prayers

Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. *Going.*

*Suf.* Farewell, sweet madam! But hark you, Margaret;

No princely commendations to my king?

*Mar.* Such commendations as becomes a maid,

A virgin and his servant, say to him.

*Suf.* Words sweetly plac'd and modestly directed.

But, madam, I must trouble you again; 180  
No loving token to his majesty?

*Mar.* Yes, my good lord; a pure unspotted heart.

Never yet taint with love, I send the king.  
*Suf.* And this withal. *Kisses her.*

*Mar.* That for thyself: I will not so presume

To send such peevish tokens to a king.  
*Exeunt REIGNIER and MARGARET.*

*Suf.* O! wert thou for myself. But, *Suf-*  
folk, stay;

Thou may'st not wander in that labyrinth;  
There Minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk.

Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise; 190  
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,

And natural graces that extinguish art;  
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,

That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's  
feet,

Thou may'st bereave him of his wits with  
wonder. *Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Camp of the Duke of YORK in*  
*Anjou.*

*Enter YORK, WARWICK, and Others.*

*York.* Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to burn.

*Enter JOAN LA PUELLE, guarded; and*  
*a Shepherd.*

*Shep.* Ah! Joan, this kills thy father's  
heart outright.

Have I sought every country far and near,  
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,

Must I behold thy timeless cruel death?  
Ah! Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die  
with thee.

*Joan.* Decrepit miser! base ignoble  
wretch!

I am descended of a gentler blood:  
Thou art no father nor no friend of mine.

*Shep.* Out, out! My lords, an please you,  
't is not so; 10

I did beget her all the parish knows:

Her mother liveth yet, can testify  
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

*War.* Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?

*York.* This argues what her kind of life  
hath been:

Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

*Shep.* Fie! Joan, that thou wilt be so obstacle;

God knows thou art a collop of my flesh;  
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:

Deny me not, I prithee, gentle Joan. 20

*Joan.* Peasant, avault! You have suborn'd this man,

Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

*Shep.* 'T is true I gave a noble to the priest  
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.

Kneel down and take my blessing, good my  
girl.

Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time

Of thy nativity! I would the milk  
Thy mother gave thee when thou suck'dst  
her breast,

Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!

Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs  
afield, 30

I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!  
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?

O! burn her, burn her: hanging is too good.  
*Exit.*

*York.* Take her away; for she hath lived  
too long

To fill the world with vicious qualities.  
*Joan.* First, let me tell you whom you  
have condemn'd:

Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,  
But issu'd from the progeny of kings;

Virtuous and holy; chosen from above,  
By inspiration of celestial grace, 40

To work exceeding miracles on earth.  
I never had to do with wicked spirits:

But you, that are polluted with your lusts,  
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,

Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,  
Because you want the grace that others have,

You judge it straight a thing impossible  
To compass wonders but by help of devils.

No, misconceived! Joan of Arc hath been  
A virgin from her tender infancy, 50

Chaste and immaculate in very thought;  
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,

Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven,  
*York.* Ay, ay: away with her to execution!

*War.* And hark ye, sirs; because she is  
a maid,

Spare for no fagots, let there be enow:  
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,

That so her torture may be shortened.

*Joan.* Will nothing turn your unrelenting  
hearts?

Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity, 60  
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.

I am with child, ye bloody homicides:  
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,

Although ye hale me to a violent death.

*York.* Now heaven forfend! the holy  
maid with child!

*War.* The greatest miracle that e'er ye  
wrought!

Is all your strict preciseness come to this?  
*York.* She and the Dauphin have been  
juggling:

I did imagine what would be her refuge.  
*War.* Well, go to; we will have no bas-

tards live; 70  
Especially since Charles must father it.

*Joan.* You are deceiv'd; my child is none  
of his:

It was Alençon that enjoy'd my love.  
*York.* Alençon! that notorious Machiavel:

It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.  
*Joan.* O! give me leave; I have deluded  
you:

'T was neither Charles nor yet the duke I  
nam'd,

But Reignier, King of Naples, that prevail'd.

*War.* A married man: that's most intolerable.

*York.* Why, here's a girl! I think she knows not well, 80  
There were so many, whom she may accuse.  
*War.* It's sign she hath been liberal and free.

*York.* And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.  
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee:

Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

*Joan.* Then lead me hence; with whom I leave my curse:

May never glorious sun reflex his beams  
Upon the country where you make abode;  
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death  
Environ you, till mischief and despair 90  
Drive you to break your necks or hang yourselves!  
*Exit, guarded.*

*York.* Break thou in pieces and consume to ashes,  
Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

*Enter Cardinal BEAUFORT, attended.*

*Car.* Lord regent, I do greet your excellence  
With letters of commission from the king.  
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,

Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous broils,

Have earnestly implor'd a general peace  
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;  
And here at hand the Dauphin and his train 100  
Approacheth to confer about some matter.

*York.* Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?

After the slaughter of so many peers,  
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,  
That in this quarrel have been overthrow'n,  
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,

Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?  
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,  
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,  
Our great progenitors had conquered? 110  
O! Warwick, Warwick, I foresee with grief  
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

*War.* Be patient, York: if we conclude a peace,

It shall be with such strict and severe covenants

As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

*Enter CHARLES attended; ALENÇON, the Bastard of ORLEANS, REIGNIER, and Others.*

*Cha.* Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed

That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,

We come to be informed by yourselves  
What the conditions of that league must be.

*York.* Speak, Winchester; for boiling cholera chokes 120  
The hollow passage of my poison'd voice,  
By sight of these our baleful enemies.

*Car.* Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:

That, in regard King Henry gives consent  
Of mere compassion and of lenity,  
To ease your country of distressful war,  
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,  
You shall become true liegemen to his crown.  
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear  
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself, 130  
Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,  
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

*Alen.* Must he be then as shadow of himself?

Adorn his temples with a coronet,  
And yet, in substance and authority,  
Retain but privilege of a private man?  
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

*Cha.* 'Tis known already that I am possess'd

With more than half the Gallian territories,  
And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king: 140

Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,  
Detract so much from that prerogative  
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?  
No, lord ambassador; I'll rather keep  
That which I have than, coveting for more,  
Be cast from possibility of all.

*York.* Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means

Us'd intercession to obtain a league,  
And, now the matter grows to compromise,  
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison? 150  
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,  
Of benefit proceeding from our king  
And not of any challenge of desert.

Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

*Reig.* My lord, you do not well in obstinacy

To cavil in the course of this contract:  
If once it be neglected, ten to one  
We shall not find like opportunity.

*Alen.* To say the truth, it is your policy  
To save your subjects from such massacre  
And ruthless slaughters as are daily seen  
By our proceeding in hostility; 162  
And therefore take this compact of a truce,  
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

*War.* How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition stand?

*Cha.* It shall;  
Only reserv'd, you claim no interest  
In any of our towns of garrison.

*York.* Then swear allegiance to his majesty,

As thou art knight, never to disobey 170  
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,  
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.

So now dismiss your army when ye please;  
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,  
For here we entertain a solemn peace.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—London. The Palace.

*Enter King HENRY, in conference with SUFFOLK; GLOUCESTER and EXETER following.*

*K. Hen.* Your wondrous rare description,  
noble earl,

Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:  
Her virtues graced with external gifts  
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart:  
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts  
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the  
tide,

So am I driven by breath of her renown  
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive  
Where I may have fruition of her love.

*Suf.* Tush! my good lord, this superficial  
tale

Is but a preface of her worthy praise:  
The chief perfections of that lovely dame,  
Had I sufficient skill to utter them,  
Would make a volume of enticing lines,  
Able to ravish any dull conceit:

And, which is more, she is not so divine,  
So full replete with choice of all delights,  
But with as humble lowliness of mind  
She is content to be at your command;  
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste in-  
tents,

To love and honour Henry as her lord.

*K. Hen.* And otherwise will Henry ne'er  
presume.

Therefore, my lord protector, give consent  
That Margaret may be England's royal  
queen.

*Glou.* So should I give consent to flatter  
sin.

You know, my lord, your highness is be-  
troth'd

Unto another lady of esteem;

How shall we then dispense with that con-  
tract.

And not deface your honour with reproach?

*Suf.* As doth a ruler with unlawful  
oaths;

Or one that, at a triumph having vow'd  
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists  
By reason of his adversary's odds.

A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,  
And therefore may be broke without offence.

*Glou.* Why, what, I pray, is Margaret  
more than that?

Her father is no better than an earl,

Although in glorious titles he excel.

*Suf.* Yes, my good lord, her father is a  
king.

The King of Naples and Jerusalem;

And of such great authority in France

As his alliance will confirm our peace,

And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

*Glou.* And so the Earl of Armagnac may  
do,

Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

*Exe.* Beside, his wealth doth warrant a  
liberal dower,

Where Reignier sooner will receive than  
give.

*Suf.* A dower, my lords! disgrace not so  
your king,

That he should be so abject, base, and poor,  
To choose for wealth and not for perfect  
love.

Henry is able to enrich his queen,

And not to seek a queen to make him rich:

So worthless peasants bargain for their  
wives,

As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.

Marriage is a matter of more worth

Than to be dealt in by attorneyship:

Not whom we will, but whom his grace af-  
fects,

Must be companion of his nuptial bed;

And therefore, lords, since he affects her  
most,

It most of all these reasons bindeth us,

In our opinions she should be preferr'd.

For what is wedlock forced but a hell,

An age of discord and continual strife?

Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,

And is a pattern of celestial peace.

Whom should we match with Henry, being  
a king,

But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?

Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,

Approves her fit for none but for a king:

Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit, 70

More than in women commonly is seen,

Will answer our hope in issue of a king;

For Henry, son unto a conqueror,

Is likely to beget more conquerors,

If with a lady of so high resolve

As is fair Margaret he be link'd in love.

Then yield, my lords; and here conclude  
with me

That Margaret shall be queen, and none but  
she.

*K. Hen.* Whether it be through force of  
your report,

My noble Lord of Suffolk, or for that 80

My tender youth was never yet attain'd

With any passion of inflaming love,

I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,

I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,

Such fierce alarums both of hope and  
fear,

As I am sick with working of my thoughts.

Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to  
France;

Agree to any covenants, and procure

That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come

To cross the seas to England and be  
crown'd

King Henry's faithful and anointed queen.

For your expenses and sufficient charge,

Among the people gather up a tenth.

Be gone, I say; for till you do return

I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.

And you, good uncle, banish all offence:

If you do censure me by what you were,

Not what you are, I know it will excuse

This sudden execution of my will.

And so conduct me where, from company,

I may revolve and ruminate my grief. *Exit.*

*Glou.* Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first  
and last.

*Exeunt GLOUCESTER and EXETER.*

*Suf.* Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd; and  
thus he goes,

As did the youthful Paris once to Greece;

With hope to find the like event in love,

But prosper better than the Trojan did.

Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the  
king;

But I will rule both her, the king, and realm.

*Exit.*

## THE SECOND AND THIRD PARTS OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH

As we view the three parts of *Henry VI* in retrospect, we sense running throughout the entire group a unifying interest of which we are scarcely conscious in a single part. And yet, having once sensed it, we must admit that to the audience for which these plays were written it must have been everywhere apparent. To them every scene and every character possessed an interest above and beyond itself—an interest due to its relation to the one great central interest in the common mother, England, her weal or her woe. These plays were written in response to a popular demand for a better knowledge of England's past. They are essentially informative. Of necessity they deal with England's great national heroes, but they recognize no necessity of glorifying them. They derive their information from English chronicles, but they are not bound to follow slavishly their sources. They are in the highest sense patriotic, because they rise above partisanship and by pitiless exposure of self-seekers instill into the minds of the hearers the thought that the character of England is determined by the character of Englishmen. The dominant note in all these plays is the one struck in *Henry V*:

"O England! model to thy inward greatness,  
Like little body with a mighty heart,  
What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,  
Were all thy children kind and natural!"

It is noteworthy that in the plays under discussion, dealing as they do with a period in which England was torn with factional strife, there is not a single impassioned utterance breathing forth devotion to country which issues from the lips of an Englishman. All these nobles are voluble and passionate—in their own interest; but not one of them is capable of such an appeal for England as the French Maid makes in behalf of France:

"Look on thy country, look on fertile France,  
And see the cities and the towns defac'd  
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.  
.  
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.  
.  
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.  
.  
One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom  
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore;  
Return thee therefore with a flood of tears,  
And wash away thy country's stained spots."

It is because we feel so keenly England's need of disinterested service that we watch with such profound concern the fall of Duke Humphrey during the first three Acts of *Part II*. We are conscious of the weakness of the king; we see the growing ambition of York; we are witness to the dominating and unscrupulous purposes of Queen Margaret and her guilty scheming with Suffolk. We dare not trust the Cardinal. Buckingham and Somerset are self-seekers, and Warwick is a partisan. Our chief hope for England lies in the lord protector, and that hope is dashed by the supreme folly of his speech in the opening scene to these "Brave peers of England, pillars of the state." It is strange that so grave a councillor should, to no apparent purpose, in the presence of such enemies, denounce this league as "shameful" and this marriage as "fatal." In a critical hour the weakness of the protector is manifest: he has not learned to temper his rugged honesty with discretion. When the Cardinal goes out, saying, "I'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently," we feel certain that the end of Duke Humphrey approaches. The liming of his proud and ambitious wife is an easy step in the process of his ruin; but he is essentially the author of his own catastrophe.

Retribution for his death comes quickly. The commons loved and trusted him. They now appear and demand Suffolk's banishment. Their presence transforms the

King. They are the conscience of England. Suffolk is banished, and later his head is delivered to the weeping Queen. The Cardinal dies miserably in his bed, pointing his trembling finger at his imagined victim and crying:

"Comb down his hair; look, look! it stands upright,  
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul."

With the death of Humphrey England is at the mercy of self-seekers. York with a puissant force leaves for Ireland after having first planned the Cade uprising whereby to perceive the commons' mind. On his return the battle of St. Albans quickly follows and the civil war is on. England bleeds.

It is a commonplace to remark upon the piety and weakness of King Henry; but the character cannot be so easily dismissed, for it is essentially a creation of Shakespeare's and after the death of the lord protector stands out as the most distinct among the characters of the play. Judged by the standards of all about him, he is a pitiable failure; but it is doubtful whether Shakespeare intended him to be so judged. He is portrayed as not of a chivalric age. He was crowned king in infancy and until the death of Duke Humphrey had not borne the responsibilities of the crown. His chief concern was that his life should be above reproach. To him it was no mere maxim that

"Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just,  
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,  
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."

This utterance should be borne in mind in the parliament scene in *Part III*, where his weakness seems to degenerate into baseness. Convinced that his title is weak, he is bereft of words. The crown is slipping from his head, and he is powerless to defend it. The possibility of a compromise offers, in which he can retain the crown during his lifetime and the assurance of peace during his reign. Had his title been good he might have died to maintain it; knowing it to be weak, he compromises.

The Queen now assumes command and repudiates his bargain. She dips her napkin in the blood of little Rutland, son of York, and offers it to his father to wipe his cheeks before she stabs him. She shows York's head fixed upon the wall to her weak husband, who cries: "Withold revenge, dear God!" Taunted by Clifford for his softness and appealed to to steel himself to fight if only for his son, Henry replies:

"But Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear  
That things ill got had ever bad success?"

On the field of Towton, withdrawn to a molehill, King Henry reflects upon the life of a "homely swain" as compared with that of a king to a conclusion very similar to that of his father:

"And but for ceremony, such a wretch,  
Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,  
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king."

His meditation is broken by the entrance of a son that has killed his father and a father that has killed his son. These men had no quarrel. They were impressed to fight, each for his own master. This is war. This is what war means to the common man. As King Henry hears them bewail each his own loss and the "miserable age," he cries:

"How will the country, for these woeful chances,  
Misthink the king, and not be satisfied."

Prisoner at last in the tower, with Edward on the throne, he unpacks his heart to Gloucester, that "indigested and deformed lump," whose sword is drawn to strike, and prophesies "much more slaughter after this," a prophecy to be speedily fulfilled. True in his death to the principle which he had sought to make dominant in his life, this man, too weak to rule when men held might for right, dies, crying to his murderer:

"O, God forgive my sins, and pardon thee."

# THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.  
HUMPHREY, *Duke of Gloucester, his Uncle.*  
CARDINAL BEAUFORT, *Bishop of Winchester, Great-uncle to the King.*  
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of York.*  
EDWARD and RICHARD, *his Sons.*  
DUKE OF SOMERSET,  
DUKE OF SUFFOLK,  
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, } *of the King's Party.*  
LORD CLIFFORD,  
Young CLIFFORD, *his Son,*  
EARL OF SALISBURY, } *of the York Faction.*  
EARL OF WARWICK,  
LORD SCALES, *Governor of the Tower.*  
LORD SAY.  
SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and WILLIAM STAFFORD, *his Brother.*  
SIR JOHN STANLEY.  
VAUX.  
MATTHEW GOFFE.

WALTER WHITMORE.  
*A Sea Captain, Master, and Master's-Mate.*  
*Two Gentlemen, Prisoners with Suffolk.*  
JOHN HUME and JOHN SOUTHWELL,  
*Priests.*  
BOLINGBROKE, *a Conjurer.*  
THOMAS HORNER, *an Armourer.*  
PETER, *his Man.*  
*Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of Saint Alban's.*  
SIMPCOX, *an Impostor.*  
JACK CADE, *a Rebel.*  
GEORGE BEVIS, JOHN HOLLAND, DICK the Butcher, SMITH the Weaver, MICHAEL, etc., *Followers of Cade.*  
ALEXANDER IDEN, *a Kentish Gentleman.*  
*Two Murderers.*  
MARGARET, *Queen to King Henry.*  
ELEANOR, *Duchess of Gloucester.*  
MARGERY JOURDAIN, *a Witch.*  
*Wife to Simpcox.*

*Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Herald; Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers; Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, etc.*

*A Spirit.*

SCENE.—*In various Parts of England.*

## ACT I

SCENE I.—*London. A Room of State in the Palace.*

*Flourish of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter, on one side, King HENRY, Duke of GLOUCESTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and Cardinal BEAUFORT; on the other, Queen MARGARET, led in by SUFFOLK; YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM, and Others, following.*

*Suf.* As by your high imperial majesty I had in charge at my depart for France, As procurator to your excellence, To marry Princess Margaret for your grace, So, in the famous ancient city, Tours, In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil, The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, and Alençon, Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops, I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd: And humbly now upon my bended knee, 10 In sight of England and her lordly peers, Deliver up my title in the queen To your most gracious hands, that are the substance Of that great shadow I did represent;

The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,  
The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.  
*K. Hen.* Suffolk arise. Welcome, Queen Margaret:  
I can express no kinder sign of love  
Than this kind kiss. O Lord! that lends me life,  
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness;  
For thou hast given me in this beauteous face  
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,  
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.  
*Q. Mar.* Great King of England and my gracious lord,  
The mutual conference that my mind hath had  
By day, by night, waking, and in my dreams,  
In courtly company, or at my beads,  
With you mine alder-lieftest sovereign,  
Makes me the bolder to salute my king  
With ruder terms, such as my wit affords, 30  
And over-joy of heart doth minister.  
*K. Hen.* Her sight did ravish, but her grace in speech,  
Her words yclad with wisdom's majesty,  
Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys;  
Such is the fullness of my heart's content.

Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All. Long live Queen Margaret, England's happiness!

*Q. Mar.* We thank you all. *Flourish.*

*Suf.* My lord protector, so it please your grace,

Here are the articles of contracted peace 40  
Between our sovereign and the French King Charles,

For eighteen months concluded by consent.

*Glou. Imprimis, It is agreed between the French King Charles and William de la Pole, Marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry King of England, that the said Henry shall espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier King of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem, and crown her Queen of England ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing. Item, That the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine shall be released and delivered to the king her father—* 52

Lets the paper fall.

*K. Hen.* Uncle, how now!

*Glou.* Pardon me, gracious lord;  
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart

And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

*K. Hen.* Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

*Car. Item, It is further agreed between them, that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father, and she sent over of the King of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry.* 62

*K. Hen.* They please us well. Lord marquess, kneel down:

We here create thee the first Duke of Suffolk,

And gird thee with the sword. Cousin of York,

We here discharge your grace from being regent

I' the parts of France, till term of eighteen months

Be full expir'd. Thanks, uncle Winchester, Gloucester, York, Buckingham, Somerset,

Salisbury, and Warwick; 70

We thank you all for this great favour done, In entertainment to my princely queen.

Come, let us in, and with all speed provide To see her coronation be perform'd.

*Exeunt KING, QUEEN, and SUFFOLK.*

*Glou.* Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,

To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief,

Your grief, the common grief of all the land. What! did my brother Henry spend his

youth, His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?

Did he so often lodge in open field, 80

In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,

To conquer France, his true inheritance?

And did my brother Bedford toil his wits, To keep by policy what Henry got?

Have you yourselves, Somerset, Bucking- ham,

Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious War- wick,

Receiv'd deep scars in France and Nor- mandy?

Or hath mine uncle Beaufort and myself, With all the learned council of the realm,

Studied so long, sat in the council-house 90 Early and late, debating to and fro

How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?

And hath his highness in his infancy Been crown'd in Paris, in despite of foes?

And shall these labours and these honours die?

Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance, Your deeds of war and all our counsel die?

O peers of England! shameful is this league, Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame,

Blotting your names from books of memory, Razing the characters of your renown, 101

Defacing monuments of conquer'd France, Undoing all, as all had never been.

*Car.* Nephew, what means this passionate discourse,

This peroration with such circumstance! For France, 't is ours; and we will keep it

still. *Glou.* Ay, uncle; we will keep it, if we can;

But now it is impossible we should. Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the

roast, Hath given the duchy of Anjou and Maine

Unto the poor King Reignier, whose large style 111

Agrees not with the leanness of his purse. *Sal.* Now, by the death of him that died

for all, These counties were the keys of Normandy.

But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

*War.* For grief that they are past recovery: For, were there hope to conquer them again,

My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.

Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;

Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer: 120

And are the cities, that I got with wounds, Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?

*Mort Dieu!* *York.* For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate,

That dims the honour of this war-like isle! France should have torn and rent my very

heart

Before I would have yielded to this league. I never read but England's kings have had

Large sums of gold and dowries with their wives;

And our King Henry gives away his own, 130 To match with her that brings no vantages.

*Glou.* A proper jest, and never heard before,

That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth  
For costs and charges in transporting her!  
She should have stay'd in France, and starv'd in France,

Before—

*Car.* My Lord of Gloucester, now ye grow too hot:

It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

*Glou.* My lord of Winchester, I know your mind:

'T is not my speeches that you do mislike, 140  
But 't is my presence that doth trouble ye.  
Rancour will out: proud prelate, in thy face  
I see thy fury. If I longer stay  
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.  
Lords, farewell; and say, when I am gone,

I prophesied France will be lost ere long.

*Exit.*

*Car.* So, there goes our protector in a rage.

'T is known to you he is mine enemy,  
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all,  
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king. 150

Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,  
And heir apparent to the English crown:  
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,  
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,  
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.  
Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words

Bewitch your hearts; be wise and circumspect.

What though the common people favour him,

Calling him 'Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloucester,'

Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice 160

'Jesu maintain your royal excellence!'  
With 'God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!'

I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,  
He will be found a dangerous protector.

*Buck.* Why should he then protect our sovereign,

He being of age to govern of himself?  
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,  
And all together, with the Duke of Suffolk,  
We'll quickly hoise Duke Humphrey from his seat.

*Car.* This weighty business will not brook delay; 170

I'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently. *Exit.*

*Som.* Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride

And greatness of his place be grief to us,  
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal:  
His insolence is more intolerable  
Than all the princes' in the land beside:  
If Gloucester be displac'd, he'll be protector.

*Buck.* Or thou or I, Somerset, will be protector,

Despite Duke Humphrey or the cardinal.

*Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and SOMERSET.*

*Sal.* Pride went before, ambition follows him. 180

While these do labour for their own preferment.

Behoves it us to labour for the realm.  
I never saw but Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester.

Did bear him like a noble gentleman.  
Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal  
More like a soldier than a man o' the church,  
As stout and proud as he were lord of all,  
Swear like a ruffian and demean himself  
Unlike the ruler of a commonweal.

Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age, 190  
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping,

Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,

Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey:  
And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,  
In bringing them to civil discipline,  
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,  
When thou wert regent for our sovereign,  
Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people.

Join we together for the public good,  
In what we can to bridle and suppress 200

The pride of Suffolk and the cardinal,  
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;

And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's deeds.

While they do tend the profit of the land.

*War.* So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,  
And common profit of his country!

*York. Aside.* And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.

*Sal.* Then let's make haste away, and look unto the main.

*War.* Unto the main! O father, Maine is lost!

That Maine which by main force Warwick did win, 210

And would have kept so long as breath did last:

Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine,

Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

*Exeunt WARWICK and SALISBURY.*

*York.* Anjou and Maine are given to the French;

Paris is lost; the state of Normandy  
Stands on a tickle point now they are gone.

Suffolk concluded on the articles,  
The peers agreed, and Henry was well pleas'd

To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.

I cannot blame them all: what is 't to them? 220

'T is thine they give away, and not their own.

Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,

And purchase friends, and give to court-zans,

Still revelling like lords till all be gone;  
Whileas the silly owner of the goods

## SCENE I]

Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,  
 And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,  
 While all is shar'd and all is borne away,  
 Ready to starve and dare not touch his own:  
 So York must sit and fret and bite his tongue 230  
 While his own lands are bargain'd for and sold.  
 Methinks the realms of England, France and Ireland  
 Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,  
 As did the fatal brand Althæa burn'd,  
 Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.  
 Anjou and Maine both given unto the French!  
 Cold news for me, for I had hope of France,  
 Even as I have of fertile England's soil.  
 A day will come when York shall claim his own;  
 And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts  
 And make a show of love to proud Duke Humphrey, 241  
 And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,  
 For that's the golden mark I seek to hit.  
 Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,  
 Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,  
 Nor wear the diadem upon his head,  
 Whose church-like humours fit not for a crown.  
 Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve:  
 Watch thou and wake when others be asleep,  
 To pry into the secrets of the state; 250  
 Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,  
 With his new bride and England's dear-bought queen,  
 And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:  
 Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,  
 With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd,  
 And in my standard bear the arms of York,  
 To grapple with the house of Lancaster;  
 And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,  
 Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down. *Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Room in the Duke of GLOUCESTER'S House.*

*Enter GLOUCESTER and the DUCHESS.*

*Duch.* Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,  
 Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?  
 Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his brows,  
 As frowning at the favours of the world?  
 Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,  
 Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?  
 What seest thou there? King Henry's diadem  
 Enchas'd with all the honours of the world?  
 If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,  
 Until thy head be circled with the same. 10

## SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI

Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold.  
 What! is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine;  
 And, having both together heav'd it up,  
 We'll both together lift our heads to heaven,  
 And never more abase our sight so low  
 As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.  
*Glou.* O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,  
 Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts:  
 And may that thought, when I imagine ill  
 Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry, 20  
 Be my last breathing in this mortal world.  
 My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.  
*Duch.* What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll requite it  
 With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.  
*Glou.* Methought this staff, mine office-badge in court,  
 Was broke in twain; by whom I have forgot,  
 But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;  
 And on the pieces of the broken wand  
 Were plac'd the heads of Edmund Duke of Somerset,  
 And William de la Pole, first Duke of Suffolk. 30  
 This was my dream: what it doth bode, God knows.  
*Duch.* Tut! this was nothing but an argument,  
 That he that breaks a stick of Gloucester's grove  
 Shall lose his head for his presumption.  
 But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:  
 Methought I sat in seat of majesty  
 In the cathedral church of Westminster,  
 And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd;  
 Where Henry and Dame Margaret kneel'd to me,  
 And on my head did set the diadem. 40  
*Glou.* Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright:  
 Presumptuous dame! ill-nurtur'd Eleanor!  
 Art thou not second woman in the realm,  
 And the protector's wife, belov'd of him?  
 Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,  
 Above the reach or compass of thy thought?  
 And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,  
 To tumble down thy husband and thyself  
 From top of honour to disgrace's feet?  
 Away from me, and let me hear no more! 50  
*Duch.* What, what, my lord! are you so choleric  
 With Eleanor for telling but her dream?  
 Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself,  
 And not be check'd.  
*Glou.* Nay, be not angry; I am pleas'd again.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord protector, 't is his highness' pleasure

You do prepare to ride unto Saint Alban's,

Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.

*Glou.* I go. Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?

*Duch.* Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.

*Enter HUME, GLOUCESTER and Messenger.*

Follow I must; I cannot go before,  
While Gloucester bears this base and humble mind.

Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,  
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks

And smooth my way upon their headless necks;

And, being a woman, I will not be slack  
To play my part in Fortune's pageant.

Where are you there? Sir John! nay, fear not, man,

We are alone; here's none but thee and I.

*Enter HUME.*

*Hume.* Jesus preserve your royal majesty!

*Duch.* What say'st thou? majesty! I am but grace.

*Hume.* But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,

Your grace's title shall be multiplied.

*Duch.* What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd

With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch,  
And Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?

And will they undertake to do me good?

*Hume.* This they have promised, to show your highness

A spirit rais'd from depth of under-ground,  
That shall make answer to such questions

As by your grace shall be propounded him.  
*Duch.* It is enough: I'll think upon the questions.

When from Saint Alban's we do make return

We'll see these things effected to the full.  
Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry man,

With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

*Exit.*

*Hume.* Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold;

Marry and shall. But, how now, Sir John Hume!

Seal up your lips and give no words but mum:

The business asketh silent secrecy.

Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch:  
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil,

Yet have I gold flies from another coast:  
I dare not say from the rich cardinal

And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk;

Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,  
They, knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,

Have hired me to undermine the duchess  
And buz these conjurations in her brain.

They say 'A crafty knave does need no broker.'

Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.

Hume, if you take no heed, you shall go near  
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.  
Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear at last  
Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wreck,  
And her attainure will be Humphrey's fall.

Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all.

*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter three or four Petitioners, PETER, the Armourer's man, being one.*

*First Petit.* My masters, let's stand close: my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.

*Second Petit.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man. Jesu bless him!

*Enter SUFFOLK and Queen MARGARET.*

*Peter.* Here a' comes, methinks, and the queen with him. I'll be the first, sure.

*Second Petit.* Come back, fool! this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

*Suf.* How now, fellow! would'st any thing with me?

*First Petit.* I pray, my lord, pardon me: I took ye for my lord protector.

*Q. Mar.* To my Lord Protector! Are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them: what is thine?

*First Petit.* Mine is, an't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife, and all, from me.

*Suf.* Thy wife too! that's some wrong indeed. What's yours? What's here! Against the Duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford. How now, sir knave!

*Second Petit.* Alas! sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

*Peter.* Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

*Q. Mar.* What sayest thou? did the Duke of York say he was rightful heir to the crown?

*Peter.* That my master was? No, forsooth: my master said that he was, and that the king was an usurper.

*Suf.* Who is there?

*Enter Servants.*

Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently. We'll hear more of your matter before the king.

*Exeunt Servants with PETER.*

*Q. Mar.* And as for you, that love to be protected

Under the wings of our protector's grace,  
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

*Tears the petition.*

Away, base cullions! Suffolk, let them go.

*All.* Come, let's be gone.

*Exeunt Petitioners*

*Q. Mar.* My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,

Is this the fashion in the court of England?  
Is this the government of Britain's isle,  
And this the royalty of Albion's king?

What! shall King Henry be a pupil still  
Under the surly Gloucester's governance? 50  
Am I a queen in title and in style,  
And must be made a subject to a duke?

I tell thee, Pole, when in the city Tours  
Thou rann'st a tilt in honour of my love,  
And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France,

I thought King Henry had resembled thee  
In courage, courtship, and proportion:

But all his mind is bent to holiness,  
To number Ave-Maries on his beads;  
His champions are the prophets and apos- 60  
tles,

His weapons holy saws of sacred writ,  
His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves  
Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.

I would the college of the cardinals  
Would choose him pope, and carry him to  
Rome,

And set the triple crown upon his head:  
That were a state fit for his holiness.

*Suf.* Madam, be patient; as I was cause  
Your highness came to England, so will I  
In England work your grace's full content. 70

*Q. Mar.* Beside the haughty protector,  
have we Beaufort

The imperious churchman, Somerset, Buck-  
ingham,

And grumbling York; and not the least of  
these

But can do more in England than the  
king.

*Suf.* And he of these that can do most of  
all

Can do more in England than the Nevils:  
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple  
peers.

*Q. Mar.* Not all these lords do vex me  
half so much

As that proud dame, the lord protector's  
wife:

She sweeps it through the court with troops  
of ladies, 80

More like an empress than Duke Hum-  
phrey's wife.

Strangers in court do take her for the queen:  
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,

And in her heart she scorns our poverty.  
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?

Contemptuous base-born callat as she is,  
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t' other  
day,

The very train of her worst wearing gown  
Was better worth than all my father's lands.  
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his  
daughter. 90

*Suf.* Madam, myself have lim'd a bush  
for her,

And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds  
That she will light to listen to the lays,

And never mount to trouble you again.  
So, let her rest: and, madam, list to me;

For I am bold to counsel you in this.  
Although we fancy not the cardinal,

Yet must we join with him and with the  
lords

Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in  
disgrace.

As for the Duke of York, this late com-  
plaint 100

Will make but little for his benefit:  
So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,  
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

*Sound a sennet. Enter King HENRY, YORK,  
and SOMERSET; Duke and Duchess*

*of GLOUCESTER, Cardinal BEAUFORT,  
BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY, and WAR-*

*WICK.*

*K. Hen.* For my part, noble lords, I care  
not which;

Or Somerset or York, all 's one to me.  
*York.* If York have ill demean'd himself

in France,  
Then let him be deny'd the regentship.

*Som.* If Somerset be unworthy of the  
place,

Let York be regent; I will yield to him.  
*War.* Whether your grace be worthy, yea

or no, 110

Dispute not that: York is the worthier.  
*Car.* Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters

speak.  
*War.* The cardinal's not my better in the

field.  
*Buck.* All in this presence are thy betters,

Warwick.

*War.* Warwick may live to be the best of  
all.

*Sal.* Peace, son! and show some reason,  
Buckingham,

Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.  
*Q. Mar.* Because the king, forsooth, will

have it so.  
*Glou.* Madam, the king is old enough

himself  
To give his censure: these are no women's  
matters. 120

*Q. Mar.* If he be old enough, what needs  
your grace

To be protector of his excellence?  
*Glou.* Madam, I am protector of the

realm,  
And at his pleasure will resign my place.

*Suf.* Resign it then and leave thine inso-  
lence.

Since thou wert king, as who is king but  
thou?

The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck;  
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;

And all the peers and nobles of the realm  
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty. 130

*Car.* The commons hast thou rack'd; the  
clergy's bags

Are lank and lean with thy extortions.  
*Som.* Thy sumptuous buildings and thy

wife's attire  
Have cost a mass of public treasury.

*Buck.* Thy cruelty in execution  
Upon offenders hath exceeded law,

And left thee to the mercy of the law.  
*Q. Mar.* Thy sale of offices and towns in

France,

If they were known, as the suspect is great,  
Would make thee quickly hop without thy  
head. 140

*Exit GLOUCESTER. The QUEEN  
drops her fan.*

Give me my fan: what, minion! can ye not?  
*She gives the DUCHESS a box on the ear.*  
I cry your mercy, madam; was it you?

*Duch.* Was't I! yea, I it was, proud  
Frenchwoman:

Could I come near your beauty with my  
nails

I'd set my ten commandments in your face.

*K. Hen.* Sweet aunt, be quiet; 't was  
against her will.

*Duch.* Against her will! Good king, look  
to 't in time;

She'll hamper thee and dandle thee like a  
baby:

Though in this place most master wear no  
breeches,

She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unre-  
veng'd. *Exit.* 150

*Buck.* Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,  
And listen after Humphrey, how he pro-  
ceeds:

She's tickled now; her fury needs no  
spurs,

She'll gallop far enough to her destruction.  
*Exit.*

*Re-enter GLOUCESTER.*

*Glou.* Now, lords, my choler being over-  
blown

With walking once about the quadrangle,  
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.

As for your spiteful false objections,

Prove them, and I lie open to the law:

But God in mercy so deal with my soul 160

As I in duty love my king and country!

But to the matter that we have in hand.

I say, my sovereign, York is meekest man

To be your regent in the realm of France.

*Suf.* Before we make election, give me

leave

To show some reason, of no little force,

That York is most unmeet of any man.

*York.* I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am

unmeet:

First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;

Next, if I be appointed for the place, 170

My Lord of Somerset will keep me here,

Without discharge, money, or furniture,

Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.

Last time I danc'd attendance on his will

Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.

*War.* That can I witness; and a fouler

fact

Did never traitor in the land commit.

*Suf.* Peace, headstrong Warwick!

*War.* Image of pride, why should I hold

my peace?

*Enter HORNER the Armourer, and his man*

*PETER, guarded.*

*Suf.* Because here is a man accus'd of

treason: 180

Pray God the Duke of York excuse him-

self!

*York.* Doth any one accuse York for a  
traitor?

*K. Hen.* What mean'st thou, Suffolk?  
Tell me, what are these?

*Suf.* Please it your majesty, this is the  
man

That doth accuse his master of high treason.

His words were these: that Richard Duke  
of York

Was rightful heir unto the English crown,  
And that your majesty was an usurper.

*K. Hen.* Say, man, were these thy  
words? 189

*Hor.* An't shall please your majesty, I  
never said nor thought any such matter:

God is my witness, I am falsely accused by  
the villain.

*Pet.* By these ten bones, my lords, he did  
speak them to me in the garret one night,

as we were scouring my Lord of York's  
armour.

*York.* Base dunghill villain, and mechani-  
cal,

I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's  
speech.

I do beseech your royal majesty  
Let him have all the rigour of the law. 199

*Hor.* Alas! my lord, hang me if ever I  
spake the words. My accuser is my prentice;

and when I did correct him for his  
fault the other day, he did vow upon his

knees he would be even with me: I have  
good witness of this: therefore, I beseech

your majesty, do not cast away an honest  
man for a villain's accusation.

*K. Hen.* Uncle, what shall we say to this  
in law?

*Glou.* This doom, my lord, if I may judge:  
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,

Because in York this breeds suspicion; 210

And let these have a day appointed them  
For single combat in convenient place;

For he hath witness of his servant's malice.  
This is the law, and this Duke Humphrey's

doom.

*Som.* I humbly thank your royal majesty.

*Hor.* And I accept the combat willingly.

*Pet.* Alas! my lord, I cannot fight; for  
God's sake! pity my case; the spite of man

prevaileth against me. O Lord! have mercy  
upon me; I shall never be able to fight a

blow. O Lord! my heart. 221

*Glou.* Sirrah, or you must fight or else be  
hang'd.

*K. Hen.* Away with them to prison; and  
the day

Of combat shall be the last of the next  
month.

Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.  
*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Same. The Duke of  
GLOUCESTER'S Garden.*

*Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME,  
SOUTHWELL, and BOLINGBROKE.*

*Hume.* Come, my masters; the duchess,  
I tell you, expects performance of your  
promises.

*Boling.* Master Hume, we are therefore provided. Will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

*Hume.* Ay; what else? fear you not her courage.

*Boling.* I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: but it shall be convenient, Master Hume, that you be by her alight while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go, in God's name, and leave us.

*Exit HUME.* Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate, and grovel on the earth; John Southwell, read you; and let us to our work.

*Enter DUCHESS aloft, HUME following.*

*Duch.* Well said, my masters, and welcome all.

To this gear the sooner the better.

*Boling.* Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:

Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,

The time of night when Troy was set on fire;

The time when screech-owls cry, and bandogs howl,

And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,

That time best fits the work we have in hand. Madam, sit you, and fear not: whom we raise

We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

*Here they do the ceremonies belonging, and make the circle; BOLINGBROKE or SOUTHWELL reads, Conjuro te, etc. It thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.*

*Spir.* Adsum.

*M. Jour.* Asmath!

By the eternal God, whose name and power Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask; For till thou speak thou shalt not pass from hence.

*Spir.* Ask what thou wilt. That I had said and done!

*Boling.* First, of the king: what shall of him become?

*Spir.* The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;

But him outlive, and die a violent death.

*As the Spirit speaks, SOUTHWELL writes the answer.*

*Boling.* What fates await the Duke of Suffolk?

*Spir.* By water shall he die and take his end.

*Boling.* What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?

*Spir.* Let him shun castles:

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains Than where castles mounted stand.

Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

*Boling.* Descend to darkness and the burning lake:

False fiend, avoid!

*Thunder and lightning. Spirit descends.*

*Enter YORK and BUCKINGHAM, hastily, with their Guard.*

*York.* Lay hands upon these traitors and their trash.

Beldam, I think we watch'd you at an inch. What! madam, are you there? the king and commonweal

Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains: My lord protector will, I doubt it not,

See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

*Duch.* Not half so bad as thine to England's king,

Injurious duke, that threatest where's no cause.

*Buck.* True, madam, none at all. What call you this?

Away with them! let them be clapp'd up close,

And kept asunder. You, madam, shall with us:

Stafford, take her to thee.

*Exeunt above DUCHESS and HUME, guarded.*

We'll see your trinkets here all forthcoming. All, away!

*Exeunt Guard, with SOUTHWELL, BOLINGBROKE, etc.*

*York.* Lord Buckingham, methinks you watch'd her well:

A pretty plot, well chosen, to build upon! Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.

What have we here?

*The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose; But him outlive, and die a violent death.*

Why, this is just

*Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.* Well, to the rest:

*Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?*

*By water shall he die and take his end.*

*What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?*

*Let him shun castles:*

*Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains*

*Than where castles mounted stand.*

Come, come, my lords; these oracles Are hardly attain'd, and hardly understood.

The king is now in progress towards Saint Alban's;

With him the husband of this lovely lady: Thither go these news as fast as horse can carry them:

A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

*Buck.* Your grace shall give me leave, my Lord of York,

To be the post, in hope of his reward.

*York.* At your pleasure, my good lord. Who's within there, ho!

*Enter a Servingman.*

Invite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick To sup with me to-morrow night. Away!

*Exeunt.*

## ACT II

SCENE I.—*Saint Alban's.*

*Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, GLOUCESTER, Cardinal BEAUFORT, and SUFFOLK, with Falconers halloing.*

*Q. Mar.* Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,

I saw not better sport these seven years' day:

Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high, And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.

*K. Hen.* But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,

And what a pitch she flew above the rest! To see how God in all his creatures works!

Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

*Suf.* No marvel, an it like your majesty. My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;

They know their master loves to be aloft, And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

*Glou.* My lord, 't is but a base ignoble mind

That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

*Car.* I thought as much; he'd be above the clouds.

*Glou.* Ay, my lord cardinal? how think you by that?

Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven?

*K. Hen.* The treasury of everlasting joy.

*Car.* Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts

Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart; 20 Pernicious protector, dangerous peer, That smooth'st it so with king and common-  
weal!

*Glou.* What! cardinal, is your priesthood grown peremptory?

*Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?* Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;

With such holiness can you do it?

*Suf.* No malice, sir; no more than well becomes

So good a quarrel and so bad a peer.

*Glou.* As who, my lord?

*Suf.* Why, as you, my lord; An't like your lordly lord-protectorship. 30

*Glou.* Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.

*Q. Mar.* And thy ambition, Gloucester.

*K. Hen.* I prithee, peace, Good queen, and whet not on these furious peers;

For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.

*Car.* Let me be blessed for the peace I make

Against this proud protector with my sword.

*Glou. Aside to the Cardinal.* Faith, holy uncle, would 't were come to that!

*Car. Aside to GLOUCESTER.* Marry, when thou darest.

*Glou. Aside to the Cardinal.* Make up no factious numbers for the matter; 40 In thine own person answer thy abuse.

*Car. Aside to GLOUCESTER.* Ay, where thou dar'st not peep: an if thou dar'st, This evening on the east side of the grove.

*K. Hen.* How now, my lords!

*Car.* Believe me, cousin Gloucester, Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,

We had had more sport.

*Aside to GLOUCESTER.* Come with thy two-hand sword.

*Glou.* True, uncle.

*Car. Aside to GLOUCESTER.* Are ye advis'd? the east side of the grove.

*Glou. Aside to the Cardinal.* Cardinal, I am with you.

*K. Hen.* Why, how now, uncle Gloucester!

*Glou.* Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.

*Aside to the Cardinal.* Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown

For this, or all my fence shall fail.

*Car. Aside to GLOUCESTER. Medice, teibsum—*

Protector, see to 't well, protect yourself.

*K. Hen.* The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.

How irksome is this music to my heart! When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?

I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

*Enter One, crying 'A miracle!'*

*Glou.* What means this noise? Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim? 60

*One.* A miracle! a miracle!

*Suf.* Come to the king and tell him what miracle.

*One.* Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine,

Within this half hour hath receiv'd his sight; A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

*K. Hen.* Now, God be prais'd, that to believing souls

Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

*Enter the Mayor of Saint Alban's and his Brethren; and SIMPCOX, borne between two persons in a chair; his Wife and a great multitude following.*

*Car.* Here comes the townsmen on procession,

To present your highness with the man.

*K. Hen.* Great is his comfort in this earthly vale, 70

Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.

*Glou.* Stand by, my masters; bring him near the king:

His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

*K. Hen.* Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,

That we for thee may glorify the Lord. What! hast thou been long blind, and now

restor'd?

*Simp.* Born blind, an 't please your grace.

*Wife.* Ay, indeed, was he.

*Suf.* What woman is this?

*Wife.* His wife, an 't like your worship. 80

*Glou.* Hadst thou been his mother, thou could'st have better told.

*K. Hen.* Where wert thou born?

*Simp.* At Berwick in the north, an 't like your grace.

*K. Hen.* Poor soul! God's goodness hath been great to thee:

Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,  
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

*Q. Mar.* Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,

Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

*Simp.* God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd

A hundred times and oftener in my sleep, so  
By good Saint Alban; who said, 'Simpcox, come;

Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.'

*Wife.* Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft

Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

*Car.* What! art thou lame?

*Simp.* Ay, God Almighty help me!

*Suf.* How cam'st thou so?

*Simp.* A fall off of a tree.

*Wife.* A plum-tree, master.

*Glou.* How long hast thou been blind?

*Simp.* O! born so, master.

*Glou.* What! and would'st climb a tree?

*Simp.* But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

*Wife.* Too true; and bought his climbing very dear. 100

*Glou.* Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that would'st venture so.

*Simp.* Alas! master, my wife desir'd some damsons,

And made me climb with danger of my life.

*Glou.* A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.

Let me see thine eyes: wink now: now open them.

In my opinion yet thou seest not well.

*Simp.* Yes, master, clear as day, I thank God and Saint Alban.

*Glou.* Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?

*Simp.* Red, master; red as blood. 110

*Glou.* Why, that's well said. What colour is my gown of?

*Simp.* Black, forsooth; coal-black as jet.

*K. Hen.* Why then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?

*Suf.* And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

*Glou.* But cloaks and gowns before this day a many.

*Wife.* Never, before this day, in all his life.

*Glou.* Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

*Simp.* Alas! master, I know not.

*Glou.* What's his name?

*Simp.* I know not. 120

*Glou.* Nor his?

*Simp.* No, indeed, master.

*Glou.* What's thine own name?

*Simp.* Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

*Glou.* Then, Saunder, sit there, the lyingest knave in Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind, thou might'st as well have known all our names as thus to name the several colours we do wear. Sight may distinguish of colours, but suddenly to nominate them all, it is impossible. My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle; and would ye not think his cunning to be great, that could restore this cripple to his legs again? 132

*Simp.* O master, that you could!

*Glou.* My masters of Saint Alban's, have you not beadles in your town, and things called whips?

*May.* Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

*Glou.* Then send for one presently. 139

*May.* Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight. *Exit an Attendant.*

*Glou.* Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool and run away.

*Simp.* Alas master, I am not able to stand alone: You go about to torture me in vain.

*Re-enter Attendant, and a Beadle with a whip.*

*Glou.* Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

*Bead.* I will, my lord. Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly. 151

*Simp.* Alas! master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

*After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool and runs away; and they follow and cry, 'A miracle!'*

*K. Hen.* O God! seest thou this, and bearest so long?

*Q. Mar.* It made me laugh to see the villain run.

*Glou.* Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

*Wife.* Alas! sir, we did it for pure need.

*Glou.* Let them be whipped through every market-town till they come to Berwick, from whence they came. 160

*Exeunt Mayor, Beadle, Wife, etc.*

*Car.* Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

*Suf.* True; made the lame to leap and fly away.

*Glou.* But you have done more miracles than I;

You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM.*

*K. Hen.* What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

*Buck.* Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.

A sort of naughty persons, lowly bent,  
Under the countenance and confederacy  
Of Lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,  
The ringleader and head of all this rout, 170

Have practis'd dangerously against your state,

Dealing with witches and with conjurers:  
Whom we have apprehended in the fact;  
Raising up wicked spirits from underground,  
Demanding of King Henry's life and death,  
And other of your highness' privy council,  
As more at large your grace shall understand.

*Car.* And so, my lord protector, by this means

Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.

This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge; 180

'T is like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

*Glou.* Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart:

Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers;

And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,  
Or to the meanest groom.

*K. Hen.* O God! what mischiefs work the wicked ones,  
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby.

*Q. Mar.* Gloucester, see here the tainture of thy nest.

And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

*Glou.* Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal. 190

How I have lov'd my king and commonweal;

And, for my wife, I know not how it stands.  
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard:

Noble she is, but if she have forgot  
Honour and virtue, and convers'd with such

As, like to pitch, defile nobility,  
I banish her my bed and company,

And give her as a prey to law and shame,  
That hath dishonour'd Gloucester's honest name.

*K. Hen.* Well, for this night we will repose us here: 200

To-morrow toward London back again,  
To look into this business thoroughly,

And call these foul offenders to their answers;

And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,  
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful

cause prevails. *Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*London. The Duke of YORK'S Garden.*

*Enter YORK, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.*

*York.* Now, my good Lords of Salisbury and Warwick,

Our simple supper ended, give me leave  
In this close walk to satisfy myself,

In craving your opinion of my title,  
Which is in allible, to England's crown.

*Sal.* My lord, I long to hear it at full.

*War.* Sweet York, begin; and if thy claim be good,

The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

*York.* Then thus:

Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons; 10

The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of Wales;

The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,

Lionel Duke of Clarence; next to whom  
Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;

The fifth was Edmund Langley, Duke of York;

The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester;

William of Windsor was the seventh and last.

Edward the Black Prince died before his father,

And left behind him Richard, his only son,  
Who, after Edward the Third's death,

reign'd as king; 20

Till Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster,  
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,

Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,  
Seiz'd on the realm, depos'd the rightful

king,  
Sent his poor queen to France, from whence

she came,  
And him to Pomfret: where, as all you know,

Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.

*War.* Father, the duke hath told the truth;  
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

*York.* Which now they hold by force and not by right; 30

For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,  
The issue of the next son should have

reign'd.

*Sal.* But William of Hatfield died without an heir.

*York.* The third son, Duke of Clarence,  
from whose line

I claim the crown, had issue Philippe, a daughter,

Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March;

Edmund had issue, Roger, Earl of March;  
Roger had issue, Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.

*Sal.* This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,

As I have read, laid claim unto the crown; 40  
And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,

Who kept him in captivity till he died.  
But to the rest.

*York.* His eldest sister, Anne,  
My mother, being heir unto the crown,

Married Richard, Earl of Cambridge, who was son

To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth son.

By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir  
To Roger, Earl of March, who was the son

Of Edmund Mortimer, who married Philippe,  
Sole daughter unto Lionel Duke of Clarence; 50

So, if the issue of the elder son  
Succeed before the younger, I am king.

*War.* What plain proceeding is more plain than this?

Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,

The fourth son; York claims it from the third.

Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:  
It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee,  
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.  
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together,  
And in this private plot be we the first  
That shall salute our rightful sovereign  
With honour of his birthright to the crown.  
*Both.* Long live our sovereign Richard,  
England's king!

*York.* We thank you, lords! But I am not  
your king  
Till I be crown'd and that my sword be  
stain'd

With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster;  
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,  
But with advice and silent secrecy.

Do you as I do in these dangerous days,  
Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence,  
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,  
At Buckingham and all the crew of them,  
Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the  
flock.

That virtuous prince, the good Duke Hum-  
phrey:

'T is that they seek; and they in seeking  
that

Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.  
*Sal.* My lord, break we off; we know your  
mind at full.

*War.* My heart assures me that the Earl  
of Warwick

Shall one day make the Duke of York a king.

*York.* And, Nevil, this I do assure my-  
self:

Richard shall live to make the Earl of War-  
wick

The greatest man in England but the king.  
*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Hall of Justice.*

*Sound trumpets.* Enter King HENRY,  
Queen MARGARET, GLOUCESTER, YORK,  
SUFFOLK, and SALISBURY; the Duchess  
of GLOUCESTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN,  
SOUTHWELL, HUME, and BOLINGBROKE,  
under guard.

*K. Hen.* Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cob-  
ham, Gloucester's wife.

In sight of God and us, your guilt is great:  
Receive the sentence of the law for sins  
Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to  
death.

You four, from hence to prison back again;  
From thence unto the place of execution:  
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to  
ashes,

And you three shall be strangled on the gal-  
lows.

You, madam, for you are more nobly born,  
Despoiled of your honour in your life,  
Shall, after three days' open penance done,  
Live in your country here in banishment,  
With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.

*Duch.* Welcome is banishment; welcome  
were my death.

*Glou.* Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath  
judged thee:

I cannot justify whom the law condemns.

*Exeunt the DUCHESS and the other  
Prisoners, guarded.*

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of  
grief.

Ah! Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age  
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the  
ground.

I beseech your majesty, give me leave to  
go;

Sorrow would solace and mine age would  
ease.

*K. Hen.* Stay, Humphrey, Duke of Glou-  
cester: ere thou go,

Give up thy staff: Henry will to himself  
Protector be; and God shall be my hope,

My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet.  
And go in peace, Humphrey, no less below'd

Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

*Q. Mar.* I see no reason why a king of  
years

Should be to be protected like a child.  
God and King Henry govern England's

realm!  
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his

realm.

*Glou.* My staff? here, noble Henry, is my  
staff:

As willingly do I the same resign  
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;

And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it  
As others would ambitiously receive it.

Farewell, good king! when I am dead and  
gone,

May honourable peace attend thy throne.  
*Exit.*

*Q. Mar.* Why, now is Henry king, and  
Margaret queen;

And Humphrey Duke of Gloucester scarce  
himself,

That bears so shrewd a maim: two pulls at  
once;

His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off;  
This staff of honour raught: there let it

stand,

Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

*Suf.* Thus droops this lofty pine and hangs  
his sprays;

Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest  
days.

*York.* Lords, let him go. Please it your  
majesty,

This is the day appointed for the combat;  
And ready are the appellant and defendant,

The armourer and his man, to enter the  
lists,

So please your highness to behold the fight.  
*Q. Mar.* Ay, good my lord; for purposely

therefore

Left I the court to see this quarrel tried.  
*K. Hen.* O' God's name, see the lists and

all things fit:

Here let them end it; and God defend the  
right!

*York.* I never saw a fellow worse bested,  
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,  
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

*Enter, on one side, HORNER, and his Neighbours drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it; a drum before him: at the other side, PETER, with a drum and sand-bag; and Prentices drinking to him.*

*First Neigh.* Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack: and fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough. 61

*Second Neigh.* And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.

*Third Neigh.* And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.

*Hor.* Let it come, i' faith, and I'll pledge you all; and a fig for Peter!

*First Pren.* Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not afraid.

*Second Pren.* Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master: fight for credit of the prentices. 71

*Peter.* I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I pray you; for I think I have taken my last draught in this world. Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron; and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer: and here, Tom, take all the money that I have. O Lord, bless me! I pray God, for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already. 79

*Sal.* Come, leave your drinking and fall to blows. Sirrah, what's thy name?

*Peter.* Peter, forsooth.

*Sal.* Peter! what more?

*Peter.* Thump.

*Sal.* Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

*Hor.* Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man: and touching the Duke of York, I will take my death I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen; and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow. 93

*York.* Dispatch: this knave's tongue begins to double. Sound, trumpets, alarum to the combatants.

*Alarum. They fight, and PETER strikes down his Master.*

*Hor.* Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason. Dies.

*York.* Take away his weapon. Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way. 99

*Peter.* O God! have I overcome mine enemies in this presence? O Peter! thou hast prevailed in right.

*K. Hen.* Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;

For by his death we do perceive his guilt: And God in justice hath reveal'd to us

The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,

Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully. 110

Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.

*Sound a flourish. Exeunt.*

# SCENE IV.—The Same. A Street.

*Enter GLOUCESTER and Servingmen, in mourning cloaks.*

*Glou.* Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;

And after summer evermore succeeds  
Barren winter with his wrathful nipping cold:

So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.  
Sirs, what's o'clock?

*Serv.* Ten, my lord.

*Glou.* Ten is the hour that was appointed me

To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess:

Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,  
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.

Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook 10  
The abject people gazing on thy face

With envious looks, laughing at thy shame,  
That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels  
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.

But soft! I think she comes; and I'll prepare

My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

*Enter the Duchess of GLOUCESTER, in a white sheet, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand; Sir JOHN STANLEY, a Sheriff, and Officers.*

*Serv.* So please your grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.

*Glou.* No, stir not, for your lives; let her pass by.

*Duch.* Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?

Now thou dost penance too. Look! how they gaze. 20

See! how the giddy multitude do point,  
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee.

Ah! Gloucester, hide thee from their hateful looks,

And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame.  
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine.

*Glou.* Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

*Duch.* Ah! Gloucester, teach me to forget myself;

For whilst I think I am thy married wife,  
And thou a prince, protector of this land,

Methinks I should not thus be led along, 30  
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back,

And follow'd with a rabble that rejoice  
To see my tears and hear my deep-fet groans.

The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet,  
And when I start, the envious people laugh,

And bid me be advised how I tread.  
Ah! Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?

Trow'st thou that e'er I'll look upon the world,

Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?  
No; dark shall be my light, and night my day;

To think upon my pomp shall be my hell. 40

Sometime I'll say, I am Duke Humphrey's wife,

And he a prince and ruler of the land:

Yet so he rul'd and such a prince he was  
As he stood by whilst I, his forlorn duchess,  
Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock  
To every idle rascal follower.

But be thou mild and blush not at my shame;

Nor stir at nothing till the axe of death  
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will; 50  
For Suffolk, he that can do all in all  
With her that hateth thee, and hates us all,  
And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,

Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings;  
And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee:

But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd,  
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

Glou. Ah! Nell, forbear: thou aimest all awry;

I must offend before I be attained;  
And had I twenty times so many foes, 60  
And each of them had twenty times their power,

All these could not procure me any scath,  
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.  
Would'st have me rescue thee from this reproach?

Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,  
But I in danger for the breach of law.

Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell:

I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;  
These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

*Enter a Herald.*

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament, holden at Bury the first of this next month. 71

Glou. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before!

This is close dealing. Well, I will be there.

*Exit Herald.*

My Nell, I take my leave: and, Master sheriff,

Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

Sher. An't please your grace, here my commission stays,

And Sir John Stanley is appointed now  
To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

Glou. Must you, Sir John, protect my lady here?

Stan. So am I given in charge, may't please your grace. 80

Glou. Entreat her not the worse in that I pray

You use her well. The world may laugh again;

And I may live to do you kindness if  
You do it her: and so, Sir John, farewell.

Duch. What! gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell.

Glou. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

*Exeunt GLOUCESTER and Servingmen.*

Duch. Art thou gone too? All comfort go with thee!

For none abides with me: my joy is death;  
Death, at whose name I oft have been  
afraid,

Because I wish'd this world's eternity. 90  
Stanley, I prithee, go, and take me hence;  
I care not whither, for I beg no favour,  
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man:

There to be us'd according to your state.

Duch. That's bad enough, for I am but

reproach:

And shall I then be us'd reproachfully?

Stan. Like to a duchess, and Duke Humphrey's lady:

According to that state you shall be used.

Duch. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare, 100

Although thou hast been conduct of my shame.

Sher. It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.

Duch. Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharged.

Come, Stanley, shall we go?

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,

And go we to attire you for our journey.

Duch. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:

No; it will hang upon my richest robes,  
And show itself, attire me how I can. 109

Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison.

*Exeunt.*

### ACT III

SCENE I.—*The Abbey at Bury St. Edmund's.*

*Sound a sennet. Enter to the Parliament, King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, Cardinal BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, and Others.*

K. Hen. I muse my Lord of Gloucester is not come:

'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,  
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

Q. Mar. Can you not see? or will ye not observe

The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?  
With what a majesty he bears himself,

How insolent of late he is become,

How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself?

We know the time since he was mild and affable,

And if we did but glance a far-off look, 10  
Immediately he was upon his knee,

That all the court admir'd him for submission:

But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,  
When every one will give the time of day,

He knits his brow and shows an angry eye,  
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,

Disdaining duty that to us belongs.  
Small curs are not regarded when they grin,

But great men tremble when the lion roars;  
And Humphrey is no little man in England. 20

First note that he is near you in descent,

And should you fall, he is the next will mount.

Me seemeth then it is no policy,  
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,  
And his advantage following your decease,  
That he should come about your royal person

Or be admitted to your highness' council.  
By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts,

And when he please to make commotion,  
'T is to be fear'd they all will follow him. 30  
Now 't is the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;

Suffer them now and they'll o'ergrow the garden,

And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.  
The reverent care I bear unto my lord  
Made me collect these dangers in the duke.  
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear;  
Which fear if better reasons can supplant,  
I will subscribe and say I wrong'd the duke.

My Lord of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,  
Reprove my allegation if you can; 40  
Or else conclude my words effectual.

*Suf.* Well hath your highness seen into this duke;

And had I first been put to speak my mind,  
I think I should have told your grace's tale.  
The duchess by his subornation,  
Upon my life, began her devilish practices:  
Or if he were not privy to those faults,  
Yet, by repute of his high descent,  
As next the king he was successive heir,  
And such high vaunts of his nobility, 50  
Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess  
By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep,

And in his simple show he harbours treason.  
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb:

No, no, my sovereign; Gloucester is a man  
Unsound yet, and full of deep deceit.

*Car.* Did he not, contrary to form of law,  
Devise strange deaths for small offences done?

*York.* And did he not, in his protectorship, 60

Levy great sums of money through the realm  
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?  
By means whereof the towns each day revolted.

*Buck.* Tut! these are petty faults to faults unknown,

Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphrey.

*K. Hen.* My lords, at once: the care you have of us,

To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,

Is worthy praise; but shall I speak my conscience,

Our kinsman Gloucester is as innocent  
From meaning treason to our royal person, 70

As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove.

The duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given

To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

*Q. Mar.* Ah! what's more dangerous than this fond affiance.

Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd.

For he's disposed as the hateful raven:  
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,  
For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf.  
Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit?

Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all so  
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

*Enter SOMERSET.*

*Som.* All health unto my gracious sovereign!

*K. Hen.* Welcome, Lord Somerset. What news from France?

*Som.* That all your interest in those territories

Is utterly bereft you: all is lost.

*K. Hen.* Cold news, Lord Somerset: but God's will be done!

*York. Aside.* Cold news for me; for I had hope of France

As firmly as I hope for fertile England.  
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,  
And caterpillars eat my leaves away; 90  
But I will remedy this gear ere long,  
Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

*Enter GLOUCESTER.*

*Glou.* All happiness unto my lord the king!  
Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long.

*Suf.* Nay, Gloucester, know that thou art come too soon,

Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art.  
I do arrest thee of high treason here.

*Glou.* Well, Suffolk's duke, thou shalt not see me blush,

Nor change my countenance for this arrest:  
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted. 100  
The purest spring is not so free from mud  
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign.  
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

*York.* 'T is thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,

And being protector, stay'd the soldier's pay;

By means whereof his highness hath lost France.

*Glou.* Is it but thought so? What are they that think it?

I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,  
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.

So help me God, as I have watch'd the night, 110

Ay, night by night, in studying good for England.

That do it that e'er I wrested from the king,  
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,

Be brought against me at my trial-day!  
No; many a pound of mine own proper store,

Because I would not tax the needy commons,  
Have I dispursed to the garrisons,

And never ask'd for restitution.

*Car.* It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

*Glou.* I say no more than truth, so help me God! 120

*York.* In your protectorship you did devise

Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of.

That England was defam'd by tyranny.

*Glou.* Why, 'tis well known that, whiles I was protector,

Pity was all the fault that was in me;

For I should melt at an offender's tears,  
And lowly words were ransom for their fault.

Unless it were a bloody murderer,

Or foul felonious thief that fleec'd poor passengers,

I never gave them condign punishment: 130  
Murder indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd  
Above the felon or what trespass else.

*Suf.* My lord, these faults are easy,  
quickly answer'd;

But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,

Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.

I do arrest you in his highness' name;

And here commit you to my lord cardinal  
To keep, until your further time of trial.

*K. Hen.* My Lord Gloucester, 'tis my special hope

That you will clear yourself from all suspect: 140

My conscience tells me you are innocent.

*Glou.* Ah! gracious lord, these days are dangerous.

Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,

And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand;  
Foul subornation is predominant,

And equity exil'd your highness' land.

I know their complot is to have my life;

And if my death might make this island happy,

And prove the period of their tyranny,

I would expend it with all willingness; 150  
But mine is made the prologue to their play;

For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,

Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.

Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,

And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;  
Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue

The envious load that lies upon his heart;

And dogged York, that reaches at the moon  
Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,

By false accuse doth level at my life: 160

And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,  
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head.

And with your best endeavour have stirr'd up

My liefest liege to be mine enemy.

Ay, all of you have laid your heads together;  
Myself had notice of your conventicles,

And all to make away my guiltless life.

I shall not want false witness to condemn me.

Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;  
The ancient proverb will be well effected:  
'A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.' 171  
*Car.* My liege, his railing is intolerable.  
If those that care to keep your royal person  
From treason's secret knife and traitors'

rage

Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,

And the offender granted scope of speech,  
'T will make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

*Suf.* Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here

With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,

As if she had suborned some to swear 180  
False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

*Q. Mar.* But I can give the loser leave to chide.

*Glou.* Far truer spokē than meant: I lose, indeed;

Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false!

And well such losers may have leave to speak.

*Buck.* He 'll wrest the sense and hold us here all day.

Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.

*Car.* Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.

*Glou.* Ah! thus King Henry throws away his crutch

Before his legs be firm to bear his body: 190  
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,  
And wolves are gnawing who shall gnaw thee first.

Ah! that my fear were false; ah! that it were;

For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear.

*Exeunt Attendants with GLOUCESTER.*

*K. Hen.* My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,

Do or undo, as if ourself were here.

*Q. Mar.* What! will your highness leave the parliament?

*K. Hen.* Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd with grief,

Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes,

My body round engirt with misery, 200  
For what's more miserable than discontent?

Ah! uncle Humphrey, in thy face I see  
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;

And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come

That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.

What low'ring star now envies thy estate,  
That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,

Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?  
Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong;

And as the butcher takes away the calf, 210  
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,

Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;  
Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence;

And as the dam runs lowing up and down,  
Looking the way her harmless young one  
went,  
And can do nought but wail her darling's  
loss;  
Even so myself bewails good Gloucester's  
case  
With sad unhelpful tears, and with dimm'd  
eyes

Look after him, and cannot do him good;  
So mighty are his vowed enemies. 227  
His fortunes I will weep; and 'twixt each  
groan

Say 'Who's a traitor? Gloucester he is  
none.' Exit.

*Q. Mar.* Fair lords, cold snow melts with  
the sun's hot beams.

Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,  
Too full of foolish pity; and Gloucester's  
show

Beguiles him as the mournful crocodile  
With sorrow snares relenting passengers;  
Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,  
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting  
a child

That for the beauty thinks it excellent. 230  
Believe me, lords, were none more wise  
than I,

And yet herein I judge mine own wit good,  
This Gloucester should be quickly rid the  
world.

To rid us from the fear we have of him.  
*Car.* That he should die is worthy policy;  
But yet we want a colour for his death.

'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of  
law.

*Suf.* But in my mind that were no policy:  
The king will labour still to save his life;  
The commons haply rise to save his life; 240  
And yet we have but trivial argument,  
More than mistrust, that shows him worthy  
death.

*York.* So that, by this, you would not  
have him die.

*Suf.* Ah! York, no man alive so fain as I.  
*York.* 'Tis York that hath more reason  
for his death.

But, my lord cardinal, and you, my Lord of  
Suffolk,

Say as you think, and speak it from your  
souls,

Were 't not all one an empty eagle were set  
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,  
As place Duke Humphrey for the king's pro-  
tector? 250

*Q. Mar.* So the poor chicken should be  
sure of death.

*Suf.* Madam, 'tis true; and were 't not  
madness then

To make the fox surveyor of the fold?  
Who, being accus'd a crafty murderer,  
His guilt should be but idly posted over  
Because his purpose is not executed.

No; let him die, in that he is a fox,  
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,  
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson  
blood,

As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my  
liege. 260

And do not stand on quillets how to slay  
him:

Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,  
Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,  
So he be dead; for that is good deceit  
Which mates him first that first intends de-  
ceit.

*Q. Mar.* Thrice noble Suffolk, 'tis reso-  
lutely spoke.

*Suf.* Not resolute, except so much were  
done;

For things are often spoke and seldom  
meant:

But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,  
Seeing the deed is meritorious, 270  
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,  
Say but the word and I will be his priest.

*Car.* But I would have him dead, my  
Lord of Suffolk,

Ere you can take due orders for a priest:  
Say you consent and censure well the deed,  
And I'll provide his executioner;  
I tender so the safety of my liege.

*Suf.* Here is my hand, the deed is worthy  
doing.

*Q. Mar.* And so say I.  
*York.* And I: and now we three have  
spoke it, 280

It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Great lords, from Ireland am I  
come again,

To signify that rebels there are up,  
And put the Englishmen unto the sword.  
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage be-  
time,

Before the wound do grow incurable;  
For, being green, there is great hope of help.

*Car.* A breach that craves a quick expe-  
dient stop!

What counsel give you in this weighty cause?

*York.* That Somerset be sent as regent  
thither. 290

'Tis meet that lucky ruler be employ'd;  
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

*Som.* If York, with all his far-fet policy,  
Had been the regent there instead of me,  
He never would have stay'd in France so  
long.

*York.* No, not to lose it all, as thou hast  
done.

I rather would have lost my life betimes  
Than bring a burden of dishonour home,  
By staying there so long till all were lost.  
Show me one scar character'd on thy  
skin: 300

Men's flesh preserv'd so whole do seldom  
win.

*Q. Mar.* Nay, then, this spark will prove  
a raging fire,

If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with.  
No more, good York; sweet Somerset, be  
still;

Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent  
there,

Might happily have prov'd far worse than  
his.

*York.* What! worse than nought? nay,  
then a shame take all.

*Som.* And in the number thee, that wish-  
est shame.

*Car.* My Lord of York, try what your for-  
tune is.

The uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms 310  
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:  
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,  
Collected choicely, from each county some,  
And try your hap against the Irishmen?

*York.* I will, my lord, so please his maj-  
esty.

*Suf.* Why, our authority is his consent,  
And what we do establish he confirms:  
Then, noble York, take thou this task in  
hand.

*York.* I am content: provide me soldiers,  
lords,

Whiles I take order for mine own affairs. 320

*Suf.* A charge, Lord York, that I will see  
perform'd.

But now return we to the false Duke Hum-  
phrey.

*Car.* No more of him; for I will deal with  
him

That henceforth he shall trouble us no more.  
So break off; the day is almost spent.  
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that  
event.

*York.* My Lord of Suffolk, within fourteen  
days

At Bristol I expect my soldiers;  
For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

*Suf.* I'll see it truly done, my Lord of  
York. *Exeunt all but YORK.*

*York.* Now, York, or never, steel thy fear-  
ful thoughts, 331

And change misdoubt to resolution:  
Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art  
Resign to death; it is not worth the enjoying.  
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born  
man,

And find no harbour in a royal heart.  
Faster than spring-time showers comes  
thought on thought,

And not a thought but thinks on dignity.  
My brain, more busy than the labouring  
spider,

Weaves tedious snares to trap mine ene-  
mies. 340

Well, nobles, well; 't is politically done,  
To send me packing with an host of men;  
I fear me you but warm the starved snake,  
Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting  
your hearts.

'T was men I lack'd, and you will give them  
me;

I take it kindly; yet be well assur'd  
You put sharp weapons in a madman's  
hands.

Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,  
I will stir up in England some black storm  
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or  
hell; 350

And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage  
Until the golden circuit on my head,  
Like to the glorious sun's transparent  
beams,

Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.  
And, for a minister of my intent,  
I have seduc'd a headstrong Kentishman,  
John Cade of Ashford,

To make commotion, as full well he can,  
Under the title of John Mortimer. 359  
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade  
Oppose himself against a troop of kerns,  
And fought so long, till that his thighs with  
darts

Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porpentine:  
And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen  
Him caper upright like a wild Morisco,  
Shaking the bloody darts as he his bells.  
Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kern,  
Hath he conversed with the enemy,

And undiscover'd come to me again,  
And given me notice of their villanies. 370  
This devil here shall be my substitute;  
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,  
In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:  
By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,  
How they affect the house and claim of York.  
Say he be taken, rack'd, and tortured,  
I know no pain they can inflict upon him  
Will make him say I mov'd him to those  
arms.

Say that he thrive, as 't is great like he will,  
Why, then from Ireland come I with my  
strength, 380

And reap the harvest which that rascal  
sow'd;

For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,  
And Henry put apart, the next for me. *Exit.*

## SCENE II.—*Bury St. Edmund's. A Room of State.*

*Enter certain Murderers, hastily.*

*First Mur.* Run to my Lord of Suffolk; let  
him know  
We have dispatch'd the duke, as he com-  
manded.

*Second Mur.* O! that it were to do. What  
have we done?

Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

*First Mur.* Here comes my lord.

*Enter SUFFOLK.*

*Suf.* Now, sirs, have you dispatched this  
thing?

*First Mur.* Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

*Suf.* Why, that's well said. Go, get you  
to my house;

I will reward you for this venturous deed.  
The king and all the peers are here at  
hand. 10

Have you laid fair the bed? Is all things  
well,

According as I gave directions?

*First Mur.* 'T is, my good lord.

*Suf.* Away! be gone.

*Exeunt Murderers.*

*Sound Trumpets. Enter King HENRY,  
Queen MARGARET, Cardinal BEAUFORT,  
SOMERSET, Lords, and Others.*

*K. Hen.* Go call our uncle to our pres-  
ence straight;

Say we intend to try his grace to-day,  
If he be guilty, as 't is published.

*Suf.* I'll call him presently, my noble lord.  
*Exit.*

*K. Hen.* Lords, take your places; and, I  
pray you all,  
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloucester 20

Than from true evidence, of good esteem,  
He be approv'd in practice culpable.

*Q. Mar.* God forbid any malice should  
prevail

That faultless may condemn a nobleman!  
Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion!

*K. Hen.* I thank thee, Meg; these words  
content me much.

*Re-enter SUFFOLK.*

How now! why look'st thou pale? why  
tremblest thou?

Where is our uncle? what's the matter, Suffolk?

*Suf.* Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloucester is dead.

*Q. Mar.* Marry, God forfend! 30

*Car.* God's secret judgment: I did dream  
to-night

The duke was dumb and could not speak a  
word. *The KING swoons.*

*Q. Mar.* How fares my lord? Help, lords!  
the king is dead.

*Som.* Rear up his body; wring him by the  
nose.

*Q. Mar.* Run, go, help, help! O, Henry!  
ope thine eyes.

*Suf.* He doth revive again. Madam, be  
patient.

*K. Hen.* O heavenly God!

*Q. Mar.* How fares my gracious lord?

*Suf.* Comfort, my sovereign! gracious  
Henry, comfort!

*K. Hen.* What! doth my Lord of Suffolk  
comfort me?

Came he right now to sing a raven's note, 40  
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers,  
And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,  
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,  
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?  
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd  
words;

Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say:  
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.  
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!  
Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny  
Sits in grim majesty to fright the world. 50  
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wound-  
ing;

Yet do not go away; come, basilisk,  
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight;  
For in the shade of death I shall find joy.  
In life but double death, now Gloucester's  
dead.

*Q. Mar.* Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolk  
thus?

Although the duke was enemy to him,  
Yet he, most Christian-like, laments his  
death:

And for myself, foe as he was to me,

Might liquid tears or heart-offending  
groans 60

Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,  
I would be blind with weeping, sick with  
groans,

Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking  
sighs.

And all to have the noble duke alive.

What know I how the world may deem of  
me?

For it is known we were but hollow friends:  
It may be judg'd I made the duke away:

So shall my name with slander's tongue be  
wounded,

And princes' courts be fill'd with my re-  
proach.

This get I by his death. Ay me, unhappy! 70  
To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

*K. Hen.* Ah! woe is me for Gloucester.  
wretched man.

*Q. Mar.* Be woe for me, more wretched  
than he is.

What! dost thou turn away and hide thy  
face?

I am no loathsome leper; look on me.

What! art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?  
Be poisonous too and kill thy forlorn queen.

Is all thy comfort shut in Gloucester's tomb?  
Why, then, Dame Margaret was ne'er thy  
joy:

Erect his statua and worship it. 80  
And make my image but an alehouse sign.

Was I for this night wreck'd upon the sea,  
And twice by awkward wind from England's  
bank

Drove back again unto my native clime?  
What boded this, but well forewarning wind

Did seem to say 'Seek not a scorpion's nest,  
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?'

What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts  
And he that loos'd them from their brazen  
caves:

And bid them blow towards England's  
blessed shore, 90

Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock.  
Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,

But left that hateful office unto thee:  
The pretty-vaulting sea refus'd to drown me,  
Knowing that thou would'st have me drown'd  
on shore

With tears as salt as sea through thy un-  
kindness:

The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking  
sands,

And would not dash me with their ragged  
sides,

Because thy flinty heart, more hard than  
they,

Might in thy palace perish Margaret. 100  
As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,

When from the shore the tempest beat us  
back,

I stood upon the hatches in the storm,  
And when the dusky sky began to rob

My earnest gazing sight of thy land's view,  
I took a costly jewel from my neck,

A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,  
And threw it towards thy land: the sea re-  
ceiv'd it,

And so I wish'd thy body might my heart:  
 And even with this I lost fair England's  
 view, 110  
 And bid mine eyes be packing with my  
 heart,  
 And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles  
 For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.  
 How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue,  
 The agent of thy foul inconstancy,  
 To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did  
 When he to madding Dido would unfold  
 His father's acts, commenc'd in burning  
 Troy!  
 Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false  
 like him?  
 Ay me! I can no more. Die, Margaret! 120  
 For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

*Noise within. Enter WARWICK and SALIS-  
 BURY. The Commons press to the door.*

*War.* It is reported, mighty sovereign,  
 That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is  
 murder'd  
 By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's  
 means.

The commons, like an angry hive of bees  
 That want their leader, scatter up and down,  
 And care not who they sting in his revenge.  
 Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,  
 Until they hear the order of his death.

*K. Hen.* That he is dead, good Warwick,  
 't is too true; 130

But how he died God knows, not Henry.  
 Enter his chamber, view his breathless  
 corpse,

And comment then upon his sudden death.

*War.* That I shall do, my liege. Stay,  
 Salisbury,

With the rude multitude till I return.

*Exeunt WARWICK and SALISBURY.*

*K. Hen.* O! thou that judgest all things,  
 stay my thoughts,

My thought: that labour to persuade my soul  
 Some violent hands were laid on Hum-  
 phrey's life.

If my suspect be false, forgive me, God,  
 For judgment only doth belong to thee. 140

Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips  
 With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain  
 Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,

To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,  
 And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:

But all in vain are these mean obsequies,  
 And to survey his dead and earthy image

What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

*Re-enter WARWICK and Others, bearing  
 GLOUCESTER'S body on a bed.*

*War.* Come hither, gracious sovereign,  
 view this body.

*K. Hen.* That is to see how deep my grave  
 is made; 150

For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,  
 For seeing him I see my life in death.

*War.* As surely as my soul intends to live  
 With that dread King that took our state  
 upon him

To free us from his father's wrathful curse,

I do believe that violent hands were laid  
 Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

*Suf.* A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn  
 tongue!

What instance gives Lord Warwick for his  
 vow?

*War.* See how the blood is settled in his  
 face. 160

Of ashly semblance, meagre, pale, and  
 bloodless,

Being all descended to the labouring heart;  
 Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,

Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the  
 enemy;

Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er  
 returneth

To blush and beautify the cheek again.

But see, his face is black and full of blood,  
 His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd,

Staring full ghastly like a strangled man; 170  
 His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with  
 struggling;

His hands abroad display'd, as one that  
 grasp'd

And tugg'd for life, and was by strength sub-  
 dued.

Look! on the sheets his hair, you see, is  
 sticking;

His well-proportion'd beard made rough and  
 rugged,

Like to the summer's corn by tempest  
 lodg'd.

It cannot be but he was murder'd here;  
 The least of all these signs were probable.

*Suf.* Why, Warwick, who should do the  
 duke to death?

Myself and Beaufort had him in protec-  
 tion; 180

And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

*War.* But both of you were vow'd Duke  
 Humphrey's foes,

And you, forsooth, had the good duke to  
 keep:

'T is like you would not feast him like a  
 friend,

And 't is well seen he found an enemy.

*Q. Mar.* Then you, belike, suspect these  
 noblemen

As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless  
 death.

*War.* Who finds the heifer dead, and  
 bleeding fresh,

And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,  
 But will suspect 't was he that made the  
 slaughter? 190

Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,  
 But may imagine how the bird was dead,

Although the kite soar with unbloodied  
 beak?

Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

*Q. Mar.* Are you the butcher, Suffolk?  
 where's your knife?

Is Beaufort term'd a kite? where are his  
 talons?

*Suf.* I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping  
 men;

But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with  
 ease,

That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart  
That slanders me with murder's crimson  
badge. 200

Say, if thou dar'st, proud Lord of Warwick-  
shire,

That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.

*Exeunt* Cardinal BEAUFORT, SOMER-  
SET, and Others.

War. What dares not Warwick, if false  
Suffolk dare him?

Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contume-  
lious spirit,

Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,  
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand  
times.

War. Madam, be still, with reverence  
may I say;

For every word you speak in his behalf  
Is slander to your royal dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in de-  
meanour! 210

If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,  
Thy mother took into her blameful bed  
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock  
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit  
thou art,

And never of the Nevils' noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder buck-  
lers thee,

And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,  
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand  
shames,

And that my sovereign's presence makes  
me mild, 219

I would, false murderous coward, on thy  
knee

Make thee beg pardon for thy passed  
speech,

And say it was thy mother that thou  
meant'st;

That thou thyself wast born in bastardy:

And after all this fearful homage done,  
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,  
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men!

Suf. Thou shalt be waking while I shed  
thy blood,

If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee  
hence;

Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with  
thee, 230

And do some service to Duke Humphrey's  
ghost.

*Exeunt* SUFFOLK and WARWICK.

K. Hen. What stronger breastplate than  
a heart untainted!

Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just,  
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,  
Whose conscience with injustice is cor-  
rupted. *A noise within.*

Q. Mar. What noise is this?

*Re-enter* SUFFOLK and WARWICK, with  
their weapons drawn.

K. Hen. Why, how now, lords! your  
wrathful weapons drawn

Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?

Why, what tumultuous clamour have we  
here?

Suf. The traitorous Warwick, with the  
men of Bury, 240

Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

*Noise of a crowd within. Re-enter* SALIS-  
BURY.

Sal. *Speaking to those within.* Sirs, stand  
apart; the king shall know your mind.

Dread lord, the commons send you word by  
me,

Unless false Suffolk straight be done to  
death,

Or banished fair England's territories,  
They will by violence tear him from your  
palace

And torture him with grievous lingering  
death.

They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey  
died;

They say, in him they fear your highness'  
death;

And mere instinct of love and loyalty, 250  
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,

As being thought to contradict your liking,  
Makes them thus forward in his banish-  
ment.

They say, in care of your most royal person,  
That if your highness should intend to sleep,

And charge that no man should disturb your  
rest

In pain of your dislike or pain of death,  
Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,

Were there a serpent seen, with forked  
tongue,

That slyly glided towards your majesty, 260  
It were but necessary you were wak'd,

Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,  
The mortal worm might make the sleep  
eternal:

And therefore do they cry, though you for-  
bid,

That they will guard you, whe'r you will or  
no,

From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;  
With whose envenomed and fatal sting,

Your loving uncle twenty times his worth  
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

*Commons. Within.* An answer from the  
king, my Lord of Salisbury! 270

Suf. 'Tis like the commons, rude unpol-  
ish'd hinds,

Could send such message to their sovereign;

But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,  
To show how quaint an orator you are:

But all the honour Salisbury hath won  
Is that he was the lord ambassador,

Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

*Commons. Within.* An answer from the  
king, or we will all break in!

K. Hen. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all  
from me,

I thank them for their tender loving care; 280  
And had I not been cited so by them,

Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;

For sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy  
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's

means:

And therefore, by His majesty I swear,  
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,

He shall not breathe infection in this air  
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

*Exit SALISBURY.*

*Q. Mar.* O Henry! let me plead for gentle Suffolk.

*K. Hen.* Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk!

No more, I say; if thou dost plead for him

Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath. Had I but said, I would have kept my word, But when I swear, it is irrevocable.

If after three days' space thou here be'st found

On any ground that I am ruler of,  
The world shall not be ransom for thy life. Come, Warwick, come good Warwick, go with me;

I have great matters to impart to thee.

*Exeunt King HENRY, WARWICK, Lords, etc.*

*Q. Mar.* Mischance and sorrow go along with you!

Heart's discontent and sour affliction  
Be playfellows to keep you company!

There 's two of you; the devil make a third!  
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

*Suf.* Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,

And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

*Q. Mar.* Fie, coward woman and soft-hearted wretch!

Hast thou no spirit to curse thine enemy?

*Suf.* A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,

I would invent as bitter-searching terms,  
As curst, as harsh and horrible to hear,

Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,  
With full as many signs of deadly hate,

As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave.  
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;

Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;

My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;

Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:

And even now my burden'd heart would break

Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!

Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!

Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees!

Their chiefest prospect murdering basilisks!

Their softest touch as smart as lizards' stings!

Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss,  
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!

All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

*Q. Mar.* Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st thyself;

And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,

Or like an overcharged gun, recoil  
And turn the force of them upon thyself.

*Suf.* You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?

Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,  
Well could I curse away a winter's night,

Though standing naked on a mountain top,  
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,

And think it but a minute spent in sport.

*Q. Mar.* O! let me entreat thee, cease.  
Give me thy hand,

That I may dew it with my mournful tears;

Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,  
To wash away my woeful monuments.

O! could this kiss be printed in thy hand,  
That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,

Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee.

So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;

'Tis but surmis'd whiles thou art standing by,

As one that surfeits thinking on a want.  
I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,

Adventure to be banished myself;

And banished I am, if but from thee.  
Go; speak not to me; even now be gone.

O! go not yet. Even thus two friends condemn'd

Embrace and kiss and take ten thousand leaves,

Loather a hundred times to part than die.  
Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee.

*Suf.* Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,

Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.

'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou thence;  
A wilderness is populous enough,

So Suffolk had thy heavenly company;

For where thou art, there is the world itself,  
With every several pleasure in the world,

And where thou art not, desolation.  
I can no more; live thou to joy thy life;

Myself no joy in nought but that thou liv'st.

*Enter VAUX.*

*Q. Mar.* Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I prithee?

*Vaux.* To signify unto his majesty  
That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death;

For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,

That makes him gasp and stare and catch the air,

Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.

Sometime he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost

Were by his side; sometime he calls the king,

And whispers to his pillow, as to him,  
The secrets of his overcharged soul:

And I am sent to tell his majesty  
That even now he cries aloud for him.

*Q. Mar.* Go, tell this heavy message to the king.  
*Exit VAUX.*  
 Ay me! what is this world! what news are these!  
 But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,  
 Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?  
 Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,  
 And with the southern clouds contend in tears,  
 Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows?  
 Now get thee hence: the king, thou know'st, is coming;  
 If thou be found by me thou art but dead.  
*Suf.* If I depart from thee I cannot live;  
 And in thy sight to die, what were it else  
 But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap? 380  
 Here could I breathe my soul into the air,  
 As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe  
 Dying with mother's dug between its lips;  
 Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,  
 And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,  
 To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth:  
 So should'st thou either turn my flying soul,  
 Or I should breathe it so into thy body,  
 And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.  
 To die by thee were but to die in jest; 400  
 From thee to die were torture more than death.  
 O! let me stay, befall what may befall.  
*Q. Mar.* Away! though parting be a fretful corrosive.  
 It is applied to a deathful wound.  
 To France, sweet Suffolk: let me hear from thee;  
 For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,  
 I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.  
*Suf.* I go.  
*Q. Mar.* And take my heart with thee.  
*Suf.* A jewel, lock'd into the woeful'st cask  
 That ever did contain a thing of worth. 410  
 Even as a splitted bark so sunder we:  
 This way fall I to death.  
*Q. Mar.* This way for me.  
*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.—London. Cardinal BEAUFORT'S Bedchamber.

*Enter King HENRY. SALISBURY, WARWICK, and Others. The Cardinal in bed; Attendants with him.*

*K. Hen.* How fares my lord? speak Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

*Car.* If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,

Enough to purchase such another island,  
 So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

*K. Hen.* Ah! what a sign it is of evil life  
 Where death's approach is seen so terrible.

*War.* Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

*Car.* Bring me unto my trial when you will.

Died he not in his bed? where should he die?

Can I make men live whe'r they will or no? 10  
 O! torture me no more, I will confess.

Alive again? then show me where he is:  
 I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.  
 He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.

Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,

Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul.  
 Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary

Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.  
*K. Hen.* O thou eternal Mover of the heavens!

Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch; 20  
 O! beat away the busy meddling fiend

That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul  
 And from his bosom purge this black despair.

*War.* See how the pangs of death do make him grin!

*Sal.* Disturb him not; let him pass peaceably.

*K. Hen.* Peace to his soul! if God's good pleasure be.

Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,

Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.

He dies, and makes no sign. O God, forgive him!

*War.* So bad a death argues a monstrous life. 30

*K. Hen.* Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.

Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;

And let us all to meditation. *Exeunt.*

ACT IV

SCENE I.—Kent. The sea-shore near Dover.

*Firing heard at sea. Then enter from a boat, a Captain, a Master, a Master's-Mate, WALTER WHITMORE, and Others; with them SUFFOLK, disguised, and other Gentlemen, prisoners.*

*Cap.* The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day

Is crept into the bosom of the sea,  
 And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades

That drag the tragic melancholy night;  
 Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings

Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws

Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.  
 Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize,

For whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs  
 Here shall they make their ransom on the sand, 10

Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.

Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;  
And thou that art his mate make boot of this;

The other, Walter Whitmore, is thy share.  
*First Gent.* What is my ransom, master? let me know.

*Mast.* A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

*Mate.* And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

*Cap.* What! think you much to pay two thousand crowns,

And bear the name and port of gentlemen? Cut both the villains' throats! for die you shall:

The lives of those which we have lost in fight Be counterpois'd with such a petty sum!

*First Gent.* I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.

*Second Gent.* And so will I, and write home for it straight.

*Whit.* I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,

To SUFFOLK. And therefore to revenge it shalt thou die;

And so should these if I might have my will.  
*Cap.* Be not so rash: take ransom; let him live.

*Suf.* Look on my George; I am a gentleman.

Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

*Whit.* And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.

How now! why start'st thou? what! doth death affright?

*Suf.* Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.

A cunning man did calculate my birth, And told me that by *Water* I should die:

Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded; Thy name is *Gaultier*, being rightly sounded.

*Whit.* *Gaultier* or *Walter*, which it is, I care not;

Never yet did base dishonour blur our name But with our sword we wip'd away the blot:

Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,

Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,

And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!

*Suf.* Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,

The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

*Whit.* The Duke of Suffolk muffled up in rags!

*Suf.* Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke:

Jove sometime went disguis'd, and why not I?

*Cap.* But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

*Suf.* Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry's blood,

The honourable blood of Lancaster,

Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.  
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand and held my stirrup?

Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule, And thought thee happy when I shook my head?

How often hast thou waited at my cup, Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,

When I have feasted with Queen Margaret? Remember it and let it make thee crest-fall'n;

Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride.

How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood And duly waited for my coming forth?

This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf, And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

*Whit.* Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

*Cap.* First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

*Suf.* Base slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

*Cap.* Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side

Strike off his head.

*Suf.* Thou dar'st not for thy own.

*Cap.* Yes, Pole.

*Suf.* Pole!

*Cap.* Pool! Sir Pool! lord!

Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt

Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.

Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth For swallowing the treasure of the realm:

Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the ground;

And thou that smil'st at good Duke Humphrey's death,

Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,

Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again: And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,

For daring to affy a mighty lord

Unto the daughter of a worthless king,

Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem. By devilish policy art thou grown great,

And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorg'd With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.

By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France,

The false revolting Normans thorough thee Disdain to call us lord, and Picardy

Hath slain their governors, surpris'd our forts,

And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.

The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,

Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,

As hating thee, are rising up in arms: And now the house of York, thrust from the crown

By shameful murder of a guiltless king, And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,

Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful  
colours  
Advance our half-fac'd sun, striving to  
shine,  
Under the which is writ *Invitis nubibus*.  
The commons here in Kent are up in  
arms; 100  
And, to conclude, reproach and beggary  
Is crept into the palace of our king,  
And all by thee. Away! convey him hence.  
*Suf.* O! that I were a god, to shoot forth  
thunder  
Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges.  
Small things make base men proud: this  
villain here,  
Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more  
Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.  
Drones suck not eagles' blood but rob bee-  
hives.  
It is impossible that I should die 110  
By such a lowly vassal as thyself.  
Thy words move rage and not remorse in  
me:  
I go of message from the queen to France;  
I charge thee waft me safely cross the Chan-  
nel.  
*Cap.* Walter!  
*Whit.* Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to  
thy death.  
*Suf.* *Gelidus timor occupat artus*: it is  
thee I fear.  
*Whit.* Thou shalt have cause to fear be-  
fore I leave thee.  
What! are ye daunted now? now will ye  
stoop?  
*First Gent.* My gracious lord, entreat him,  
speak him fair. 120  
*Suf.* Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern  
and rough,  
Us'd to command, untaught to plead for  
favour.  
Far be it we should honour such as these  
With humble suit: no, rather let my head  
Stoop to the block than these knees bow to  
any  
Save to the God of heaven, and to my king;  
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole  
Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.  
True nobility is exempt from fear:  
More can I bear than you dare execute. 130  
*Cap.* Hale him away, and let him talk no  
more.  
*Suf.* Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye  
can,  
That this my death may never be forgot.  
Great men oft die by vile bezonians.  
A Roman sworder and banditto slave  
Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard  
hand  
Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders  
Pompey the Great; and Suffolk dies by  
pirates.  
*Exeunt WHITMORE and Others with  
SUFFOLK.*  
*Cap.* And as for these whose ransom we  
have set,  
It is our pleasure one of them depart: 140  
Therefore come you with us and let him go.  
*Exeunt all but the First Gentleman.*

*Re-enter WHITMORE, with SUFFOLK'S  
body.*

*Whit.* There let his head and lifeless  
body lie,  
Until the queen his mistress bury it. *Exit.*  
*First Gent.* O barbarous and bloody spec-  
tacle!  
His body will I bear unto the king:  
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;  
So will the queen, that living held him dear.  
*Exit, with the body.*

SCENE II.—Blackheath.

*Enter GEORGE BEVIS and JOHN HOLLAND.*

*Geo.* Come, and get thee a sword, though  
made of a lath: they have been up these  
two days.

*John.* They have the more need to sleep  
now then.

*Geo.* I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier  
means to dress the commonwealth, and  
turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

*John.* So he had need, for 't is thread-  
bare. Well, I say it was never merry world  
in England since gentlemen came up. 10

*Geo.* O miserable age! Virtue is not re-  
garded in handicraftsmen.

*John.* The nobility think scorn to go in  
leather aprons.

*Geo.* Nay, more; the king's council are  
no good workmen.

*John.* True; and yet it is said 'Labour in  
thy vocation': which is as much to say as,  
let the magistrates be labouring men; and  
therefore should we be magistrates. 20

*Geo.* Thou hast hit it; for there's no  
better sign of a brave mind than a hard  
hand.

*John.* I see them! I see them! There's  
Best's son, the tanner of Wingham,—

*Geo.* He shall have the skins of our ene-  
mies to make dog's-leather of.

*John.* And Dick the butcher,—

*Geo.* Then is sin-struck down like an ox,  
and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

*John.* And Smith the weaver,— 30

*Geo.* Argo, their thread of life is spun.

*John.* Come, come; let's fall in with  
them.

*Drum.* *Enter CADE, DICK the Butcher,  
SMITH the Weaver, and a Sawyer, with  
infinite numbers.*

*Cade.* We John Cade, so termed of our  
supposed father,—

*Dick.* *Aside.* Or rather, of stealing a cade  
of herrings.

*Cade.* For our enemies shall fall before  
us, inspired with the spirit of putting down  
kings and princes,—Command silence.

*Dick.* Silence! 40

*Cade.* My father was a Mortimer,—

*Dick.* *Aside.* He was an honest man, and  
a good bricklayer.

*Cade.* My mother a Plantagenet,—

*Dick.* *Aside.* I knew her well; she was  
a midwife.

*Cade.* My wife descended of the Lacies,—  
*Dick. Aside.* She was, indeed, a pedler's daughter, and sold many laces. 49

*Smith. Aside.* But now of late, not able to travel with her furred pack, she washes bucks here at home.

*Cade.* Therefore am I of an honourable house.

*Dick. Aside.* Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable, and there was he born, under a hedge; for his father had never a house but the cage.

*Cade.* Valiant I am.

*Smith. Aside.* A' must needs, for beggary is valiant.

*Cade.* I am able to endure much. 60

*Dick. Aside.* No question of that, for I have seen him whipped three market-days together.

*Cade.* I fear neither sword nor fire.

*Smith. Aside.* He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof.

*Dick. Aside.* But methinks he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep. 68

*Cade.* Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer. All the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palFREY go to grass. And when I am king, as king I will be,— 78

All. God save your majesty!

*Cade.* I thank you, good people: there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

*Dick.* The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers. 84

*Cade.* Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say the bee stings; but I say, 't is the bee's wax, for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now! who's there? 91

*Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.*

*Smith.* The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read and cast accompt.

*Cade.* O monstrous!

*Smith.* We took him setting of boys' copies.

*Cade.* Here's a villain!

*Smith.* Has a book in his pocket with red letters in 't.

*Cade.* Nay, then he is a conjurer.

*Dick.* Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand. 101

*Cade.* I am sorry for 't: the man is a proper man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die. Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee. What is thy name?

*Clerk. Emmanuel.*

*Dick.* They use to write it on the top of letters. 'T will go hard with you.

*Cade.* Let me alone. Dost thou use to write thy name, or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man? 111

*Clerk.* Sir, I thank God I have been so well brought up that I can write my name.

All. He hath confessed: away with him! he's a villain and a traitor.

*Cade.* Away with him! I say: hang him with his pen and ink-horn about his neck.

*Exeunt some with the Clerk.*

*Enter MICHAEL.*

*Mich.* Where's our general?

*Cade.* Here I am, thou particular fellow. 119

*Mich.* Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

*Cade.* Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down. He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself: he is but a knight, is a'?

*Mich.* No.

*Cade.* To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently. *Kneels.*

Rise up Sir John Mortimer. *Rises.*

Now have at him!

*Enter Sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and WILLIAM his Brother, with drum and Forces.*

*Staf.* Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent, 130

Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down:

Home to your cottages, forsake this groom: The king is merciful, if you revolt.

*W. Staf.* But angry, wrathful, and incli'd to blood,

If you go forward: therefore yield, or die.

*Cade.* As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not:

It is to you, good people, that I speak, O'er whom in time to come I hope to reign; For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

*Staf.* Villain! thy father was a plasterer; 140

And thou thyself a shearmen, art thou not?

*Cade.* And Adam was a gardener.

*W. Staf.* And what of that?

*Cade.* Marry, this: Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March,

Married the Duke of Clarence' daughter, did he not?

*Staf.* Ay, sir.

*Cade.* By her he had two children at one birth.

*W. Staf.* That's false.

*Cade.* Ay, there's the question; but I say 't is true.

The elder of them, being put to nurse, 150

Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away;

And, ignorant of his birth and parentage, Became a bricklayer when he came to age:

His son am I; deny it if you can.

*Dick.* Nay, 't is too true; therefore he

shall be king.

*Smith.* Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore deny it not.

*Staf.* And will you credit this base drudge's words,

That speaks he knows not what? 160

*All.* Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

*W. Staf.* Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught you this.

*Cade. Aside.* He lies, for I invented it myself. Go to, sirrah; tell the king from me, that for his father's sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns, I am content he shall reign; but I'll be protector over him.

*Dick.* And, furthermore, we'll have the Lord Say's head for selling the dukedom of Maine. 170

*Cade.* And good reason; for thereby is England maimed, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you that that Lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth, and made it an eunuch; and more than that, he can speak French; and therefore he is a traitor. 177

*Staf.* O gross and miserable ignorance!

*Cade.* Nay, answer, if you can: the Frenchmen are our enemies; go to then, I ask but this: can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good counsellor, or no?

*All.* No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

*W. Staf.* Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail, 184

Assail them with the army of the king.

*Staf.* Herald, away; and throughout every town

Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;

That those which fly before the battle ends May, even in their wives' and children's sight,

Be hang'd up for example at their doors. 190  
And you that be the king's friends, follow me.

*Exeunt the two STAFFORDS and Forces.*  
*Cade.* And you that love the commons, follow me.

Now show yourselves men; 't is for liberty. We will not leave one lord, one gentleman: Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon. For they are thrifty honest men, and such As would, but that they dare not, take our parts.

*Dick.* They are all in order, and march toward us.

*Cade.* But then are we in order when we are most out of order. Come: march! forward! 200  
*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.—Another Part of Blackheath.

*Alarums.* The two parties enter, and fight, and both the STAFFORDS are slain.

*Cade.* Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

*Dick.* Here, sir.

*Cade.* They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behaved'st thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house: therefore thus will I reward thee, the Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a license to kill for a hundred lacking one.

*Dick.* I desire no more. 10

*Cade.* And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less. This monument of the victory will I bear; and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse heels till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

*Dick.* If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the gaols and let out the prisoners.

*Cade.* Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come; let's march towards London. 20

*Exeunt.*

### SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter King HENRY, reading a supplication; the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and Lord SAY, with him; at a distance, Queen MARGARET, mourning over SUFFOLK'S head.*

*Q. Mar.* Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind,  
And makes it fearful and degenerate;  
Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.

But who can cease to weep and look on this? Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast;

But where's the body that I should embrace?

*Buck.* What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?

*K. Hen.* I'll send some holy bishop to entreat;

For God forbid so many simple souls 10  
Should perish by the sword! And I myself, Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,

Will parley with Jack Cade their general. But stay, I'll read it over once again.

*Q. Mar.* Ah! barbarous villains, hath this lovely face

Rul'd like a wandering planet over me, And could it not enforce them to relent, That were unworthy to behold the same?

*K. Hen.* Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.

*Say.* Ay, but I hope your highness shall have his. 20

*K. Hen.* How now, madam! Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolk's death?

I fear me, love, if that I had been dead, Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

*Q. Mar.* No, my love; I should not mourn, but die for thee.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*K. Hen.* How now! what news? why com'st thou in such haste?

*Mess.* The rebels are in Southwark;  
fly, my lord!

Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,  
Descended from the Duke of Clarence's  
house,

And calls your grace usurper openly, 30  
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.  
His army is a ragged multitude  
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:  
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's  
death

Hath given them heart and courage to  
proceed.

All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,  
They call false caterpillars, and intend their  
death.

*K. Hen.* O graceless men! they know  
not what they do.

*Buck.* My gracious lord, retire to Killing-  
worth,

Until a power be rais'd to put them down. 40

*Q. Mar.* Ah! were the Duke of Suffolk  
now alive,

These Kentish rebels would be soon ap-  
peas'd.

*K. Hen.* Lord Say, the traitors hate thee,  
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.

*Say.* So might your grace's person be in  
danger.

The sight of me is odious in their eyes;

And therefore in this city will I stay,

And live alone as secret as I may.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Second Mess.* Jack Cade hath gotten  
London-bridge;

The citizens fly and forsake their houses; 50

The rascal people, thirsting after prey,

Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear  
To spoil the city and your royal court.

*Buck.* Then linger not, my lord; away!  
take horse.

*K. Hen.* Come, Margaret: God, our  
hope, will succour us.

*Q. Mar.* My hope is gone, now Suffolk is  
deceas'd.

*K. Hen.* Farewell, my lord: trust not  
the Kentish rebels.

*Buck.* Trust nobody, for fear you be  
betray'd.

*Say.* The trust I have is in mine innocence,  
And therefore am I bold and resolute. 61

*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Same. The Tower.*

*Enter Lord SCALES and Others, walking  
on the walls. Then enter certain Citizens,  
below.*

*Scales.* How now! is Jack Cade slain?

*First Cit.* No, my lord, nor likely to be  
slain; for they have won the bridge, killing  
all those that withstand them. The lord  
mayor craves aid of your honour from the  
Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

*Scales.* Such aid as I can spare you shall  
command;

But I am troubled here with them myself;  
The rebels have essay'd to win the Tower.

But get you to Smithfield and gather head, 10  
And thither I will send you Matthew Goffe;  
Fight for your king, your country, and your  
lives;

And so farewell, for I must hence again.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The Same. Cannon-street.*

*Enter JACK CADE and his Followers. He  
strikes his staff on London-stone.*

*Cade.* Now is Mortimer lord of this city.  
And here, sitting upon London-stone, I  
charge and command that, of the city's  
cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but  
claret wine this first year of our reign. And  
now henceforward it shall be treason for  
any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer.

*Enter a Soldier, running.*

*Sold.* Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

*Cade.* Knock him down there.

*They kill him.*

*Smith.* If this fellow be wise, he'll never  
call you Jack Cade more: I think he hath  
a very fair warning. 12

*Dick.* My lord, there's an army gathered  
together in Smithfield.

*Cade.* Come, then, let's go fight with  
them. But first, go and set London-bridge  
on fire, and, if you can, burn down the  
Tower too. Come, let's away. *Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The Same. Smithfield.*

*Alarums.* MATTHEW GOFFE is slain and  
all the rest. Then enter JACK CADE with  
his company.

*Cade.* So, sirs. Now go some and pull  
down the Savoy; others to the inns of  
court; down with them all.

*Dick.* I have a suit unto your lordship.

*Cade.* Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it  
for that word.

*Dick.* Only that the laws of England may  
come out of your mouth.

*John. Aside.* Mass, 't will be sore law  
then; for he was thrust in the mouth with  
a spear, and 't is not whole yet. 11

*Smith. Aside.* Nay, John, it will be stink-  
ing law; for his breath stinks with eating  
toasted cheese.

*Cade.* I have thought upon it; it shall be  
so. Away! burn all the records of the  
realm: my mouth shall be the parliament  
of England.

*John. Aside.* Then we are like to have  
biting statutes, unless his teeth be pulled  
out.

*Cade.* And henceforward all things shall  
be in common. 21

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, a prize, a prize! here's  
the Lord Say, which sold the towns in  
France; he that made us pay one-and-  
twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the  
pound, the last subsidy. 22

Enter GEORGE BEVIS, with the Lord SAY.

*Cade.* Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times. Ah! thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord; now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty for giving up of Normandy unto Mounsieur Basimecu, the Dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-school; and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun, and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hanged them; when indeed only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not? 52

*Say.* What of that?

*Cade.* Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

*Dick.* And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

*Say.* You men of Kent,—

*Dick.* What say you of Kent? 60

*Say.* Nothing but this: 'tis *bona terra*, *mala gens*.

*Cade.* Away with him! away with him! he speaks Latin.

*Say.* Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.

*Kent*, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ, Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:

Sweet is the country, because full of riches; The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy; Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.

I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy; 70 Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.

Justice with favour have I always done; Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.

When have I aught exacted at your hands, But to maintain the king, the realm, and you?

Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,

Because my book preferr'd me to the king, And seeing ignorance is the curse of God, Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,

Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits, 80

You cannot but forbear to murder me:

This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings

For your behoof,—

*Cade.* Tut! when struckest thou one blow in the field?

*Say.* Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck

Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

*Geo.* O monstrous coward! what! to come behind folks.

*Say.* These cheeks are pale for watching for your good. 90

*Cade.* Give him a box o' the ear, and that will make 'em red again.

*Say.* Long sitting, to determine poor men's causes,

Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

*Cade.* Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and the help of hatchet.

*Dick.* Why dost thou quiver, man?

*Say.* The palsy, and not fear, provokes me.

*Cade.* Nay, he nods at us; as who should say, I'll be even with you: I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole or no. Take him away and behead him. 102

*Say.* Tell me wherein have I offended most?

Have I affected wealth or honour? speak. Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?

Is my apparel sumptuous to behold? Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?

These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding.

This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.

O! let me live. 110

*Cade.* *Aside.* I feel remorse in myself with his words; but I'll bridle it: he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue; he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

*All.* It shall be done. 120

*Say.* Ah! countrymen, if when you make your prayers,

God should be so obdurate as yourselves, How would it fare with your departed souls?

And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

*Cade.* Away with him! and do as I command ye. *Exeunt some, with Lord SAY.*

The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maiden-head, ere they have it. Men shall hold of me *in capite*; and we charge and command that their wives be as free as heart can wish or tongue can tell. 133

*Dick.* My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside and take up commodities upon our bills?

*Cade.* Marry, presently.

*All.* O! brave.

*Re-enter Rebels, with the heads of Lord SAY and his Son-in-law.*

*Cade.* But is not this braver? Let them kiss one another, for they loved well when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night; for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets; and at every corner have them kiss. Away! *Exeunt.* 145

SCENE VIII.—*The Same. Southwark.*

*Alarum. Enter CADE and all his Rabblement.*

*Cade.* Up Fish-street! down Saint Magnus' Corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames!

*A parley sounded, then a retreat.*  
What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

*Enter BUCKINGHAM and Old CLIFFORD, with Forces.*

*Buck.* Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee.  
*Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king*

Unto the commons whom thou hast misled; And here pronounce free pardon to them all That will forsake thee and go home in peace. 10

*Clif.* What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent

And yield to mercy, whilst 't is offer'd you, Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths? Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,

Fling up his cap, and say 'God save his majesty!'

Who hateth him, and honours not his father, Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,

Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

*All.* God save the king! God save the king! 19

*Cade.* What! Buckingham and Clifford, are ye so brave? And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark? I thought ye would never have given out these arms till you had recovered your ancient freedom; but you are all recreants and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burdens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces: for me, I will make shift for one, and so, God's curse light upon you all! 34

*All.* We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade!

*Clif.* Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth,

That thus you do exclaim you'll go with him?

Will he conduct you through the heart of France,

And make the meanest of you earls and dukes? 39

*Alas!* he hath no home, no place to fly to; Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil, Unless by robbing of your friends and us.

Were 't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,

The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,

Should make a start o'er seas and vanquish you?

Methinks already in this civil broil I see them lording it in London streets,

*Crying Villiago!* unto all they meet.

Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry

Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy. 50

To France, to France! and get what you have lost;

Spare England, for it is your native coast.

Henry hath money, you are strong and manly;

God on our side, doubt not of victory.

*All.* A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the king and Clifford. 56

*Cade.* Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro as this multitude? The name of Henry the Fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together to surprise me. My sword make way for me, for here is no staying. In despite of the devils and hell, have through the very midst of you! and heavens and honour be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake me to my heels. *Exit.* 67

*Buck.* What! is he fled? go some, and follow him;

And he that brings his head unto the king Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.

*Exeunt some of them.*  
Follow me, soldiers: we'll devise a mean To reconcile you all unto the king. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—*Kenilworth Castle.*

*Sound trumpets. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, and SOMERSET, on the terrace.*

*K. Hen.* Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne,  
And could command no more content than I?

No sooner was I crept out of my cradle But I was made a king at nine months old: Was never subject long'd to be a king As I do long and wish to be a subject.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM and CLIFFORD.*

*Buck.* Health and glad tidings to your majesty!

*K. Hen.* Why, Buckingham, is the traitor  
Cade surpris'd?  
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

*Enter a number of CADE'S Followers,  
with halters about their necks.*

*Clif.* He's fled, my lord, and all his  
powers do yield;  
And humbly thus, with halters on their  
necks,

Expect your highness' doom, of life or death.

*K. Hen.* Then, heaven, set ope thy ever-  
lasting gates,

To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!  
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your  
lives,

And show'd how well you love your prince  
and country;

Continue still in this so good a mind,  
And Henry, though he be unfortunate,

Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:

And so, with thanks and pardon to you all, 20  
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

*All.* God save the king! God save the  
king!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Please it your grace to be adver-  
tised

The Duke of York is newly come from Ire-  
land,

And with a puissant and a mighty power  
Of gallowglasses and stout kerns

Is marching hitherward in proud array;

And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,

His arms are only to remove from thee

The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a  
traitor.

*K. Hen.* Thus stands my state, 'twixt  
Cade and York distress'd; 31

Like to a ship that, having 'scap'd a tempest,  
Is straightway calm'd, and boarded with a  
pirate.

But now is Cade driven back, his men  
dispers'd,

And now is York in arms to second him.

I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet  
him,

And ask him what's the reason of these  
arms.

Tell him I'll send Duke Edmund to the  
Tower;

And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,  
Until his army be dismiss'd from him. 40

*Som.* My lord,

I'll yield myself to prison willingly,  
Or unto death, to do my country good.

*K. Hen.* In any case, be not too rough in  
terms,

For he is fierce and cannot brook hard lan-  
guage.

*Buck.* I will, my lord; and doubt not so  
to deal

As all things shall redound unto your  
good.

*K. Hen.* Come, wife, let's in, and learn  
to govern better;

For yet may England curse my wretched  
reign. *Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE X.—*Kent. IDEN'S Garden.*

*Enter CADE.*

*Cade.* Fie on ambition! fie on myself, that  
have a sword, and yet am ready to famish!  
These five days have I hid me in these woods  
and durst not peep out, for all the country is  
laid for me; but now am I so hungry, that if  
I might have a lease of my life for a thou-  
sand years I could stay no longer. Where-  
fore, on a brick wall have I climbed into this  
garden, to see if I can eat grass, or pick a  
sallet another while, which is not amiss to  
cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And  
I think this word 'sallet' was born to do me  
good; for many a time, but for a sallet, my  
brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill;  
and many a time, when I have been dry and  
bravely marching, it hath served me instead  
of a quart-pot to drink in; and now the  
word 'sallet' must serve me to feed on. 17

*Enter IDEN.*

*Iden.* Lord! who would live turmoiled in  
the court,

And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?

This small inheritance my father left me 20  
Contenteth me, and worth a monarchy.

I seek not to wax great by others' waning,  
Or gather wealth I care not with what envy:

Sufficieth that I have maintains my state,  
And sends the poor well pleased from my  
gate.

*Cade.* Here's the lord of the soil come to  
seize me for a stray, for entering his fee-  
simple without leave. Ah! villain, thou wilt

betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the  
king by carrying my head to him; but I'll

make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swal-  
low my sword like a great pin, ere thou and  
I part. 32

*Iden.* Why, rude companion, whatso'er  
thou be,

I know thee not; why then should I betray  
thee?

Is't not enough to break into my garden,  
And like a thief to come to rob my grounds,

Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,  
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy

terms? 38

*Cade.* Brave thee! ay, by the best blood  
that ever was broached, and beard thee too.

Look on me well: I have eat no meat these  
five days; yet, come thou and thy five men,

and if I do not leave you all as dead as a  
door-nail, I pray God I may never eat grass  
more. 44

*Iden.* Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while  
England stands,

That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,  
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.

Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine,  
See if thou canst outface me with thy looks:

Set limb to limb, and thou art far the  
lesser; 50

Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;

Thy leg a stick compared with this trun-  
cheon;

My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;  
 And if mine arm be heaved in the air  
 Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.  
 As for words, whose greatness answers words,  
 Let this my sword report what speech forbears. 57

*Cade.* By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard! Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-boned clown in chins of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech God on my knees thou mayest be turned to hobnails. 63

*They fight. CADE falls.*  
 O! I am slain. Famine and no other hath slain me: let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled. 70

*Iden.* Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?

Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed, And hang thee o'er my tomb when I am dead:

Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point,

But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat, To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

*Cade.* Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy victory. Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour. 81

*Dies.*  
*Iden.* How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my judge.

Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!

And as I thrust thy body in with my sword, So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell. Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels Unto a dunghill which shall be thy grave, And there cut off thy most ungracious head; Which I will bear in triumph to the king, Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon. 87

*Exit.*

## ACT V

SCENE I.—*Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.*

*The King's camp on one side. On the other, enter YORK and his army of Irish, with drum and colours.*

*York.* From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right,  
 And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:

Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,

To entertain great England's lawful king.  
 Ah! *sancta majestas*, who would not buy thee dear?

Let them obey that know not how to rule;  
 This hand was made to handle nought but gold:

I cannot give due action to my words,  
 Except a sword or sceptre balance it.  
 A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul, 10  
 On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM.*

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?

The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.

*Buck.* York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

*York.* Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.

Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

*Buck.* A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,

To know the reason of these arms in peace;  
 Or why thou, being a subject as I am,  
 Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn, 20

Should'st raise so great a power without his leave,

Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

*York. Aside.* Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great:

O! I could hew up rocks and fight with flint,  
 I am so angry at these abject terms;

And now, like Ajax Telamonius,  
 On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.

I am far better born than is the king,  
 More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts;

But I must make fair weather yet a while, 30

Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.

O Buckingham, I prithee, pardon me,  
 That I have given no answer all this while;

My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.

The cause why I have brought this army hither

Is to remove proud Somerset from the king,  
 Seditious to his grace and to the state.

*Buck.* That is too much presumption on thy part:

But if thy arms be to no other end,  
 The king hath yielded unto thy demand: 40

The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

*York.* Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?

*Buck.* Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

*York.* Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.

Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves:

Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,  
 You shall have pay, and every thing you wish.

And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,  
 Command my eldest son, nay, all my sons,

As pledges of my fealty and love; 50

I'll send them all as willing as I live:  
 Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have,

Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

*Buck.* York, I commend this kind submission:

We twain will go into his highness' tent.

*Enter King HENRY, attended.*

*K. Hen.* Buckingham, doth York intend  
no harm to us.  
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in  
arm?

*York.* In all submission and humility  
York doth present himself unto your high-  
ness.

*K. Hen.* Then what intend these forces  
thou dost bring? 60

*York.* To heave the traitor Somerset from  
hence,  
And fight against that monstrous rebel,  
Cade,  
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

*Enter IDEN, with CADE'S head.*

*Iden.* If one so rude and of so mean con-  
dition  
May pass into the presence of a king,  
Lo! I present your grace a traitor's head,  
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

*K. Hen.* The head of Cade! Great God,  
how just art thou!  
O! let me view his visage, being dead,  
That living wrought me such exceeding trou-  
ble. 70

Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that  
slew him?

*Iden.* I was, an't like your majesty.

*K. Hen.* How art thou call'd, and what  
is thy degree?

*Iden.* Alexander Iden, that's my name;  
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

*Buck.* So please it you, my lord, 't were  
not amiss

He were created knight for his good service.

*K. Hen.* Iden, kneel down. *He kneels.*  
Rise up a knight.

We give thee for reward a thousand marks;  
And will that thou henceforth attend on  
us. 80

*Iden.* May Iden live to merit such a  
bounty,

And never live but true unto his liege.

*K. Hen.* See! Buckingham, Somerset  
comes with the queen:

Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

*Enter Queen MARGARET and SOMERSET.*

*Q. Mar.* For thousand Yorks he shall not  
hide his head,

But boldly stand and front him to his face.

*York.* How now! is Somerset at liberty?  
Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd  
thoughts

And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.  
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset? 90

False king! why hast thou broken faith  
with me,

Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?  
King did I call thee? no, thou art not king;

Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,  
Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a  
traitor.

That head of thine doth not become a crown;  
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,

And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.

That gold must round engirt these brows of  
mine,

Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles'  
spear, 100

Is able with the change to kill and cure.

Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,

And with the same to act controlling laws.

Give place: by heaven, thou shalt rule no  
more

O'er him whom heaven created for thy  
ruler.

*Som.* O monstrous traitor! I arrest thee,

*York.*  
Of capital treason 'gainst the king and  
crown.

Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.

*York.* Would'st have me kneel? first let  
me ask of these

If they can brook I bow a knee to man. 110

*Sirrah,* call in my sons to be my bail:

*Exit Attendant.*

I know, ere they will have me go to ward,

They'll pawn their souls for my enfran-  
chisement.

*Q. Mar.* Call hither Clifford; bid him  
come amain,

To say if that the bastard boys of York  
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

*Exit BUCKINGHAM.*

*York.* O blood-besotted Neapolitan,  
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody  
scourge!

The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,  
Shall be their father's bail; and bane to  
those

That for my surety will refuse the boys! 121

*Enter EDWARD and RICHARD, with Forces,  
at one side; at the other, with Forces  
also, Old CLIFFORD and his Son.*

See where they come: I'll warrant they'll  
make it good.

*Q. Mar.* And here comes Clifford, to  
deny their bail.

*Clif.* Health and all happiness to my lord  
the king! *Kneels.*

*York.* I thank thee, Clifford: say, what  
news with thee?

Nay, do not fright us with an angry look;  
We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again?

For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

*Clif.* This is my king, York; I do not  
mistake;

But thou mistak'st me much to think I do. 130

To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?

*K. Hen.* Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and  
ambitious humour

Makes him oppose himself against his  
king.

*Clif.* He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,  
And chop away that factious pate of his.

*Q. Mar.* He is arrested, but will not obey:  
His sons, he says, shall give their words for  
him.

*York.* Will you not, sons?

*Edw.* Ay, noble father, if our words will  
serve.

*Rich.* And if words will not, then our  
weapons shall. 140

*Clif.* Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!

*York.* Look in a glass, and call thy image so;

I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.  
Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,  
That with the very shaking of their chains  
They may astonish these fell-lurking curs:  
Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

*Drums.* Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY,  
with Forces.

*Clif.* Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,

And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,

If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.

*Rich.* Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur

Run back and bite, because he was withheld;

Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,  
Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs and cried:

And such a piece of service will you do,  
If you oppose yourselves to match Lord Warwick.

*Clif.* Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,

As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

*York.* Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

*Clif.* Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

*K. Hen.* Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?

Old Salisbury, shame to thy silver hair,  
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!

What! wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,

And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?  
O! where is faith? O! where is loyalty?

If it be banish'd from the frosty head,  
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?

Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,  
And shame thine honourable age with blood?

Why art thou old and want'st experience?

Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?  
For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,

That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

*Sal.* My lord, I have consider'd with myself

The title of this most renowned duke;  
And in my conscience do repute his grace

The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

*K. Hen.* Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

*Sal.* I have.

*K. Hen.* Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?

*Sal.* It is great sin to swear unto a sin,  
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.

Who can be bound by any solemn vow  
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,

To force a spotless virgin's chastity,  
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,

To wring the widow from her custom'd right,

And have no other reason for this wrong  
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

*Q. Mar.* A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

*K. Hen.* Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

*York.* Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,

I am resolv'd for death or dignity.

*Clif.* The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

*War.* You were best to go to bed and dream again,

To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

*Clif.* I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm  
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;

And that I'll write upon thy burget, 230  
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

*War.* Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,

The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,

This day I'll wear aloft my burget, 240  
As on a mountain top the cedar shows

That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,  
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

*Clif.* And from thy burget I'll rend thy bear,

And tread it under foot with all contempt,  
Despite the bear-ward that protects the bear.

*Y. Clif.* And so to arms, victorious father,  
To quell the rebels and their complices.

*Rich.* Fie! charity! for shame! speak not in spite,

For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.

*Y. Clif.* Foul stigmatic, that's more than thou canst tell.

*Rich.* If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell.

*Exeunt severally.*

## SCENE II.—Saint Alban's.

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter WARWICK.*

*War.* Clifford of Cumberland, 't is Warwick calls:

And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,  
Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,

And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,  
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!

Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,  
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

*Enter YORK.*

How now, my noble lord! what! all afoot?  
*York.* The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed;

But match to match I have encounter'd him,

And made a prey for carrion kites and crows  
Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

*Enter CLIFFORD.*

*War.* Of one or both of us the time is come.

*York.* Hold, Warwick! seek thee out some other chase,

For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

War. Then, nobly, York; 't is for a crown  
thou fight'st.  
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,  
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd.

Exit.

Clif. What seest thou in me, York? why  
dost thou pause?

York. With thy brave bearing should I be  
in love,

20

But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise  
and esteem,

But that 't is shown ignobly and in treason.

York. So let it help me now against thy  
sword

As I in justice and true right express it.

Clif. My soul and 'body on the action  
both!

York. A dreadful lay! Address thee  
instantly.

Clif. *La fin couronne les œuvres.*

*They fight, and CLIFFORD falls and dies.*

York. Thus war hath given peace, for  
thou art still.

Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy  
will!

Exit. 30

Enter Young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on  
the rout:

Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds  
Where it should guard. O war! thou son  
of hell,

Whom angry heavens do make their min-  
ister,

Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part  
Hot coals of vengeance! Let no soldier fly:  
He that is truly dedicate to war  
Hath no self-love; nor he that loves himself  
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,  
The name of valour.

*Seeing his father's body.*

O! let the vile world end,

And the premised flames of the last day

Knit earth and heaven together;

Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,

Particularities and petty sounds

To cease! Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,

To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve

The silver livery of advised age,

And, in thy reverence and thy chair-days,

thus

To die in ruffian battle? Even at this sight

My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 't is

mine

It shall be stony. York not our old men

spares;

No more will I their babes; tears virginal

Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;

And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,

Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.

Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:

Meet I an infant of the house of York,

Into as many gobbets will I cut it

As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:

In cruelty will I seek out my fame.

Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house:

*Taking up the body.*

As did Æneas old Anchises bear,

So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;  
But then Æneas bare a living load,  
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

Exit.

Enter RICHARD and SOMERSET, fighting.  
SOMERSET is killed.

Rich. So, lie thou there;  
For underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,  
The Castle in Saint Alban's, Somerset  
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.  
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful  
still:

70

Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill.

Exit.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter King HENRY,  
Queen MARGARET, and Others, retreat-  
ing.

Q. Mar. Away, my lord! you are slow:  
for shame, away!

K. Hen. Can we outrun the heavens?  
good Margaret, stay.

Q. Mar. What are you made off? you'll  
nor fight nor fly;

Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,  
To give the enemy way, and to secure us  
By what we can, which can no more but fly.

Alarum afar off.

If you be ta'en, we then should see the  
bottom

Of all our fortunes; but if we haply scape,  
As well we may, if not through your neg-  
lect,

80

We shall to London get, where you are lov'd,  
And where this breach now in our fortunes  
made

May readily be stopp'd.

Re-enter Young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. But that my heart's on future  
mischief set,

I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;  
But fly you must: uncurable discomfit  
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.  
Away, for your relief! and we will live  
To see their day and them our fortune give.  
Away, my lord, away!

Exeunt. 90

SCENE III.—Fields near Saint Alban's.

Alarum. Retreat. Flourish; then enter  
YORK, RICHARD, WARWICK, and Sol-  
diers, with drum and colours.

York. Of Salisbury, who can report of  
him,

That winter lion, who in rage forgets  
Aged contusions and all brush of time,  
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,  
Repairs him with occasion? This happy day  
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,  
If Salisbury be lost.

Rich. My noble father,  
Three times to-day I help him to his horse,  
Three times bestrid him; thrice I led him  
off,

Persuaded him from any further act: 10  
But still, where danger was, still there I met  
him;

And like rich hangings in a homely house,  
So was his will in his old feeble body.  
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

*Enter SALISBURY.*

*Sal.* Now, by my sword, well hast thou  
fought to-day;  
By the mass, so did we all. I thank you,  
Richard:

God knows how long it is I have to live;  
And it hath pleas'd him that three times to-  
day

You have defended me from imminent death.  
Well, lords, we have not got that which we  
have: 20

'T is not enough our foes are this time fled,  
Being opposites of such repairing nature.

*York.* I know our safety is to follow  
them;

For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,  
To call a present court of parliament:  
Let us pursue him ere the writs go forth.

What says Lord Warwick? shall we after  
them?

*War.* After them! nay, before them, if we  
can.

Now, by my faith, lords, 't was a glorious  
day: 29

Saint Alban's battle, won by famous York,  
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.

Sound drums and trumpets! and to London  
all:

And more such days as these to us befall!  
*Exeunt.*

# THE THIRD PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.  
EDWARD, *Prince of Wales, his Son.*  
LEWIS THE ELEVENTH, *King of France.*  
DUKE OF SOMERSET,  
DUKE OF EXETER,  
EARL OF OXFORD,  
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND,  
EARL OF WESTMORELAND,  
LORD CLIFFORD,  
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of York.*  
EDWARD, *Earl of March, afterwards King Edward the Fourth.*  
EDMUND, *Earl of Rutland,*  
GEORGE, *afterwards Duke of Clarence,*  
RICHARD, *afterwards Duke of Gloucester,*  
DUKE OF NORFOLK,  
MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE,  
EARL OF WARWICK,  
EARL OF PEMBROKE,  
LORD HASTINGS,  
LORD STAFFORD,

*on King  
Henry's  
side.*

*his Sons.*

*of the Duke  
of York's  
party.*

SIR JOHN MORTIMER, } *Uncles to the*  
SIR HUGH MORTIMER, } *Duke of York.*  
HENRY, *Earl of Richmond, a Youth.*  
LORD RIVERS, *Brother to Lady Grey.*  
SIR WILLIAM STANLEY.  
SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY.  
SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.  
Tutor to Rutland.  
Mayor of York.  
Lieutenant of the Tower.  
A Nobleman.  
Two Keepers.  
A Huntsman.  
A Son that has killed his Father.  
A Father that has killed his Son.  
QUEEN MARGARET.  
LADY GREY, *afterwards Queen to Edward the Fourth.*  
BONA, *Sister to the French Queen.*

*Soldiers, and other Attendants on King Henry and King Edward, Messengers, Watchmen, etc.*

SCENE.—During part of the Third Act, in France; during the rest of the Play, in England.

### ACT I

SCENE I.—London. The Parliament House.

*Drums. Some Soldiers of YORK's party break in. Then enter the Duke of YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Others, with white roses in their hats.*

*War.* I wonder how the king escap'd our hands.

*York.* While we pursu'd the horsemen of the north,

He slyly stole away and left his men:  
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,  
Whose war-like ears could never brook retreat,

Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himself,  
Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford, all abreast,  
Charg'd our main battle's front, and breaking in

Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

*Edw.* Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham,

Is either slain or wounded dangerously;  
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow:  
That this is true, father, behold his blood.  
*Showing his bloody sword.*

*Mont.* To YORK, showing his. And, brother, here 's the Earl of Wiltshire's blood,

Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.  
*Rich.* Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.

*Throwing down the Duke of SOMERSET's head.*

*York.* Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons.

But is your grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?

*Norf.* Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!

*Rich.* Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head.

*War.* And so do I. Victorious Prince of York,

Before I see thee seated in that throne  
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,  
I vow by heaven these eyes shall never close.  
This is the palace of the fearful king,  
And this the regal seat: possess it, York;  
For this is thine and not King Henry's heirs'.

*York.* Assist me then, sweet Warwick,  
and I will;

For hither we have been in by force.

*Norfolk.* We'll all assist you; he that flies  
shall die. 30

*York.* Thanks, gentle Norfolk. Stay by  
me, my lords;

And, soldiers, stay and lodge by me this  
night.

*War.* And when the king comes, offer  
him no violence,

Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce.

*The Soldiers retire.*  
*York.* The queen this day here holds her  
parliament,

But little thinks we shall be of her council:  
By words or blows here let us win our right.

*Rich.* Arm'd as we are, let's stay within  
this house.

*War.* The bloody parliament shall this be  
call'd, 33

Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be king,  
And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cow-  
ardice

Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

*York.* Then leave me not, my lords; be  
resolute;

I mean to take possession of my right.

*War.* Neither the king, nor he that loves  
him best,

The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,  
Dares stir a wing if Warwick shake his bells.

I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares.  
Resolve thee, Richard: claim the English  
crown.

*WARWICK leads YORK to the throne,  
who seats himself.*

*Flourish. Enter King HENRY, CLIFFORD,  
NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND,  
EXETER, and Others, with red roses in  
their hats.*

*K. Hen.* My lords, look where the sturdy  
rebel sits, 50

Even in the chair of state! belike he means,  
Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false  
peer,

To aspire unto the crown and reign as king.  
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father.

And thine, Lord Clifford; and you both have  
vow'd revenge

On him, his sons, his favourites, and his  
friends.

*North.* If I be not, heavens be reveng'd  
on me!

*Cliff.* The hope thereof makes Clifford  
mourn in steel.

*West.* What! shall we suffer this? let's  
pluck him down:

My heart for anger burns; I cannot brook  
it. 60

*K. Hen.* Be patient, gentle Earl of West-  
moreland.

*Cliff.* Patience is for poltroons, such as he:  
He durst not sit there had your father liv'd.  
My gracious lord, here in the parliament  
Let us assail the family of York.

*North.* Well hast thou spoken, cousin: be  
it so.

*K. Hen.* Ah! know you not the city fa-  
vours them,

And they have troops of soldiers at their  
beck?

*Exe.* But when the duke is slain they'll  
quickly fly.

*K. Hen.* Far be the thought of this from  
Henry's heart, 70

To make a shambles of the parliament-  
house!

Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,  
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.

*They advance to the DUKE.*  
Thou factious Duke of York, descend my  
throne,

And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;  
I am thy sovereign.

*York.* I am thine.

*Exe.* For shame! come down; he made  
thee Duke of York.

*York.* 'T was my inheritance, as the earl-  
dom was.

*Exe.* Thy father was a traitor to the crown.  
War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the  
crown

In following this usurping Henry. 81

*Cliff.* Whom should he follow but his nat-  
ural king?

*War.* True, Clifford; and that's Richard,  
Duke of York.

*K. Hen.* And shall I stand, and thou sit  
in my throne?

*York.* It must and shall be so: content  
thyself.

*War.* Be Duke of Lancaster; let him be  
king.

*West.* He is both king and Duke of Lan-  
caster;

And that the Lord of Westmoreland shall  
maintain.

*War.* And Warwick shall disprove it.  
You forget

That we are those which chas'd you from the  
field. 90

And slew your fathers, and with colours  
spread

March'd through the city to the palace gates.  
*North.* Yes, Warwick, I remember it to  
my grief;

And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall  
rue it.

*West.* Plantagenet, of thee and these thy  
sons,

Thy kinsmen and thy friends, I'll have more  
lives

Than drops of blood were in my father's  
veins.

*Cliff.* Urge it no more; lest that instead  
of words

I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger  
As shall revenge his death before I stir. 100

*War.* Poor Clifford! how I scorn his  
worthless threats.

York. Will you we show our title to the crown?  
 If not, our sword shall plead it in the field.  
*K. Hen.* What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?  
 Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York;  
 Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March.  
 I am the son of Henry the Fifth,  
 Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,  
 And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.  
*War.* Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.  
*K. Hen.* The lord protector lost it, and not I:  
 When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.  
*Rich.* You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you lose.  
 Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.  
*Edw.* Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.  
*Mont. To YORK.* Good brother, as thou lov'st and honour'st arms,  
 Let's fight it out and not stand cavilling thus.  
*Rich.* Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.  
*York.* Sons, peace!  
*K. Hen.* Peace thou! and give King Henry leave to speak.  
*War.* Plantagenet shall speak first: hear him, lords;  
 And be you silent and attentive too,  
 For he that interrupts him shall not live.  
*K. Hen.* Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,  
 Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?  
 No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;  
 Ay, and their colours, often borne in France,  
 And now in England to our heart's great sorrow,  
 Shall be my winding-sheet. Why faint you, lords?  
 My title's good, and better far than his.  
*War.* Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.  
*K. Hen.* Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.  
*York.* 'T was by rebellion against his king.  
*K. Hen. Aside.* I know not what to say: my title's weak.  
 Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?  
*York.* What then?  
*K. Hen.* An if he may, then am I lawful king;  
 For Richard, in the view of many lords,  
 Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth,  
 Whose heir my father was, and I am his.  
*York.* He rose against him, being his sovereign,  
 And made him to resign his crown perforce.  
*War.* Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,  
 Think you 't were prejudicial to his crown?  
*Exe.* No; for he could not so resign his crown.

But that the next heir should succeed and reign.  
*K. Hen.* Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?  
*Exe.* His is the right, and therefore pardon me.  
*York.* Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?  
*Exe.* My conscience tells me he is lawful king.  
*K. Hen.* All will revolt from me, and turn to him.  
*North.* Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,  
 Think not that Henry shall be so depos'd.  
*War.* Depos'd he shall be in despite of all.  
*North.* Thou art deceiv'd: 't is not thy southern power,  
 Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,  
 Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,  
 Can set the duke up in despite of me.  
*Clif.* King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,  
 Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence: 160  
 May that ground gape and swallow me alive,  
 Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!  
*K. Hen.* O Clifford! how thy words revive my heart.  
*York.* Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown.  
 What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?  
*War.* Do right unto this princely Duke of York,  
 Or I will fill the house with armed men,  
 And o'er the chair of state, where now he sits,  
 Write up his title with usurping blood.  
*He stamps with his foot, and the Soldiers show themselves.*  
*K. Hen.* My Lord of Warwick, hear me but one word: 170  
 Let me for this my life-time reign as king.  
*York.* Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs,  
 And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.  
*K. Hen.* I am content: Richard Plantagenet,  
 Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.  
*Clif.* What wrong is this unto the prince your son!  
*War.* What good is this to England and himself!  
*West.* Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!  
*Clif.* How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us!  
*West.* I cannot stay to hear these articles.  
*North.* Nor I.  
*Clif.* Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.  
*West.* Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,  
 In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

*North.* Be thou a prey unto the house of York,  
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!  
*Clif.* In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome,

Or live in peace abandon'd and despis'd!  
*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND, CLIFFORD,  
and WESTMORELAND.

*War.* Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.

*Exe.* They seek revenge and therefore will not yield. 180

*K. Hen.* Ah! Exeter.

*War.* Why should you sigh, my lord?

*K. Hen.* Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but my son,

Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.

But be it as it may; I here entail

The crown to thee and to thine heirs for ever;

Conditionally, that here thou take an oath

To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,

To honour me as thy king and sovereign;

And neither by treason nor hostility

To seek to put me down and reign thyself. 200

*York.* This oath I willingly take and will perform. *Coming from the throne.*

*War.* Long live King Henry! Plantagenet, embrace him.

*K. Hen.* And long live thou and these thy forward sons!

*York.* Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.

*Exe.* Accurs'd be he that seeks to make them foes!

*Sennet. The Lords come forward.*

*York.* Farewell, my gracious lord: I'll to my castle.

*War.* And I'll keep London with my soldiers.

*Norf.* And I to Norfolk with my followers.

*Mont.* And I unto the sea from whence I came.

*Exeunt* YORK and his Sons, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, Soldiers, and Attendants.

*K. Hen.* And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court. 210

*Enter* Queen MARGARET and the Prince of WALES.

*Exe.* Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger:

I'll steal away.

*K. Hen.* Exeter, so will I.

*Q. Mar.* Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.

*K. Hen.* Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

*Q. Mar.* Who can be patient in such extremes?

Ah! wretched man; would I had died a maid, And never seen thee, never borne thee son, Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father.

Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus? Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I, 220 Or felt that pain which I did for him once, Or nourish'd him as I did with my blood,

Thou would'st have left thy dearest heart-blood there,

Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir,

And disinherited thine only son.

*Prince.* Father, you cannot disinherit me. If you be king, why should not I succeed?

*K. Hen.* Pardon me, Margaret; pardon me, sweet son:

The Earl of Warwick and the duke enforc'd me.

*Q. Mar.* Enforc'd thee! art thou king, and wilt be forc'd?

I shame to hear thee speak. Ah! timorous wretch;

Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;

And given unto the house of York such head As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.

To entail him and his heirs unto the crown, What is it but to make thy sepulchre,

And creep into it far before thy time? Warwick is chancellor and the lord of Calais;

Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas;

The duke is made protector of the realm; 240 And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds The trembling lamb environed with wolves.

Had I been there, which am a silly woman, The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes

Before I would have granted to that act; But thou preferrest thy life before thine honour:

And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,

Until that act of parliament be repeal'd Whereby my son is disinherited. 250

The northern lords that have forsworn thy colours

Will follow mine, if once they see them spread;

And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace,

And utter ruin of the house of York. Thus do I leave thee. Come, son, let's away;

Our army is ready; come, we'll after them.

*K. Hen.* Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

*Q. Mar.* Thou hast spoke too much already: get thee gone.

*K. Hen.* Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

*Q. Mar.* Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies. 260

*Prince.* When I return with victory from the field

I'll see your grace: till then I'll follow her.

*Q. Mar.* Come, son, away; we may not linger thus.

*Exeunt* Queen MARGARET and the Prince of WALES.

*K. Hen.* Poor queen! how love to me and to her son

Hath made her break out into terms of rage. Reveng'd may she be on that hateful duke,

Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire, Will cost my crown, and like an empty eagle

Tire on the flesh of me and of my son!

The loss of those three lords torments my heart: 270  
 I'll write unto them and entreat them fair.  
 Come, cousin; you shall be the messenger.  
*Exe.* And I, I hope, shall reconcile them  
 all. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in Sandal Castle, near Wakefield.*

*Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and MONTAGUE.*  
*Rich.* Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.  
*Edw.* No, I can better play the orator.  
*Mont.* But I have reasons strong and forcible.

*Enter YORK.*

*York.* Why, how now, sons and brother! at a strife?

What is your quarrel? how began it first?

*Edw.* No quarrel, but a slight contention.

*York.* About what?

*Rich.* About that which concerns your grace and us;

The crown of England, father, which is yours.

*York.* Mine, boy? not till King Henry be dead. 10

*Rich.* Your right depends not on his life or death.

*Edw.* Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:

By taking the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,

It will outrun you, father, in the end.

*York.* I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

*Edw.* But for a kingdom any oath may be broken:

I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

*Rich.* No; God forbid your grace should be forsworn.

*York.* I shall be, if I claim by open war.

*Rich.* I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak. 20

*York.* Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.

*Rich.* An oath is of no moment, being not took

Before a true and lawful magistrate  
 That hath authority over him that swears:  
 Henry had none, but did usurp the place;  
 Then seeing 't was he that made you to de-  
 pose,

Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.  
 Therefore, to arms! And, father, do but think

How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,  
 Within whose circuit is Elysium. 30  
 And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.  
 Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest  
 Until the white rose that I wear be dyed  
 Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's  
 heart.

*York.* Richard, enough: I will be king,  
 or die.

Brother, thou shalt to London presently,  
 And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.

Thou, Richard, shalt to the Duke of Norfolk,  
 And tell him privily of our intent.  
 You, Edward, shall unto my Lord Cobham,  
 With whom the Kentishmen will willingly  
 rise: 41

In them I trust; for they are soldiers,  
 Witty, courtiers, liberal, full of spirit.  
 While you are thus employ'd, what resteth  
 more,

But that I seek occasion how to rise,  
 And yet the king not privy to my drift.  
 Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

*Enter a Messenger.*

But, stay: what news? why com'st thou in  
 such post?

*Mess.* The queen with all the northern  
 earls and lords

Intend here to besiege you in your castle. 50  
 She is hard by with twenty thousand men.  
 And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

*York.* Ay, with my sword. What! think'st  
 thou that we fear them?

Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;  
 My brother Montague shall post to London:  
 Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,  
 Whom we have left protectors of the king,  
 With powerful policy strengthen themselves,  
 And trust not simple Henry nor his oaths.

*Mont.* Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear  
 it not: 60

And thus most humbly I do take my leave.  
*Exit.*

*Enter Sir JOHN and Sir HUGH MORTIMER.*

*York.* Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer,  
 mine uncles,

You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;  
 The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

*Sir John.* She shall not need, we'll meet  
 her in the field.

*York.* What! with five thousand men?  
*Rich.* Ay, with five hundred, father, for a  
 need.

A woman's general; what should we fear?  
*A march afar off.*

*Edw.* I hear their drums: let's set our  
 men in order,

And issue forth and bid them battle straight.  
*York.* Five men to twenty! though the  
 odds be great, 71

I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.  
 Many a battle have I won in France,

Whenas the enemy hath been ten to one:  
 Why should I not now have the like success?

*Alarum. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Field of Battle between Sandal Castle and Wakefield.*

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter RUTLAND and his Tutor.*

*Rut.* Ah! whither shall I fly to scape  
 their hands?

Ah! tutor, look, where bloody Clifford comes.

*Enter CLIFFORD and Soldiers.*

*Clif.* Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves  
 thy life.

As for the brat of this accursed duke,  
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.  
*Tut.* And I, my lord, will bear him company.

*Clif.* Soldiers, away with him!

*Tut.* Ah! Clifford, murder not this innocent child,  
Lest thou be hated both of God and man.

*Exit, forced off by Soldiers.*

*Clif.* How now! is he dead already? or is it fear

That makes him close his eyes? I'll open them.

*Rut.* So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch

That trembles under his devouring paws;  
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,  
And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.  
Ah! gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,  
And not with such a cruel threatening look.

Sweet Clifford! hear me speak before I die:  
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath;  
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

*Clif.* In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's blood

Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.

*Rut.* Then let my father's blood open it again:

He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

*Clif.* Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine

Were not revenge sufficient for me;  
No, if I digg'd up thy forefather's graves,  
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,  
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.

The sight of all the house of York  
Is as a fury to torment my soul;

And till I root out their accursed line,  
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.

Therefore—*Lifting his hand.*

*Rut.* O! let me pray before I take my death.

To thee I pray; sweet Clifford, pity me!

*Clif.* Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

*Rut.* I never did thee harm: why wilt thou slay me?

*Clif.* Thy father hath.

*Rut.* But 't was ere I was born.

Thou hast one son; for his sake pity me, 40  
Lest in revenge thereof, sith God is just,  
He be as miserably slain as I.

Ah! let me live in prison all my days;  
And when I give occasion of offence,

Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

*Clif.* No cause!

Thy father slew my father; therefore, die.

*Stabs him.*

*Rut.* *Di faciant laudis summa sit ista tui!*

*Clif.* Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!

And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade

Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,  
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both.

*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarum. Enter YORK.*

*York.* The army of the queen hath got the field:

My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;  
And all my followers to the eager foe

Turn back and fly, like ships before the wind,

Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves.  
My sons, God knows what hath bechanced them:

But this I know, they have demean'd themselves

Like men born to renown by life or death.  
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,

And thrice cried 'Courage, father! fight it out!'

And full as oft came Edward to my side,  
With purple falchion, painted to the hilt

In blood of those that had encounter'd him:  
And when the hardest warriors did retire,

Richard cried 'Charge! and give no foot of ground!'

And cried 'A crown, or else a glorious tomb!  
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!'

With this, we charg'd again; but, out, alas!  
We bode'd again: as I have seen a swan

With bootless labour swim against the tide, 20  
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

*A short alarum within.*  
Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;

And I am faint and cannot fly their fury;  
And were I strong I would not shun their

fury:  
The sands are number'd that make up my

life;

Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

*Enter Queen MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, the young PRINCE, and Soldiers.*

Come, bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,

I dare your quenchless fury to more rage:  
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

*North.* Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

*Clif.* Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm 30  
With downright payment show'd unto my father.

Now Phaethon hath tumbled from his car,  
And made an evening at the noontide prick.

*York.* My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring forth

A bird that will revenge upon you all;  
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to

heaven,  
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.

Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?

*Clif.* So cowards fight when they can fly no further;

So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;  
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their

lives,  
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

*York.* O Clifford! but bethink thee once again.

And in thy thought o'errun my former time;  
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this  
face,  
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with  
cowardice

Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly  
ere this.

*Clif.* I will not bandy with thee word for  
word,

But buckle with thee blows, twice two for  
one. *Draws.*

*Q. Mar.* Hold, valiant Clifford! for a  
thousand causes

I would prolong awhile the traitor's life.

Wrath makes him deaf: speak thou, North-  
umberland,

*North.* Hold, Clifford! do not honour him  
so much

To prick thy finger, though to wound his  
heart.

What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,  
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,  
When he might spurn him with his foot  
away?

It is war's prize to take all vantages,  
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

*They lay hands on YORK, who struggles.*

*Clif.* Ay, ay: so strives the woodcock with  
the gin.

*North.* So doth the cony struggle in the  
net.

*York.* So triumph thieves upon their con-  
quer'd booty;

So true men yield, with robbers so o'er-  
match'd.

*North.* What would your grace have done  
unto him now?

*Q. Mar.* Brave warriors, Clifford and  
Northumberland,

Come, make him stand upon this molehill  
here,

That raught at mountains with outstretched  
arms,

Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.  
What! was it you that would be England's  
king?

Was 't you that revell'd in our parliament,  
And made a preachment of your high de-  
scend?

Where are your mess of sons to back you  
now?

The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?  
And where 's that valiant crook-back prodigy,  
Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice  
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?

Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rut-  
land?

Look! York: I stain'd this napkin with the  
blood

That valiant Clifford with his rapier's point  
Made issue from the bosom of the boy;

And if thine eyes can water for his death,  
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.

Alas! poor York, but that I hate thee deadly,  
I should lament thy miserable state.

I prithee grieve, to make me merry, York.  
What! hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine  
entrails

That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?

Why art thou patient, man? thou should'st  
be mad;

And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.  
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and  
dance.

Thou would'st be fee'd, I see, to make me  
sport:

York cannot speak unless he wear a crown.  
A crown for York! and, lords, bow low to  
him:

Hold you his hands whilst I do set it on.

*Puts a paper crown on his head.*  
Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!

Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair:  
And this is he was his adopted heir.

But how is it that great Plantagenet  
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn  
oath?

As I bethink me, you should not be king  
Till our King Henry had shook hands with  
death.

And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,  
And rob his temples of the diadem,

Now in his life, against your holy oath?  
O! 't is a fault too, too unpardonable.

Off with the crown; and, with the crown,  
his head;

And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him  
dead.

*Clif.* That is my office, for my father's  
sake.

*Q. Mar.* Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons  
he makes.

*York.* She-wolf of France, but worse than  
wolves of France,

Whose tongue more poisons than the ad-  
der's tooth!

How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex  
To triumph like an Amazonian trull,

Upon their woes whom fortune captivates!  
But that thy face is, vizard-like, unchanging,

Made impudent with use of evil deeds,  
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee  
blush:

To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom  
deriv'd,

Were shame enough to shame thee, wert  
thou not shameless.

Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,  
Of both the Sicils and Jerusalem,

Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.  
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to in-  
sult?

It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud  
queen,

Unless the adage must be verified,  
That beggars mounted run their horse to  
death.

'T is beauty that doth oft make women  
proud;

But, God he knows, thy share thereof is  
small:

'T is virtue that doth make them most ad-  
mir'd;

The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:  
'T is government that makes them seem  
divine;

The want thereof makes thee abomin-  
able.

Thou art as opposite to every good  
As the Antipodes are unto us,  
Or as the south to the septentrion.  
O! tiger's heart wrapp'd in a woman's hide.  
How could'st thou drain the life-blood of  
the child,

To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,  
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face? 140  
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;  
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorse-  
less.

Bidd'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast  
thy wish:

Would'st thou have me weep? why, now thou  
hast thy will.

For raging wind blows up incessant showers,  
And when the rage allays, the rain begins.  
These tears are my sweet Rutland's ob-  
sequies,

And every drop cries vengeance for his  
death,

'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false  
Frenchwoman.

*North.* Beshrew me, but his passions  
move me so 150

That hardly can I check my eyes from  
tears.

*York.* That face of his the hungry cannibals

Would not have touch'd, would not have  
stain'd with blood;

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,  
O! ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania.  
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's  
tears:

This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my  
sweet boy,

And I with tears do wash the blood away.  
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this;

And if thou tell'st the heavy story right, 160  
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;

Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling  
tears,

And say 'Alas! it was a piteous deed.'  
There, take the crown, and with the crown

my curse,  
And in thy need such comfort come to thee

As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!  
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the

world;  
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your

heads!

*North.* Had he been slaughter-man to all  
my kin,

I should not for my life but weep with  
him,

To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul. 171  
*Q. Mar.* What! weeping-ripe, my Lord

Northumberland?  
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,

And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.  
*Clif.* Here's for my oath; here's for my

father's death. *Stabbing him.*

*Q. Mar.* And here's to right our gentle-  
hearted king. *Stabbing him.*

*York.* Open thy gate of mercy, gracious  
God!

My soul flies through these wounds to seek  
out thee. *Dies.*

*Q. Mar.* Off with his head, and set it on  
York gates:

So York may overlook the town of York. 180  
*Flourish. Exeunt.*

## ACT II

SCENE I.—*A Plain near Mortimer's Cross  
in Herefordshire.*

*A March. Enter EDWARD and RICH-  
ARD, with their Power.*

*Edw.* I wonder how our princely father  
scap'd,

Or whether he be scap'd away or no  
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pur-  
suit.

Had he been ta'en we should have heard  
the news;

Had he been slain we should have heard  
the news;

Or had he scap'd, methinks we should have  
heard

The happy tidings of his good escape.  
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

*Rich.* I cannot joy until I be resolv'd  
Where our right valiant father is become. 10

I saw him in the battle range about,  
And watch'd him how he singled Clifford

forth.  
Methought he bore him in the thickest troop

As doth a lion in a herd of neat;  
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs,

Who having pinch'd a few and made them  
cry,

The rest stand all aloof and bark at him.  
So far'd our father with his enemies;

So fled his enemies my war-like father:  
Methinks 't is prize enough to be his son. 20

See how the morning opens her golden gates,  
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun;

How well resembles it the prime of youth,  
Trimmd like a younker prancing to his love.

*Edw.* Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three  
suns?

*Rich.* Three glorious suns, each one a  
perfect sun;

Not separated with the racking clouds,  
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.

See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to  
kiss,

As if they vow'd some league inviolable: 30  
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one

sun.  
In this the heaven figures some event.

*Edw.* 'T is wondrous strange, the like yet  
never heard of.

I think it cites us, brother, to the field,  
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,

Each one already blazing by our meeds,  
Should notwithstanding join our lights to-  
gether,

And over-shine the earth, as this the world.  
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear

Upon my target three fair-shining suns. 40  
*Rich.* Nay, bear three daughters: by

your leave I speak it,  
You love the breeder better than the

male.

*Enter a Messenger.*

But what art thou, whose heavy looks fore-  
tell

Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

*Mess.* Ah! one that was a woeful  
looker-on

Whenas the noble Duke of York was slain,  
Your princely father and my loving lord.

*Edw.* O! speak no more, for I have  
heard too much.

*Rich.* Say how he died, for I will hear it  
all.

*Mess.* Environed he was with many  
foes,

And stood against them, as the hope of Troy  
Against the Greeks that would have enter'd  
Troy.

But Hercules himself must yield to odds;  
And many strokes, though with a little axe,  
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd  
oak.

By many hands your father was subdu'd;  
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm  
Of unrelenting Clifford and the queen,  
Who crown'd the gracious duke in high  
despite;

Laugh'd in his face; and, when with grief  
he wept,

The ruthless queen gave him to dry his  
cheeks

A napkin steeped in the harmless blood  
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford  
slain:

And after many scorns, many foul taunts,  
They took his head, and on the gates of  
York

They set the same; and there it doth  
remain,

The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

*Edw.* Sweet Duke of York! our prop to  
lean upon,

Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no  
stay.

O Clifford! boisterous Clifford! thou hast  
slain

The flower of Europe for his chivalry;  
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,  
For hand to hand he would have vanquish'd  
thee.

Now my soul's palace is become a prison:  
Ah! would she break from hence, that  
this my body

Might in the ground be closed up in rest,  
For never henceforth shall I joy again,  
Never, O! never, shall I see more joy.

*Rich.* I cannot weep, for all my body's  
moisture

Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burn-  
ing heart:

Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great  
burden;

For self-same wind that I should speak  
withal

Is kindling coals that fire all my breast,  
And burn me up with flames that tears  
would quench.

To weep is to make less the depth of grief:  
Tears then for babes; blows and revenge  
for me!

Richard, I bear thy name; I'll venge thy  
death,

Or die renowned by attempting it.

*Edw.* His name that valiant duke hath  
left with thee;

His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

*Rich.* Nay, if thou be that princely  
eagle's bird,

Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:  
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom  
say;

Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

*March.* Enter WARWICK and MON-  
TAGUE, with their Army.

*War.* How now, fair lords! What fare?  
what news abroad?

*Rich.* Great Lord of Warwick, if we  
should recount

Our baleful news, and at each word's  
deliverance

Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,  
The words would add more anguish than  
the wounds.

O valiant lord! the Duke of York is slain.

*Edw.* O Warwick! Warwick! that Plan-  
tagenet

Which held thee dearly as his soul's  
redemption,

Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.

*War.* Ten days ago I drown'd these news  
in tears,

And now, to add more measure to your  
woes,

I come to tell you things sith then befallen.  
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,

Where your brave father breath'd his  
latest gasp,

Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,  
Were brought me of your loss and his  
depart.

I, then in London, keeper of the king,  
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of  
friends,

And very well appointed, as I thought,  
March'd toward Saint Alban's to intercept  
the queen.

Bearing the king in my behalf along;  
For by my scouts I was advertised

That she was coming with a full intent  
To dash our late decree in parliament,

Touching King Henry's oath and your  
succession.

Short tale to make, we at Saint Alban's met,  
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely  
fought:

But whether 't was the coldness of the king,  
Who look'd full gently on his war-like queen,  
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated  
spleen;

Or whether 't was report of her success;  
Or more than common fear of Clifford's  
rigour,

Who thunders to his captives blood and  
death,

I cannot judge: but, to conclude with  
truth,

Their weapons like to lightning came and  
went:

Our soldiers, like the night-owl's lazy flight,  
Or like an idle thresher with a flail,  
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.

I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,  
With promise of high pay and great rewards;  
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,  
And we in them no hope to win the day;  
So that we fled: the king unto the queen;  
Lord George your brother, Norfolk and myself,

In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;

For in the marches here we heard you were,

Making another head to fight again.

*Edw.* Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?

And when came George from Burgundy to England?

*War.* Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers;

And for your brother, he was lately sent  
From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,  
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

*Rich.* 'T was odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled:

Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,  
But ne'er till now his scandal of retire.

*War.* Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear;

For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine

Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,

And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,  
Were he as famous and as bold in war

As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.

*Rich.* I know it well, Lord Warwick; blame me not:

'T is love I bear thy glories makes me speak.  
But in this troublous time what's to be done?

Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,  
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,

Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads?

Or shall we on the helmets of our foes  
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?

If for the last, say 'Ay,' and to it, lords.

*War.* Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out,

And therefore comes my brother Montague.  
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,

With Clifford and the haught Northumberland,

And of their feather many more proud birds,  
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.

He swore consent to your succession,  
His oath enrolled in the parliament;

And now to London all the crew are gone,  
To frustrate both his oath and what beside

May make against the house of Lancaster.  
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:

Now, if the help of Norfolk and myself,  
With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of March,

Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,

Will but amount to five-and-twenty thousand,

Why, *Via!* to London will we march amain,  
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,

And once again cry 'Charge upon our foes!'  
But never once again turn back and fly.

*Rich.* Ay, now methinks I hear great Warwick speak.

Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,  
That cries 'Retire,' if Warwick bid him stay.

*Edw.* Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;

And when thou fail'st,—as God forbid the hour!

Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forbids!

*War.* No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York:

The next degree is England's royal throne;  
For King of England shalt thou be proclaimed

In every borough as we pass along;  
And he that throws not up his cap for joy

Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.  
King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,

Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,  
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

*Rich.* Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,

As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,  
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

*Edw.* Then strike up, drums! God and Saint George for us!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*War.* How now! what news?

*Mess.* The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,

The queen is coming with a puissant host;  
And craves your company for speedy council.

*War.* Why then it sorts; brave warriors, let's away.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before York.*

*Flourish.* *Enter* King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, the Prince of WALES, CLIFFORD, and NORTHUMBERLAND, with drums and trumpets.

*Q. Mar.* Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.

Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy  
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:

Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

*K. Hen.* Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck:

To see this sight, it irks my very soul.  
Withhold revenge, dear God! 't is not my fault,

Nor wittingly have I infrin'd my vow.

*Clif.* My gracious liege, this too much lenity  
 And harmful pity must be laid aside. 10  
 To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?  
 Not to the beast that would usurp their den.  
 Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?  
 Not his that spoils her young before her face.  
 Who scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?  
 Not he that sets his foot upon her back.  
 The smallest worm will turn being trodden on,  
 And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.  
 Ambitious York did level at thy crown; 19  
 Thou smiling while he knit his angry brows:  
 He, but a duke, would have his son a king,  
 And raise his issue like a loving sire;  
 Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,  
 Didst yield consent to disinherit him,  
 Which argu'd thee a most unloving father.  
 Unreasonable creatures feed their young;  
 And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,  
 Yet, in protection of their tender ones,  
 Who hath not seen them, even with those wings  
 Which sometime they have us'd with fearful flight, 30  
 Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,  
 Offering their own lives in their young's defence?  
 For shame, my liege! make them your precedent.  
 Were it not pity that this goodly boy  
 Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,  
 And long hereafter say unto his child,  
 'What my great-grandfather and grandsire got  
 My careless father fondly gave away?'  
 Ah! what a shame were this. Look on the boy;  
 And let his manly face, which promiseth 40  
 Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart  
 To hold thine own and leave thine own with him.  
*K. Hen.* Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator.  
 Inferring arguments of mighty force.  
 But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear  
 That things ill got had ever bad success?  
 And happy always was it for that son  
 Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?  
 I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;  
 And would my father had left me no more!  
 For all the rest is held at such a rate 51  
 As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep  
 Than in possession any jot of pleasure.  
 Ah! cousin York, would thy best friends did know  
 How it doth grieve me that thy head is here.  
*Q. Mar.* My lord, cheer up your spirits:  
 our foes are nigh.  
 And this soft courage makes your followers faint.

You promis'd knighthood to our forward son:  
 Unsheathe your sword, and dub him presently.  
*Edward,* kneel down. 60  
*K. Hen.* Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;  
 And learn this lesson: draw thy sword in right.  
*Prince.* My gracious father, by your kingly leave,  
 I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,  
 And in that quarrel use it to the death.  
*Clif.* Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.  
  
*Enter a Messenger.*  
*Mess.* Royal commanders, be in readiness:  
 For with a band of thirty thousand men  
 Comes Warwick, backing of the Duke of York;  
 And in the towns, as they do march along, 70  
 Proclaims him king, and many fly to him.  
 Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.  
*Clif.* I would your highness would depart the field:  
 The queen hath best success when you are absent.  
*Q. Mar.* Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.  
*K. Hen.* Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll stay.  
*North.* Be it with resolution then to fight.  
*Prince.* My royal father, cheer these noble lords,  
 And hearten those that fight in your defence.  
 Unsheathe your sword, good father: cry, 'Saint George!' 80  
  
*March. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, and Soldiers.*  
*Edw.* Now, perjur'd Henry, wilt thou kneel for grace,  
 And set thy diadem upon my head:  
 Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?  
*Q. Mar.* Go rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!  
 Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms  
 Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king?  
*Edw.* I am his king, and he should bow his knee;  
 I was adopted heir by his consent:  
 Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,  
 You, that are king, though he do wear the crown, 90  
 Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,  
 To blot out me, and put his own son in.  
*Clif.* And reason too:  
 Who should succeed the father but the son?  
*Rich.* Are you there, butcher? O! I cannot speak.  
*Clif.* Ay, crook-back; here I stand to answer thee,  
 Or any he the proudest of thy sort.  
*Rich.* 'T was you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?

*Clif.* Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.

*Rich.* For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight. 100

*War.* What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?

*Q. Mar.* Why, how now, long-tongu'd Warwick! dare you speak?

When you and I met at Saint Alban's last, Your legs did better service than your hands.

*War.* Then 't was my turn to fly, and now 't is thine.

*Clif.* You said so much before, and yet you fled.

*War.* 'T was not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.

*North.* No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.

*Rich.* Northumberland, I hold thee reverently.

Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain The execution of my big-swoln heart 111 Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

*Clif.* I slew thy father: call'st thou him a child?

*Rich.* Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous coward,

As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;

But ere sunset I'll make thee curse the deed.

*K. Hen.* Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.

*Q. Mar.* Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.

*K. Hen.* I prithee, give no limits to my tongue:

I am a king, and privileg'd to speak. 120

*Clif.* My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here

Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.

*Rich.* Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword.

By him that made us all, I am resolv'd That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

*Edw.* Say, Henry, shall I have my right or no?

A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,

That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.

*War.* If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;

For York in justice puts his armour on. 130

*Prince.* If that be right which Warwick says is right,

There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

*Rich.* Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;

For well I wot thou hast thy mother's tongue.

*Q. Mar.* But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam,

But like a foul misshapen stigmatic, Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,

As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

*Rich.* Iron of Naples hid with English gilt, Whose father bears the title of a king, 140

As if a channel should be call'd the sea, Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art

extraught,

To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?

*Edw.* A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns.

To make this shameless callat know herself. Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,

Although thy husband may be Menelaus; And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother

wrong'd

By that false woman as this king by thee. His father revell'd in the heart of France, 150

And tam'd the king, and made the dauphin stoop;

And had he match'd according to his state, He might have kept that glory to this day;

But when he took a beggar to his bed, And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal day,

Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,

That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,

And heap'd sedition on his crown at home. For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy

pride? Hadst thou been meek our title still had

slept, 160

And we, in pity of the gentle king, Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

*Geo.* But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,

And that thy summer bred us no increase, We set the axe to thy usurping root;

And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,

Yet know thou, since we have begun to strike,

We'll never leave till we have hewn thee down,

Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

*Edw.* And in this resolution I defy thee; 170

Not willing any longer conference, Since thou deniest the gentle king to speak.

Sound trumpets! let our bloody colours wave!

And either victory, or else a grave.

*Q. Mar.* Stay, Edward.

*Edw.* No, wrangling woman, we'll no longer stay:

These words will cost ten thousand lives this day. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—A Field of Battle near Towton.

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter WARWICK.*

*War.* Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,

I lay me down a little while to breathe;

For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid, Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their

strength, And spite of spite needs must I rest awhile.

*Enter EDWARD, running.*

*Edw.* Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, ungentle death!  
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

*War.* How now, my lord! what hap! what hope of good?

*Enter GEORGE*

*Geo.* Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair,  
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us. 10  
What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?

*Edw.* Bootless is flight, they follow us with wings;  
And weak we are and cannot shun pursuit.

*Enter RICHARD*

*Rich.* Ah! Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?  
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,  
Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance.

And in the very pangs of death he cried,  
Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,  
'Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!'

So, underneath the belly of their steeds, 20  
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,  
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

*War.* Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:  
I'll kill my horse because I will not fly.

Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,  
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;

And look upon, as if the tragedy  
Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?

Here on my knee I vow to God above,  
I'll never pause again, never stand still, 30  
Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,

Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

*Edw.* O Warwick! I do bend my knee with thine;

And in this vow do chain my soul to thine.

And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,

I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,

Thou setter up and plucker down of kings,  
Beseeching thee, if with thy will it stands  
That to my foes this body must be prey,

Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,  
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul! 41  
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,  
Where'er it be, in heaven or in earth.

*Rich.* Brother, give me thy hand; and, gentle Warwick,

Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:  
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe  
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

*War.* Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

*Geo.* Yet let us all together to our troops,  
And give them leave to fly that will not stay,

And call them pillars that will stand to us; 51  
And if we thrive promise them such rewards  
As victors wear at the Olympian games.  
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;

For yet is hope of life and victory.  
Forslow no longer; make we hence amain.  
*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Excursions. Enter RICHARD and CLIFFORD.*

*Rich.* Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone.

Suppose this arm is for the Duke of York,  
And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,

Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

*Clif.* Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone.

This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York,

And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;

And here 's the heart that triumphs in their death

And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother,

To execute the like upon thyself; 10  
And so, have at thee!

*They fight. WARWICK comes; CLIFFORD flies.*

*Rich.* Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase;

For I myself will hunt this wolf to death.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarm. Enter King HENRY.*

*K. Hen.* This battle fares like to the morning's war,

When dying clouds contend with growing light,

What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,

Can neither call it perfect day nor night.

Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea  
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;

Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea

Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind:

Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind;

Now one the better, then another best; 10  
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,  
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered:

So is the equal poise of this fell war.

Here on this molehill will I sit me down.

To whom God will, there be the victory!  
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,

Have chid me from the battle; swearing both

They prosper best of all when I am thence.  
Would I were dead! if God's good will were so;

For what is in this world but grief and woe? 21  
O God! methinks it were a happy life,  
To be no better than a homely swain;

To sit upon a hill, as I do now,

To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,  
 Thereby to see the minutes how they run,  
 How many make the hour full complete;  
 How many hours bring about the day;  
 How many days will finish up the year;  
 How many years a mortal man may live.  
 When this is known, then to divide the  
 times: 30

So many hours must I tend my flock;  
 So many hours must I take my rest;  
 So many hours must I contemplate;  
 So many hours must I sport myself;  
 So many days my ewes have been with  
 young;

So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean;  
 So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:  
 So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,  
 Pass'd over to the end they were created,  
 Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.  
 Ah! what a life were this; how sweet!  
 how lovely! 41

Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter  
 shade

To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,  
 Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy  
 To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?  
 O yes! it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.  
 And to conclude, the shepherd's homely  
 curds,

His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,  
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,  
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys, 50  
 Is far beyond a prince's delicates,  
 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,  
 His body couched in a curious bed,  
 When care, mistrust, and treason waits on  
 him.

*Alarum. Enter a Son that has killed his  
 Father, with the dead body.*

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits no-  
 body.

This man, whom hand to hand I slew in  
 fight,

May be possessed with some store of  
 crowns;

And I, that haply take them from him now,  
 May yet ere night yield both my life and  
 them

To some man else, as this dead man doth  
 me. 51

Who's this? O God! it is my father's face,  
 Whom in this conflict I unawares have kill'd.  
 O heavy times! begetting such events.  
 From London by the king was I press'd  
 forth;

My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,  
 Came on the part of York, press'd by his  
 master:

And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,  
 Have by my hands of life bereaved him.  
 Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!  
 And pardon, father, for I knew not thee! 70  
 My tears shall wipe away these bloody  
 marks;

And no more words till they have flow'd  
 their fill.

*K. Hen.* O piteous spectacle! O bloody  
 times!

Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,  
 Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.  
 Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for  
 tear;

And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,  
 Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd  
 with grief.

*Enter a Father who has killed his Son, with  
 the body in his arms.*

*Fath.* Thou that so stoutly hast resisted  
 me,

Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold, 80  
 For I have bought it with an hundred blows.  
 But let me see: is this our foeman's face?  
 Ah! no, no, no; it is mine only son.

Ah! boy, if any life be left in thee,  
 Throw up thine eye: see, see! what  
 showers arise,

Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,  
 Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and  
 heart.

O! pity, God, this miserable age.  
 What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,  
 Erroneous, mutinous and unnatural, 90

This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!  
 O boy! thy father gave thee life too soon,  
 And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

*K. Hen.* Woe above woe! grief more  
 than common grief!

O! that my death would stay these ruthless  
 deeds.

O! pity, pity; gentle heaven, pity.  
 The red rose and the white are on his face,  
 The fatal colours of our striving houses:  
 The one his purple blood right well resem-  
 bles;

The other his pale cheeks, methinks, pre-  
 senteth; 100

Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!  
 If you contend, a thousand lives must  
 wither.

Son. How will my mother for a father's  
 death

Take on with me and ne'er be satisfied!  
*Fath.* How will my wife for slaughter of  
 my son

Shed seas of tears and ne'er be satisfied!  
*K. Hen.* How will the country for these  
 woeful chances

Misthink the king and not be satisfied!  
*Son.* Was ever son so rued a father's  
 death?

*Fath.* Was ever father so bemoan'd his  
 son? 111

*K. Hen.* Was ever king so griev'd for  
 subjects' woe?

Much is your sorrow; mine ten times so  
 much.

*Son.* I'll bear thee hence, where I may  
 weep my fill. *Exit with the body.*

*Fath.* These arms of mine shall be thy  
 winding-sheet;

My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,  
 For from my heart thine image ne'er shall  
 go:

My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;  
 And so obsequious will thy father be,

Son, for the loss of thee, having no more,

As Priam was for all his valiant sons. 120  
I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that  
will,

For I have murder'd where I should not kill.

*Exit with the body.*

*K. Hen.* Sad-hearted men, much over-  
gone with care,  
Here sits a king more woeful than you are.

*Alarm. Excursions. Enter Queen MAR-  
GARET, the Prince of WALES, and  
EXETER.*

*Prince.* Fly, father, fly! for all your  
friends are fled,  
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull.  
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

*Q. Mar.* Mount you, my lord; towards  
Berwick post amain.  
Edward and Richard, like a brace of grey-  
hounds

Having the fearful flying hare in sight, 130  
With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath,  
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful  
hands,

Are at our backs; and therefore hence  
amain!

*Exe.* Away! for vengeance comes along  
with them.

Nay, stay not to expostulate; make speed,  
Or else come after: I'll away before.

*K. Hen.* Nay, take me with thee, good  
sweet Exeter:

Not that I fear to stay, but love to go  
Whither the queen intends. Forward!  
away! *Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*A loud alarm. Enter CLIFFORD,  
wounded.*

*Clif.* Here burns my candle out; ay, here  
it dies,

Which, whilst it lasted, gave King Henry  
light.

O Lancaster! I fear thy overthrow  
More than my body's parting with my soul.  
My love and fear glued many friends to  
thee;

And, now I fall, thy tough commixture melts,  
Impairing Henry, strengthening misproud  
York:

The common people swarm like summer  
flies;

And whither fly the gnats but to the sun?  
And who shines now but Henry's ene-  
mies? 10

O Phœbus! hadst thou never given consent  
That Phaethon should check thy fiery  
steeds,

Thy burning car never had scorch'd the  
earth;

And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings  
should do,

Or as thy father and his father did,  
Giving no ground unto the house of York,  
They never then had sprung like summer  
flies;

I and ten thousand in this luckless realm  
Had left no mourning widows for our death,

And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in  
peace. 20

For what doth cherish weeds but gentle  
air?

And what makes robbers bold but too much  
lenity?

Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my  
wounds;

No way to fly, nor strength to hold out  
flight:

The foe is merciless, and will not pity;  
For at their hands I have deserv'd no  
pity.

The air hath got into my deadly wounds,  
And much effuse of blood doth make me  
faint.

Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the  
rest;

I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my  
breast. *He faints.*

*Alarm and retreat. Enter EDWARD,  
GEORGE, RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WAR-  
WICK, and Soldiers.*

*Edw.* Now breathe we, lords: good for-  
tune bids us pause, 31

And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful  
looks.

Some troops pursue the bloody-minded  
queen,

That led calm Henry, though he were a  
king,

As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,  
Command an argosy to stem the waves.

But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with  
them?

*War.* No, 't is impossible he should  
escape;

For, though before his face I speak the  
words,

Your brother Richard mark'd him for the  
grave; 40

And wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.  
*CLIFFORD groans and dies.*

*Edw.* Whose soul is that which takes her  
heavy leave?

*Rich.* A deadly groan, like life and  
death's departing.

*Edw.* See who it is: and, now the battle  
's ended,

If friend or foe let him be gently us'd.  
*Rich.* Revoke that doom of mercy, for  
't is Clifford;

Who not contented that he lopp'd the  
branch

In hewing Rutland when his leaves put  
forth,

But set his murdering knife unto the root  
From whence that tender spray did sweetly  
spring, 50

I mean our princely father, Duke of York.

*War.* From off the gates of York fetch  
down the head,

Your father's head, which Clifford placed  
there;

Instead whereof let this supply the room:  
Measure for measure must be answered.

*Edw.* Bring forth that fatal screech-owl  
to our house,

That nothing sung but death to us and ours:  
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening  
sound,  
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall  
speak.

*Attendants bring the body forward.*

*War.* I think his understanding is bereft.  
Speak, Clifford; dost thou know who  
speaks to thee? 61

Dark cloudy death o'er shades his beams of  
life.

And he nor sees nor hears us what we say.

*Rich.* O! would he did; and so perhaps  
he doth:

'T is but his policy to counterfeit,  
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts  
Which in the time of death he gave our  
father.

*Geo.* If so thou think'st, vex him with  
eager words.

*Rich.* Clifford! ask mercy and obtain no  
grace.

*Edw.* Clifford! repent in bootless peni-  
tence. 71

*War.* Clifford! devise excuses for thy  
faults.

*Geo.* While we devise fell tortures for  
thy faults.

*Rich.* Thou didst love York, and I am son  
to York.

*Edw.* Thou pitied'st Rutland; I will pity  
thee.

*Geo.* Where's Captain Margaret, to fence  
you now?

*War.* They mock thee, Clifford: swear  
as thou wast wont.

*Rich.* What! not an oath? nay, then the  
world goes hard

When Clifford cannot spare his friends an  
oath.

I know by that he's dead; and, by my soul,  
If this right hand would buy two hours'  
life, 80

That I in all despite might rail at him,  
This hand should chop it off, and with the  
issuing blood

Stifle the villain whose unstanched thirst  
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

*War.* Ay, but he's dead: off with the  
traitor's head.

And rear it in the place your father's stands.

And now to London with triumphant march,  
There to be crowned England's royal king.

From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to  
France.

And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen. 90  
So shalt thou sinew both these lands to-  
gether;

And, having France thy friend, thou shalt  
not dread

The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again;  
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,

Yet look to have them buzz to offend thine  
ears.

First will I see the coronation;  
And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,

To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

*Edw.* Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick,  
let it be;

For in thy shoulder do I build my seat, 100  
And never will I undertake the thing  
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.  
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Glou-  
cester;

And George, of Clarence; Warwick, as  
ourselves,

Shall do and undo as him pleaseth best.

*Rich.* Let me be Duke of Clarence,  
George of Gloucester,

For Gloucester's dukedom is too ominous.

*War.* Tut! that's a foolish observation:  
Richard, be Duke of Gloucester. Now to  
London,

To see these honours in possession. 110  
*Exeunt.*

## ACT III

SCENE I.—*A Chase in the North of England.*

*Enter two Keepers, with cross-bows in  
their hands.*

*First Keeper.* Under this thick-grown brake  
we'll shroud ourselves;

For through this laund anon the deer will  
come;

And in this covert will we make our stand,  
Culling the principal of all the deer.

*Second Keeper.* I'll stay above the hill, so  
both may shoot.

*First Keeper.* That cannot be; the noise  
of thy cross-bow

Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.

Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:

And, for the time shall not seem tedious,  
I'll tell thee what befell me on a day 10

In this self place where now we mean to  
stand.

*Second Keeper.* Here comes a man; let's  
stay till he be past.

*Enter King HENRY, disguised, with a  
prayer-book.*

*K. Hen.* From Scotland am I stol'n, even  
of pure love

To greet mine own land with my wishful  
sight.

No, Harry, Harry, 't is no land of thine;  
Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from  
thee,

Thy balm wash'd off wherewith thou wast  
anointed:

No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,  
No humble suitors press to speak for right,

No, not a man comes for redress of thee: 20  
For how can I help them, and not myself?

*First Keeper.* Ay, here's a deer whose  
skin's a keeper's fee:

This is the quondam king; let's seize upon  
him.

*K. Hen.* Let me embrace thee, sour ad-  
versity,

For wise men say it is the wisest course.

*Second Keeper.* Why linger we? let us lay  
hands upon him.

*First Keeper.* Forbear awhile; we'll hear  
a little more.

*K. Hen.* My queen and son are gone to  
France for aid;

And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick

Is whether gone, to crave the French king's sister <sup>30</sup>

To wife for Edward. If this news be true,  
Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost;  
For Warwick is a subtle orator,  
And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.

By this account then Margaret may win him,

For she's a woman to be pitied much:  
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;  
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;  
The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn;

And Nero will be tainted with remorse, <sup>40</sup>  
To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears.

Ay, but she's come to beg; Warwick, to give;

She on his left side craving aid for Henry,  
He on his right asking a wife for Edward.  
She weeps, and says her Henry is depos'd;  
He smiles, and says his Edward is install'd;  
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more:

Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,

Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,  
And in conclusion wins the king from her, <sup>50</sup>  
With promise of his sister, and what else,  
To strengthen and support King Edward's place.

O Margaret! thus 't will be; and thou, poor soul,

Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

*Second Keep.* Say, what art thou that talk'st of kings and queens?

*K. Hen.* More than I seem, and less than I was born to:

A man at least, for less I should not be;  
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

*Second Keep.* Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

*K. Hen.* Why, so I am, in mind; and that's enough. <sup>60</sup>

*Second Keep.* But if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

*K. Hen.* My crown is in my heart, not on my head;

Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,

Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd content;

A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

*Second Keep.* Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,

Your crown content and you must be contented

To go along with us; for, as we think,  
You are the king King Edward hath depos'd;

And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,  
Will apprehend you as his enemy. <sup>71</sup>

*K. Hen.* But did you never swear, and break an oath?

*Second Keep.* No, never such an oath; nor will not now.

*K. Hen.* Where did you dwell when I was King of England?

*Second Keep.* Here in this country, where we now remain.

*K. Hen.* I was anointed king at nine months old;

My father and my grandfather were kings,  
And you were sworn true subjects unto me:  
And tell me then, have you not broke your oaths?

*First Keep.* No;

For we were subjects but while you were king.

*K. Hen.* Why, am I dead? do I not breathe, a man?

Ah! simple men, you know not what you swear,

Look! as I blow this feather from my face,  
And as the air blows it to me again,

Obeying with my wind when I do blow,  
And yielding to another when it blows,

Commanded always by the greater gust;  
Such is the likeness of you common men.

But do not break your oaths; for of that sin <sup>90</sup>

My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.  
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;

And be you kings: command, and I'll obey.

*First Keep.* We are true subjects to the king King Edward.

*K. Hen.* So would you be again to Henry, if he were seated as King Edward is.

*First Keep.* We charge you, in God's name, and the king's,

To go with us unto the officers.

*K. Hen.* In God's name, lead; your king's name be obey'd:

And what God will, that let your king perform; <sup>100</sup>

And what he will, I humbly yield unto.

*Exeunt.*

# SCENE II.—London. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter King EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, and Lady GREY.*

*K. Edw.* Brother of Gloucester, at Saint Alban's field

This lady's husband, Sir Richard Grey, was slain.

His lands then seiz'd on by the conqueror:  
Her suit is now to repossess those lands;

Which we in justice cannot well deny,  
Because in quarrel of the house of York

The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

*Glou.* Your highness shall do well to grant her suit;

It were dishonour to deny it her.

*K. Edw.* It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause. <sup>10</sup>

*Glou.* *Aside to CLARENCE.* Yea; is it so? I see the lady hath a thing to grant,

Before the king will grant her humble suit.

*Clar.* *Aside to GLOUCESTER.* He knows the game: how true he keeps the wind!

*Glou.* *Aside to CLARENCE.* Silence!

*K. Edw.* Widow, we will consider of your suit,  
And come some other time to know our mind.

*L. Grey.* Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:

May it please your highness to resolve me now,

And what your pleasure is shall satisfy me. 20

*Glou. Aside to CLARENCE.* Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your lands,

An if what pleases him shall pleasure you. Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

*Clar. Aside to GLOUCESTER.* I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.

*Glou. Aside to CLARENCE.* God forbid that! for he'll take vantages.

*K. Edw.* How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.

*Clar. Aside to GLOUCESTER.* I think he means to beg a child of her.

*Glou. Aside to CLARENCE.* Nay, whip me then; he'll rather give her two.

*L. Grey.* Three, my most gracious lord.

*Glou. Aside to CLARENCE.* You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him. 30

*K. Edw.* 'T were pity they should lose their father's lands.

*L. Grey.* Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

*K. Edw.* Lords, give us leave: I'll try this widow's wit.

*Glou. Aside to CLARENCE.* Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave, Till youth take leave and leave you to the crutch.

*GLOUCESTER and CLARENCE stand apart.*  
*K. Ed.* Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

*L. Grey.* Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

*K. Edw.* And would you not do much to do them good?

*L. Grey.* To do them good I would sustain some harm.

*K. Edw.* Then get your husband's lands, to do them good. 40

*L. Grey.* Therefore I came unto your majesty.

*K. Edw.* I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

*L. Grey.* So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

*K. Edw.* What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

*L. Grey.* What you command, that rests in me to do.

*K. Edw.* But you will take exceptions to my boon.

*L. Grey.* No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

*K. Edw.* Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

*L. Grey.* Why, then I will do what your grace commands.

*Glou. Aside to CLARENCE.* He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble. 50

*Clar. Aside to GLOUCESTER.* As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt.

*L. Grey.* Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?

*K. Edw.* An easy task: 't is but to love a king.

*L. Grey.* That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

*K. Edw.* Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

*L. Grey.* I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

*Glou. Aside to CLARENCE.* The match is made; she seals it with a court'sy.

*K. Edw.* But stay thee; 't is the fruits of love I mean.

*L. Grey.* The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

*K. Edw.* Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense. 60

What love think'st thou I sue so much to get?

*L. Grey.* My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers:

That love which virtue begs and virtue grants.

*K. Edw.* No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

*L. Grey.* Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

*K. Edw.* But now you partly may perceive my mind.

*L. Grey.* My mind will never grant what I perceive

Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.

*K. Edw.* To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

*L. Grey.* To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison. 70

*K. Ed.* Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.

*L. Grey.* Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;

For by that loss I will not purchase them.

*K. Edw.* Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

*L. Grey.* Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.

But, mighty lord, this merry inclination

Accords not with the sadness of my suit:

Please you dismiss me, either with 'ay' or 'no.'

*K. Edw.* Ay, if thou wilt say 'ay' to my request;

No, if thou dost say 'no' to my demand. 80

*L. Grey.* Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

*Glou. Aside to CLARENCE.* The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.

*Clar. Aside to GLOUCESTER.* He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.

*K. Edw. Aside.* Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;

Her words do show her wit incomparable;

All her perfections challenge sovereignty:

One way or other, she is for a king;

And she shall be my love, or else my queen.

Say that King Edward take thee for his queen?

*L. Grey.* 'T is better said than done, my gracious lord: 90

I am a subject fit to jest withal,  
But far unfit to be a sovereign.

*K. Edw.* Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee

I speak no more than what my soul intends;  
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

*L. Grey.* And that is more than I will yield unto.

I know I am too mean to be your queen,  
And yet too good to be your concubine.

*K. Edw.* You caviil, widow: I did mean, my queen.

*L. Grey.* 'T will grieve your grace my sons should call you father. 100

*K. Edw.* No more than when my daughters call thee mother.

Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;

And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,

Have other some: why, 't is a happy thing To be the father unto many sons.

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

*Glou. Aside to CLARENCE.* The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

*Clar. Aside to GLOUCESTER.* When he was made a shriver, 't was for shift.

*K. Edw.* Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had. 110

*Glou.* The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad.

*K. Edw.* You'd think it strange if I should marry her.

*Clar.* To whom, my lord?

*K. Edw.* Why, Clarence, to myself.

*Glou.* That would be ten days' wonder at the least.

*Clar.* That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

*Glou.* By so much is the wonder in extremes.

*K. Edw.* Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both

Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

*Enter a Nobleman.*

*Nob.* My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,  
And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

*K. Edw.* See that he be convey'd unto the Tower: 120

And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,

To question of his apprehension.

Widow, go you along. Lords, use her honourably.

*Exeunt all but GLOUCESTER.*

*Glou.* Ay, Edward will use women honourably.

Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,

That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,

To cross me from the golden time I look for!  
And yet, between my soul's desire and me,  
The lustful Edward's title buried,

Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward, 130

And all the unlook'd for issue of their bodies,

To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:  
A cold premeditation for my purpose!

Why then, I do but dream on sovereignty;  
Like one that stands upon a promontory,

And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,

Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;  
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,

Saying, he'll lade it dry to have his way:  
So do I wish the crown, being so far off, 140

And so I chide the means that keeps me from it,

And so I say, I'll cut the causes off,  
Flattering me with impossibilities.

My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,

Unless my hand and strength could equal them.

Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;

What other pleasure can the world afford?  
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,

And deck my body in gay ornaments,  
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks. 150

O miserable thought! and more unlikely Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns.

Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:

And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,  
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe,

To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;

To make an envious mountain on my back,  
Where sits deformity to mock my body;

To shape my legs of an unequal size;  
To disproportion me in every part, 160

Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp That carries no impression like the dam.

And am I then a man to be belov'd?

O monstrous fault! to harbour such a thought.

Then, since this earth affords no joy to me But to command, to check, to o'erbear such As are of better person than myself.

I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown;

And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,

Until my misshap'd trunk that bears this head 170

Be round impaled with a glorious crown.

And yet I know not how to get the crown,  
For many lives stand between me and home:

And I, like one lost in a thorny wood,  
That rends the thorns and is rent with the thorns,

Seeking a way and straying from the way;  
Not knowing how to find the open air,

But toiling desperately to find it out,  
Torment myself to catch the English crown;

And from that torment I will free myself, 180

Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.  
 Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile,  
 And cry 'Content' to that which grieves my heart,  
 And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,  
 And frame my face to all occasions.  
 I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;  
 I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;  
 I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,  
 Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,  
 And, like a Sinon, take another Troy. 190  
 I can add colours to the chameleon,  
 Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,  
 And set the murd'rous Machiavel to school.  
 Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?  
 Tut! were it further off, I'll pluck it down.

Exit.

## SCENE III.—France. A Room in the Palace.

*Flourish. Enter LEWIS the French King, his sister BONA, attended: his Admiral, called BOURBON; the King takes his state. Then enter Queen MARGARET; Prince EDWARD, and the Earl of OXFORD. LEWIS sits, and riseth up again.*

*K. Lew.* Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret,

Sit down with us: it ill befits thy state  
 And birth that thou should'st stand while  
 Lewis doth sit.

*Q. Mar.* No, mighty King of France;  
 now Margaret

Must strike her sail, and learn awhile to serve

Where kings command. I was, I must confess,

Great Albion's queen in former golden days;  
 But now mischance hath trod my title down,  
 And with dishonour laid me on the ground,  
 Where I must take like seat unto my fortune, 10

And to my humble seat conform myself.

*K. Lew.* Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep despair?

*Q. Mar.* From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears

And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

*K. Lew.* Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,

And sit thee by our side. *Seats her by him.*

To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind  
 Still ride in triumph over all mischance.  
 Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;

It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief. 20

*Q. Mar.* Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,

And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.

Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,  
 That Henry, sole possessor of my love,  
 Is of a king become a banish'd man,

And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn;  
 While proud ambitious Edward Duke of York

Usurps the regal title and the seat  
 Of England's true-anointed lawful king.  
 This is the cause that I, poor Margaret, 30  
 With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's heir,

Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;  
 And if thou fail us, all our hope is done.

Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;

Our people and our peers are both misled;  
 Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,

And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

*K. Lew.* Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm,

While we bethink a means to break it off.

*Q. Mar.* The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe. 40

*K. Lew.* The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.

*Q. Mar.* O! but impatience waiteth on true sorrow:

And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

*Enter WARWICK, attended.*

*K. Lew.* What's he approacheth boldly to our presence?

*Q. Mar.* Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

*K. Lew.* Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee to France?

*Descending from his state. Queen MARGARET rises.*

*Q. Mar.* Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;

For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

*War.* From worthy Edward, King of Albion,

My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend, 50

I come, in kindness and unfeigned love,  
 First to do greetings to thy royal person;

And then to crave a league of amity;  
 And lastly to confirm that amity

With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant

That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister,  
 To England's king in lawful marriage.

*Q. Mar.* If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

*War.* To BONA. And, gracious madam, in our king's behalf,

I am commanded, with your leave and favour, 60

Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue

To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;  
 Where fame, late entering at his heedful

ears,  
 Hath plac'd thy beauty's image and thy virtue.

*Q. Mar.* King Lewis and Lady Bona, hear me speak,

Before you answer Warwick. His demand  
Springs not from Edward's well-meant  
honest love,

But from deceit bred by necessity;  
For how can tyrants safely govern home, 69  
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?  
To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice,  
That Henry liveth still; but were he dead;  
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King  
Henry's son.

Look, therefore, Lewis, that by this league  
and marriage

Thou draw not on thy danger and dis-  
honour;

For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,  
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth  
wrongs.

*War.* Injurious Margaret!

*Prince.* And why not queen?

*War.* Because thy father Henry did  
usurp,  
And thou no more art prince than she is  
queen. 83

*Oxf.* Then Warwick disannuls great John  
of Gaunt.

Which did subdue the greatest part of  
Spain;

And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,  
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;  
And after that wise prince, Henry the  
Fifth,

Who by his prowess conquered all France:  
From these our Henry lineally descends.

*War.* Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth  
discourse,

You told not how Henry the Sixth hath lost  
All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten?  
Methinks these peers of France should  
smile at that. 91

But for the rest, you tell a pedigree  
Of threescore and two years; a silly time  
To make prescription for a kingdom's  
worth.

*Oxf.* Why, Warwick, canst thou speak  
against thy liege,

Whom thou obeyedst thirty and six years,  
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

*War.* Can Oxford, that did ever fence  
the right,

Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?  
For shame! leave Henry, and call Edward  
king. 100

*Oxf.* Call him my king, by whose in-  
jurious doom

My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,  
Was done to death? and more than so, my  
father,

Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,  
When nature brought him to the door of  
death?

No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this  
arm,

This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.  
*War.* And I the house of York.

*K. Lew.* Queen Margaret, Prince Ed-  
ward, and Oxford,

Vouchsafe at our request to stand aside, 110  
While I use further conference with War-  
wick.

*They stand aloof.*

*Q. Mar.* Heavens grant that Warwick's  
words bewitch him not!

*K. Lew.* Now, Warwick, tell me, even  
upon thy conscience,

Is Edward your true king? for I were loath  
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

*War.* Thereon I pawn my credit and  
mine honour.

*K. Lew.* But is he gracious in the people's  
eye?

*War.* The more that Henry was un-  
fortunate.

*K. Lew.* Then further, all dissembling  
set aside,

Tell me for truth the measure of his love 120  
Unto our sister Bona.

*War.* Such it seems  
As may beseem a monarch like himself.

Myself have often heard him say and swear  
That this his love was an eternal plant,  
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's  
ground,

The leaves and fruit maintain'd with  
beauty's sun,

Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,  
Unless the Lady Bona quit his pain.

*K. Lew.* Now, sister, let us hear your  
firm resolve.

*Bona.* Your grant, or your denial, shall  
be mine. 130

*To WARWICK.* Yet I confess that often  
ere this day,

When I have heard your king's desert re-  
counted,

Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

*K. Lew.* Then, Warwick, thus: our  
sister shall be Edward's;

And now forthwith shall articles be drawn  
Touching the jointure that your king must  
make

Which with her dowry shall be counter-  
pois'd.

Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a  
witness

That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

*Prince.* To Edward, but not to the English  
king. 140

*Q. Mar.* Deceitful Warwick! it was thy  
device

By this alliance to make void my suit:  
Before thy coming Lewis was Henry's  
friend.

*K. Lew.* And still is friend to him and  
Margaret:

But if your title to the crown be weak,  
As may appear by Edward's good success,

Then 'tis but reason that I be releas'd  
From giving aid which late I promised.

Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand  
That your estate requires and mine can  
yield. 150

*War.* Henry now lives in Scotland at his  
ease,

Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.  
And as for you yourself, our quondam  
queen,

You have a father able to maintain you,  
And better 't were you troubled him than  
France.

*Q. Mar.* Peace! impudent and shameless Warwick, peace,  
Proud setter up and puller down of kings;  
I will not hence, till, with my talk and tears,  
Both full of truth, I make King Lewis behold  
Thy sly conveyance and thy lord's false  
love; 130  
For both of you are birds of self-same  
feather. *A horn sounded within.*  
*K. Lew.* Warwick, this is some post to  
us or thee.

*Enter a Post.*

*Post.* My lord ambassador, these letters  
are for you,  
Sent from your brother, Marquess Mon-  
tague:

These from our king unto your majesty;  
And, madam, these for you; from whom I  
know not. *They all read their letters.*

*Oxf.* I like it well that our fair queen and  
mistress  
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns  
at his.

*Prince.* Nay, mark how Lewis stamps as  
he were nettled:

I hope all 's for the best. 170

*K. Lew.* Warwick, what are thy news?  
and yours, fair queen?

*Q. Mar.* Mine, such as fill my heart with  
unhop'd joys.

*War.* Mine, full of sorrow and heart's  
discontent.

*K. Lew.* What! has your king married  
the Lady Grey?

And now, to soothe your forgery and his,  
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?  
Is this the alliance that he seeks with  
France?

Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

*Q. Mar.* I told your majesty as much  
before:

This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's  
honesty. 180

*War.* King Lewis, I here protest, in sight  
of heaven,

And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,  
That I am clear from this misdeed of  
Edward's;

No more my king, for he dishonours me;  
But most himself, if he could see his shame.

Did I forget that by the house of York  
My father came untimely to his death?

Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?  
Did I impale him with the regal crown?

Did I put Henry from his native right? 190  
And am I guerdon'd at the last with  
shame?

Shame on himself! for my desert is  
honour:

And to repair my honour lost for him,  
I here renounce him and return to Henry.

My noble queen, let former grudges pass,  
And henceforth I am thy true servitor.

I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona,  
And replant Henry in his former state.

*Q. Mar.* Warwick, these words have  
turn'd my hate to love;

And I forgive and quite forget old faults, 200

And joy that thou becom'st King Henry's  
friend.

*War.* So much his friend, ay, his un-  
feigned friend,

That if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us  
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,

I'll undertake to land them on our coast,  
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.

'T is not his new-made bride shall succour  
him:

And as for Clarence, as my letters tell me,  
He's very likely now to fall from him,

For matching more for wanton lust than  
honour, 210

Or than for strength and safety of our  
country.

*Bona.* Dear brother, how shall Bona be  
reveng'd

But by thy help to this distressed queen?

*Q. Mar.* Renowned prince, how shall  
poor Henry live,

Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

*Bona.* My quarrel and this English  
queen's are one.

*War.* And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins  
with yours.

*K. Lew.* And mine with hers, and thine  
and Margaret's.

Therefore at last I firmly am resolv'd  
You shall have aid. 220

*Q. Mar.* Let me give humble thanks for  
all at once.

*K. Lew.* Then, England's messenger,  
return in post,

And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,  
That Lewis of France is sending over  
masquers

To revel it with him and his new bride.  
Thou seest what's past; go fear thy king  
withal.

*Bona.* Tell him, in hope he'll prove a  
widower shortly,

I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

*Q. Mar.* Tell him, my mourning weeds  
are laid aside,

And I am ready to put armour on. 230

*War.* Tell him from me that he hath  
done me wrong,

And therefore I'll uncrown him ere 't be  
long.

There's thy reward: be gone. *Exit Post.*

*K. Lew.* But, Warwick, thou  
And Oxford, with five thousand men,

Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward  
battle;

And, as occasion serves, this noble queen  
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.

Yet ere thou go, but answer me one  
doubt:

What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

*War.* This shall assure my constant loy-  
alty: 240

That if our queen and this young prince  
agree,

I'll join mine eldest daughter and my joy  
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

*Q. Mar.* Yes, I agree, and thank you for  
your motion.

Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,

Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;

And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,  
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it; 249

And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.  
*He gives his hand to WARWICK.*

K. Lew. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levied,

And thou, Lord Bourbon, our high admiral,  
Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.  
I long till Edward fall by war's mischance,  
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.  
*Exeunt all but WARWICK.*

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,

But I return his sworn and mortal foe:  
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,

But dreadful war shall answer his demand.  
Had he none else to make a stale but me? 250

Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.  
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,  
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:  
Not that I pity Henry's misery,

But seek revenge on Edward's mockery.  
*Exit.*

## ACT IV

## SCENE I.—London. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, and MONTAGUE.*

Glou. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you

Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey?  
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

Clar. Alas! you know 't is far from hence to France;

How could he stay till Warwick made return?

Som. My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.

Glou. And his well-chosen bride.  
Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

*Flourish. Enter King EDWARD, attended; Lady GREY, as Queen; PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, and HASTINGS.*

K. Edw. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,

That you stand pensive as half malcontent?

Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or the Earl of Warwick, 11

Which are so weak of courage and in judgment

That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

K. Edw. Suppose they take offence without a cause,

They are but Lewis and Warwick: I am Edward,

Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.

Glou. And you shall have your will, because our king:

Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

Glou. Not I: 20  
No, God forbid that I should wish them sever'd

Whom God hath join'd together; ay, and 't were pity

To sunder them that yoke so well together.

K. Edw. Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,

Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey Should not become my wife and England's queen.

And you too, Somerset and Montague, Speak freely what you think.

Clar. Then this is mine opinion: that King Lewis

Becomes your enemy for mocking him About the marriage of the Lady Bona. 30

Glou. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,

Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

K. Edw. What if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd

By such inventions as I can devise?

Mont. Yet to have join'd with France in such alliance

Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth

'Gainst foreign storms than any home-bred marriage.

Hast. Why, knows not Montague that of itself

England is safe, if true within itself? 40

Mont. Yes; but the safer when 't is back'd with France.

Hast. 'T is better using France than trusting France.

Let us be back'd with God and with the seas Which he hath given for fence impregnable,

And with their helps only defend ourselves: In them and in ourselves our safety lies.

Clar. For this one speech Lord Hastings well deserves

To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.

K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will and grant;

And for this once my will shall stand for law.

Glou. And yet methinks your grace hath not done well, 51

To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales Unto the brother of your loving bride:

She better would have fitted me or Clarence;

But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir

Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son,

And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

K. Edw. Alas! poor Clarence, is it for a wife

That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee. 60

*Clar.* In choosing for yourself you show'd your judgment,  
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave  
To play the broker in mine own behalf;  
And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.

*K. Edw.* Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king.

And not be tied unto his brother's will.

*Q. Eliz.* My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty

To raise my state to title of a queen,  
Do me but right, and you must all confess  
That I was not ignoble of descent;  
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.

But as this title honours me and mine,  
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,  
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

*K. Edw.* My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns:  
What danger or what sorrow can befall thee,

So long as Edward is thy constant friend,  
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?

Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,

Unless they seek for hatred at my hands; so  
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,  
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

*Glou. Aside.* I hear, yet say not much,  
but think the more.

*Enter a Post.*

*K. Edw.* Now, messenger, what letters or what news  
From France?

*Post.* My sovereign liege, no letters; and few words,

But such as I, without your special pardon,  
Dare not relate.

*K. Edw.* Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,

Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.

What answer makes King Lewis unto our letters?

*Post.* At my depart these were his very words:

'Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,  
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers

To revel it with him and his new bride.'

*K. Edw.* Is Lewis so brave? belike he thinks me Henry.

But what said Lady Bona to my marriage?

*Post.* These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain:

'Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,

I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.' 100

*K. Edw.* I blame not her, she could say little less;

She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen?

For I have heard that she was there in place.

*Post.* 'Tell him,' quoth she, 'my mourning weeds are done,  
And I am ready to put armour on.'

*K. Edw.* Belike she minds to play the Amazon.

But what said Warwick to these injuries?

*Post.* He, more incens'd against your majesty

Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words: 100

'Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,

And therefore I'll uncrown him ere 't be long.'

*K. Edw.* Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?

Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:  
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.

But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

*Post.* Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd in friendship,

That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

*Clar.* Belike the elder; Clarence will have the younger.

Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,

For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter; 120

That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage

I may not prove inferior to yourself.

You that love me and Warwick follow me.

*Exit CLARENCE, and SOMERSET follows.*

*Glou. Aside.* Not I:

My thoughts aim at a further matter; I  
Stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown.

*K. Edw.* Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!

Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen,

And haste is needful in this desperate case.  
Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf 130

Go levy men, and make prepare for war;  
They are already, or quickly will be landed:

Myself in person will straight follow you.

*Exeunt PEMBROKE and STAFFORD.*

But, ere I go, Hastings and Montague,  
Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the

rest,

Are near to Warwick by blood and by alliance:

Tell me if you love Warwick more than me?  
If it be so, then both depart to him;

I rather wish you foes than hollow friends:  
But if you mind to hold your true obedience,

Give me assurance with some friendly vow, 141

That I may never have you in suspect.

*Mont.* So God help Montague as he proves true!

*Hast.* And Hastings as he favours Edward's cause!

*K. Edw.* Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

*Glou.* Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

*K. Edw.* Why so! then am I sure of victory.

Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour

Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Plain in Warwickshire.

*Enter WARWICK and OXFORD with French and other Forces.*

*War.* Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;

The common people by numbers swarm to us.

*Enter CLARENCE and SOMERSET.*

But see where Somerset and Clarence come! Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?

*Clar.* Fear not that, my lord.

*War.* Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick:

And welcome, Somerset: I hold it cowardice

To rest mistrustful where a noble heart Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love; Else might I think, that Clarence, Edward's brother,

Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:

But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.

And now what rests, but in night's coverture,

Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd, His soldiers lurking in the towns about, And but attended by a simple guard, We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?

Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:

That as Ulysses and stout Diomedé With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,

And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds,

So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,

At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,

And seize himself; I say not, slaughter him, For I intend but only to surprise him.

You that will follow me to this attempt, Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.

*They all cry 'Henry!'*

Why, then let's on our way in silent sort. For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George!

*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—King EDWARD'S Camp near Warwick.

*Enter three Watchmen, to guard the KING'S tent.*

*First Watch.* Come on, my masters, each man take his stand:

The king by this is set him down to sleep.

*Second Watch.* What! will he not to bed?

*First Watch.* Why, no; for he hath made a solemn vow

Never to lie and take his natural rest

Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.

*Second Watch.* To-morrow then belike shall be the day,

If Warwick be so near as men report.

*Third Watch.* But say, I pray, what nobleman is that

That with the king here resteth in his tent?

*First Watch.* 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.

*Third Watch.* O! is it so? But why commands the king

That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,

While he himself keeps in the cold field?

*Second Watch.* 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.

*Third Watch.* Ay, but give me worship and quietness;

I like it better than a dangerous honour.

If Warwick knew in what estate he stands, 'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.

*First Watch.* Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.

*Second Watch.* Ay; wherefore else guard we his royal tent,

But to defend his person from night-foes?

*Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, and Forces.*

*War.* This is his tent; and see where stand his guard.

Courage, my masters! honour now or never! But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

*First Watch.* Who goes there?

*Second Watch.* Stay, or thou diest.

*WARWICK and the rest cry all, 'Warwick! Warwick!' and set upon the Guard; who fly crying, 'Arm! arm!' WARWICK and the rest following them.*

*Drums beating, and trumpets sounding, re-enter WARWICK and the rest bringing the King out in his gown, sitting in a chair. GLOUCESTER and HASTINGS fly over the stage.*

*Som.* What are they that fly there? *War.* Richard and Hastings: let them go; here's the duke.

*K. Edw.* The duke! Why, Warwick, when we parted last,

Thou call'dst me king!

*War.* Ay, but the case is alter'd: When you disgrac'd me in my embassy,

Then I degraded you from being king, And come now to create you Duke of York.

Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,

That know not how to use ambassadors, Nor how to be contented with one wife,

Nor how to use your brothers brotherly, Nor how to study for the people's welfare,

Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies? *40*

*K. Edw.* Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?

Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down.

Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance, Of thee thyself and all thy complices, Edward will always bear himself as king: Though fortune's malice overthrow my state, My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

*War.* Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king: *Takes off his crown.*

But Henry now shall wear the English crown,

And be true king indeed, thou but the shadow. 50

My Lord of Somerset, at my request, See that forthwith Duke Edward be conveyed

Unto my brother, Archbishop of York. When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows

I'll follow you, and tell what answer Lewis and the Lady Bona send to him.

Now, for a while farewell, good Duke of York.

*K. Edw.* What fates impose, that men must needs abide:

It boots not to resist both wind and tide. *Exeunt King EDWARD, led out; and SOMERSET.*

*Oxf.* What now remains, my lords, for us to do 60

But march to London with our soldiers? *War.* Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do:

To free King Henry from imprisonment, And see him seated in the regal throne. *Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter Queen ELIZABETH and RIVERS.*

*Riv.* Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?

*Q. Eliz.* Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn

What late misfortune is befall'n King Edward?

*Riv.* What! loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?

*Q. Eliz.* No, but the loss of his own royal person.

*Riv.* Then is my sovereign slain?

*Q. Eliz.* Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;

Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares: 10

And, as I further have to understand, Is new committed to the Bishop of York,

Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

*Riv.* These news I must confess are full of grief;

Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may: Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

*Q. Eliz.* Till then fair hope must hinder life's decay:

And I the rather wean me from despair,

For love of Edward's offspring in my womb: This is it that makes me bridle passion, And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross; 23

Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear, And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs, Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.

*Riv.* But, madam, where is Warwick then become?

*Q. Eliz.* I am informed that he comes towards London.

To set the crown once more on Henry's head.

Guess thou the rest; King Edward's friends must down:

But to prevent the tyrant's violence, For trust not him that hath once broken faith, 33

I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary, To save at least the heir of Edward's right:

There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.

Come therefore; let us fly while we may fly:

If Warwick take us we are sure to die. *Exeunt.*

#### SCENE V.—A Park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.

*Enter GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, Sir WILLIAM STANLEY, and Others.*

*Glou.* Now, my Lord Hastings and Sir William Stanley,

Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither, Into this chiefest thicket of the park.

Thus stands the case. You know our king, my brother,

Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands

He hath good usage and great liberty, And often, but attended with weak guard,

Comes hunting this way to disport himself. I have advertis'd him by secret means

That if about this hour he make this way, 10 Under the colour of his usual game,

He shall here find his friends with horse and men

To set him free from his captivity.

*Enter King EDWARD and a Huntsman.*

*Hunt.* This way, my lord, for this way lies the game.

*K. Ed.* Nay, this way, man: see where the huntsmen stand.

Now, brother of Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and the rest,

Stand you thus close, to steal the bishop's deer?

*Glou.* Brother, the time and case requireth haste.

Your horse stands ready at the park corner.

*K. Edw.* But whither shall we then? 20

*Hast.* To Lynn, my lord; and ship from thence to Flanders.

*Glou.* Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.

*K. Edw.* Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

*Glou.* But wherefore stay we? 't is no time to talk.

*K. Edw.* Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?

*Hunt.* Better do so than tarry and be hang'd.

*Glou.* Come then, away; let's have no more ado.

*K. Edw.* Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown,

And pray that I may repossess the crown.  
*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*London. The Tower.*

*Enter* KING HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, *young* RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, *Lieutenant of the Tower, and Attendants.*

*K. Hen.* Master lieutenant, now that God and friends

Have shaken Edward from the regal seat, And turn'd my captive state to liberty,

My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys, At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

*Lieu.* Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;

But if an humble prayer may prevail, I then crave pardon of your majesty.

*K. Hen.* For what, lieutenant? for well using me?

Nay, be thou sure I'll well requite thy kindness, 10

For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure;

Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds

Conceive, when after many moody thoughts

At last by notes of household harmony

They quite forget their loss of liberty.

But, Warwick, after God, thou sett'st me free,

And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee; He was the author, thou the instrument.

Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite

By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me, And that the people of this blessed land 21

May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars,

Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,

I here resign my government to thee,

For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

*War.* Your grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous,

And now may seem as wise as virtuous,

By spying and avoiding fortune's malice;

For few men rightly temper with the stars:

Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace, 30

For choosing me when Clarence is in place.

*Clar.* No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,

To whom the heavens in thy nativity

Adjudg'd an olive branch and laurel crown,

As likely to be blest in peace and war;

And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

*War.* And I choose Clarence only for protector.

*K. Hen.* Warwick and Clarence, give me both your hands:

Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,

That no dissension hinder government: 30

I make you both protectors of this land,

While I myself will lead a private life,

And in devotion spend my latter days,

To sin's rebuke and my Creator's praise.

*War.* What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?

*Clar.* That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;

For on thy fortune I repose myself. *War.* Why then, though loath, yet must I be content.

We'll yoke together, like a double shadow To Henry's body, and supply his place; 50

I mean, in bearing weight of government, While he enjoys the honour and his ease.

And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful

Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,

And all his lands and goods be confiscate.

*Clar.* What else? and that succession be determin'd.

*War.* Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

*K. Hen.* But, with the first of all your chief affairs,

Let me entreat, for I command no more, That Margaret your queen and my son 60

Edward Be sent for, to return from France with speed:

For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

*Clar.* It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

*K. Hen.* My Lord of Somerset, what youth is that

Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

*Som.* My liege, it is young Henry, Earl of Richmond.

*K. Hen.* Come hither, England's hope. *Lays his hand on his head.*

If secret powers Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,

This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss. 70

His looks are full of peaceful majesty, His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,

His hand to wield a sceptre, and himself Likely in time to bless a regal throne.

Make much of him, my lords, for this is he Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

*Enter a Post.*

*War.* What news, my friend?

*Post.* That Edward is escaped from your brother,

And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

*War.* Unsavoury news! but how made he escape? <sup>80</sup>

*Post.* He was convey'd by Richard Duke of Gloucester

And the Lord Hastings, who attended him  
In secret ambush on the forest side,  
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescu'd him;

For hunting was his daily exercise.

*War.* My brother was too careless of his charge.

But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide  
A salve for any sore that may betide.

*Exeunt all but SOMERSET, RICHMOND, and OXFORD.*

*Som.* My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's; <sup>89</sup>

For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help,  
And we shall have more wars before 't be long.

As Henry's late presaging prophecy  
Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richmond,

So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts

What may befall him to his harm and ours:  
Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,

Forthwith we 'll send him hence to Brittany,  
Till storms be past of civil enmity.

*Oxf.* Ay, for if Edward repossess the crown,

'T is like that Richmond with the rest shall down. <sup>100</sup>

*Som.* It shall be so; he shall to Brittany.  
Come, therefore, let 's about it speedily.

*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE VII.—Before York.

*Enter King EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, and Forces.*

*K. Edw.* Now, brother Richard, Lord Hastings, and the rest,

Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,  
And says that once more I shall interchange  
My waned state for Henry's regal crown.  
Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,

And brought desired help from Burgundy:  
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd  
From Ravenspurgh haven before the gates of York,

But that we enter as into our dukedom?  
*Glou.* The gates made fast! Brother, I like not this; <sup>10</sup>

For many men that stumble at the threshold  
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

*K. Edw.* Tush, man! abodements must not now affright us:

By fair or foul means we must enter in.  
For which will our friends repair to us.

*Hast.* My liege, I 'll knock once more to summon them.

*Enter, on the walls, the Mayor of York, and his brethren.*

*May.* My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,

And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;  
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

*K. Edw.* But, master mayor, if Henry be your king, <sup>20</sup>

Yet Edward at the least is Duke of York.

*May.* True, my good lord; I know you for no less.

*K. Edw.* Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom,

As being well content with that alone.

*Glou.* Aside. But when the fox hath once got in his nose,

He 'll soon find means to make the body follow.

*Hast.* Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?

Open the gates; we are King Henry's friends.

*May.* Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd. *Exeunt from above.*

*Glou.* A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded! <sup>30</sup>

*Hast.* The good old man would fain that all were well,

So 't were not 'long of him; but being enter'd,

I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

*Enter the Mayor and two Aldermen.*

*K. Edw.* So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut

But in the night or in the time of war.

What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys; *Takes his keys.*

For Edward will defend the town and thee,  
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

*March. Enter MONTGOMERY and Forces.*

*Glou.* Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery, <sup>40</sup>

Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

*K. Ed.* Welcome, Sir John! but why come you in arms?

*Mont.* To help King Edward in his time of storm,

As every loyal subject ought to do.

*K. Edw.* Thanks, good Montgomery; but we now forget

Our title to the crown, and only claim

Our dukedom till God please to send the rest.

*Mont.* Then fare you well, for I will hence again:

I came to serve a king and not a duke.  
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away. *A march begun.* <sup>50</sup>

*K. Edw.* Nay, stay, Sir John, awhile; and we 'll debate

By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

*Mont.* What talk you of debating? in few words,

If you 'll not here proclaim yourself our king,  
I 'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone

To keep them back that come to succour you.

Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?

*Glou.* Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

*K. Edw.* When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim.

Till then, 't is wisdom to conceal our meaning.

*Hast.* Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.

*Glou.* And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.

Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;

The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

*K. Edw.* Then be it as you will; for 't is my right,

And Henry but usurps the diadem.

*Mont.* Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;

And now will I be Edward's champion.

*Hast.* Sound, trumpet! Edward shall be here proclaim'd.

Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.

*Gives him a paper. Flourish.*

*Sold.* Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, King of England and France, and Lord of Ireland, etc.

*Mont.* And whosoe'er gainsays King Edward's right,

By this I challenge him to single fight.

*Throws down his gauntlet.*

*All.* Long live Edward the Fourth!

*K. Edw.* Thanks, brave Montgomery, and thanks unto you all:

If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.

Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York,

And when the morning sun shall raise his car

Above the border of this horizon, We'll forward towards Warwick and his mates;

For well I wot that Henry is no soldier.

Ah! froward Clarence, how evil it besseems thee

To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother.

Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.

Come on, brave soldiers: doubt not of the day;

And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*London. A Room in the Palace.*

*Flourish.* Enter King HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, MONTAGUE, EXETER, and OXFORD.

*War.* What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,

With hasty Germans and blunt Hollanders, Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,

And with his troops doth march amain to London;

And many giddy people flock to him.

*K. Hen.* Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

*Clar.* A little fire is quickly trodden out, Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

*War.* In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,

Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;

Those will I muster up: and thou, son Clarence,

Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,

The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:

Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham, Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find

Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st:

And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd

In Oxfordshire, shalt muster up thy friends.

My sovereign, with the loving citizens,

Like to his island girt in with the ocean,

Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs, Shall rest in London till we come to him.

Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.

Farewell, my sovereign.

*K. Hen.* Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.

*Clar.* In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.

*K. Hen.* Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!

*Mont.* Comfort, my lord; and so I take my leave.

*Oxf.* Kissing King HENRY'S hand. And thus I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

*K. Hen.* Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,

And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

*War.* Farewell, sweet lords: let's meet at Coventry.

*Exeunt all but King HENRY and EXETER.*

*K. Hen.* Here at the palace will I rest awhile.

Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship? Methinks the power that Edward hath in field

Should not be able to encounter mine.

*Exe.* The doubt is that he will seduce the rest.

*K. Hen.* That's not my fear; my meed hath got me fame:

I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,

Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;

My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,

My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,

My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears;

I have not been desirous of their wealth,

Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,

Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd.

Then why should they love Edward more than me?

No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:  
And when the lion fawns upon the lamb,  
The lamb will never cease to follow him. 50  
*Shout within, 'A Lancaster!  
a Lancaster!'*

*Exe.* Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

*Enter King EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, and Soldiers.*

*K. Edw.* Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry! bear him hence.

And once again proclaim us King of England.  
You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow:

Now stops thy spring: my sea shall suck them dry,

And swell so much the higher by their ebb.  
Hence with him to the Tower! let him not speak.

*Exeunt some with King HENRY.*

And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course.

Where peremptory Warwick now remains:  
The sun shines hot; and, if we use delay, 60

Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.  
*Glou.* Away betimes, before his forces join,

And take the great-grown traitor unawares:  
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry. *Exeunt.*

## ACT V

## SCENE I.—Coventry.

*Enter, upon the walls, WARWICK, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers, and Others.*

*War.* Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?

How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

*First Mess.* By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

*War.* How far off is our brother Montague?

Where is the post that came from Montague?

*Second Mess.* By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

*Enter Sir JOHN SOMERVILLE.*

*War.* Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?

And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

*Som.* At Southam I did leave him with his forces,

And do expect him here some two hours hence. *Drum heard. 13*

*War.* Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.

*Som.* It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies:

The drum you honour hears marcheth from Warwick.

*War.* Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.

*Som.* They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

*March. Flourish. Enter King EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, and Forces.*

*K. Edw.* Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

*Glou.* See how the surly Warwick mans the wall.

*War.* O unbid spite! is sportful Edward come?

Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,

That we could hear no news of his repair? 20

*K. Edw.* Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,

Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,

Call Edward king, and at his hands beg mercy?

And he shall pardon thee these outrages.  
*War.* Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,

Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down,

Call Warwick patron, and be penitent;  
And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.

*Glou.* I thought, at least, he would have said the king;

Or did he make the jest against his will? 30

*War.* Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

*Glou.* Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give:

I'll do thee service for so good a gift.  
*War.* 'T was I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

*K. Edw.* Why then 't is mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

*War.* Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:

And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;  
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

*K. Edw.* But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner;

And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this: 40  
What is the body when the head is off?

*Glou.* Alas! that Warwick had no more forecast,

But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,  
The king was slyly finger'd from the deck.

You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,  
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

*K. Edw.* 'T is even so: yet you are Warwick still.

*Glou.* Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down, kneel down.

Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.

*War.* I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,

And with the other fling it at thy face,  
Than bear so low a sail to strike to thee.

*K. Edw.* Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend,

This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,

Shall, whiles thy head is warm and new cut  
off,  
Write in the dust this sentence with thy  
blood:  
'Wind-changing Warwick now can change  
no more.'

*Enter OXFORD, with drum and colours.*

*War.* O cheerful colours! see where Oxford comes!

*Oxf.* Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

*OXFORD and his Forces enter the city.*

*Glou.* The gates are open, let us enter too.

*K. Edw.* So other foes may set upon our backs.

Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,  
Will issue out again and bid us battle:

If not, the city being but of small defence,  
We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

*War.* O! welcome, Oxford, for we want  
thy help.

*Enter MONTAGUE, with drum and colours.*

*Mont.* Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

*He and his Forces enter the city.*

*Glou.* Thou and thy brother both shall  
buy this treason

Even with the dearest blood your bodies  
bear.

*K. Edw.* The harder match'd, the greater  
victory:

My mind presageth happy gain and conquest.

*Enter SOMERSET, with drum and colours.*

*Som.* Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!

*He and his Forces enter the city.*

*Glou.* Two of thy name, both Dukes of  
Somerset,

Have sold their lives unto the house of  
York;

And thou shalt be the third, if this sword  
hold.

*Enter CLARENCE, with drum and colours.*

*War.* And lo! where George of Clarence  
sweeps along,

Of force enough to bid his brother battle;  
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails

More than the nature of a brother's love.

*GLOUCESTER and CLARENCE whisper.*

Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick call.

*Clar.* Father of Warwick, know you what  
this means?

*Taking the red rose out of his hat.*

Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:  
I will not ruin my father's house,

Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,

And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou,  
Warwick,

That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,

To bend the fatal instruments of war  
Against his brother and his lawful king?

Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath:

To keep that oath were more impiety  
Than Jephthah's, when he sacrific'd his  
daughter.

I am so sorry for my trespass made  
That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,

I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;  
With resolution, whereso'er I meet thee,

As I will meet thee if thou stir abroad,  
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.

And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,  
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.

Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends: 100  
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,

For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

*K. Edw.* Now welcome more, and ten  
times more belov'd,

Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.

*Glou.* Welcome, good Clarence; this is  
brother-like.

*War.* O passing traitor, perjur'd and unjust!

*K. Edw.* What, Warwick, wilt thou leave  
the town, and fight?

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

*War.* Alas! I am not coop'd here for defence:

I will away towards Barnet presently, 110  
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

*K. Edw.* Yes, Warwick, Edward dares,  
and leads the way.

Lords, to the field! Saint George and victory!

*March. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Field of Battle near Barnet.

*Alarums, and excursions. Enter King EDWARD, bringing in WARWICK wounded.*

*K. Edw.* So lie thou there: die thou, and  
die our fear:

For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all.  
Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,

That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.

*Exit.*  
*War.* Ah! who is nigh? come to me,  
friend or foe,

And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?  
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,

My blood, my want of strength, my sick  
heart shows

That I must yield my body to the earth,  
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe. 10

Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,  
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely  
eagle,

Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,  
Whose top branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading  
tree

And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful  
wind.

These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's  
black veil,

Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun  
To search the secret treasons of the world:

The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with  
blood,

Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres; 20  
For who liv'd king but I could dig his grave?

And who durst smile when Warwick bent  
his brow?

Lo! now my glory smear'd in dust and blood;  
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,  
Even now forsake me; and of all my lands  
Is nothing left me but my body's length.  
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth  
and dust?

And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

*Enter OXFORD and SOMERSET.*

*Som.* Ah! Warwick, Warwick, wert thou  
as we are,  
We might recover all our loss again. 30  
The queen from France hath brought a puis-  
sant power;

Even now we heard the news. Ah! could'st  
thou fly.

*War.* Why, then I would not fly. Ah!  
Montague,

If thou be there, sweet brother, take my  
hand,

And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile.  
Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou  
didst,

Thy tears would wash this cold congealed  
blood

That glues my lips and will not let me speak.  
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

*Som.* Ah! Warwick, Montague hath  
breath'd his last: 40

And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick,  
And said 'Commend me to my valiant  
brother.'

And more he would have said; and more  
he spoke,

Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,  
That might not be distinguish'd; but at  
last

I well might hear, deliver'd with a groan,  
'O! farewell, Warwick.'

*War.* Sweet rest his soul! Fly, lords, and  
save yourselves;

For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet  
in heaven. *Dies.*

*Oxf.* Away, away, to meet the queen's  
great power! 50

*Exeunt, bearing off WARWICK'S body.*

### SCENE III.—Another Part of the Field.

*Flourish. Enter King EDWARD in triumph;  
with CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, and the  
rest.*

*K. Edw.* Thus far our fortune keeps an  
upward course,

And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.  
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,

I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud  
That will encounter with our glorious sun,

Ere he attain his easeful western bed:  
I mean, my lords, those powers that the  
queen

Hath rais'd in Gallia have arriv'd our coast,  
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

*Clar.* A little gale will soon disperse that  
cloud, 10

And blow it to the source from whence it  
came:

Thy very beams will dry those vapours up,  
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

*Glou.* The queen is valu'd thirty thousand  
strong,

And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her:  
If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd  
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

*K. Edw.* We are advertis'd by our loving  
friends

That they do hold their course toward  
Tewksbury.

We, having now the best at Barnet field, 20  
Will thither straight, for willingness rids  
way;

And, as we march, our strength will be aug-  
mented

In every county as we go along.  
Strike up the drum! cry 'Courage!' and  
away. *Flourish. Exeunt.*

### SCENE IV.—Plains near Tewksbury.

*March. Enter Queen MARGARET, Prince  
EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, and  
Soldiers.*

*Q. Mar.* Great Lords, wise men ne'er sit  
and wail their loss,

But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.  
What though the mast be now blown over-  
board,

The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,  
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood;

Yet lives our pilot still: is 't meet that he  
Should leave the helm and like a fearful lad

With tearful eyes add water to the sea,  
And give more strength to that which hath  
too much;

Whiles in his moan the ship splits on the  
rock, 10

Which industry and courage might have  
sav'd?

Ah! what a shame, ah! what a fault were  
this.

Say Warwick was our anchor; what of that?  
And Montague our topmast; what of him?

Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; what  
of these?

Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?  
And Somerset another goodly mast?

The friends of France our shrouds and tack-  
lings?

And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I  
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge? 20

We will not from the helm to sit and weep,  
But keep our course, though the rough wind  
say no,

From shelves and rocks that threaten us  
with wreck.

As good to chide the waves as speak them  
fair.

And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?  
What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?

And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?  
All these the enemies to our poor bark.

Say you can swim; alas! 't is but a while:  
Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly  
sink: 30

Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off.  
Or else you famish; that's a threefold death.

This speak I, lords, to let you understand,  
In case some one of you would fly from us,

That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers  
More than with ruthless waves, with sands and rocks.

Why, courage then! what cannot be avoided  
'T were childish weakness to lament or fear.

*Prince.* Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit

Should, if a coward heard her speak these words, 40

Infuse his breast with magnanimity,  
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.  
I speak not this as doubting any here;  
For did I but suspect a fearful man,  
He should have leave to go away betimes,  
Least in our need he might infect another,  
And make him of like spirit to himself.  
If any such be here, as God forbid!

Let him depart before we need his help.

*Oxf.* Women and children of so high a courage, 50  
And warriors faint! why, 't were perpetual shame.

O brave young prince! thy famous grandfather  
Doth live again in thee: long may'st thou live

To bear his image and renew his glories!  
*Som.* And he that will not fight for such a hope,

Go home to bed, and like the owl by day,  
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

*Q. Mar.* Thanks, gentle Somerset: sweet Oxford, thanks.

*Prince.* And take his thanks that yet hath nothing else.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand, 60

Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

*Oxf.* I thought no less: it is his policy  
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

*Som.* But he's deceived; we are in readiness.

*Q. Mar.* This cheers my heart to see your forwardness.

*Oxf.* Here pitch our battle; hence we will not budge.

*Flourish and March.* *Enter King EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, and Forces.*

*K. Edw.* Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,  
Which, by the heavens' assistance and your strength,

Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.  
I need not add more fuel to your fire, 70  
For well I wot ye blaze to burn them out:

Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords!

*Q. Mar.* Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say

My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,  
Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.

Therefore, no more but this: Henry, your sovereign,

Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,

His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,

His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;

And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil. 80

You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,

Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

*Alarum. Retreat. Excursions. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Flourish.* *Enter King EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, and Forces; with Queen MARGARET, OXFORD, and SOMERSET, Prisoners.*

*K. Edw.* Now here a period of tumultuous broils.

Away with Oxford to Hames castle straight:  
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.

Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.

*Oxf.* For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

*Som.* Nor I; but stoop with patience to my fortune.

*Exeunt OXFORD and SOMERSET, guarded.*

*Q. Mar.* So part we sadly in this troublous world,

To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

*K. Edw.* Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward

Shall have a high reward, and he his life? 10  
*Glou.* It is: and lo! where youthful Edward comes.

*Enter Soldiers, with Prince EDWARD.*

*K. Edw.* Bring forth the gallant: let us hear him speak.

What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?  
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make

For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,  
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

*Prince.* Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York.

Suppose that I am now my father's mouth:  
Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel

thou, Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,  
Which, traitor, thou would'st have me

answer to. 21

*Q. Mar.* Ah! that thy father had been so resolv'd.

*Glou.* That you might still have worn the petticoat,

And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

*Prince.* Let Æsop fable in a winter's night;

His currish riddles sort not with this place.

*Glou.* By heaven, brat, I'll plague ye for that word.

*Q. Mar.* Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

*Glou.* For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

*Prince.* Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather. 20

*K. Edw.* Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.  
*Clar.* Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.  
*Prince.* I know my duty; you are all undutiful.  
 Lascivious Edward, and thou perjurd George,  
 And thou misshapen Dick, I tell ye all I am your better, traitors as ye are; And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.  
*K. Edw.* Take that, thou likeness of this railer here. *Stabs him.*  
*Glou.* Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony. *Stabs him.*  
*Clar.* And there's for twitting me with perjury. *Stabs him.*  
*Q. Mar.* O! kill me too.  
*Glou.* Marry, and shall. *Offers to kill her.*  
*K. Edw.* Hold, Richard, hold! for we have done too much.  
*Glou.* Why should she live, to fill the world with words?  
*K. Edw.* What! doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.  
*Glou.* Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother;  
 I'll hence to London on a serious matter: Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.  
*Clar.* What? what?  
*Glou.* The Tower! the Tower! *Exit.*  
*Q. Mar.* O Ned! sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!  
 Canst thou not speak? O traitors! murderers!  
 They that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,  
 Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame, If this foul deed were by to equal it: He was a man; this, in respect, a child; And men ne'er spend their fury on a child. What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?  
 No, no; my heart will burst an if I speak; And I will speak, that so my heart may burst. Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals! 61 How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!  
 You have no children, butchers! if you had,  
 The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse;  
 But if you ever chance to have a child,  
 Look in his youth to have him so cut off  
 As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet young prince!  
*K. Edw.* Away with her! go, bear her hence perforce.  
*Q. Mar.* Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here:  
 Here sheathe thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death. 70  
 What! wilt thou not? then, Clarence, do it thou.  
*Clar.* By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.  
*Q. Mar.* Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

*Clar.* Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?  
*Q. Mar.* Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself:  
 'T was sin before, but now 't is charity. What! wilt thou not? Where is that devil's butcher,  
 Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?  
 Thou art not here: murder is thy alms-deed; Petitioners for blood thou ne'er putt'st back. 80  
*K. Edw.* Away, I say! I charge ye, bear her hence.  
*Q. Mar.* So come to you and yours, as to this price! *Exit.*  
*K. Edw.* Where's Richard gone?  
*Clar.* To London, all in post; and, as I guess,  
 To make a bloody supper in the Tower.  
*K. Edw.* He's sudden if a thing comes in his head.  
 Now march we hence: discharge the common sort  
 With pay and thanks, and let's away to London  
 And see our gentle queen how well she fares:  
 By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. *Exeunt.*

## SCENE VI.—London. The Tower.

King HENRY is discovered sitting with a book in his hand, the Lieutenant attending. *Enter GLOUCESTER.*  
*Glou.* Good day, my lord. What! at your book so hard?  
*K. Hen.* Ay, my good lord: my lord, I should say rather;  
 'T is sin to flatter; 'good' was little better: 'Good Gloucester' and 'good devil' were alike,  
 And both preposterous; therefore, not 'good lord.'  
*Glou.* Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer. *Exit Lieutenant.*  
*K. Hen.* So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf;  
 So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,  
 And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.  
 What scene of death hath Roscius now to act? 10  
*Glou.* Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;  
 The thief doth fear each bush an officer.  
*K. Hen.* The bird that hath been limed in a bush,  
 With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush;  
 And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,  
 Have now the fatal object in my eye  
 Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.  
*Glou.* Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,  
 That taught his son the office of a fowl!

And yet, for all his wings, the fool was  
drown'd. 20

*K. Hen.* I, Dædalus; my poor boy,  
Icarus;

Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;  
The sun that sear'd the wings of my sweet  
boy.

Thy brother Edward, and thyself the sea  
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.  
Ah! kill me with thy weapon, not with  
words.

My breast can better brook thy dagger's  
point

Than can my ears that tragic history.  
But wherefore dost thou come? is 't for my  
life?

*Glou.* Think'st thou I am an execu-  
tioner? 30

*K. Hen.* A persecutor, I am sure, thou  
art:

If murdering innocents be executing,  
Why, then thou art an executioner.

*Glou.* Thy son I kill'd for his presump-  
tion.

*K. Hen.* Hadst thou been kill'd when  
first thou didst presume,

Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.  
And thus I prophesy: that many a thousand,

Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,  
And many an old man's sigh, and many a  
widow's,

And many an orphan's water-standing  
eye, 40

Men for their sons', wives for their hus-  
bands',

And orphans for their parents' timeless  
death,

Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.  
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;

The night-crow cried, aboding luckless  
time;

Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook  
down trees;

The raven rook'd her on the chimney's  
top,

And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.  
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,

And yet brought forth less than a mother's  
hope; 50

To wit an undigest deformed lump,  
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.

Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou  
wast born,

To signify thou cam'st to bite the world:  
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,

Thou cam'st—  
*Glou.* I'll hear no more: die, prophet, in  
thy speech: 55 *Stabs him.*

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.  
*K. Hen.* Ay, and for much more slaughter  
after this.

O! God forgive my sins, and pardon thee. 60  
*Dies.*

*Glou.* What! will the aspiring blood of  
Lancaster

Sink in the ground? I thought it would have  
mounted.

See how my sword weeps for the poor king's  
death!

O! may such purple tears be always shed  
From those that wish the downfall of our  
house.

If any spark of life be yet remaining.  
Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee  
thither, 65 *Stabs him again.*

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.  
Indeed, 't is true that Henry told me of;

For I have often heard my mother say 70  
I came into the world with my legs forward.

Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,  
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?

The midwife wonder'd, and the women cried  
'O! Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth.'

And so I was; which plainly signified  
That I should snarl and bite and play the dog.

Then, since the heavens have shap'd my  
body so,

Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.  
I have no brother, I am like no brother; 80

And this word 'love,' which greybeards call  
divine,

Be resident in men like one another  
And not in me: I am myself alone.

Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from  
the light;

But I will sort a pitchy day for thee;  
For I will buzz abroad such prophecies

That Edward shall be fearful of his life;  
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.

King Henry and the prince his son are gone:  
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest,

Counting myself but bad till I be best. 91  
I'll throw thy body in another room,

And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.  
*Exit, with the body.*

SCENE VII.—*The same. A Room in the  
Palace.*

King EDWARD is discovered sitting on his  
throne; Queen ELIZABETH, CLARENCE,

GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, a Nurse with  
the young Prince, and Attendants.

*K. Edw.* Once more we sit in England's  
royal throne,

Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.  
What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,

Have we mow'd down in tops of all their  
pride!

Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold re-  
nown'd

For hardy and undoubted champions;  
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son;

And two Northumberland: two braver men  
Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's  
sound;

With them, the two brave bears, Warwick  
and Montague, 10

That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,  
And made the forest tremble when they  
roar'd.

Thus have we swept suspicion from our  
seat,

And made our footstool of security.  
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.

Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and my-  
self

Have in our armours watch'd the winter's  
night,

Went all a-foot in summer's scalding heat,  
That thou might'st repossess the crown in  
peace;

And of our labours thou shalt reap the  
gain. 20

*Glou. Aside.* I'll blast his harvest, if your  
head were laid;

For yet I am not look'd on in the world.  
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick to heave;  
And heave it shall some weight, or break my  
back.

Work thou the way, and that shall execute.  
*K. Edw.* Clarence and Gloucester, love  
my lovely queen;

And kiss your princely nephew, brothers  
both.

*Clar.* The duty that I owe unto your  
majesty

I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

*Q. Eliz.* Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy  
brother, thanks. 30

*Glou.* And, that I love the tree from  
whence thou sprang'st,

Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.

*Aside.* To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his  
master,

And cried 'all hail!' whenas he meant all  
harm.

*K. Edw.* Now am I seated as my soul  
delights,

Having my country's peace and brothers'  
loves.

*Clar.* What will your grace have done  
with Margaret?

*Reignier,* her father, to the King of France  
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,  
And hither have they sent it for her ran-  
som. 40

*K. Edw.* Away with her, and waft her  
hence to France.

And now what rests but that we spend the  
time

With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,  
Such as befits the pleasure of the court?

Sound drums and trumpets! farewell sour  
annoy!

For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.

*Exeunt.*

## THE TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD THE THIRD

TO us who are familiar with *Henry VI, Part III*, it is a little disturbing that Richard, when the curtain rises upon his own tragedy, should announce his determination to play the villain for no other reason than that he is forbidden to play the lover. We know that this is not true; that the ennui of which he complains is not his real motive. His ambition for the crown, his plans to secure it and the principles that are to guide his actions have all been revealed in the earlier play; and he now steps before us, his character fully drawn, ready to put into execution the plans with which we are already familiar. Over the body of the murdered Henry he had outlined, with a frankness which for some reason he does not now employ, his future course:

"Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,  
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.  
I have no brother; I am like no brother;  
And this word 'love,' which greybeards call divine,  
Be resident in men like one another,  
And not in me: I am myself alone.—  
Clarence, beware! thou keep'st me from the light:  
Put I will sort a pitchy day for thee;  
I'or I will buzz abroad such prophecies,  
That Edward shall be fearful of his life,  
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death."

Here is a motive, together with a plan of action, far transcending that of ennui, and one without which the character of Richard shrinks to unheroic proportions and loses much of its moral significance. The tragedy of *Richard III*, then, if it is to be considered seriously, must be regarded as an integral part of the *Henry VI* group.

When Richard comes before us in this play the "pitchy day" has at last arrived, the prophecies have been buzzed abroad, and Clarence is about to pass on his way to the Tower. From this moment Richard takes the center of the stage, surrounded only by women and children and weak or corrupt men, with the great, shadowy figure of Margaret hovering like Fate ever in the background. The impression which we receive from the first of his restless energy and his resourcefulness is due chiefly to this contrast between him and those about him. No character in Shakespeare is the center of such a storm of futile imprecations and curses from helpless women as Richard. The terror that he inspires springs not so much from his inherent powers and his apparent incapacity for pity, as from the fact that he meets with little or no opposition from strong and active agencies for good. It is not until late in the play that opposition assumes formidable proportions and under that he collapses because he has built his entire structure on a morally rotten foundation.

Nobody knows this, of course, better than Richard himself. We cannot for a moment believe that he actually regards himself exempt from the operations of a moral law. Because of his ambition for the crown and his despair of obtaining it by other than foul means he has committed his mind to hell and driven pity, love, and fear from his bosom. Or rather, this is what he has tried to do, but without success. His conscience is still operative, as many signs indicate. He who had stabbed Prince Edward, crying "sprawl'st thou?" and who had with his own hand murdered Henry in the Tower, resorts in this play to do his murders through confederates. His chief pride in his successful wooing of Anne is in having overcome her conscience. The very fact that he recognizes the power of conscience in others is sufficient evidence that he still feels it in himself. He may deny it; he may try to stifle it; but he cannot escape it; at least such is the testimony of his wife:

"For never yet one hour in his bed  
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,  
But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd."

Here we have, as affecting the character of Richard, one of the most important disclosures of the play, and one that seems to have been too often overlooked. This is Shakespeare's hand, preparing his audience for Richard's reaction to the dream on Bosworth field. Before that complete and overwhelming revelation, he draws a curtain that gives us a peep into one of the windows of Richard's soul.

It has been often remarked that Richard reveals no outward sign of an inward struggle, such as we observe, for instance, in *Macbeth*. This is true, but it is no proof that some such struggle did not occur. To have revealed it would have been, on Shakespeare's part, to remove Richard from the category of villains; for *Macbeth*, we must remember, was not a villain. It is noticeable that in this play we rarely see into the mind of Richard. He appears seldom in soliloquy, and when he does his mind is engrossed with practical affairs, for like all villains he is restless and active. It must be borne in mind that he is as much concerned in the attempt to deceive himself as to deceive others.

The play proceeds, therefore, until well toward the close without conflict. One after another, obstacles disappear before him, involving scarcely the element of danger. It is not until he hears that Dorset has fled to join Richmond that he has any cause for alarm. From this point on there is a marshalling of forces for the final struggle—a struggle not merely between armed men, but between good and evil.

Encamped on Bosworth field, Richmond makes all his plans for the morning's conflict, bids good night to his followers, and commits himself to the protection of heaven:

"O thou, whose captain I account myself,  
Look on my forces with a gracious eye!

Make us thy ministers of chastisement,  
That we may praise thee in thy victory!  
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,  
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;  
Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still!"

Richard prepares for the night:

"Give me a bowl of wine;

I have not that alacrity of spirit,  
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.—  
Set it down.—Is ink and paper ready?

*Ratcliff.* It is, my lord.

*Richard.* Bid my guard watch. Leave me.—

*Ratcliff*, about the mid of night come to my tent  
And help to arm me.—Leave me, I say."

The ghosts that appear between the two tents are but the visible symbols of the dreams of the two men. Richard starts from his dream in panic:

"O, coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!"

Can it be possible that he is undergoing an entirely new experience? He talks of conscience, of love, of sin and guilt and pity; and he seems to know and feel their meaning. This braggart, who had not been able to deceive himself, and whose villainy had been so cheap and transparent that it had deceived no one else, now recognizes that the structure he has built is falling about his ears; that he has been the architect of his own ruin.

But the character remains consistent to the last. In the face of the testimony of his own conscience, which "hath a thousand several tongues" each one condemning him, he still plays the game of deception. It is the same game that has been played from time immemorial and that is still being played in the world today. It is not personal with Richard; it is played by all who pride themselves on the supremacy of their own will and intellect and who therefore try to divorce themselves from sympathy with their kind. To such, as to Richard,

"Conscience is a word that cowards use,  
Devised at first to keep the strong in awe."

# THE TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD THE THIRD

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.  
EDWARD, *Prince of Wales,*  
*afterwards King Edward the Fifth,*  
RICHARD, *Duke of York,*  
GEORGE, *Duke of Clarence,*  
RICHARD, *Duke of Gloucester,*  
*afterwards King Richard the Third.*  
A young Son of Clarence.  
HENRY, *Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry the Seventh.*  
CARDINAL BOURCHIER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*  
THOMAS ROTHERHAM, *Archbishop of York.*  
JOHN MORTON, *Bishop of Ely.*  
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.  
DUKE OF NORFOLK.  
EARL OF SURREY, *his Son.*  
EARL RIVERS, *Brother to Elizabeth.*  
MARQUESS OF DORSET and LORD GREY,  
*Sons to Elizabeth.*  
EARL OF OXFORD.  
LORD HASTINGS.  
LORD STANLEY, *called also EARL OF DERBY.*

*Sons to the King.*

*Brothers to the King.*

LORD LOVEL.  
SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN.  
SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.  
SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.  
SIR JAMES TYRREL.  
SIR JAMES BLOUNT.  
SIR WALTER HERBERT.  
SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*  
CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, *a Priest. Another Priest.*  
TRESSEL and BERKELEY, *Gentlemen attending on the Lady Anne.*  
Lord Mayor of London. Sheriff of Wiltshire.  
ELIZABETH, *Queen to King Edward the Fourth.*  
MARGARET, *Widow of King Henry the Sixth.*  
DUCHESS OF YORK, *Mother to King Edward the Fourth, Clarence, and Gloucester.*  
LADY ANNE, *Widow of Edward Prince of Wales, son to King Henry the Sixth; afterwards married to Richard.*  
A young Daughter of Clarence, Margaret Plantagenet.

*Lords and other Attendants; a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Soldiers, etc.*

*Ghosts of those murdered by Richard the Third.*

SCENE.—England.

## ACT I

SCENE I.—London. A Street.

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Glou. Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;  
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house  
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.  
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;  
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;  
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings;  
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.  
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;  
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds  
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries, 11

He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber  
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.  
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,  
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;  
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty  
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;  
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,  
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,  
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time 20  
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,  
And that so lamely and unfashionable  
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;  
Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,  
Have no delight to pass away the time,  
Unless to see my shadow in the sun  
And descant on mine own deformity:  
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,  
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,  
I am determined to prove a villain, 30

And hate the idle pleasures of these days.  
 Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,  
 By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,  
 To set my brother Clarence and the king  
 In deadly hate the one against the other:  
 And if King Edward be as true and just  
 As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,  
 This day should Clarence closely be mew'd  
 up, 39

About a prophecy, which says that G  
 Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.  
 Dive, thoughts, down to my soul: here Clarence comes.

*Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and BRAKENBURY.*

Brother, good day. What means this armed guard

That waits upon your grace?

*Clar.* His majesty,  
 Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed  
 This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

*Glou.* Upon what cause?

*Clar.* Because my name is George.  
*Glou.* Alack! my lord, that fault is none  
 of yours;

He should, for that, commit your godfathers.  
 O! belike his majesty hath some intent  
 That you should be new-christen'd in the  
 Tower. 53

But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

*Clar.* Yea, Richard, when I know; for I protest

As yet I do not: but, as I can learn,  
 He hearkens after prophecies and dreams;  
 And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,  
 And says a wizard told him that by G  
 His issue disinherited should be;

And, for my name of George begins with G,  
 It follows in his thought that I am he. 59  
 These, as I learn, and such like toys as these  
 Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.

*Glou.* Why, this it is, when men are rul'd  
 by women:

'T is not the king that sends you to the  
 Tower;

My Lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 't is she  
 That tempers him to this extremity.

Was it not she and that good man of worship,  
 Anthony Woodville, her brother there,  
 That made him send Lord Hastings to the  
 Tower,

From whence this present day he is deliver'd?  
 69

We are not safe, Clarence; we are not safe.

*Clar.* By heaven, I think there is no man  
 secure

But the queen's kindred and night-walking  
 heralds

That trudge betwixt the king and Mistress  
 Shore.

Heard ye not what an humble suppliant  
 Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

*Glou.* Humbly complaining to her deity  
 Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.

I'll tell you what; I think it is our way,  
 If we will keep in favour with the king,  
 To be her men and wear her livery: 80

The jealous o'erworn widow and herself,  
 Since that our brother dubb'd them gentle-  
 women,

Are mighty gossips in our monarchy.

*Brak.* I beseech your graces both to pardon me;

His majesty hath straitly given in charge  
 That no man shall have private conference,  
 Of what degree soever, with his brother.

*Glou.* Even so; an't please your worship,  
 Brakenbury,

You may partake of any thing we say:  
 We speak no treason, man: we say the  
 king 90

Is wise and virtuous, and his noble queen  
 Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous;  
 We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,  
 A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing  
 tongue;

And that the queen's kindred are made  
 gentle folks.

How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

*Brak.* With this, my lord, myself have  
 nought to do.

*Glou.* Naught to do with Mistress Shore!  
 I tell thee, fellow,

He that doth naught with her, excepting one,  
 Were best he do it secretly, alone. 100

*Brak.* What one, my lord?

*Glou.* Her husband, knave. Wouldst't  
 thou betray me?

*Brak.* I beseech your grace to pardon me;  
 and withal

Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

*Clar.* We know thy charge, Brakenbury,  
 and will obey.

*Glou.* We are the queen's abjects, and  
 must obey.

Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;  
 And whatso'er you will employ me in,

Were it to call King Edward's widow sister,  
 I will perform it to enfranchise you. 110

Meantime, this deep disgrace in brother-  
 hood

Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

*Clar.* I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

*Glou.* Well, your imprisonment shall not  
 be long;

I will deliver you, or else lie for you:

Meantime, have patience.

*Clar.* I must perforce: farewell.

*Exeunt CLARENCE, BRAKENBURY,  
 and Guard.*

*Glou.* Go, tread the path that thou shalt  
 ne'er return,

Simple, plain Clarence! I do love thee so  
 That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,

If heaven will take the present at our hands.  
 But who comes here? the new-deliver'd  
 Hastings? 121

*Enter HASTINGS.*

*Hast.* Good time of day unto my gracious  
 lord!

*Glou.* As much unto my good lord cham-  
 berlain!

Well are you welcome to this open air.  
 How hath your lordship brook'd imprison-  
 ment?

*Hast.* With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must;

But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks That were the cause of my imprisonment.

*Glou.* No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;

For they that were your enemies are his, 130 And have prevail'd as much on him as you.

*Hast.* More pity that the eagle should be mew'd,

While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

*Glou.* What news abroad?

*Hast.* No news so bad abroad as this at home;

The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy, And his physicians fear him mightily.

*Glou.* Now, by Saint Paul, this news is bad indeed.

O! he hath kept an evil diet long, 139

And overmuch consum'd his royal person: 'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.

What! is he in his bed?

*Hast.* He is.

*Glou.* Go you before, and I will follow you.

*Exit HASTINGS.*

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die Till George be pack'd with post-horse up to heaven.

I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence, With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;

And, if I fail not in my deep intent, Clarence hath not another day to live: 150

Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,

And leave the world for me to bustle in! For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.

What though I kill'd her husband and her father?

The readiest way to make the wench amends Is to become her husband and her father:

The which will I; not all so much for love As for another secret close intent,

By marrying her which I must reach unto. But yet I run before my horse to market: 160

Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives and reigns:

When they are gone, then must I count my gains. *Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. Another Street.*

*Enter the corpse of King HENRY the Sixth, borne in an open coffin, Gentlemen bearing halberds, to guard it; and Lady ANNE as mourner.*

*Anne.* Set down, set down your honourable load,

If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,

Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament

The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.

Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!

Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!

Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!

Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,

To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,

Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,

Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these wounds!

Lo! in these windows that let forth thy life, I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.

O! cursed be the hand that made these holes;

Cursed the heart that had the heart to do it! Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence!

More direful hap betide that hated wretch, That makes us wretched by the death of thee,

Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads, Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives! 20

If ever he have child, abortive be it, Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,

Whose ugly and unnatural aspect May fright the hopeful mother at the view;

And that be heir to his unhappiness! If ever he have wife, let her be made

More miserable by the death of him Than I am made by my young lord and thee!

Come, now towards Chertsey with your holy load,

Taken from Paul's to be interred there; 30 And still, as you are weary of this weight, Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's corse.

*The Bearers take up the corpse and advance.*

*Enter GLOUCESTER.*

*Glou.* Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.

*Anne.* What black magician conjures up this fiend,

To stop devoted charitable deeds?

*Glou.* Villains! set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul,

I'll make a corse of him that disobeys. *First Gent.* My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

*Glou.* Unmanner'd dog! stand thou when I command: 39

Advance thy halberd higher than my breast, Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,

And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

*The Bearers set down the coffin.*

*Anne.* What! do you tremble? are you all afraid?

Alas! I blame you not; for you are mortal, And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.

Avaunt! thou dreadful minister of hell; Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,

His soul thou canst not have: therefore, be gone.

*Glou.* Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

*Anne.* Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not; 50

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell, Fill'd it with cursing cries and deep ex-claims.

If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds, Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.

O! gentlemen; see, see! dead Henry's wounds

Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh.

Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity, For 't is thy presence that exhales this blood From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells:

Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural, 60 Provokes this deluge most unnatural.

O God! which this blood mad'st, revenge his death;

O earth! which this blood drink'st, revenge his death;

Either heaven with lightning strike the murderer dead,

Or earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick, As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,

Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

Glou. Lady, you know no rules of charity, Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man: 70

No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

Glou. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O! wonderful, when devils tell the truth.

Glou. More wonderful when angels are so angry.

Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman, Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,

By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man

For these known evils, but to give me leave, By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self. 80

Glou. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have

Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make

No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

Glou. By such despair I should accuse myself.

Anne. And by despairing should'st thou stand excus'd

For doing worthy vengeance on thyself, Which didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glou. Say that I slew them not.

Anne. Then say they were not slain: But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee. 90

Glou. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then he is alive.

Glou. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.

Anne. In thy foul throat thou liest: Queen Margaret saw

Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood;

The which thou once didst bend against her breast,

But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glou. I was provoked by her sland'rous tongue, Which laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,

That never dreamt on aught but butcheries. Didst thou not kill this king? 101

Glou. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedge-hog? then, God grant me too

Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed!

O! he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.

Glou. The fitter for the King of heaven that hath him.

Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

Glou. Let him thank me, that help to send him thither;

For he was fitter for that place than earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.

Glou. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it. 110

Anne. Some dungeon.

Glou. Your bedchamber.

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!

Glou. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glou. I know so. But, gentle Lady Anne,

To leave this keen encounter of our wits, And fall somewhat into a slower method,

Is not the causer of the timeless deaths Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,

As blameful as the executioner?

Anne. Thou art the cause, and most accurs'd effect. 120

Glou. Your beauty was the cause of that effect;

Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep To undertake the death of all the world,

So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,

These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glou. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck;

You should not blemish it if I stood by: As all the world is cheered by the sun,

So I by that; it is my day, my life. 130

Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life!

Glou. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Glou. It is a quarrel most unnatural, To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable, To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

Glou. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,

Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth. 140

Glou. He lives that loves thee better than he could.

Anne. Name him,

Glou. Plantagenet.  
 Anne. Why, that was he.  
 Glou. The self-same name, but one of better nature.  
 Anne. Where is he?  
 Glou. Here. *She spitteth at him.*  
 Why dost thou spit at me?  
 Anne. Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!  
 Glou. Never came poison from so sweet a place.  
 Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad. Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.  
 Glou. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine. 150  
 Anne. Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!  
 Glou. I would they were, that I might die at once;  
 For now they kill me with a living death. Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,  
 Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops;  
 These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear;  
 No, when my father York and Edward wept To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made  
 When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him;  
 Nor when thy war-like father, like a child, Told the sad story of my father's death, 161  
 And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,  
 That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks, Like trees bedash'd with rain; in that sad time  
 My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear; And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,  
 Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.  
 I never sued to friend nor enemy;  
 My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing words;  
 But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee, 170  
 My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.  
*She looks scornfully at him.*  
 Teach not thy lip such scorn, for it was made For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.  
 If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive, Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;  
 Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,  
 And let the soul forth that adareth thee, I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,  
 And humbly beg the death upon my knee.  
*He lays his breast open: she offers at it with his sword.*  
 Nay, do not pause; for I did kill King Henry; 180  
 But 't was thy beauty that provoked me.  
 Nay, now dispatch; 't was I that stabb'd young Edward;  
 But 't was thy heavenly face that set me on.  
*She falls fall the sword.*  
 Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler: though I wish thy death,  
 I will not be the executioner.  
 Glou. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.  
 Anne. I have already.  
 Glou. That was in thy rage:  
 Speak it again, and even with the word, This hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love, 190  
 Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love:  
 To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.  
 Anne. I would I knew thy heart.  
 Glou. 'T is figured in my tongue.  
 Anne. I fear me both are false.  
 Glou. Then never man was true.  
 Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.  
 Glou. Say, then, my peace is made.  
 Anne. That shalt thou know hereafter.  
 Glou. But shall I live in hope? 200  
 Anne. All men, I hope, live so.  
 Glou. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.  
 Anne. To take is not to give.  
 Glou. Look! how this ring encompasseth thy finger,  
 Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;  
 Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.  
 And if thy poor devoted servant may But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,  
 Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever. 210  
 Anne. What is it?  
 Glou. That it may please you leave these sad designs  
 To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,  
 And presently repair to Crosby-place;  
 Where, after I have solemnly interr'd At Chertsey monastery this noble king,  
 And wet his grave with my repentant tears, I will with all expedient duty see you:  
 For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you, Grant me this boon.  
 Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me too 220  
 To see you are become so penitent.  
 Tressel and Berkeley, go along with me.  
 Glou. Bid me farewell.  
 Anne. 'T is more than you deserve;  
 But since you teach me how to flatter you, Imagine I have said farewell already.  
*Exeunt Lady ANNE, TRESSSEL, and BERKELEY.*  
 Glou. Sirs, take up the corse.  
 Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?  
 Glou. No, to White-Friars; there attend my coming.  
*Exeunt all but GLOUCESTER.*  
 Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?  
 Was ever woman in this humour won?  
 I'll have her; but I will not keep her long.  
 What! I, that kill'd her husband and his father, 231  
 To take her in her heart's extremest hate;  
 With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,  
 The bleeding witness of her hatred by;

Having God, her conscience, and these bars  
 against me,  
 And I no friends to back my suit withal,  
 But the plain devil and dissembling looks,  
 And yet to win her, all the world to nothing!  
 Ha!  
 Hath she forgot already that brave prince, 240  
 Edward, her lord, whom I, some three  
 months since,  
 Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?  
 A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,  
 Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,  
 Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right  
 royal,  
 The spacious world cannot again afford:  
 And will she yet abase her eyes on me,  
 That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet  
 prince,  
 And made her widow to a woeful bed?  
 On me, whose all not equals Edward's  
 moiety? *I have and you shall not see 250*  
 On me, that halt and am misshapen thus?  
 My dukedom to a beggarly denier  
 I do mistake my person all this while:  
 Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,  
 Myself to be a marvellous proper man.  
 I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,  
 And entertain a score or two of tailors,  
 To study fashions to adorn my body:  
 Since I am crept in favour with myself,  
 I will maintain it with some little cost. 260  
 But first I'll turn you fellow in his grave,  
 And then return lamenting to my love.  
 Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a  
 glass,  
 That I may see my shadow as I pass. *Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter Queen ELIZABETH, Lord RIVERS, and Lord GREY.*

*Riv.* Have patience, madam: there's no  
 doubt his majesty  
 Will soon recover his accustom'd health.  
*Grey.* In that you brook it ill, it makes  
 him worse:  
 Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good  
 comfort,  
 And cheer his grace with quick and merry  
 words.  
*Q. Eliz.* If he were dead, what would  
 betide on me?  
*Grey.* No other harm but loss of such a  
 lord.  
*Q. Eliz.* The loss of such a lord includes  
 all harms.  
*Grey.* The heavens have bless'd you with  
 a goodly son,  
 To be your comforter when he is gone. 10  
*Q. Eliz.* Ah! he is young; and his mi-  
 nority  
 Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloucester,  
 A man that loves not me, nor none of you.  
*Riv.* Is it concluded he shall be protector?  
*Q. Eliz.* It is determin'd, not con-  
 cluded yet:  
 But so it must be if the king miscarry.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM and STANLEY.*

*Grey.* Here come the Lords of Bucking-  
 ham and Stanley.  
*Buck.* Good time of day unto your royal  
 grace!  
*Stan.* God make your majesty joyful as  
 you have been!  
*Q. Eliz.* The Countess Richmond, good  
 my Lord of Stanley, 20  
 To your good prayer will scarcely say amen.  
 Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your  
 wife,  
 And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd  
 I hate not you for her proud arrogance.  
*Stan.* I do beseech you, either not be-  
 lieve  
 The envious slanders of her false accusers;  
 Or, if she be accus'd on true report,  
 Bear with her weakness, which, I think, pro-  
 ceeds  
 From wayward sickness, and no grounded  
 malice.  
*Q. Eliz.* Saw you the king to-day, my  
 Lord of Stanley? 30  
*Stan.* But now the Duke of Buckingham  
 and I  
 Are come from visiting his majesty.  
*Q. Eliz.* What likelihood of his amend-  
 ment, lords?  
*Buck.* Madam, good hope; his grace  
 speaks cheerfully.  
*Q. Eliz.* God grant him health! Did you  
 confer with him?  
*Buck.* Ay, madam: he desires to make  
 atonement  
 Between the Duke of Gloucester and your  
 brothers,  
 And between them and my lord chamber-  
 lain;  
 And sent to warn them to his royal presence.  
*Q. Eliz.* Would all were well! But that  
 will never be. 40  
 I fear our happiness is at the highest.

*Enter GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, and DORSET.*

*Glou.* They do me wrong, and I will not  
 endure it:  
 Who are they that complain unto the king,  
 That I, forsooth, am stern and love them  
 not?  
 By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly  
 That fill his ears with such dissentious  
 rumours.  
 Because I cannot flatter and speak fair,  
 Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and  
 cog,  
 Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,  
 I must be held a rancorous enemy. 50  
 Cannot a plain man live and think no harm.  
 But thus his simple truth must be abus'd  
 By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?  
*Grey.* To whom in all this presence  
 speaks your grace?  
*Glou.* To thee, that hast nor honesty nor  
 grace.  
 When have I injur'd thee? when done thee  
 wrong?

Or thee? or thee? or any of your faction?  
A plague upon you all! His royal person,  
Whom God preserve better than you would  
wish!

Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while, 60  
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

*Q. Eliz.* Brother of Gloucester, you mistake the matter.

The king, of his own royal disposition,  
And not provok'd by any suitor else,  
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,  
That in your outward action shows itself  
Against my kindred, brothers, and myself,  
Makes him to send; that thereby he may  
gather

The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.  
*Glou.* I cannot tell: the world is grown so  
bad 70

That wrens make prey where eagles dare  
not perch:

Since every Jack became a gentleman  
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

*Q. Eliz.* Come, come, we know your  
meaning, brother Gloucester;

You envy my advancement and my friends'.  
God grant we never may have need of you!

*Glou.* Meantime, God grants that we  
have need of you:

Our brother is imprison'd by your means,  
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility  
Held in contempt; while many fair promotions 80

Are daily given to ennoble those  
That scarce, some two days since, were  
worth a noble.

*Q. Eliz.* By him that rais'd me to this  
careful height

From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,  
I never did incense his majesty

Against the Duke of Clarence, but have  
been

An earnest advocate to plead for him.  
My lord, you do me shameful injury,

Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.  
*Glou.* You may deny that you were not  
the mean 90

Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.  
*Riv.* She may, my lord; for—

*Glou.* She may, Lord Rivers! why, who  
knows not so?

She may do more, sir, than denying that:  
She may help you to many fair preferments,

And then deny her aiding hand therein,  
And lay those honours on your high desert.

What may she not? She may,—ay, marry,  
may she,—

*Riv.* What, marry, may she?

*Glou.* What, marry, may she! marry with  
a king, 100

A bachelor, and a handsome stripling too.  
I wis your grandam had a worser match.

*Q. Eliz.* My Lord of Gloucester, I have  
too long borne

Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter  
scoffs;

By hence, I will acquaint his majesty  
Of those gross taunts that oft I have en-  
dur'd.

I had rather be a country servant maid  
Than a great queen, with this condition,  
To be so baited, scorn'd and stormed at:  
Small joy have I in being England's  
queen. 110

*Enter Queen MARGARET, behind.*

*Q. Mar.* And lessen'd be that small, God,  
I beseech him!

Thy honour, state and seat is due to me.  
*Glou.* What! threat you me with telling  
of the king?

Tell him, and spare not: look! what I have  
said

I will avouch in presence of the king:  
I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.

'T is time to speak; my pains are quite for-  
got.

*Q. Mar.* Out, devil! I remember them  
too well:

Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the  
Tower,

And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury. 120  
*Glou.* Ere you were queen, ay, or your  
husband king,

I was a pack-horse in his great affairs,  
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,

A liberal rewarder of his friends;  
To royalise his blood I spilt mine own.

*Q. Mar.* Ay, and much better blood than  
his, or thine.

*Glou.* In all which time you and your hus-  
band Grey

Were factious for the house of Lancaster;  
And Rivers, so were you. Was not your hus-  
band

In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban slain?  
Let me put in your minds, if you forget, 131

What you have been ere now, and what you  
are;

Withal, what I have been, and what I am.  
*Q. Mar.* A murderous villain, and so still  
thou art.

*Glou.* Poor Clarence did forsake his  
father Warwick,

Ay, and forswore himself, which Jesu par-  
don!

*Q. Mar.* Which God revenge!

*Glou.* To fight on Edward's party for the  
crown;

And for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up.  
I would to God my heart were flint, like Ed-  
ward's, 140

Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine:  
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

*Q. Mar.* Hie thee to hell for shame, and  
leave the world,

Thou cacodemon! there thy kingdom is.  
*Riv.* My Lord of Gloucester, in those  
busy days

Which here you urge to prove us enemies,  
We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king;

So should we you, if you should be our  
king.

*Glou.* If I should be! I had rather be a  
pedlar.

Far be it from my heart the thought thereof!  
*Q. Eliz.* As little joy, my lord, as you sup-  
pose 151

You should enjoy, were you this country's king,  
As little joy may you suppose in me  
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

*Q. Mar.* A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;

For I am she, and altogether joyless.  
I can no longer hold me patient. *Advancing.*  
Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out  
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me!

Which of you trembles not that looks on me?  
If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects,  
Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels?

Ah! gentle villain, do not turn away.

*Glou.* Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?

*Q. Mar.* But repetition of what thou hast marr'd;

That will I make before I let thee go.

*Glou.* Wert thou not banished on pain of death?

*Q. Mar.* I was; but I do find more pain in banishment

Than death can yield me here by my abode.  
A husband and a son thou ow'st to me; 170  
And thou a kingdom; all of you allegiance:  
This sorrow that I have by right is yours,  
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

*Glou.* The curse my noble father laid on thee,

When thou didst crown his war-like brows with paper;

And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes;

And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout

Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland;

His curses, then from bitterness of soul

Denounc'd against thee, are all fallen upon thee; 180

And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.

*Q. Eliz.* So just is God, to right the innocent.

*Hast.* O! 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,

And the most merciless that e'er was heard of.

*Riv.* Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

*Dor.* No man but prophesied revenge for it.

*Buck.* Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

*Q. Mar.* What! were you snarling all before I came,

Ready to catch each other by the throat,  
And turn you all your hatred now on me? 190

Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven

That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,

Their kingdom's loss, my woeful banishment,

Should all but answer for that peevish brat?

Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven?

Why then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!

If not by war, by surfeit die your king,  
As ours by murder, to make him a king!

Edward thy son, which now is Prince of Wales,

For Edward my son, which was Prince of Wales,

Die in his youth by like untimely violence!

Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,  
Oulive thy glory, like my wretched self!

Long may'st thou live to wail thy children's loss,

And see another, as I see thee now,  
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!

Long die thy happy days before thy death;  
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,

Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!

Rivers and Dorset, you were standers by, 210  
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings, when my son

Was stabb'd with bloody daggers: God, I pray him,

That none of you may live your natural age,  
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

*Glou.* Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag!

*Q. Mar.* And leave out thee? stay, dog,  
for thou shalt hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store  
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,

O! let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,  
And then hurl down their indignation 220

On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace.

The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!

Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou livest,

And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!

No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,  
Unless it be while some tormenting dream

Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!

Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!

Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity  
The slave of nature and the son of hell! 230

Thou slander of thy heavy mother's womb!

Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!

Thou rag of honour! thou detested—  
*Glou.* Margaret.

*Q. Mar.* Richard!

*Glou.* Ha!

*Q. Mar.* I call thee not.

*Glou.* I cry thee mercy then, for I did think

That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

*Q. Mar.* Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.

O! let me make the period to my curse.  
*Glou.* 'Tis done by me, and ends in 'Margaret.'

*Q. Eliz.* Thus have you breath'd your curse against yourself. 240



I do beweepe to many simple gulls;  
Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;  
And say it is the queen and her allies 330  
That stir the king against the duke my  
brother.

Now they believe it; and withal whet me  
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:  
But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scrip-  
ture,

Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:  
And thus I clothe my naked villany  
With old odd ends stol'n forth of holy writ,  
And seem a saint when most I play the devil.

*Enter two Murderers.*

But soft! here come my executioners. 339  
How now, my hardy, stout, resolved mates!  
Are you not going to dispatch this thing?

*First Murd.* We are, my lord; and come  
to have the warrant.

That we may be admitted where he is.

*Glou.* Well thought upon; I have it here  
about me. *Gives the warrant.*

When you have done, repair to Crosby-  
place.

But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,  
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;  
For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps  
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark  
him.

*First Murd.* Tut, tut! my lord, we will  
not stand to prate; *As he speaks, the* 350

Talkers are no good doers: be assur'd  
We go to use our hands and not our tongues.

*Glou.* Your eyes drop millstones, when  
fools' eyes fall tears:

I like you, lads; about your business  
straight;

Go, go, dispatch.

*First Murd.* We will, my noble lord.  
*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Same. The Tower.*

*Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY.*

*Brak.* Why looks your grace so heavily  
to-day?

*Clar.* O! I have pass'd a miserable night,  
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,  
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,  
I would not spend another such a night,  
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy  
days,

So full of dismal terror was the time.

*Brak.* What was your dream, my lord?  
I pray you, tell me.

*Clar.* Methought that I had broken from  
the Tower,

And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy; 10  
And in my company my brother Gloucester,  
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk  
Upon the hatches: thence we look'd toward  
England,

And cited up a thousand heavy times,  
During the wars of York and Lancaster  
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along  
Upon the siddy footing of the hatches,  
Methought that Gloucester stumbled; and,  
in falling,

Struck me, that thought to stay him, over-  
board,

Into the tumbling billows of the main. 20  
Lord, Lord! methought what pain it was to  
drown:

What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!  
What ugly sights of death within mine eyes!  
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;  
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;  
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of  
pearl,

Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,  
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.

Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those  
holes

Where eyes did once inhabit, there were  
crept, *one hundred thousand* 30

As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,  
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,  
And mock'd the dead bones that lay  
scatter'd by.

*Brak.* Had you such leisure in the time  
of death

To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

*Clar.* Methought I had; and often did  
I strive

To yield the ghost; but still the envious  
flood

Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth  
To find the empty, vast, and wandering air;  
But smother'd it within my panting bulk, 40  
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

*Brak.* Awak'd you not with this sore  
agony?

*Clar.* No, no, my dream was lengthen'd  
after life;

O! then began the tempest to my soul.

I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,  
With that sour ferryman which poets write  
of,

Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.

The first that there did greet my stranger  
soul,

Was my great father-in-law, renowned War-  
wick;

Who cried aloud, 'What scourge for per-  
jury 50

Can this dark monarchy afford false Clar-  
ence?'

And so he vanish'd: then came wandering  
by

A shadow like an angel, with bright hair  
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out  
aloud,

'Clarence is come; false, fleeting, perjur'd  
Clarence,

That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;  
Seize on him! Furies, take him unto tor-  
ment.'

With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends  
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears

Such hideous cries, that with the very  
noise 60

I trembling wak'd, and for a season after  
Could not believe but that I was in hell,

Such terrible impression made my dream.

*Brak.* No marvel, lord, though it af-  
frighted you;

I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

*Clar.* O Brakenbury! I have done those things  
That now bear evidence against my soul,  
For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me.

O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,

But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds, 70  
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone:

O! spare my guiltless wife and my poor children.

I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;  
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

*Brak.* I will, my lord. God give your grace good rest!

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,  
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.

Princes have but their titles for their glories,

An outward honour for an inward toil;  
And, for unfelt imaginations, 80

They often feel a world of restless cares:  
So that, between their titles and low names,

There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

*Enter the two Murderers.*

*First Murd.* Ho! who's here?

*Brak.* What would'st thou, fellow? and how can'st thou hither?

*First Murd.* I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

*Brak.* What! so brief?

*Second Murd.* 'Tis better, sir, than to be tedious. Let him see our commission, and talk no more.

*A paper delivered to BRAKENBURY, who reads it.*

*Brak.* I am, in this, commanded to deliver

The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands:  
I will not reason what is meant hereby,  
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.

There lies the duke asleep, and there the keys.

I'll to the king; and signify to him  
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

*First Murd.* You may, sir; 'tis a point of wisdom: fare you well. 100

*Exit BRAKENBURY.*

*Second Murd.* What! shall we stab him as he sleeps?

*First Murd.* No; he'll say 't was done cowardly, when he wakes.

*Second Murd.* When he wakes! why fool, he shall never wake till the judgment-day.

*First Murd.* Why, then he'll say we stabbed him sleeping.

*Second Murd.* The urging of that word 'judgment' hath bred a kind of remorse in me. 110

*First Murd.* What! art thou afraid?

*Second Murd.* Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damned for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend us.

*First Murd.* I thought thou hadst been resolute.

*Second Murd.* So I am, to let him live.

*First Murd.* Back to the Duke of Gloucester, tell him so.

*Second Murd.* I pray thee, stay a while: I hope my holy humour will change; 't was wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty. 122

*First Murd.* How dost thou feel thyself now?

*Second Murd.* Some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

*First Murd.* Remember our reward when the deed's done.

*Second Murd.* 'Zounds! he dies: I had forgot the reward. 129

*First Murd.* Where's thy conscience now?

*Second Murd.* In the Duke of Gloucester's purse.

*First Murd.* So when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

*Second Murd.* 'T is no matter; let it go: there's few or none will entertain it.

*First Murd.* What if it come to thee again?

*Second Murd.* I'll not meddle with it; it makes a man a coward; a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: 't is a blushing shame-fast spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills a man full of obstacles; it made me once restore a purse of gold that I found; it beggars any man that keeps it; it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well endeavours to trust to himself and live without it.

*First Murd.* 'Zounds! it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke. 150

*Second Murd.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

*First Murd.* I am strong-framed; he cannot prevail with me.

*Second Murd.* Spoke like a tall fellow that respects his reputation. Come, shall we to this gear?

*First Murd.* Take him over the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him in the malmsey-butt in the next room. 161

*Second Murd.* O excellent device! and make a sop of him.

*First Murd.* Soft! he wakes.

*Second Murd.* Strike.

*First Murd.* No; we'll reason with him.

*Clar.* Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

*First Murd.* You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

*Clar.* In God's name, what art thou?

*First Murd.* A man, as you are. 170

*Clar.* But not, as I am, royal.

*First Murd.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.  
*Clar.* Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.  
*First Murd.* My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.  
*Clar.* How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak!  
 Your eyes do menace me; why look you pale?  
 Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?  
*Both Murd.* To, to, to—  
*Clar.* To murder me?  
*Both Murd.* Ay, ay.  
*Clar.* You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so, 180  
 And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.  
 Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?  
*First Murd.* Offended us you have not, but the king.  
*Clar.* I shall be reconcil'd to him again.  
*Second Murd.* Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.  
*Clar.* Are you call'd forth from out a world of men  
 To slay the innocent? What is my offence?  
 Where are the evidence that do accuse me?  
 What lawful quest have given their verdict up 189  
 Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounce'd  
 The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?  
 Before I be convict by course of law,  
 To threaten me with death is most unlawful.  
 I charge you, as you hope to have redemption  
 By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,  
 That you depart and lay no hands on me;  
 The deed you undertake is damnable.  
*First Murd.* What we will do, we do upon command.  
*Second Murd.* And he that hath commanded is the king.  
*Clar.* Erroneous vassals! the great king of kings 201  
 Hath in the table of his law commanded  
 That thou shall do no murder: will you then  
 Spurn at his edict and fulfil a man's?  
 Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,  
 To hurl upon their heads that break his law.  
*Second Murd.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,  
 For false forswearing and for murder too!  
 Thou didst receive the sacrament to fight  
 In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.  
*First Murd.* And, like a traitor to the name of God, 210  
 Didst break that vow, and with thy treacherous blade  
 Unripp'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.  
*Second Murd.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.  
*First Murd.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,  
 When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?

*Clar.* Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?  
 For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:  
 He sends you not to murder me for this;  
 For in that sin he is as deep as I. 220  
 If God will be avenged for that deed,  
 O! know you yet, he doth it publicly:  
 Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;  
 He needs no indirect or lawless course  
 To cut off those that have offended him.  
*First Murd.* Who made thee then a bloody minister,  
 When gallant-springing, brave Plantagenet,  
 That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?  
*Clar.* My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.  
*First Murd.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,  
 Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee. 230  
*Clar.* If you do love my brother, hate not me;  
 I am his brother, and I love him well.  
 If you be hir'd for meed, go back again,  
 And I will send you to my brother Gloucester.  
 Who shall reward you better for my life  
 Than Edward will for tidings of my death.  
*Second Murd.* You are deceiv'd, your brother Gloucester hates you.  
*Clar.* O, no! he loves me, and he holds me dear:  
 Go you to him from me.  
*Both Murd.* Ay so we will. 240  
*Clar.* Tell him, when that our princely father York  
 Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,  
 And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,  
 He little thought of this divided friendship;  
 Bid Gloucester think on this, and he will weep.  
*First Murd.* Ay, millstones; as he les-son'd us to weep.  
*Clar.* O! do not slander him, for he is kind.  
*First Murd.* Right,  
 As snow in harvest. Thou deceiv'st thyself:  
 'T is he that sends us to destroy you here. 250  
*Clar.* It cannot be: for he bewept my fortune,  
 And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,  
 That he would labour my delivery.  
*First Murd.* Why, so he doth, now he delivers you  
 From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heaven.  
*Second Murd.* Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.  
*Clar.* Have you that holy feeling in thy soul,  
 To counsel me to make my peace with God,  
 And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,  
 That thou wilt war with God by murdering me? 260  
 O! sirs, consider, they that set you on  
 To do this deed will hate you for the deed.  
*Second Murd.* What shall we do?

*Clar.* Relent and save your souls.  
*First Murd.* Relent! 't is cowardly and womanish.

*Clar.* Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.

Which of you, if you were a prince's son,  
 Being pent from liberty, as I am now,  
 If two such murderers as yourselves came  
 to you,

Would not entreat for life?

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks; 270  
 O! if thine eye be not a flatterer,

Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,  
 As you would beg, were you in my distress:  
 A begging prince what beggar pities not!

*Second Murd.* Look behind you, my lord.

*First Murd.* Take that, and that;

*Stabs him.*

If all this will not do,  
 I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.

*Exit, with the body.*

*Second Murd.* A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch'd!

How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands

Of this most grievous murder. 280

*Re-enter First Murderer.*

*First Murd.* How now! what means't thou, that thou help'st me not?

By heaven, the duke shall know how slack thou art.

*Second Murd.* I would he knew that I had sav'd his brother!

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;  
 For I repent me that the duke is slain. *Exit.*

*First Murd.* So do not I: go, coward, as thou art.

Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,  
 Till that the duke give order for his burial:

And when I have my need, I will away;  
 For this will out, and here I must not stay.

*Exit.*

## ACT II

SCENE I.—*London. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter King EDWARD, sick, Queen ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, and Others.*

*K. Edw.* Why so: now have I done a good day's work.

You peers, continue this united league:

I every day expect an embassy

From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;

And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven,

Since I have set my friends at peace on earth.

Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand;

Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

*Riv.* By heaven, my heart is purg'd from grudging hate;

And with my hand I seal my true heart's love. 10

*Hast.* So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

*K. Edw.* Take heed you dally not before your king;

Lest he that is the supreme King of kings  
 Confound your hidden falsehood, and award  
 Either of you to be the other's end.

*Hast.* So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

*Riv.* And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

*K. Edw.* Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,

Nor you, son Dorset, Buckingham, nor you;  
 You have been factious one against the other. 20

Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;

And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

*Q. Eliz.* Here, Hastings; I will never more remember

Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine!

*K. Edw.* Dorset, embrace him; Hastings, love lord marquess.

*Dor.* This interchange of love, I here protest,

Upon my part shall be inviolable.

*Hast.* And so swear I, my lord. *They embrace.*

*K. Edw.* Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league 29

With thy embracements to my wife's allies,  
 And make me happy in your unity.

*Buck. To the Queen.* Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate

Upon your grace, but with all dutious love  
 Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me

With hate in those where I expect most love!  
 When I have most need to employ a friend,

And most assured that he is a friend,  
 Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,

Be he unto me! this do I beg of heaven,  
 When I am cold in love to you or yours. 40

*They embrace.*  
*K. Edw.* A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,

Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.

There wanteth now our brother Gloucester here

To make the perfect period of this peace.

*Buck.* And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

*Enter GLOUCESTER.*

*Glou.* Good morrow to my sovereign king and queen;

And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

*K. Edw.* Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day.

Gloucester, we have done deeds of charity;  
 Made peace of emnity, fair love of hate, 50

Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

*Glou.* A blessed labour, my most sovereign lord.

Among this princely heap, if any here,  
 By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,

Hold me a foe;

If I unwittingly, or in my rage,  
 Have aught committed that is hardly borne

By any in this presence, I desire  
 To reconcile me to his friendly peace:

'Tis death to me to be at enmity;  
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.  
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,  
Which I will purchase with my duteous service;

Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,  
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us;  
Of you, Lord Rivers, and, Lord Grey, of you,  
That all without desert have frown'd on me;  
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.

I do not know that Englishman alive  
With whom my soul is any jot at odds. 70  
More than the infant that is born to-night:  
I thank my God for my humility.

*Q. Eliz.* A holy day shall this be kept hereafter:

I would to God all strifes were well compounded.

My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness

To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

*Glou.* Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,

To be so flouted in this royal presence?  
Who knows not that the gentle duke is dead?

*They all start.*  
You do him injury to scorn his corse. 80

*K. Edw.* Who knows not he is dead! who knows he is?

*Q. Eliz.* All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!

*Buck.* Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest?

*Dor.* Ay, my good lord; and no man in the presence

But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.  
*K. Edw.* Is Clarence dead? the order was revers'd.

*Glou.* But he, poor soul, by your first order died,  
And that a winged Mercury did bear;

Some tardy cripple bare the countermand,  
That came too lag to see him buried. 90

God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,

Nearer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood,  
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,

And yet go current from suspicion.

*Enter STANLEY*

*Stan.* A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!

*K. Edw.* I pray thee, peace: my soul is full of sorrow.

*Stan.* I will not rise, unless your highness hear me.

*K. Edw.* Then speak at once what is it thou demand'st.

*Stan.* The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life;

Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman 100  
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.

*K. Edw.* Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,

And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?  
My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,

And yet his punishment was bitter death.  
Who sued to me for him? who, in my wrath,  
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd?  
Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?

Who told me how the poor soul did forsake  
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me? 110

Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,  
When Oxford had me down, he rescu'd me  
And said, 'Dear brother, live, and be a king'?  
Who told me, when we both lay in the field  
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me  
Even in his garments; and did give himself,  
All thin and naked, to the numb cold night?  
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath  
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you  
Had so much grace to put it in my mind. 120  
But when your carters or your waiting-vassals  
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd  
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,  
You straight are on your knees for pardon,  
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you;  
But for my brother not a man would speak,  
Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself  
For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all  
Have been beholding to him in his life,  
Yet none of you would once beg for his life. 130  
O God! I fear thy justice will take hold  
On me and you and mine and yours for this.  
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. O!  
poor Clarence.

*Exeunt* King EDWARD, Queen ELIZABETH,  
HASTINGS, RIVERS, DORSET, and GREY.  
*Glou.* This is the fruit of rashness.  
Mark'd you not  
How that the guilty kindred of the queen  
Look'd pale when they did hear of Clarence' death?  
O! they did urge it still unto the king:  
God will revenge it. Come, lords; will you go  
To comfort Edward with our company?  
*Buck.* We wait upon your grace. 140  
*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Room in the Palace.*  
*Enter the Duchess of YORK, with the two children of CLARENCE.*  
*Boy.* Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?  
*Duch.* No, boy.  
*Boy.* Why do you wring your hands, and beat your breast?  
And cry 'O Clarence, my unhappy son!'  
*Girl.* Why do you look on us, and shake your head,  
And call us orphans, wretches, castaways,  
If that our noble father be alive?  
*Duch.* My pretty cousins, you mistake me much;  
I do lament the sickness of the king,  
As loath to lose him, not your father's death;  
It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost. 10

*Boy.* Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead.

The king mine uncle is to blame for it: God will revenge it; whom I will importune

With earnest prayers all to that effect.

*Girl.* And so will I.

*Duch.* Peace, children, peace! the king doth love you well;

Incapable and shallow innocents,

You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.

*Boy.* Grandam, we can; for my good uncle Gloucester

Told me, the king, provok'd to it by the queen,

Devis'd impeachments to imprison him:

And when my uncle told me so, he wept,

And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;

Bade me rely on him as on my father,

And he would love me dearly as his child.

*Duch.* Ah! that deceit should steal such gentle shape,

And with a virtuous vizard hide deep vice. Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

*Boy.* Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam?

*Duch.* Ay, boy.

*Boy.* I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this?

*Enter Queen ELIZABETH, distractedly; RIVERS and DORSET following her.*

*Q. Eliz.* Oh! who shall hinder me to wail and weep,

To chide my fortune, and torment myself? I'll join with black despair against my soul,

And to myself become an enemy.

*Duch.* What means this scene of rude impatience?

*Q. Eliz.* To make an act of tragic violence: Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead!

*Boy.* Why grow the branches now the root is wither'd?

Why wither not the leaves that want their sap?

If you will live, lament; if die, be brief, That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's;

Or, like obedient subjects, follow him To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

*Duch.* Ah! so much interest have I in thy sorrow

As I had title in thy noble husband. I have bewept a worthy husband's death,

And liv'd with looking on his images; But now two mirrors of his princely semblance

Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death, And I for comfort have but one false glass,

That grieves me when I see my shame in him.

Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother, And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:

But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,

And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble limbs,

Clarence and Edward. O! what cause have I,

Thine being but a moiety of my grief, To overgo thy plaints and drown thy cries.

*Boy.* Good aunt, you wept not for our father's death;

How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

*Girl.* Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd;

Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept.

*Q. Eliz.* Give me no help in lamentation; I am not barren to bring forth complaints:

All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes

That I, being govern'd by the watery moon, May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!

*Chil.* Ah! for my husband, for my dear lord Edward.

*Chil.* Ah! for our father, for our dear lord Clarence.

*Duch.* Alas! for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence.

*Q. Eliz.* What stay had I but Edward? and he's gone.

*Chil.* What stay had we but Clarence? and he's gone.

*Duch.* What stays had I but they? and they are gone.

*Q. Eliz.* Was never widow had so dear a loss.

*Chil.* Were never orphans had so dear a loss.

*Duch.* Was never mother had so dear a loss.

Alas! I am the mother of these griefs: Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.

She for an Edward weeps, and so do I; I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:

These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I; I for an Edward weep, so do not they:

Alas! you three on me, threefold distress'd, Pour all your tears, I am your sorrow's nurse,

And I will pamper it with lamentation.

*Dor.* Comfort, dear mother: God is much displeas'd

That you take with unthankfulness His doing.

In common wordly things 't is call'd ungrateful

With dull unwillingness to repay a debt Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;

Much more to be thus opposite with heaven, For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

*Riv.* Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,

Of the young prince your son: send straight for him;

Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives.

Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,

And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

*Enter GLOUCESTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, RATCLIFF, and Others.*

*Glou.* Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause  
To wail the dimming of our shining star;  
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.

*Madam,* my mother, I do cry you mercy;  
I did not see your grace: humbly on my knee  
I crave your blessing.

*Duch.* God bless thee! and put meekness in thy mind.

*Love,* charity, obedience, and true duty.  
*Glou.* Amen: *Aside.* and make me die a good old man!

That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing;  
I marvel that her grace did leave it out.

*Buck.* You cloudy princes and heart-sor-  
rowing peers,

That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,  
Now cheer each other in each other's love:  
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,

We are to reap the harvest of his son.  
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,

But lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd together,

Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept:

Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,

Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd

Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

*Riv.* Why with some little train, my Lord of Buckingham?

*Buck.* Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,

The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;

Which would be so much the more dangerous,

By how much the estate is green and yet ungovern'd;

Where every horse bears his commanding rein,

And may direct his course as please himself,  
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,

In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

*Glou.* I hope the king made peace with all of us;

And the compact is firm and true in me.

*Riv.* And so in me; and so, I think, in all:  
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put

To no apparent likelihood of breach,  
Which haply by much company might be urg'd:

Therefore I say with noble Buckingham,  
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

*Hast.* And so say I.

*Glou.* Then be it so; and go we to determine

Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.

*Madam,* and you, my mother, will you go  
To give your censures in this business?

*Exeunt all but BUCKINGHAM and GLOUCESTER.*

*Buck.* My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,

For God's sake, let not us two stay at home:  
For by the way I'll sort occasion,

As index to the story we late talk'd of,  
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

*Glou.* My other self, my counsel's consistory,

My oracle, my prophet! My dear cousin,  
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.

Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Street.*

*Enter two Citizens, meeting.*

*First Cit.* Good morrow, neighbour:  
whither away so fast?

*Second Cit.* I promise you I scarcely know myself:

Hear you the news abroad?

*First Cit.* Ay, that the king is dead.

*Second Cit.* Ill news, by'r lady; seldom comes the better:

I fear, I fear 't will prove a giddy world.

*Enter another Citizen.*

*Third Cit.* Neighbours, God speed!

*First Cit.* Give you good morrow, sir.

*Third Cit.* Doth the news hold of good King Edward's death?

*Second Cit.* Ay, sir, it is too true; God help the while!

*Third Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

*First Cit.* No, no; by God's good grace his son shall reign.

*Third Cit.* Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child!

*Second Cit.* In him there is a hope of government,

That in his nonage council under him,  
And in his full and ripen'd years himself,

No doubt, shall then and till then govern well.

*First Cit.* So stood the state when Henry the Sixth

Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

*Third Cit.* Stood the state so? no, no good friends, God wot;

For then this land was famously enrich'd  
With politic grave counsel; then the king 20

Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

*First Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.

*Third Cit.* Better it were they all came by his father,

Or by his father there were none at all;  
For emulation, who shall now be nearest,

Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.

O! full of danger is the Duke of Gloucester;

And the queen's sons and brothers haught  
and proud:

And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,  
This sickly land might solace as before. 30  
*First Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst;  
all will be well.

*Third Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise  
men put on their cloaks;

When great leaves fall, then winter is at  
hand;

When the sun sets, who doth not look for  
night?

Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.  
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,  
'T is more than we deserve, or I expect.

*Second Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are  
full of fear:

Ye cannot reason almost with a man  
That looks not heavily and full of dread. 40

*Third Cit.* Before the days of change, still  
is it so.

By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust  
Ensuing danger; as by proof we see  
The water swell before a boisterous storm.  
But leave it all to God. Whither away?

*Second Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to  
the justices.

*Third Cit.* And so was I: I'll bear you  
company. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Same. A Room in the  
Palace.*

*Enter the Archbishop of YORK, the young  
Duke of YORK, Queen ELIZABETH, and  
the Duchess of YORK.*

*Arch.* Last night, I hear, they lay at North-  
ampton.

At Stony-Stratford they do rest to-night:  
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

*Duch.* I long with all my heart to see the  
prince.

I hope he is much grown since last I saw  
him.

*Q. Eliz.* But I hear, no; they say my son  
of York

Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.

*York.* Ay, mother, but I would not have  
it so.

*Duch.* Why, my young cousin, it is good  
to grow.

*York.* Grandam, one night, as we did sit  
at supper, 10

My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow  
More than my brother: 'Ay,' quoth my

uncle Gloucester,  
'Small herbs have grace, great weeds do

grow apace':

And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,  
Because sweet flowers are slow and weeds

make haste.

*Duch.* Good faith, good faith, the saying  
did not hold

In him that did object the same to thee:  
He was the wretched'st thing when he was

young,  
So long a-growing and so leisurely.  
That, if his rule were true, he should be gra-  
cious, 20

*Arch.* And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious  
madam.

*Duch.* I hope he is; but yet let mothers  
doubt.

*York.* Now, by my troth, if I had been re-  
member'd,

I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,  
To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd  
mine.

*Duch.* How, my young York? I pray thee,  
let me hear it.

*York.* Marry, they say my uncle grew so  
fast

That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old:  
'T was full two years ere I could get a tooth.

Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

*Duch.* I pray thee, pretty York, who told  
thee this? 31

*York.* Grandam, his nurse.

*Duch.* His nurse! why, she was dead ere  
thou wast born.

*York.* If 't were not she, I cannot tell who  
told me.

*Q. Eliz.* A parlous boy: go to, you are too  
shrewd.

*Arch.* Good madam, be not angry with  
the child.

*Q. Eliz.* Pitchers have ears.  
*Enter a Messenger.*

*Arch.* Here comes a messenger. What  
news?

*Mess.* Such news, my lord, as grieves me  
to unfold.

*Q. Eliz.* How doth the prince?

*Mess.* Well, madam, and in health.

*Duch.* What is thy news then? 41

*Mess.* Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are  
sent to Pomfret.

With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

*Duch.* Who hath committed them?

*Mess.* The mighty dukes,  
Gloucester and Buckingham.

*Q. Eliz.* For what offence?

*Mess.* The sum of all I can, I have dis-  
clos'd:

Why or for what these nobles were com-  
mitted

Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

*Q. Eliz.* Ay me! I see the ruin of my  
house.

The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind; so  
Insulting tyranny begins to jet

Upon the innocent and aweless throne:  
Welcome, destruction, death, and massa-  
acre!

I see, as in a map, the end of all.

*Duch.* Accursed and unquiet wrangling  
days,

How many of you have mine eyes beheld!  
My husband lost his life to get the crown,

And often up and down my sons were toss'd,  
For me to joy and weep their gain and  
loss:

And being seated, and domestic broils 61  
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conqu-  
erors,  
Make war upon themselves: brother to  
brother,

Blood to blood, self against self: O! preposterous

And frantic outrage, end thy damned spleen;  
Or let me die, to look on death no more.

*Q. Eliz.* Come, come, my boy; we will to sanctuary.

Madam, farewell.

*Duch.* Stay, I will go with you.  
*Q. Eliz.* You have no cause.

*Arch.* My gracious lady, go;  
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.

For my part, I'll resign unto your grace 70  
The seal I keep; and so betide to me  
As well I tender you and all of yours!  
Come; I'll conduct you to the sanctuary.

*Exeunt.*

### ACT III

#### SCENE I.—London. A Street.

*The Trumpets sound. Enter the Prince of WALES, GLOUCESTER, BUCKINGHAM, Cardinal BOURCHIER, CATESBY, and Others.*

*Buck.* Welcome, sweet prince, to London,  
to your chamber.

*Glou.* Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign:

The weary way hath made you melancholy.  
*Prince.* No, uncle; but our crosses on the way

Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:

I want more uncles here to welcome me.  
*Glou.* Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years

Hath not yet divid'd into the world's deceit:  
Nor more can you distinguish of a man  
Than of his outward show; which, God he knows, 10

Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.  
Those uncles which you want were dangerous;

Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,  
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:  
God keep you from them, and from such false friends!

*Prince.* God keep me from false friends!  
but they were none.

*Glou.* My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

*Enter the Lord Mayor and his Train.*

*May.* God bless your grace with health and happy days!

*Prince.* I thank you, good my lord; and thank you all.

I thought my mother and my brother York 20  
Would long ere this have met us on the way:  
Fie! what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not

To tell us whether they will come or no.

*Enter HASTINGS.*

*Buck.* And in good time here comes the sweating lord.

*Prince.* Welcome, my lord. What, will our mother come?

*Hast.* On what occasion, God he knows, not I,

The queen your mother, and your brother York,

Have taken sanctuary: the tender prince  
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,

But by his mother was perforce withheld, 30  
*Buck.* Fie! what an indirect and peevish course

Is this of hers. Lord cardinal, will your grace

Persuade the queen to send the Duke of York

Unto his princely brother presently?  
If she deny, Lord Hastings, go with him,

And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

*Card.* My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory

Can from his mother win the Duke of York,  
Anon expect him here; but if she be obdurate

To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid 40  
We should infringe the holy privilege  
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land  
Would I be guilty of so great a sin.

*Buck.* You are too senseless-obstinate,  
my lord,

Too ceremonious and traditional:  
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,

You break not sanctuary in seizing him.  
The benefit thereof is always granted

To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place, 50  
And those who have the wit to claim the place:

This prince hath neither claim'd it nor deserv'd it;

And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:

Then taking him from thence that is not there,

You break no privilege nor charter there.  
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men,

But sanctuary children ne'er till now.

*Card.* My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.

Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?

*Hast.* I go, my lord.  
*Prince.* Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.

*Exeunt Cardinal BOURCHIER, and HASTINGS.*

Say, uncle Gloucester, if our brother come,  
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

*Glou.* Where it seems best unto your royal self.

If I may counsel you, some day or two  
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower:

Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit

For your best health and recreation.  
*Prince.* I do not like the Tower, of any place.

Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

*Buck.* He did, my gracious lord, begin that place, 70

Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

*Prince.* Is it upon record, or else reported  
Successfully from age to age, he built it?

*Buck.* Upon record, my gracious lord.

*Prince.* But say, my lord, it were not registered,

Methinks the truth should live from age to age,

As 't were retail'd to all posterity,

Even to the general all-ending day.

*Glou. Aside.* So wise so young, they say,  
do never live long.

*Prince.* What say you uncle? 80

*Glou.* I say, without characters, fame lives long.

*Aside.* Thus, like the formal Vice, Iniquity,  
I moralize two meanings in one word.

*Prince.* That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;

With what his valour did enrich his wit,  
His wit set down to make his valour live:

Death makes no conquest of this conqueror,  
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.

I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham,—

*Buck.* What, my gracious lord? 90

*Prince.* An if I live until I be a man,  
I'll win our ancient right in France again,

Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.

*Glou. Aside.* Short summers lightly have  
a forward spring.

*Enter YORK, HASTINGS, and Cardinal  
BOURCHIER.*

*Buck.* Now, in good time, here comes the  
Duke of York,

*Prince.* Richard of York! how fares our  
noble brother?

*York.* Well, my dread-lord; so must I call  
you now.

*Prince.* Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is  
yours:

Too late he died that might have kept that  
title,

Which by his death hath lost much maj-  
esty. 100

*Glou.* How fares our cousin, noble Lord  
of York?

*York.* I thank you, gentle uncle. O! my  
lord,

You said that idle weeds are fast in growth:  
The prince my brother hath outgrown me  
far.

*Glou.* He hath, my lord.

*York.* And therefore is he idle?

*Glou.* O! my fair cousin, I must not say so.

*York.* Then he is more beholding to you  
than I.

*Glou.* He may command me as my sover-  
eign;

But you have power in me as a kinsman.

*York.* I pray you, uncle, give me this dag-  
ger. 110

*Glou.* My dagger, little cousin? with all  
my heart!

*Prince.* A beggar, brother?

*York.* Of my kind uncle, that I know will  
give;

And being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

*Glou.* A greater gift than that I'll give my  
cousin.

*York.* A greater gift! O! that's the sword  
to it.

*Glou.* Ay, gentle cousin, were it light  
enough.

*York.* O! then, I see, you'll part but with  
light gifts;

In weightier things you'll say a beggar nay.

*Glou.* It is too weighty for your grace to  
wear. 120

*York.* I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

*Glou.* What! would you have my weapon,  
little lord?

*York.* I would, that I might thank you as  
you call me.

*Glou.* How?

*York.* Little.

*Prince.* My Lord of York will still be cross  
in talk.

Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with  
him.

*York.* You mean, to bear me, not to bear  
with me.

Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me.  
Because that I am little, like an ape, 130

He thinks that you should bear me on your  
shoulders,

*Buck.* With what a sharp-provided wit he  
reasons!

To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,  
He prettily and aptly taunts himself:

So cunning and so young is wonderful.

*Glou.* My lord, will't please you pass  
along?

Myself and my good cousin Buckingham  
Will to your mother, to entreat of her

To meet you at the Tower and welcome  
you.

*York.* What! will you go unto the Tower,  
my lord? 140

*Prince.* My lord protector needs will have  
it so.

*York.* I shall not sleep in quiet at the  
Tower.

*Glou.* Why, what should you fear?

*York.* Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry  
ghost:

My grandam told me he was murder'd there.

*Prince.* I fear no uncles dead.

*Glou.* Nor none that live, I hope.

*Prince.* An if they live, I hope I need not  
fear.

But come, my lord; and with a heavy heart,  
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower. 150

*A Sennet. Exeunt all but GLOUCES-  
TER, BUCKINGHAM, and CATESBY.*

*Buck.* Think you, my lord, this little prat-  
ing York

Was not incensed by his subtle mother  
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

*Glou.* No doubt, no doubt. O! 't is a par-  
lous boy;

Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable:  
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

*Buck.* Well, let them rest. Come hither,  
Catesby; thou art sworn  
As deeply to effect what we intend  
As closely to conceal what we impart. 159

Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way:

What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter To make William Lord Hastings of our mind, For the instalment of this noble duke In the seat royal of this famous isle?

*Cates.* He for his father's sake so loves the prince,

That he will not be won to aught against him.

*Buck.* What think'st thou then of Stanley? what will he?

*Cates.* He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

*Buck.* Well then, no more but this: go, gentle Catesby,

And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings, 170

How he doth stand affected to our purpose;

And summon him to-morrow to the Tower, To sit about the coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us, Encourage him, and show him all our reasons:

If he be leaden, icy-cold, unwilling, Be thou so too, and so break off your talk,

And give us notice of his inclination; For we to-morrow hold divided councils,

Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd. 180

*Glou.* Commend me to Lord William: tell him, Catesby,

His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle;

And bid my lord, for joy of this good news, Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

*Buck.* Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.

*Cates.* My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

*Glou.* Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

*Cates.* You shall my lord,

*Glou.* At Crosby-place, there shall you find us both. Exit Catesby. 190

*Buck.* Now, my lord, what shall we do if we perceive

Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

*Glou.* Chop off his head; something we will determine:

And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables

Whereof the king my brother stood possess'd.

*Buck.* I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.

*Glou.* And look to have it yielded with all kindness.

Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards We may digest our complots in some form. 200

*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. Before Lord HASTINGS' House.*

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, my lord? Knocking.

*Hast.* Within. Who knocks?

*Mess.* One from the Lord Stanley.

*Enter HASTINGS.*

*Hast.* What is 't o'clock?

*Mess.* Upon the stroke of four.

*Hast.* Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights?

*Mess.* So it should seem by that I have to say.

First, he commends him to your noble self.

*Hast.* And then?

*Mess.* Then certifies your lordship, that this night 10

He dreamt the boar had razed off his helm; Besides, he says there are two councils held;

And that may be determin'd at the one Which may make you and him to rue at the other.

Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,

If you will presently take horse with him, And with all speed post with him toward the north,

To shun the danger that his soul divines.

*Hast.* Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord; Bid him not fear the separated councils: 20

His honour and myself are at the one, And at the other is my good friend Catesby;

Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us Whereof I shall not have intelligence.

Tell him his fears are shallow, wanting instance:

And for his dreams, I wonder he's so simple To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers.

To fly the boar before the boar pursues, Were to incense the boar to follow us

And make pursuit where he did mean no chase. 30

Go, bid thy master rise and come to me; And we will both together to the Tower,

Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

*Mess.* I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say. Exit.

*Enter CATESBY.*

*Cates.* Many good morrows to my noble lord!

*Hast.* Good morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring.

What news, what news, in this our tottering state?

*Cates.* It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;

And I believe will never stand upright Till Richard wear the garland of the realm. 40

*Hast.* How! wear the garland! dost thou mean the crown?

*Cates.* Ay, my good lord.

*Hast.* I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders

Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd. But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

*Cates.* Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward

Upon his party, for the gain thereof; And thereupon he sends you this good news,

That this same very day your enemies, The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret. 50

*Hast.* Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,  
Because they have been still my adversaries;  
But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,

To bar my master's heirs in true descent,  
God knows I will not do it, to the death.

*Cates.* God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!

*Hast.* But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,  
That they which brought me in my master's hate,

I live to look upon their tragedy.

Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,

I'll send some packing that yet think not on't.

*Cates.* 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,

When men are unprepar'd and look not for it.

*Hast.* O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out

With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey; and so 't will do

With some men else, who think themselves as safe

As thou and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear

To princely Richard and to Buckingham.

*Cates.* The princes both make high account of you;

*Aside.* For they account his head upon the bridge.

*Hast.* I know they do, and I have well deserved it.

#### Enter STANLEY.

Come on, come on; where is your boarspear, man?

Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

*Stan.* My lord, good morrow; good morrow, Catesby:

You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,  
I do not like these several councils, I.

*Hast.* My lord, I hold my life as dear as yours;

And never in my days, I do protest,  
Was it so precious to me as 'tis now.

Think you but that I know our state secure  
I would be so triumphant as I am?

*Stan.* The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,

Were jocund and suppos'd their state was sure,

And they indeed had no cause to mistrust;  
But yet you see how soon the day o'er-cast.

This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt;  
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!

What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.

*Hast.* Come, come, have with you. Wot you what, my lord?

To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

*Stan.* They, for their truth, might better wear their heads

Than some that have accus'd them wear their hats.

But come, my lord, let's away.

#### Enter a Pursuivant.

*Hast.* Go on before; I'll talk with this good fellow.

*Exeunt STANLEY and CATESBY.*

How now, sirrah! how goes the world with thee?

*Purs.* The better that your lordship please to ask.

*Hast.* I tell thee, man, 't is better with me now

Than when I met thee last where now we meet:

Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,  
By the suggestion of the queen's allies;

But now, I tell thee, keep it to thyself,  
This day those enemies are put to death,

And I in better state than e'er I was.

*Purs.* God hold it to your honour's good content!

*Hast.* Gramercy, fellow: there, drink that for me.

*Purs.* God save your lordship! *Exit.*

#### Enter a Priest.

*Priest.* Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honour.

*Hast.* I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart.

I am in your debt for your last exercise;  
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

#### Enter BUCKINGHAM.

*Buck.* What! talking with a priest, lord chamberlain;

Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest:

Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.

*Hast.* Good faith, and when I met this holy man,

Those men you talk of came into my mind.  
What! go you toward the Tower?

*Buck.* I do, my lord; but long I shall not stay:

I shall return before your lordship thence.

*Hast.* 'T is like enough, for I stay dinner there.

*Buck.* *Aside.* And supper too, although thou know'st it not.

Come, will you go?

*Hast.* I'll wait upon your lordship. *Exeunt.*

#### SCENE III.—Pomfret. Before the Castle.

*Enter RATCLIFF, with halberds, carrying RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN to death.*

*Riv.* Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this:

To-day shalt thou behold a subject die  
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

*Grey.* God keep the prince from all the pack of you!

A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

*Vaugh.* You live that shall cry woe for this hereafter.  
*Rat.* Dispatch; the limit of your lives is out.  
*Riv.* O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison!  
 Fatal and ominous to noble peers, 10  
 Within the guilty closure of thy walls  
 Richard the Second here was hack'd to death;  
 And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,  
 We give to thee our guiltless blood to drink.  
*Grey.* Now Margaret's curse is fall'n upon our heads,  
 When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,  
 For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.  
*Riv.* Then curs'd she Richard, then curs'd she Buckingham,  
 Then curs'd she Hastings: O! remember, God,  
 To hear her prayer for them, as now for us;  
 And for my sister and her princely sons, 20  
 Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,  
 Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.  
*Rat.* Make haste: the hour of death is expiate.  
*Riv.* Come, Grey, come, Vaughan; let us here embrace:  
 And take our leave, until we meet in heaven.  
*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.—London. The Tower.

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, the Bishop of ELY, RATCLIFF, LOVEL, and Others, sitting at a table. Officers of the Council attending.

*Hast.* My lords, at once: the cause why we are met  
 Is, to determine of the coronation:  
 In God's name, speak, when is the royal day?  
*Buck.* Is all things ready for the royal time?  
*Stan.* It is; and wants but nomination.  
*Ely.* To-morrow then I judge a happy day.  
*Buck.* Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?  
 Who is most inward with the noble duke?  
*Ely.* Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind. 9  
*Buck.* We know each other's faces; for our hearts,  
 He knows no more of mine than I of yours;  
 Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine.  
 Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.  
*Hast.* I thank his grace, I know he loves me well:  
 But, for his purpose in the coronation,  
 I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd  
 His gracious pleasure any way therein:  
 But you, my noble lords, may name the time;  
 And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice, 20  
 Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.  
*Enter GLOUCESTER.*  
*Ely.* In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

*Glou.* My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow.  
 I have been long a sleeper; but, I trust,  
 My absence doth neglect no great design,  
 Which by my presence might have been concluded.  
*Buck.* Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,  
 William Lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part,  
 I mean, your voice, for crowning of the king.  
*Glou.* Than my Lord Hastings no man might be bolder: 30  
 His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.  
 My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,  
 I saw good strawberries in your garden there;  
 I do beseech you send for some of them.  
*Ely.* Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.  
*Glou.* Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you. *Takes him aside.*  
 Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,  
 And finds the testy gentleman so hot,  
 As he will lose his head ere give consent 40  
 His master's child, as worshipful he terms it,  
 Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.  
*Buck.* Withdraw yourself awhile; I'll go with you. *Exeunt GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM.*  
*Stan.* We have not yet set down this day of triumph.  
 To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;  
 For I myself am not so well provided  
 As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

*Re-enter Bishop of ELY.*  
*Ely.* Where is my lord, the Duke of Gloucester?  
 I have sent for these strawberries.  
*Hast.* His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning: 50  
 There's some conceit or other likes him well,  
 When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.  
 I think there's never a man in Christendom  
 Can lesser hide his love or hate than he;  
 For by his face straight shall you know his heart.  
*Stan.* What of his heart perceive you in his face  
 By any livelihood he show'd to-day?  
*Hast.* Marry, that with no man here he is offended;  
 For, were he, he had shown it in his looks. 59

*Re-enter GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM.*  
*Glou.* I pray you all, tell me what they deserve  
 That do conspire my death with devilish plots  
 Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevail'd  
 Upon my body with their hellish charms?  
*Hast.* The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,

Makes me most forward in this princely presence

To doom the offenders, whosoe'er they be: I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

*Glou.* Then be your eyes the witness of their evil.

Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up: 71 And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,

Consorted with that harlot strumpet Shore, That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

*Hast.* If they have done this thing, my gracious lord,—

*Glou.* If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,

Talk'st thou to me of 'ifs'? Thou art a traitor:

Off with his head! now, by Saint Paul I swear,

I will not dine until I see the same, Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done: 80 The rest, that love me, rise and follow me.

*Exeunt all but HASTINGS, RATCLIFF and LOVEL.*

*Hast.* Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for me;

For I, too fond, might have prevented this. Stanley did dream the boar did raze his helm;

And I did scorn it, and disdain'd to fly. Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,

And started when he look'd upon the Tower, As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house. O! now I need the priest that spake to me:

I now repent I told the pursuivant, 90 As too triumphing, how mine enemies

To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd, And I myself secure in grace and favour. O Margaret, Margaret! now thy heavy curse

Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

*Rat.* Come, come, dispatch; the duke would be at dinner:

Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.

*Hast.* O! momentary grace of mortal men,

Which we more hunt for than the grace of God.

Who builds his hope in air of your good looks, 103

Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast; Ready with every nod to tumble down Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

*Lov.* Come, come, dispatch; 't is bootless to exclaim.

*Hast.* O bloody Richard! miserable England!

I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee That ever wretched age hath look'd upon. Come, lead me to the block; bear him my head:

They smile at me who shortly shall be dead.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE. V.—*The Same. The Tower Walls.*

*Enter GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM, in rotten armour, marvellous ill-favoured.*

*Glou.* Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour,

Murder thy breath in middle of a word, And then again begin, and stop again, As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror?

*Buck.* Tut! I can counterfeit the deep tragedian, Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,

Tremble and start at wagging of a straw, Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks Are at my service, like enforced smiles;

And both are ready in their offices. 10 At any time to grace my stratagems.

But what! is Catesby gone?

*Glou.* He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

*Enter the Lord Mayor and CATESBY.*

*Buck.* Lord mayor,—

*Glou.* Look to the drawbridge there!

*Buck.* Hark! a drum.

*Glou.* Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

*Buck.* Lord mayor, the reason we have sent,—

*Glou.* Look back, defend thee; here are enemies.

*Buck.* God and our innocency defend and guard us! 20

*Glou.* Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliff and Lovel.

*Enter LOVEL and RATCLIFF, with HASTINGS' head.*

*Lov.* Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,

The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

*Glou.* So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.

I took him for the plainest harmless creature That breath'd upon the earth a Christian;

Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded

The history of all her secret thoughts: So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of

virtue,

That, his apparent open guilt omitted, 30 I mean his conversation with Shore's wife,

He liv'd from all attainder of suspect.

*Buck.* Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor

That ever liv'd.

Would you imagine, or almost believe, Were 't not that by great preservation

We live to tell it, that the subtle traitor This day had plotted, in the council-house

To murder me and my good Lord of Gloucester?

*May.* Had he done so? 40

*Glou.* What! think you we are Turks or infidels?

Or that we would, against the form of law, Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death,

But that the extreme peril of the case,

The peace of England, and our person's safety,

Enforc'd us to this execution?

*May.* Now, fair befall you! he deserv'd his death;

And your good graces both have well proceeded,

To warn false traitors from the like attempts. I never look'd for better at his hands, 50

After he once fell in with Mistress Shore.

*Glou.* Yet had we not determin'd he should die,

Until your lordship came to see his end;

Which now the loving haste of these our friends,

Something against our meaning, have prevented:

Because, my lord, I would have had you heard

The traitor speak, and timorously confess

The manner and the purpose of his treason; That you might well have signified the same

Unto the citizens, who haply may 60

Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.

*May.* But, my good lord, your grace's word shall serve,

As well as I had seen and heard him speak;

And do not doubt, right noble princes both, But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens

With all your just proceedings in this cause.

*Glou.* And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,

To avoid the censures of the carping world.

*Buck.* But since you come too late of our intent,

Yet witness what you hear we did intend: 70

And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

*Exit Lord Mayor.*

*Glou.* Go after, after, cousin Buckingham. The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in

all post:

There, at your meetest vantage of the time, Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:

Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen,

Only for saying he would make his son

Heir to the crown; meaning indeed his house,

Which by the sign thereof was termed so.

Moreover, urge his hateful luxury 80

And bestial appetite in change of lust:

Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,

Even where his raging eye or savage heart

Without control lusted to make a prey.

Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:

Tell them, when that my mother went with child

Of that insatiate Edward, noble York.

My princely father then had wars in France;

And by just computation of the time,

Found that the issue was not his begot; 90

Which well appeared in his lineaments,

Being nothing like the noble duke my father.

Yet touch this sparingly, as 't were far off;

Because you know, my lord, my mother lives,

*Buck.* Doubt not, my lord, I'll play the orator

As if the golden fee for which I plead

Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.

*Glou.* If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's castle,

Where you shall find me well accompanied

With reverend fathers and well-learned bishops. 100

*Buck.* I go; and towards three or four o'clock

Look for the news that the Guildhall affords. *Exit.*

*Glou.* Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw;

To CATESBY. Go thou to Friar Penker; bid them both

Meet me within this hour at Baynard's castle. *Exeunt LOVEL and CATESBY.*

Now will I in, to take some privy order,

To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;

And to give notice that no manner person Have any time recourse unto the princes. *Exit.*

## SCENE VI.—The Same. A Street.

*Enter a Scrivener.*

*Scriv.* Here is the indictment of the good Lord Hastings;

Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd, That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's:

And mark how well the sequel hangs together.

Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,

For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me. The precedent was full as long a-doing;

And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,

Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty. Here's a good world the while! Who is so

gross 10

That cannot see this palpable device?

Yet who so bold but says he sees it not? Bad is the world; and all will come to

naught, When such ill dealing must be seen in thought. *Exit.*

## SCENE VII.—The Same. The Court of Baynard's Castle.

*Enter GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM at several doors.*

*Glou.* How now! my lord, what say the citizens?

*Buck.* Now by the holy mother of our Lord,

The citizens are mum, say not a word.

*Glou.* Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?

*Buck.* I did; with his contract with Lady Lucy,

And his contract by deputy in France;

The insatiate greediness of his desires,

And his enforcement of the city wives;

His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,

As being got, your father then in France; 10

And his resemblance, being not like the duke,

Withal I did infer your lineaments,  
Being the right idea of your father,  
Both in your form and nobleness of mind;  
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,  
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,  
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;  
Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose  
Untouch'd or slightly handled in discourse;  
And when mine oratory drew toward end, 20  
I bade them that did love their country's  
good

Cry 'God save Richard, England's royal  
king!'

*Glou.* And did they so?

*Buck.* No, so God help me, they spake  
not a word;

But, like dumb statues or breathing stones,  
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly  
pale.

Which when I saw, I reprehended them,  
And ask'd the mayor what meant this  
wilful silence;

His answer was, the people were not wont  
To be spoke to but by the recorder. 30

Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again:  
'Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke  
infern'd';

But nothing spake in warrant from him-  
self.

When he had done, some followers of mine  
own,

At lower end of the hall, hurl'd up their  
caps,

And some ten voices cried, 'God save King  
Richard!'

And thus I took the vantage of those few,  
'Thanks, gentle citizens and friends,'  
quoth I;

'This general applause and cheerful shout  
Argues your wisdom and your love to  
Richard.' 40

And even here brake off, and came away.

*Glou.* What tongueless blocks were they!  
would they not speak?

Will not the mayor then and his brethren  
come?

*Buck.* The mayor is here at hand. Intend  
some fear;

Be not you spoke with but by mighty suit:  
And look you get a prayer-book in your  
hand,

And stand between two churchmen, good  
my lord:

For on that ground I'll make a holy descent:  
And be not easily won to our requests; 50  
Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and  
take it.

*Glou.* I go; and if you plead as well for  
them

As I can say nay to thee for myself,  
No doubt we bring it to a happy issue.

*Buck.* Go, go, up to the leads! the lord  
mayor knocks. *Exit GLOUCESTER.*

*Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and  
Citizens.*

Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance  
here;

I think the duke will not be spoke withal.

*Enter from the Castle, CATESBY.*

Now, Catesby! what says your lord to my  
request?

*Cates.* He doth entreat your grace, my  
noble lord,

To visit him to-morrow or next day. 60

He is within, with two right reverend  
fathers,

Divinely bent to meditation;

And in no worldly suits would he be mov'd,  
To draw him from his holy exercise.

*Buck.* Return, good Catesby, to the gra-  
cious duke:

Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,  
In deep designs and matter of great moment,

No less importing than our general good,  
Are come to have some conference with his  
grace.

*Cates.* I'll signify so much unto him  
straight. *Exit.*

*Buck.* Ah, ah! my lord, this prince is  
not an Edward, 71

He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,  
But on his knees at meditation;

Not dallying with a brace of courtizans,  
But meditating with two deep divines;

Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,  
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul.

Happy were England, would this virtuous  
prince

Take on his grace the sovereignty thereof:  
But, sure, I fear, we shall not win him to it.

*May.* Marry, God defend his grace  
should say us nay! 81

*Buck.* I fear he will. Here Catesby  
comes again.

*Re-enter CATESBY.*

Now, Catesby, what says his grace?

*Cates.* He wonders to what end you have  
assembled

Such troops of citizens to come to him,  
His grace not being warn'd thereof before:

My lord, he fears you mean no good to him.

*Buck.* Sorry I am my noble cousin should  
suspect me that I mean no good to him;

By heaven, we come to him in perfect  
love; 90

And so once more return, and tell his grace.  
*Exit CATESBY.*

When holy and devout religious men  
Are at their beads, 't is much to draw them  
thence;

So sweet is zealous contemplation.

*Enter GLOUCESTER in a gallery above,  
between two Bishops. CATESBY returns.*

*May.* See! where his grace stands 'tween  
two clergymen.

*Buck.* Two props of virtue for a Christian  
prince,

To stay him from the fall of vanity;  
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand,

True ornament to know a holy man.  
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,

Lend favourable ear to our requests, 101  
And pardon us the interruption

Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.

*Glou.* My lord, there needs no such apology;

I do beseech your grace to pardon me,  
Who, earnest in the service of my God,  
Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.  
But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?

*Buck.* Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,

And all good men of this ungovern'd isle. 110

*Glou.* I do suspect I have done some offence

That seems disgracious in the city's eye;  
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

*Buck.* You have, my lord: would it might please your grace

On our entreaties to amend your fault.

*Glou.* Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?

*Buck.* Know then, it is your fault that you resign

The supreme seat, the throne majestical,  
The sceptred office of your ancestors,  
Your state of fortune and your due of birth,  
The lineal glory of your royal house, 121  
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock;  
Whiles, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,

Where here we waken to our country's good,  
This noble isle doth want her proper limbs;  
Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,  
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,  
And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf

Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.  
Which to recure we heartily solicit 130  
Your gracious self to take on you the charge  
And kingly government of this your land;  
Not as protector, steward, substitute,  
Or lowly factor for another's gain;  
But as successively from blood to blood,  
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.  
For this, consorted with the citizens,  
Your very worshipful and loving friends,  
And by their vehement instigation,  
In this just cause come I to move your grace. 143

*Glou.* I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,  
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,  
Best fitteth my degree or your condition:  
If not to answer, you might haply think  
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded  
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,  
Which fondly you would here impose on me;

If to reprove you for this suit of yours,  
So season'd with your faithful love to me,  
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends. 153

Therefore, to speak, and to avoid the first,  
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,  
Definitively thus I answer you.

Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert

Unmeritable shuns your high request.  
First, if all obstacles were cut away,  
And that my path were even to the crown,  
As the ripe revenue and due of birth,

Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,  
So mighty and so many my defects, 160  
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,

Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,  
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,  
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.  
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me;

And much I need to help you, were there need;

The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,  
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,

Will well become the seat of majesty,  
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.  
On him I lay that you would lay on me, 171  
The right and fortune of his happy stars;  
Which God defend that I should wring from him!

*Buck.* My lord, this argues conscience in your grace;

But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,

All circumstances well considered.

You say that Edward is your brother's son:  
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife;

For first was he contract to Lady Lucy,  
Your mother lives a witness to his vow, 180

And afterward by substitute betroth'd  
To Bona, sister to the King of France.

These both put off, a poor petitioner,  
A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,

A beauty-waning and distressed widow,  
Even in the afternoon of her best days,

Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,  
Seduc'd the pitch and height of his degree

To base declension and loath'd bigamy.  
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got 190

This Edward, whom our manners call the prince.

More bitterly could I expostulate,  
Save that, for reverence to some alive,

I give a sparing limit to my tongue.  
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self

This proffer'd benefit of dignity;  
If not to bless us and the land withal,

Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry  
From the corruption of abusing times,

Unto a lineal true-derived course. 200

*May.* Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat you.

*Buck.* Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

*Cates.* O! make them joyful: grant their lawful suit.

*Glou.* Alas! why would you heap this care on me?

I am unfit for state and majesty;  
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;

I cannot nor I will not yield to you.

*Buck.* If you refuse it, as in love and zeal,  
Loath to depose the child, your brother's son;

As well we know your tenderness of heart 210  
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,

Which we have noted in you to your kindred,  
And equally indeed to all estates;

Yet whether you accept our suit or no,

Your brother's son shall never reign our king;

But we will plant some other in the throne,  
To the disgrace and downfall of your house;  
And in this resolution here we leave you.  
Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.

*Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and Citizens.*

*Cates.* Call them again, sweet prince; accept their suit: 221

If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

*Glou.* Will you enforce me to a world of cares?

Call them again: I am not made of stone,  
But penetrable to your kind entreaties,

*Exit CATESBY.*

Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

*Re-enter BUCKINGHAM and the rest.*

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage, grave men,

Since you will buckle fortune on my back,  
To bear her burden, whether I will or no,  
I must have patience to endure the load: 230  
But if black scandal or foul-fac'd reproach  
Attend the sequel of your imposition,

Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me  
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;  
For God doth know, and you may partly see,  
How far I am from the desire of this.

*May.* God bless your grace! we see it,  
and will say it.

*Glou.* In saying so you shall but say the truth.

*Buck.* Then I salute you with this royal title:

Long live King Richard, England's worthy king! 240

*All.* Amen.

*Buck.* To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd?

*Glou.* Even when you please, for you will have it so.

*Buck.* To-morrow then we will attend your grace:

And so most joyfully we take our leave.

*Glou. To the Bishops.* Come, let us to our holy work again.

Farewell, my cousin; farewell, gentle friends. *Exeunt.*

## ACT IV

SCENE I.—*London. Before the Tower.*

*Enter, on one side, Queen ELIZABETH, Duchess of YORK, and Marquess of DORSET; on the other, ANNE, Duchess of GLOUCESTER, leading Lady MARGARET PLANTAGENET, CLARENCE'S young daughter.*

*Duch.* Who meets us here? my niece Plantagenet,

Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloucester!

Now, for my life, she's wand'ring to the Tower,

On pure heart's love to greet the tender princes.

Daughter, well met.

*Anne.* God give your graces both A happy and a joyful time of day!

*Q. Eliz.* As much to you, good sister! whither away?

*Anne.* No further than the Tower; and, as I guess,

Upon the like devotion as yourselves, To gratulate the gentle princes there. 10

*Q. Eliz.* Kind sister, thanks: we'll enter all together.

*Enter BRAKENBURY.*

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes. Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave, How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

*Brak.* Right well, dear madam. By your patience,

I may not suffer you to visit them:

The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

*Q. Eliz.* The king! who's that?

*Brak.* I mean the lord protector.

*Q. Eliz.* The Lord protect him from that kingly title! 20

Hath he set bounds between their love and me?

I am their mother; who shall bar me from them?

*Duch.* I am their father's mother; I will see them.

*Anne.* Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:

Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame

And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

*Brak.* No, madam, no; I may not leave it so:

I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me. *Exit.*

*Enter STANLEY.*

*Stan.* Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence, 29

And I'll salute your grace of York as mother, And reverend looker-on, of two fair queens.

*To ANNE.* Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster.

There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

*Q. Eliz.* Ah! cut my lace asunder, That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,

Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.

*Anne.* Despiteful tidings! O! unpleasing news.

*Dor.* Be of good cheer: mother, how fares your grace?

*Q. Eliz.* O Dorset! speak not to me, get thee gone;

Death and destruction dog thee at thy heels: Thy mother's name is ominous to children. 41

If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,

And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell:

Go, hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter-house,

Lest thou increase the number of the dead, And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,

Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

*Stan.* Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam.

Take all the swift advantage of the hours;  
You shall have letters from me to my son 50  
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:

Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

*Duch.* O ill-dispersing wind of misery!  
O! my accursed womb, the bed of death,  
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,  
Whose unavoided eye is murderous.

*Stan.* Come, madam, come; I in all haste was sent.

*Anne.* And I with all unwillingness will go.

O! would to God that the inclusive verge  
Of golden metal that must round my brow 60  
Were red-hot steel to sear me to the brain.  
Anointed let me be with deadly venom;  
And die, ere men can say, God save the queen!

*Q. Eliz.* Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;

To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.  
*Anne.* No! why? When he that is my husband now

Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse,  
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands,

Which issu'd from my other angel husband,  
And that dear saint which then I weeping follow'd; 70

O! when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,  
This was my wish: 'Be thou,' quoth I, 'accurs'd,

For making me so young, so old a widow!  
And, when thou wedd'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;

And be thy wife, if any be so mad,  
More miserable by the life of thee  
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!

Lo! ere I can repeat this curse again,  
Within so small a time, my woman's heart  
Grossly grew captive to his honey words, 80  
And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse:

Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest;

For never yet one hour in his bed  
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,  
But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd.

Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick,

And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

*Q. Eliz.* Poor heart, adieu! I pity thy complaining.

*Anne.* No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

*Dor.* Farewell! thou woeful welcomer of glory. 90

*Anne.* Adieu! poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it.

*Duch. To Dorset.* Go thou to Richmond,  
and good fortune guide thee!

*To Anne.* Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!

*To Queen Elizabeth.* Go thou to sanctuary,  
and good thoughts possess thee!

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!

Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,  
And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.

*Q. Eliz.* Stay yet; look back with me unto the Tower.

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes  
Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls,

Rough cradle for such little pretty ones! 101  
Rude ragged nurse, old sullen playfellow

For tender princes, use my babies well.  
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Room of State.*

*Flourish of trumpets.* RICHARD, in pomp,  
crowned; BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, a Page, and Others.

*K. Rich.* Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham!

*Buck.* My gracious sovereign!

*K. Rich.* Give me thy hand.

*He ascends the throne.*

Thus high, by thy advice

And thy assistance, is King Richard seated!  
But shall we wear these glories for a day,  
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

*Buck.* Still live they, and for ever let them last!

*K. Rich.* Ah! Buckingham, now do I play the touch,

To try if thou be current gold indeed:

Young Edward lives: think now what I would speak. 10

*Buck.* Say on, my loving lord.

*K. Rich.* Why, Buckingham, I say I would be king.

*Buck.* Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned lord.

*K. Rich.* Ha! am I king? 'T is so; but Edward lives.

*Buck.* True, noble prince.

*K. Rich.* O bitter consequence,  
That Edward still should live! 'True, noble prince.'

Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull:  
Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;  
And I would have it suddenly perform'd,  
What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief. 20

*Buck.* Your grace may do your pleasure.

*K. Rich.* Tut, tut! thou art all ice, thy kindness freezeeth.

Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

*Buck.* Give me some little breath, some pause, dear lord,

Before I positively speak in this:

I will resolve you herein presently. *Exit.*

*Cates. Aside.* The king is angry: see, he gnaws his lip.

*K. Rich.* Descends from his throne. I will converse with iron-witted fools  
And unrespective boys: none are for me  
That look into me with considerate eyes. 30

High-reaching Buckingham grows circum-spect.

Boy!

*Page.* My lord!

*K. Rich.* Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold

Will tempt unto a close exploit of death?

*Page.* I know a discontented gentleman, Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit:

Gold were as good as twenty orators, And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

*K. Rich.* What is his name?

*Page.* His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

*K. Rich.* I partly know the man: go, call him hither. *Exit Page.* 41  
The deep-revolving witty Buckingham No more shall be the neighbour to my counsel.

Hath he so long held out with me untir'd, And stops he now for breath? well, be it so.

*Enter STANLEY.*

How now, Lord Stanley! what's the news?

*Stan.* Know, my loving lord, The Marquess Dorset, as I hear, is fled To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

*K. Rich.* Come hither, Catesby: rumour it abroad 51

That Anne my wife is very grievous sick; I will take order for her keeping close.

Inquire me out some mean poor gentleman, Whom I will marry straight to Clarence's daughter:

The boy is foolish, and I fear not him. Look, how thou dream'st! I say again, give out

That Anne my queen is sick and like to die: About it; for it stands me much upon

To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me. *Exit CATESBY.*

I must be married to my brother's daughter, 61

Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass. Murder her brothers, and then marry her!

Uncertain way of gain! But I am in So far in blood that sin will pluck on sin: Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

*Re-enter Page, with TYRREL.*

Is thy name Tyrrel?

*Tyr.* James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

*K. Rich.* Art thou, indeed?

*Tyr.* Prove me, my gracious lord.

*K. Rich.* Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine? 70

*Tyr.* Please you; but I had rather kill two enemies.

*K. Rich.* Why, there thou hast it: two deep enemies,

Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,

Are they that I would have thee deal upon. Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

*Tyr.* Let me have open means to come to them.

And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

*K. Rich.* Thou sing'st sweet music.

Hark, come hither, Tyrrel:

Go, by this token: rise, and lend thine ear.

*Whispers.*

There is no more but so: say it is done, 81

And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

*Tyr.* I will dispatch it straight. *Exit.*

*Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.*

*Buck.* My lord, I have consider'd in my mind

The late request that you did sound me in.

*K. Rich.* Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

*Buck.* I hear the news, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Stanley, he is your wife's son; well look unto it. 90

*Buck.* My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,

For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;

The earldom of Hereford and the moveables Which you have promised I shall possess.

*K. Rich.* Stanley, look to your wife: if she convey

Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

*Buck.* What says your highness to my just request?

*K. Rich.* I do remember me, Henry the Sixth

Did prophesy that Richmond should be king, When Richmond was a little peevish boy. 100

A king! perhaps—

*Buck.* My lord!

*K. Rich.* How chance the prophet could not at that time

Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

*Buck.* My lord, your promise for the earldom,—

*K. Rich.* Richmond! When last I was at Exeter,

The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle, And call'd it Rougemont: at which name I

started,

Because a bard of Ireland told me once I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

*Buck.* My lord! 111

*K. Rich.* Ay, what's o'clock?

*Buck.* I am thus bold to put your grace in mind

Of what you promis'd me.

*K. Rich.* Well, but what's o'clock?

*Buck.* Upon the stroke of ten.

*K. Rich.* Well, let it strike.

*Buck.* Why let it strike?

*K. Rich.* Because that, like a Jack, thou

keep'st the stroke

Between thy begging and my meditation.

I am not in the giving vein to-day.

*Buck.* Why, then resolve me whether you will or no. 120

*K. Rich.* Thou troublest me: I am not in the vein.

*Exeunt King RICHARD and Train.*

*Buck.* And is it thus? repays he my deep service

With such contempt? made I him king for this:

O! let me think on Hastings, and be gone  
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on.  
*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Same.**Enter TYRREL.*

*Tyr.* The tyrannous and bloody act is done;  
The most arch deed of piteous massacre  
That ever yet this land was guilty of.  
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn  
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,  
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,  
Melted with tenderness and mild compassion,  
Wept like to children in their deaths' sad story.  
'Oh! thus,' quoth Dighton, 'lay the gentle babes.'  
'Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest, 'girdling one another  
Within their alabaster innocent arms:  
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,  
And in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.  
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;  
Which once,' quoth Forrest, 'almost chang'd my mind;  
But O! the devil'—there the villain stopp'd;  
When Dighton thus told on: 'We smothered  
The most replenished sweet work of nature,  
That from the prime creation e'er she fram'd.'  
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse;  
They could not speak; and so I left them both,  
To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

*Enter King RICHARD.*

And here he comes. All health, my sovereign lord!  
*K. Rich.* Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news?  
*Tyr.* If to have done the thing you gave in charge  
Beget your happiness, be happy then,  
For it is done.  
*K. Rich.* But didst thou see them dead?  
*Tyr.* I did, my lord.  
*K. Rich.* And buried, gentle Tyrrel?  
*Tyr.* The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;  
But how or in what place I do not know.  
*K. Rich.* Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, at after-supper,  
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.  
Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,  
And be inheritor of thy desire.  
Farewell till then.  
*Tyr.* I humbly take my leave. *Exit.*  
*K. Rich.* The son of Clarence have I pent up close;  
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;

The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,  
And Anne my wife, hath bid this world good night.  
Now, for I know the Breton Richmond aims  
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,  
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,  
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

*Enter CATESBY.*

*Cates.* My lord!  
*K. Rich.* Good or bad news, that thou com'st in so bluntly?  
*Cates.* Bad news, my lord: Morton is fled to Richmond;  
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,  
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.  
*K. Rich.* Ely with Richmond troubles me more near  
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.  
Come; I have learn'd that fearful comment-ing  
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;  
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary:  
Then fiery expedition be my wing,  
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king.  
Go, muster men: my counsel is my shield;  
We must be brief when traitors brave the field. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Same. Before the Palace.**Enter Queen MARGARET.*

*Q. Mar.* So, now prosperity begins to mellow  
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.  
Here in these confines slyly have I lurk'd  
To watch the waning of mine enemies.  
A dire induction am I witness to,  
And will to France, hoping the consequence  
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.  
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret: who comes here?

*Enter Queen ELIZABETH and the Duchess of YORK.*

*Q. Eliz.* Ah! my poor princes, ah! my tender babes,  
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets,  
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air  
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,  
Hover about me with your airy wings,  
And hear your mother's lamentation.  
*Q. Mar.* Hover about her; say, that right for right  
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.  
*Duch.* So many miseries have craz'd my voice,  
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.  
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?  
*Q. Mar.* Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet;  
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

*Q. Eliz.* Wilt thou, O God! fly from such gentle lambs,  
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?  
When didst thou sleep when such a deed was done?

*Q. Mar.* When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

*Duch.* Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living ghost,  
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,

Brief abstract and record of tedious days,  
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,

*Sitting down.*

Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!

*Q. Eliz.* Ah! that thou would'st as soon afford a grave 31

As thou canst yield a melancholy seat;  
Theh would I hide my bones, not rest them here.

Ah! who hath any cause to mourn but I?

*Sitting down by her.*

*Q. Mar.* If ancient sorrow be most reverend,

Give mine the benefit of seniory,  
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.  
If sorrow can admit society,

*Sitting down with them.*

Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:  
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him; 40

I had a Harry, till a Richard kill'd him;  
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;

Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

*Duch.* I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;

I had a Rutland too, thou help'st to kill him.

*Q. Mar.* Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept

A hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death:  
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,

To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood, 50  
That foul defacer of God's handiwork,

That excellent grand-tyrant of the earth,  
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,

Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.

O! upright, just, and true-disposing God,  
How do I thank thee that this carnal cur  
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,  
And makes her pew-fellow with others' moan.

*Duch.* O! Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes:

God witness with me, I have wept for thine. 60

*Q. Mar.* Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,

And now I cloy me with beholding it.  
Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Ed-

ward;

Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;

Young York he is but boot, because both they

Match not the high perfection of my loss:

Thy Clarence he is dead that stabb'd my Edward;

And the beholders of this frantic play,  
The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan,

Grey,  
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves. 70

Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,  
Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls

And send them thither; but at hand, at hand,

Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:  
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints

pray,  
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence.

Cancel his bond of life, dear God: I pray,  
That I may live and say, The dog is dead.

*Q. Eliz.* O! thou didst prophesy the time would come 70

That I should wish for thee to help me curse  
That bottled spider, that foul bunchback'd

toad.

*Q. Mar.* I call'd thee then vain flourish of my fortune;

I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted queen;

The presentation of but what I was;  
The flattering index of a direful pageant;

One heav'd o' high, to be hurl'd down below;  
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;

A dream of what thou wert, a breath, a bubble,

A sign of dignity, a garish flag,  
To be the aim of every dangerous shot; 80

A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.  
Where is thy husband now? where be thy

brothers?  
Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou

joy?  
Who sues and kneels and cries 'God save the queen?'

Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?

Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?

Decline all this, and see what now thou art:  
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;

For joyful mother, one that wails the name;  
For one being sued to, one that humbly

sues;  
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with

care; 100  
For she that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;

For she being fear'd of all, now fearing one;  
For she commanding all, obey'd of none.

Thus hath the course of justice whirl'd about,

And left thee but a very prey to time;  
Having no more but thought of what thou

wert,  
To torture thee the more, being what thou

art.  
Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou

not  
Usurp the proud proportion of my sorrow? 110

Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke;

From which even here I slip my wearied head,

And leave the burden of it all on thee.  
Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mis-  
chance:

These English woes shall make me smile in  
France.

*Q. Eliz.* O thou, well skill'd in curses,  
stay awhile,

And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

*Q. Mar.* Forbear to sleep the night, and  
fast the day;

Compare dead happiness with living woe;  
Think that thy babes were fairer than they  
were,

And he that slew them fouler than he is:  
Bettering thy loss makes the bad causer  
worse:

Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

*Q. Eliz.* My words are dull; O! quicken  
them with thine.

*Q. Mar.* Thy woes will make them sharp,  
and pierce like mine.

*Duch.* Why should calamity be full of  
words? *Exit.*

*Q. Eliz.* Windy attorneys to their client  
woes,

Airy succeders of intestate joys,  
Poor breathing orators of miseries!

Let them have scope: though what they do  
impart

Help nothing else, yet do they ease the  
heart.

*Duch.* If so, then be not tongue-tied: go  
with me,

And in the breath of bitter words let's  
smother

My damned son, that thy two sweet sons  
smother'd.

The trumpet sounds: be copious in ex-  
claims. *A trumpet heard.*

*Enter King RICHARD and his Train,  
marching.*

*K. Rich.* Who intercepts me in my expe-  
dition?

*Duch.* O! she that might have inter-  
cepted thee

By strangling thee in her accursed womb,  
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou  
hast done.

*Q. Eliz.* Hid'st thou that forehead with a  
golden crown,

Where should be branded, if that right were  
right,

The slaughter of the prince that ow'd that  
crown,

And the dire death of my poor sons and  
brothers?

Tell me, thou villain slave, where are my  
children?

*Duch.* Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy  
brother Clarence,

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

*Q. Eliz.* Where is the gentle Rivers,  
Vaughan, Grey?

*Duch.* Where is kind Hastings?

*K. Rich.* A flourish, trumpets! strike  
alarum, drums!

Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale  
women

Rail on the Lord's anointed. Strike, I say!  
*Flourish. Alarums.*

Either be patient, and entreat me fair, 151  
Or with the clamorous report of war

Thus will I drown your exclamations.

*Duch.* Art thou my son?

*K. Rich.* Ay, I thank God, my father, and  
yourself.

*Duch.* Then patiently hear my impa-  
tience.

*K. Rich.* Madam, I have a touch of your  
condition,

That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

*Duch.* O! let me speak.

*K. Rich.* Do then; but I'll not hear.

*Duch.* I will be mild and gentle in my  
words.

*K. Rich.* And brief, good mother; for I  
am in haste. 161

*Duch.* Art thou so hasty? I have stay'd  
for thee,

God knows, in torment and in agony.

*K. Rich.* And came I not at last to com-  
fort you?

*Duch.* No, by the holy rood, thou know'st  
it well,

Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my  
hell.

A grievous burden was thy birth to me;  
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;

Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild  
and furious;

Thy prime of manhood daring, bold and ven-  
turous; 170

Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and  
bloody.

More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in  
hatred:

What comfortable hour canst thou name  
That ever grac'd me with thy company?

*K. Rich.* Faith, none, but Humphrey  
Hour, that call'd your grace

To breakfast once forth of my company.  
If I be so disgracious in your eye,

Let me march on, and not offend you,  
madam.

Strike up the drum.

*Duch.* I prithee, hear me speak.

*K. Rich.* You speak too bitterly.

*Duch.* Hear me a word;  
For I shall never speak to thee again. 181

*K. Rich.* So!

*Duch.* Either thou wilt die by God's just  
ordinance,

Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror,  
Or I with grief and extreme age shall  
perish

And never more behold thy face again.  
Therefore take with thee my most grievous  
curse;

Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more  
Than all the complete armour that thou  
wear'st!

My prayers on the adverse party fight; 190  
And there the little souls of Edward's  
children

Whisper the spirits of thine enemies  
And promise them success and victory,  
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;

Shame serves thy life and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*

*Q. Eliz.* Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse

Abides in me: I say amen to her. *Going.*  
*K. Rich.* Stay, madam, I must talk a word with you.

*Q. Eliz.* I have no more sons of the royal blood

For thee to slaughter: for my daughters, Richard, 200

They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;

And therefore level not to hit their lives.

*K. Rich.* You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,

Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

*Q. Eliz.* And must she die for this? O! let her live,

And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;

Slander myself as false to Edward's bed;

Throw over her the veil of infamy:

So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,

I will confess she was not Edward's daughter. 210

*K. Rich.* Wrong not her birth; she is a royal princess.

*Q. Eliz.* To save her life, I'll say she is not so.

*K. Rich.* Her life is safest only in her birth.

*Q. Eliz.* And only in that safety died her brothers.

*K. Rich.* Lo! at their birth good stars were opposite.

*Q. Eliz.* No, to their lives ill friends were contrary.

*K. Rich.* All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

*Q. Eliz.* True, when avoided grace makes destiny.

My babes were destin'd to a fairer death, If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life. 220

*K. Rich.* You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.

*Q. Eliz.* Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd

Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life. Whose hand soever lanc'd their tender hearts,

Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:

No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt

Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart, To revel in the entrails of my lambs.

But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,

My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys 230

Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;

And I, in such a desperate bay of death, Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,

Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

*K. Rich.* Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise

And dangerous success of bloody wars,

As I intend more good to you and yours Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd.

*Q. Eliz.* What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,

To be discover'd, that can do me good? 240

*K. Rich.* The advancement of your children, gentle lady.

*Q. Eliz.* Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?

*K. Rich.* Unto the dignity and height of fortune,

The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

*Q. Eliz.* Flatter my sorrow with report of it,

Tell me what state, what dignity, what honour,

Canst thou demise to any child of mine? *K. Rich.* Even all I have; ay, and myself and all,

Will I withal endow a child of thine; So in the Lethe of thy angry soul 250

Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs

Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

*Q. Eliz.* Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness

Last longer telling than thy kindness' date. *K. Rich.* Then know, that from my soul I love thy daughter.

*Q. Eliz.* My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

*K. Rich.* What do you think? *Q. Eliz.* That thou dost love my daughter from thy soul:

So from thy soul's love didst thou love her brothers;

And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it. 260

*K. Rich.* Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:

I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter, And do intend to make her Queen of England.

*Q. Eliz.* Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?

*K. Rich.* Even he that makes her queen: who else should be?

*Q. Eliz.* What! thou? *K. Rich.* Even so: how think you of it?

*Q. Eliz.* How canst thou woo her? *K. Rich.* That I would learn of you,

As one being best acquainted with her humour.

*Q. Eliz.* And wilt thou learn of me? *K. Rich.* Madam, with all my heart.

*Q. Eliz.* Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers, 270

A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave Edward and York; then haply will she weep:

Therefore present to her, as sometime Margaret

Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,

A handkerchief, which, say to her, did drain The purple sap from her sweet brother's body,

And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal. If this inducement move her not to love,

Send her a letter of thy noble deeds; 280

Tell her thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,  
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and for her sake,  
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good  
aunt Anne.

*K. Rich.* You mock me, madam; this  
is not the way  
To win your daughter.

*O. Eliz.* There is no other way  
Unless thou could'st put on some other  
shape,

And not be Richard that hath done all this.  
*K. Rich.* Say that I did all this for love  
of her?

*O. Eliz.* Nay, then indeed she cannot  
choose but hate thee,

Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

*K. Rich.* Look, what is done cannot be  
now amended: 281

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,  
Which after-hours give leisure to repent.  
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,  
To make amends I'll give it to your daughter.

If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,  
To quicken your increase, I will beget  
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter:

A grandam's name is little less in love  
Than is the doting title of a mother; 300  
They are as children but one step below,  
Even of your mettle, of your very blood;  
Of all one pain, save for a night of groans  
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like  
sorrow.

Your children were vexation to your youth,  
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.  
The loss you have is but a son being king,  
And by that loss your daughter is made  
queen.

I cannot make you what amends I would,  
Therefore accept such kindness as I can. 310  
Dorset your son, that with a fearful soul  
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,  
This fair alliance quickly shall call home  
To high promotions and great dignity:  
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter  
wife,

Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother;  
Again shall you be mother to a king,  
And all the ruins of distressful times  
Repair'd with double riches of content.  
What! we have many goodly days to see: 320  
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed  
Shall come again, transform'd to orient  
pearl,

Advantaging their loan with interest  
Of ten times double gain of happiness.  
Go then, my mother; to thy daughter go:  
Make bold her bashful years with your  
experience;

Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;  
Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame  
Of golden sovereignty; acquaint the princess  
With the sweet silent hours of marriage  
joys: 330

And when this arm of mine hath chas-  
tised

The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,

Bound with triumphant garlands will I  
come,

And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's  
bed;

To whom I will retail my conquest won,  
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's  
Cæsar.

*O. Eliz.* What were I best to say? her  
father's brother

Would be her lord? or shall I say her uncle?  
Or he that slew her brothers and her  
uncles?

Under what title shall I woo for thee, 340  
That God, the law, my honour, and her  
love,

Can make seem pleasing to her tender  
years?

*K. Rich.* Infer fair England's peace by  
this alliance.

*O. Eliz.* Which she shall purchase with  
still lasting war.

*K. Rich.* Tell her, the king, that may  
command, entreats.

*O. Eliz.* That at her hands which the  
kings' King forbids.

*K. Rich.* Say she shall be a high and  
mighty queen.

*O. Eliz.* To wail the title, as her mother  
doth.

*K. Rich.* Say I will love her everlast-  
ingly.

*O. Eliz.* But how long shall that title  
'ever' last? 350

*K. Rich.* Sweetly in force unto her fair  
life's end.

*O. Eliz.* But how long fairly shall her  
sweet life last?

*K. Rich.* As long as heaven and nature  
lengthens it.

*O. Eliz.* As long as hell and Richard likes  
of it.

*K. Rich.* Say I, her sovereign, am her  
subject low.

*O. Eliz.* But she, your subject, loathes  
such sovereignty.

*K. Rich.* Be eloquent in my behalf to  
her.

*O. Eliz.* An honest tale speeds best being  
plainly told.

*K. Rich.* Then plainly to her tell my  
loving tale.

*O. Eliz.* Plain and not honest is too  
harsh a style. 360

*K. Rich.* Your reasons are too shallow  
and too quick.

*O. Eliz.* O, no! my reasons are too deep  
and dead;

Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their  
graves.

*K. Rich.* Harp not on that string, madam;  
that is past.

*O. Eliz.* Harp on it still shall I till heart-  
strings break.

*K. Rich.* Now, by my George, my garter,  
and my crown,—

*O. Eliz.* Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the  
third usurp'd.

*K. Rich.* I swear—

*O. Eliz.* By nothing; for this is no oath.

Thy George, profan'd, hath lost his holy honour;

Thy garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;

Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory.

If something thou would'st swear to be believ'd,

Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

*K. Rich.* Now, by the world,—

*Q. Eliz.* 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

*K. Rich.* My father's death,—

*Q. Eliz.* Thy life hath it dishonour'd.

*K. Rich.* Then, by myself,—

*Q. Eliz.* Thyself is self-misus'd.

*K. Rich.* Why then, by God,—

*Q. Eliz.* God's wrong is most of all.

If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,  
The unity the king my husband made

Thou hadst not broken, nor my brothers died:

If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,  
The imperial metal, circling now thy head,

Had grac'd the tender temples of my child,  
And both the princes had been breathing

here,  
Which now, two tender bedfellows for dust,  
Thy broken faith hath made the prey for

worms.  
What canst thou swear by now?

*K. Rich.* *Justice and* The time to come.

*Q. Eliz.* That thou hast wronged in the time o'erpast;

For I myself have many tears to wash  
Hereafter time, for time past wrong'd by

thee.

The children live, whose fathers thou hast slaughter'd,

Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age:  
The parents live, whose children thou hast

butcher'd,  
Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.

Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast

Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'erpast.

*K. Rich.* As I intend to prosper, and repent,

So thrive I in my dangerous affairs  
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!

Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours! 400  
Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy

rest!  
Be opposite all planets of good luck

To my proceeding, if, with dear heart's love,  
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,

I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!

In her consists my happiness and thine;  
Without her, follows to myself, and thee,

Herself, the land, and many a Christian soul,

Death, desolation, ruin, and decay:  
It cannot be avoided but by this; 410

It will not be avoided but by this.  
Therefore, good mother, I must call you

so,  
Be the attorney of my love to her:

Plead what I will be, not what I have been;

Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:  
Urge the necessity and state of times,

And be not peevish-fond in great designs.

*Q. Eliz.* Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

*K. Rich.* Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

*Q. Eliz.* Shall I forget myself to be myself?

*K. Rich.* Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong yourself. 421

*Q. Eliz.* Yet thou didst kill my children.

*K. Rich.* But in your daughter's womb I bury them:

Where, in that nest of spicery, they will breed  
Selves of themselves to your recomforture.

*Q. Eliz.* Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

*K. Rich.* And be a happy mother by the deed.

*Q. Eliz.* I go. Write to me very shortly;  
And you shall understand from me her mind.

*K. Rich.* Bear her my true love's kiss;  
and so farewell. 430

*Exit Queen ELIZABETH.*  
Relenting fool, and shallow changing woman!

*Enter RATCLIFF; CATESBY following.*  
How now! what news?

*Rat.* Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast

Rideth a puissant navy; to the shores  
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted

friends,  
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back,  
'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral;

And there they hull, expecting but the aid  
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

*K. Rich.* Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of Norfolk: 440

Ratcliff, thyself, or Catesby; where is he?

*Cates.* Here, my good lord.

*K. Rich.* Catesby, fly to the duke.

*Cates.* I will my lord, with all convenient haste.

*K. Rich.* Ratcliff, come hither. Post to Salisbury:

When thou com'st thither,—To CATESBY.  
Dull, unmindful villain,

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke?

*Cates.* First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,

What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

*K. Rich.* O! true, good Catesby: bid him levy straight

The greatest strength and power he can make,

And meet me suddenly at Salisbury. 450

*Cates.* I go. *Exit.*  
*Rat.* What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury?

*K. Rich.* Why, what would'st thou do there before I go?

*Rat.* Your highness told me I should post before.

*Enter STANLEY.*

*K. Rich.* My mind is chang'd. Stanley, what news with you?

*Stan.* None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing;

Nor none so bad but well may be reported.

*K. Rich.* Heyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad!

What need'st thou run so many miles about, When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way?

Once more, what news?

*Stan.* Richmond is on the seas.

*K. Rich.* There let him sink, and be the seas on him!

White-livered runagate! what doth he there?

*Stan.* I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

*K. Rich.* Well, as you guess?

*Stan.* Stir'd up by Dorset, Buckingham and Morton,

He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

*K. Rich.* Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?

Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?

What heir of York is there alive but we?

And who is England's king but great York's heir?

Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

*Stan.* Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

*K. Rich.* Unless for that he comes to be your liege,

You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.

Thou wilt revolt and fly to him I fear.

*Stan.* No, my good lord; therefore mistrust me not.

*K. Rich.* Where is thy power then to beat him back?

Where be thy tenants and thy followers?

Are they not now upon the western shore,

Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

*Stan.* No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

*K. Rich.* Cold friends to me: what do they in the north

When they should serve their sovereign in the west?

*Stan.* They have not been commanded, mighty king.

Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave, I'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace

Where and what time your majesty shall please.

*K. Rich.* Ay, ay, thou would'st be gone to join with Richmond:

But I'll not trust thee.

*Stan.* Most mighty sovereign,

You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful.

I never was nor never will be false.

*K. Rich.* Go then and muster men: but leave behind

Your son, George Stanley: look your heart be firm.

Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

*Stan.* So deal with him as I prove true to you.

*Exit.*

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,

As I by friends am well advertised, Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty pre-

late,

Bishop of Exeter, his brother there, With many more confederates, are in arms.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Second Mess.* In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords are in arms;

And every hour more competitors Flock to the rebels, and their power grows

strong.

*Enter a third Messenger.*

*Third Mess.* My lord, the army of great Buckingham—

*K. Rich.* Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death?

*He strikes him.*

There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

*Third Mess.* The news I have to tell your majesty

Is, that by sudden floods and fall of waters, Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scat-

ter'd;

And he himself wander'd away alone, No man knows whither.

*K. Rich.* I cry thee mercy:

There is my purse to cure that blow of thine. Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd

Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

*Third Mess.* Such proclamation hath been made, my leige.

*Enter a fourth Messenger.*

*Fourth Mess.* Sir Thomas Lovel and Lord Marquess Dorset,

'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms: But this good comfort bring I to your high-

ness,

The Breton navy is dispers'd by tempest. Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat

Unto the shore to ask those on the banks If they were his assistants, yea or no;

Who answer'd him, they came from Buck-

ingham Upon his party: he, mistrusting them, Hois'd sail and made away for Brittany.

*K. Rich.* March on, march on, since we are up in arms;

If not to fight with foreign enemies, Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

*Re-enter CATESBY.*

*Cates.* My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken;

That is the best news: that the Earl of Richmond

Is with a mighty power landed at Milford Is colder news, but yet they must be told.

*K. Rich.* Away towards Salisbury! while we reason here

A royal battle might be won and lost.  
Some one take order Buckingham be brought  
To Salisbury; the rest march on with me. 540  
*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Same. A Room in Lord STANLEY'S House.*

*Enter STANLEY and Sir CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.*

*Stan.* Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me:  
That in the sty of the most bloody boar  
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold:  
If I revolt, off goes young George's head;  
The fear of that holds off my present aid.  
So, get thee gone: commend me to thy lord.  
Withal, say, that the queen hath heartily consented  
He should espouse Elizabeth her daughter.  
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

*Chris.* At Pembroke or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales.

*Stan.* What men of name resort to him?

*Chris.* Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier,

Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley, Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,

And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew;  
And many other of great name and worth:  
And towards London do they bend their power,

If by the way they be not fought withal.

*Stan.* Well, hie thee to thy lord; I kiss his hand;

These letters will resolve him of my mind. 20  
*Farewell. Exeunt.*

### ACT V

SCENE I.—*Salisbury. An open Place.*

*Enter the Sheriff and Guard, with BUCKINGHAM, led to execution.*

*Buck.* Will not King Richard let me speak with him?

*Sher.* No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

*Buck.* Hastings, and Edward's children, Grey, and Rivers,

Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward, Vaughan, and all that have miscarried  
By underhand corrupted foul injustice,  
If that your moody discontented souls  
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,

Even for revenge mock my destruction!  
This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not? 10

*Sher.* It is my lord.

*Buck.* Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.

This is the day that, in King Edward's time,  
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found  
False to his children or his wife's allies;  
This is the day wherein I wish'd to fall  
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted;

This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul  
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.  
That high All-Seer which I dallied with 20  
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,  
And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.  
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men  
To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms:

Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck;

'When he,' quoth she, 'shall split thy heart with sorrow,

Remember Margaret was a prophetess.'

Come, lead me, officers, to the block of shame;

Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Plain near Tamworth.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, RICHMOND, OXFORD, SIR JAMES BLUNT, SIR WALTER HERBERT, and Others, with Forces, marching.*

*Richm.* Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,

Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,  
Thus far into the bowels of the land  
Have we march'd on without impediment:  
And here receive we from our father Stanley  
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.

The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,  
That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful vines,

Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough

In your bowell'd bosoms, this foul swine  
Lies now even in the centre of this isle, 11  
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:  
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.

In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,

To reap the harvest of perpetual peace  
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

*Oxf.* Every man's conscience is a thousand men,

To fight against this guilty homicide.

*Herb.* I doubt not but his friends will turn to us.

*Blunt.* He hath no friends but what are friends for fear, 20

Which in his dearest need will fly from him.

*Richm.* All for our vantage: then, in God's name, march.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;

Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Bosworth Field.*

*Enter King RICHARD and Forces; the Duke of NORFOLK, Earl of SURREY, and Others.*

*K. Rich.* Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth field.

My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

*Sur.* My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

*K. Rich.* My Lord of Norfolk,—

*Nor.* Here, most gracious liege.

*K. Rich.* Norfolk, we must have knocks; ha! must we not?

*Nor.* We must both give and take, my gracious lord.

*K. Rich.* Up with my tent! here will I lie to-night;

But where to-morrow? Well, all's one for that.

Who hath descried the number of the traitors?

*Nor.* Six or seven thousand is their utmost power: 10

*K. Rich.* Why, our battalia trebles that account:

Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,

Which they upon the adverse faction want. Up with the tent! Come, noble gentlemen.

Let us survey the vantage of the ground; Call for some men of sound direction:

Let's lack no discipline, make no delay; For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter, on the other side of the field, RICHMOND, Sir WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, and other Officers. Some of the Soldiers pitch RICHMOND'S tent.*

*Richm.* The weary sun hath made a golden set,

And, by the bright track of his fiery car, 20 Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.

Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.

Give me some ink and paper in my tent: I'll draw the form and model of our battle.

Limit each leader to his several charge, And part in just proportion our small power.

My Lord of Oxford, you, Sir William Brandon,

And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me.

The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment: Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him, 30

And by the second hour in the morning Desire the earl to see me in my tent.

Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me; Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?

*Blunt.* Unless I have mista'en his colours much,

Which well I am assur'd I have not done, His regiment lies half a mile at least

South from the mighty power of the king.

*Richm.* If without peril it be possible, Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him, 40

And give him from me this most needful scroll.

*Blunt.* Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it;

And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!

*Richm.* Good night, good Captain Blunt. Come, gentlemen,

Let us consult upon to-morrow's business; into my tent; the dew is raw and cold.

*They withdraw into the tent.*

*Enter, to his tent, King RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF, and CATESBY.*

*K. Rich.* What is 't o'clock?

*Cates.* It's supper-time, my lord; It's nine o'clock.

*K. Rich.* I will not sup to-night. Give me some ink and paper.

What, is my beaver easier than it was, 50 And all my armour laid into my tent?

*Cates.* It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.

*K. Rich.* Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;

Use careful watch; choose trusty sentinels. *Nor.* I go, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

*Nor.* I warrant you, my lord. *Exit.*

*K. Rich.* Ratcliff!

*Rat.* My lord!

*K. Rich.* Send out a pursuivant at arms To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power 60

Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall Into the blind cave of eternal night.

Fill me a bowl of wine. Give me a watch. Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.

Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.

*Ratcliff!*

*Rat.* My lord!

*K. Rich.* Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord Northumberland?

*Rat.* Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himself,

Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop 70

Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

*K. Rich.* So; I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine:

I have not that alacrity of spirit. Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.

Set it down. Is ink and paper ready?

*Rat.* It is, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Bid my guard watch; leave me. Ratcliff, about the mid of night come to my tent

And help to arm me. Leave me, I say. *King RICHARD retires into his tent.*

*Exeunt RATCLIFF and CATESBY.*

*RICHMOND'S tent opens, and discovers him and his Officers, etc.*

*Enter STANLEY.*

*Stan.* Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

*Richm.* All comfort that the dark night can afford 80

Be to thy person, noble father-in-law! Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

*Stan.* I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,

Who prays continually for Richmond's good: So much for that. The silent hours steal on,

And flaky darkness breaks within the east.  
In brief, for so the season bids us be,  
Prepare thy battle early in the morning,  
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement  
Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring war. 90  
I, as I may, that which I would I cannot,  
With best advantage will deceive the time,  
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:  
But on thy side I may not be too forward,  
Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,  
Be executed in his father's sight.  
Farewell: the leisure and the fearful time  
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love  
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,  
Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell  
upon; 100

God give us leisure for these rites of love!  
Once more, adieu: be valiant, and speed  
well!

*Richm.* Good lords, conduct him to his  
regiment.

I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a  
nap,

Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-  
morrow,

When I should mount with wings of victory.  
Once more, good night, kind lords, and  
gentlemen.

*Exeunt all but RICHMOND.*

O! thou, whose captain I account myself,  
Look on my forces with a gracious eye; 109  
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of  
wrath,

That they may crush down with a heavy fall  
The usurping helmets of our adversaries.  
Make us thy ministers of chastisement!  
That we may praise thee in thy victory!  
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,  
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;  
Sleeping and waking, O! defend me still.  
*Sleeps.*

*The Ghost of Prince EDWARD, Son to  
HENRY the Sixth, rises between the two  
tents.*

*Ghost.* To King RICHARD. Let me sit  
heavy on thy soul to-morrow!  
Think how thou stabb'dst me in my prime of  
youth

At Tewksbury: despair therefore, and die!  
To RICHMOND. Be cheerful, Richmond;  
for the wronged souls  
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:  
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts  
thee.

*The Ghost of King HENRY the Sixth rises.*

*Ghost.* To King RICHARD. When I was  
mortal, my anointed body  
By thee was punched full of deadly holes;  
Think on the Tower and me; despair, and  
die!

Harry the Sixth bids thee despair, and die.  
To RICHMOND. Virtuous and holy, be thou  
conqueror!

Harry, that prophesied thou should'st be  
king,

Doth comfort thee in sleep: live and  
flourish!

*The Ghost of CLARENCE rises.*

*Ghost.* To King RICHARD. Let me sit  
heavy on thy soul to-morrow! 131  
I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome  
wine,

Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to  
death!

To-morrow in the battle think on me,  
And fall thy edgeless sword: despair, and  
die!

To RICHMOND. Thou offspring of the house  
of Lancaster,

The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee:  
Good angels guard thy battle! live, and  
flourish!

*The Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN  
rise.*

*Ghost of Rivers.* To King RICHARD. Let  
me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!  
Rivers, that died at Pomfret: despair, and  
die! 140

*Ghost of Grey.* To King RICHARD. Think  
upon Grey, and let thy soul despair!

*Ghost of Vaughan.* To King RICHARD.  
Think upon Vaughan, and with guilty  
fear

Let fall thy lance: despair, and die:

All. To RICHMOND. Awake, and think  
our wrongs in Richard's bosom

Will conquer him: awake, and win the day!

*The Ghost of HASTINGS rises.*

*Ghost.* To King RICHARD. Bloody and  
guilty, guiltily awake;  
And in a bloody battle end thy days!  
Think on Lord Hastings: despair, and die!  
To RICHMOND. Quiet untroubled soul  
awake, awake!  
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's  
sake! 150

*The Ghosts of the two young Princes rise.*

*Ghosts.* To King RICHARD. Dream on  
thy cousins smother'd in the Tower:  
Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,  
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and  
death!

Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair, and  
die!

To RICHMOND. Sleep, Richmond, sleep in  
peace, and wake in joy;

Good angels guard thee from the boar's  
annoy!

Live, and beget a happy race of kings!  
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

*The Ghost of Lady ANNE rises.*

*Ghost.* To King RICHARD. Richard, thy  
wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,  
That never slept a quiet hour with thee, 160  
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:  
To-morrow in the battle think on me,  
And fall thy edgeless sword: despair, and  
die!

To RICHMOND. Thou, quiet soul, sleep  
thou a quiet sleep;

Dream of success and happy victory!  
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee,

*The Ghost of BUCKINGHAM rises.*

*Ghost.* To King RICHARD. The first was I  
that help'd thee to the crown;  
The last was I that felt thy tyranny.  
O! in the battle think on Buckingham,  
And die in terror of thy guiltiness. 170  
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and  
death;

Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy  
breath!

To RICHMOND. I died for hope ere I could  
lend thee aid:

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dis-  
may'd:

God and good angels fight on Richmond's  
side;

And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

*The Ghosts vanish. King RICHARD starts  
out of his dream.*

*K. Rich.* Give me another horse! bind up  
my wounds!

Have mercy, Jesu! Soft! I did but dream.  
O! coward conscience, how dost thou afflict  
me.

The lights burn blue. It is now dead mid-  
night. 180

Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling  
flesh.

What! do I fear myself? there's none else by:  
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.

Is there a murderer here? No. Yes; I am:  
Then fly: what! from myself? Great reason  
why;

Lest I revenge. What! myself upon myself?  
Alack! I love myself. Wherefore? for any  
good

That I myself have done unto myself?  
O! no; alas! I rather hate myself

For hateful deeds committed by myself. 190  
I am a villain. Yet I lie; I am not.

Fool, of thyself speak well: fool, do not  
flatter.

My conscience hath a thousand several  
tongues,

And every tongue brings in a several tale,  
And every tale condemns me for a villain.

Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree;  
Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;

All several sins, all us'd in each degree,  
Throng to the bar, crying all, 'Guilty!  
guilty!'

I shall despair. There is no creature loves  
me; 200

And if I die, no soul shall pity me:

Nay, wherefore should they, since that I  
myself

Find in myself no pity to myself?

Methought the souls of all that I had  
murder'd

Came to my tent; and every one did threat  
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of  
Richard.

*Enter RATCLIFF.*

*Rat.* My lord!

*K. Rich.* 'Tounds! who is there?

*Rat.* Ratcliff, my lord; 't is I. The early  
village cock

Hath twice done salutation to the morn; 210

Your friends are up, and buckle on their  
armour.

*K. Rich.* O Ratcliff! I have dream'd a  
fearful dream.

What thinkest thou, will our friends prove  
all true?

*Rat.* No doubt, my lord.

*K. Rich.* O Ratcliff! I fear, I fear,—

*Rat.* Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of  
shadows.

*K. Rich.* By the apostle Paul, shadows  
to-night

Have struck more terror to the soul of  
Richard

Than can the substance of ten thousand  
soldiers

Armed in proof, and led by shallow Rich-  
mond.

It is not yet near day. Come, go with  
me; 220

Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,  
To hear if any mean to shrink from me.

*Exeunt.*

*RICHMOND wakes. Enter OXFORD and  
Others.*

*Lords.* Good morrow, Richmond!

*Richm.* Cry mercy, lords and watchful  
gentlemen,

That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

*Lords.* How have you slept, my lord?

*Richm.* The sweetest sleep, and fairest-  
boding dreams

That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,  
Have I since your departure had, my lords.

Methought their souls, whose bodies  
Richard murder'd, 230

Came to my tent and cried on victory:

I promise you my heart is very jocund

In the remembrance of so fair a dream.

How far into the morning is it, lords?

*Lords.* Upon the stroke of four.

*Richm.* Why, then 't is time to arm and  
give direction.

*His oration to his soldiers.*

More than I have said, loving country-  
men,

The leisure and enforcement of the time

Forbids to dwell on: yet remember this,

God and our good cause fight upon our  
side; 240

The prayers of holy saints and wronged  
souls,

Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before  
our faces;

Richard except, those whom we fight  
against

Had rather have us win than him they  
follow.

For what is he they follow? truly, gentle-  
men,

A bloody tyrant and a homicide;

One rais'd in blood, and one in blood  
establish'd;

One that made means to come by what he  
hath,

And slaughter'd those that were the means  
to help him; 240

A base foul stone, made precious by the foil  
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;  
One that hath ever been God's enemy.  
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,  
God will in justice ward you as his soldiers;  
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,  
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;  
If you do fight against your country's foes,  
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the  
hire;

If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,  
Your wives shall welcome home the con-  
querors; 260

If you do free your children from the sword,  
Your children's children quit it in your age.  
Then, in the name of God and all these  
rights,

Advance your standards, draw your willing  
swords.

For me, the ransom of my bold attempt  
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold  
face;

But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt  
The least of you shall share his part thereof.  
Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and  
cheerfully; 269

God and Saint George! Richmond and  
victory! *Exeunt.*

*Re-enter King RICHARD, RATCLIFF,  
Attendants, and Forces.*

*K. Rich.* What said Northumberland as  
touching Richmond?

*Rat.* That he was never trained up in  
arms.

*K. Rich.* He said the truth: and what  
said Surrey then?

*Rat.* He smil'd and said, 'The better for  
our purpose.'

*K. Rich.* He was i' the right; and so  
indeed it is. *Clock strikes.*

Tell the clock there. Give me a calendar.  
Who saw the sun to-day?

*Rat.* Not I, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Then he disdains to shine; for  
by the book

He should have brav'd the east an hour  
ago:

A black day will it be to somebody. 290  
*Ratcliff!*

*Rat.* My lord!

*K. Rich.* The sun will not be seen to-day;  
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.  
I would these dewy tears were from the  
ground.

Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me  
More than to Richmond? for the self-same  
heaven

That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

*Enter NORFOLK.*

*Nor.* Arm, arm, my lord! the foe vaunts  
in the field.

*K. Rich.* Come, bustle, bustle; caparison  
my horse.

Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his  
power; 290

I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,  
And thus my battle shall be ordered:

My foreward shall be drawn out all in  
length,

Consisting equally of horse and foot;  
Our archers shall be placed in the midst;  
John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of  
Surrey,

Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.  
They thus directed, we will follow

In the main battle, whose puissance\* on  
either side

Shall be well winged with our chiefest  
horse. 300

This, and Saint George to boot! What  
think'st thou, Norfolk?

*Nor.* A good direction, war-like sovereign.  
This found I on my tent this morning.

*Giving a scroll.*

*K. Rich. Jockey of Norfolk, be not too  
bold,*

*For Dickon thy master is bought  
and sold.*

A thing devised by the enemy.

Go, gentlemen; every man to his charge:  
Let not our babbling dreams affright our  
souls;

Conscience is but a word that cowards use,  
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe: 310  
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords  
our law.

March on, join bravely, let us to 't pell-mell;  
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

*His oration to his army.*

What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?  
Remember whom you are to cope withal;  
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,  
A scum of Bretons and base lackey peasants,  
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits  
forth

To desperate adventures and assur'd de-  
struction.

You sleeping safe, they bring to you un-  
rest; 320

You having lands, and bless'd with beau-  
teous wives,

They would restrain the one, distain the  
other.

And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,  
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost?

A milksop, one that never in his life  
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?

Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas  
again;

Lash hence these overweening rags of  
France,

These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;  
Who, but for dreaming on this fond ex-  
ploit, 330

For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd  
themselves.

If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,  
And not these bastard Bretons, whom our  
fathers

Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and  
thump'd,

And in record, left them the heirs of shame.  
Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our  
wives?

Ravish our daughters? *Drum afar off.*  
 Hark! I hear their drum.  
 Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold  
 yeomen!  
 Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the  
 head!  
 Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in  
 blood; 340  
 Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!

*Enter a Messenger.*

What says Lord Stanley? will he bring his  
 power?

*Mess.* My lord, he doth deny to come.

*K. Rich.* Off with his son George's head!

*Nor.* My lord, the enemy is pass'd the  
 marsh:

After the battle let George Stanley die.

*K. Rich.* A thousand hearts are great  
 within my bosom:

Advance our standards! set upon our foes!  
 Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint  
 George,

Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons! 350  
 Upon them! Victory sits on our helms.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter NORFOLK  
 and Forces fighting; to him CATESBY.*

*Cates.* Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk! res-  
 cue, rescue!

The king enacts more wonders than a man,  
 Daring an opposite to every danger:  
 His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,  
 Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.  
 Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

*Alarum. Enter King RICHARD.*

*K. Rich.* A horse! a horse! my kingdom  
 for a horse!

*Cates.* Withdraw, my lord; I'll help you  
 to a horse.

*K. Rich.* Slave! I have set my life upon a  
 cast,

And I will stand the hazard of the die. 10  
 I think there be six Richmonds in the field;  
 Five have I slain to-day instead of him.

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!  
*Exeunt.*

*Alarums. Enter King RICHARD and RICH-  
 MOND; and exeunt fighting. Retreat  
 and flourish. Re-enter RICHMOND,  
 STANLEY bearing the crown, with divers  
 other Lords, and Forces.*

*Richm.* God and your arms be prais'd,  
 victorious friends;

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

*Stan.* Courageous Richmond, well hast  
 thou acquit thee.

Lo! here, this long-usurped royalty  
 From the dead temples of this bloody  
 wretch

Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal:  
 Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it. 20

*Richm.* Great God of heaven, say amen  
 to all!

But tell me, is young George Stanley living?

*Stan.* He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester  
 town,

Whither, if it please you, we may now with-  
 draw us.

*Richm.* What men of name are slain on  
 either side?

*Stan.* John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord  
 Ferrers,

Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William  
 Brandon.

*Richm.* Inter their bodies as becomes  
 their births:

Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled  
 That in submission will return to us; 30

And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,  
 We will unite the white rose and the red:

Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,  
 That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!

What traitor hears me, and says not amen?  
 England hath long been mad, and scarr'd

herself;

The brother blindly shed the brother's  
 blood,

The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,  
 The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire:

All this divided York and Lancaster, 40  
 Divided in their dire division,

O! now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,  
 The true succeeders of each royal house,

By God's fair ordinance conjoin together;  
 And let their heirs, God, if thy will be so,

Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd  
 peace,

With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous  
 days!

Abate the edge of traitors, gracious lord,  
 That would reduce these bloody days

again,

And make poor England weep in streams of  
 blood! 50

Let them not live to taste this land's in-  
 crease,

That would with treason wound this fair  
 land's peace!

Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives  
 again:

That she may long live here, God say amen!  
*Exeunt.*

## KING HENRY VIII

**A**N obvious defect in *King Henry VIII*, one that will hardly escape the notice of the least critical reader, is its almost complete lack of unity. Our interest centers in no single character or group of characters, is led to no climax and is satisfied by no solution. Rather, it shifts from the fall of Buckingham to the trial and divorce of Queen Katherine, the coronation of Anne Bullen, the fall of Wolsey, the rise of Cranmer, and is finally dissipated in the christening of Elizabeth. There is apparently no attempt to unify these outstanding events of Henry's reign even by a patriotic appeal such as we have observed in Shakespeare's early history plays. There is, however, abundant opportunity for pageantry, together with some masterful strokes of characterization and individual picturesque effects, giving it still an effectiveness upon the stage; but to the reader the gripping power of a central theme such as he has learned to expect from Shakespeare is utterly lacking.

That Heminge and Condell included this play among Shakespeare's histories in the First Folio, where it was first published, and that there is no record of any protest by or on behalf of some contemporary dramatist, establishes a strong probability—if other evidence were lacking—that the play as we have it was written, for the most part at least, by Shakespeare; and some critics go even so far as to insist that it is entirely by him. Other evidence, however, both internal and external, has led to the almost universally accepted belief that while a few scenes of the play are undoubtedly from Shakespeare's hand, by far the larger portion was written by John Fletcher, Shakespeare's most distinguished successor. Even a cursory examination of this evidence will throw more light on Shakespeare for the average reader than would the impossible attempt to draw general inferences from the play as a whole.

In Act I, scene 4, the reader will find the stage direction "Drum and trumpet: chambers discharged" to mark the entrance of King Henry at York House. It was doubtless the carrying out of this stage direction that was responsible for the burning of the Globe Theatre on June 29, 1613. Contemporary accounts of the fire state variously that the play in process of performance was "the play of Henry VIII," "of Henry the Eight," and "a new play, called All is True, representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry VIII." Further references to the fact that the fire originated from the discharge of chambers (small cannon) at Henry's entrance identify the present play beyond all reasonable doubt as the one in question. That the play was known by the title *All is True* seems probable not only from the reference quoted, but also from the emphasis laid in the Prologue on the *truth* of the story and from a contemporary ballad celebrating the destruction of the Globe in which occurs the refrain:

"O sorrow, pitiful sorrow!  
And yet it All is True!"

The question now arises whether this play was in fact "a new play" in 1613. If it was, and if Shakespeare wrote it, it must have followed soon after *The Tempest* and *The Winter's Tale*. If it did, we should expect to find its versification characterized by those marks which distinguish his latest known plays, namely, a frequency of lines with weak endings, run-over lines, broken metre, elliptical sentences, &c. We should not expect to find, however, a style such as marks none of his undisputed plays.

Now by the application of such tests it has been found that by far the larger part of the play bears in its versification marks commonly found in Fletcher, but quite foreign to Shakespeare. A few scenes, however, notably scenes 1 and 2 of Act I, scenes 3 and 4 of Act II, and the first half of scene 2, Act III, correspond in versification with that of Shakespeare's latest plays.

Many readers will doubtless share my reluctance to deprive Shakespeare, on the strength of such tests, of some of the best-known and most admired passages in this play, particularly those speeches of Wolsey's after his fall, "Farewell! a long farewell," and "Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear, &c." And yet, to one whose ear is attuned to Shakespeare's verse nothing is more certain than that these speeches are not his. Observe in these speeches the high percentage of lines in which a monosyllabic word follows the fifth beat in the line,—endings like "bear me," "puts forth," "upon him," "left me," "hide me," "hate ye," and then try to find a parallel to such a trick of verse in any of Shakespeare's admittedly genuine plays. No such parallel exists; the trick is characteristic, however, of Fletcher.

However reluctantly, then, we must give up the thought that these speeches are by Shakespeare. For myself, I can see no harm in the conjecture that Fletcher wrote them on some bright afternoon when Shakespeare, broken in health perhaps, strolled in for a chat and mused aloud with Fletcher over Wolsey's fall. Under such inspiration Fletcher might well have reached a height to which he never elsewhere attained.

But it is the character of Katherine that after all is the outstanding mark of genius in this play. Following his portrayal of Hermione in *The Winter's Tale* suffering under false accusation, a queen on trial for her life, Shakespeare's thought might well have turned to a similar example of queenly patience and dignity in the more recent history of his own England. He might well have conceived the idea of building, in the ripeness of his experience, a great drama in which she would be the central figure. But having begun it, he might have been warned by failing health to work no more. After more than twenty years of toil which must have filled the days and stretched far into the nights his hand trembled and dropped the pen—and his work was done. These few scenes in *Henry VIII* are in all probability the very last he ever wrote. In them alone can we read his final thought.

I like to read that thought as uttered through the words of Katherine on her first appearance, Act I, scene 2:

"Nay, we must longer kneel: I am a suitor.

I am solicited, not by a few,  
And those of true condition, that your subjects  
Are in great grievance: there have been commissions  
Sent down among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart  
Of all their loyalties: . . . their curses now  
Live where their prayers did: and it's come to pass,  
This tractable obedience is a slave  
To each incensed will. I would your highness  
Would give it quick consideration, for  
There is no primer business."

Her genius is Shakespeare's; it goes straight to the prime business. In behalf of the people she dares Wolsey, whose exactions for wanton luxury and display have bent the people's backs and bred a spirit of rebellion. Not until their cause has been righted will she give ear to the charge against Buckingham, for consideration of which the council has been summoned. Here is a fable for statesmen.

What a drama Shakespeare might have written with such a champion of the rights of the common people as its central figure. Did he desist lest the full story of her life and suffering might stir the people's hearts? Did causes of state or church lead him to abandon his purpose and pass these fragments on to Fletcher? We shall probably never know. Yet we like to think that to the last Shakespeare had in his mind the common people, and that as he reflected on the injustices which they so long had borne, he cried out with Katherine—"God mend all!"

# THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF KING HENRY THE EIGHTH

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.  
CARDINAL WOLSEY.  
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.  
CAPUCIUS, Ambassador from the Emperor  
Charles the Fifth.  
CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury.  
DUKE OF NORFOLK.  
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.  
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.  
EARL OF SURREY.  
Lord Chamberlain.  
Lord Chancellor.  
GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester.  
Bishop of Lincoln.  
LORD ABERGAVENNY.  
LORD SANDS.  
SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.  
SIR THOMAS LOVELL.  
SIR ANTHONY DENNY.

SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.  
Secretaries to Wolsey.  
CROMWELL, Servant to Wolsey.  
GRIFFITH, Gentleman-Usher to Queen  
Katharine.  
Three Gentlemen.  
Garter King-at-Arms.  
DOCTOR BUTTS, Physician to the King.  
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.  
BRANDON, and a Sergeant-at-Arms.  
Door-keeper of the Council-chamber.  
Porter, and his Man.  
Page to Gardiner. A Crier.  
QUEEN KATHARINE, Wife to King Henry,  
afterwards divorced.  
ANNE BULLEN, her Maid of Honour, after-  
wards Queen.  
An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.  
PATIENCE, Woman to Queen Katharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb-shows; Women attending upon the Queen;  
Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

Spirits.

SCENE.—Chiefly in London and Westminster; once, at Kimbolton.

## PROLOGUE

I come no more to make you laugh: things  
now,  
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,  
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,  
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,  
We now present. Those that can pity, here  
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;  
The subject will deserve it. Such as give  
Their money out of hope they may believe,  
May here find truth too. Those that come  
to see  
Only a show or two, and so agree. 10  
The play may pass, if they be still and will-  
ing,  
I'll undertake may see away their shilling  
Richly in two short hours. Only they  
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,  
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow  
In a long motley coat guarded with yellow,  
Will be deceiv'd; for, gentle hearers, know,  
To rank our chosen truth with such a show  
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting  
Our own brains, and the opinion that we  
bring, 11  
To make that only true we now intend,  
Will leave us never an understanding friend.

Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you  
are known  
The first and happiest hearers of the town,  
Be sad, as we would make ye: think ye see  
The very persons of our noble story  
As they were living; think you see them  
great,  
And follow'd with the general throng and  
sweat  
Of thousand friends; then in a moment see  
How soon this mightiness meets misery: 30  
And if you can be merry then, I'll say  
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

## ACT I

SCENE I.—London. An Antechamber in  
the Palace.

Enter the Duke of NORFOLK at one door;  
at the other, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM  
and the Lord ABERGAVENNY.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How  
have ye done  
Since last we saw in France?  
Nor. I thank your grace,

Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer  
Of what I saw there.

*Buck.* An untimely ague  
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber when  
Those suns of glory, those two lights of  
men,

Met in the vale of Andren.

*Nor.* 'Twixt Guynes and Arde:  
I was then present, saw them salute on  
horseback;

Beheld them, when they lighted, how they  
clung

In their embracement, as they grew to-  
gether; 10

Which had they, what four thron'd ones  
could have weigh'd

Such a compounded one?

*Buck.* All the whole time  
I was my chamber's prisoner.

*Nor.* Then you lost  
The view of earthly glory: men might say,  
Till this time pomp was single, but now  
married

To one above itself. Each following day  
Became the next day's master, till the  
last

Made former wonders its. To-day the  
French

All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,  
Shone down the English; and to-morrow  
they 20

Made Britain India: every man that stood  
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages  
were

As cherubins, all gilt: the madams too,  
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear  
The pride upon them, that their very labour  
Was to them as a painting. Now this  
masque

Was cried incomparable; and the ensuing  
night

Made it a fool and beggar. The two kings,  
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst.  
As presence did present them; him in  
eye, 30

Still him in praise; and, being present both,  
'T was said they saw but one; and no  
discerner

Durst wag his tongue in censure. When  
these suns,

For so they phrase 'em, by their heralds  
challeng'd

The noble spirits to arms, they did perform  
Beyond thought's compass; that former  
fabulous story,

Being now seen possible enough, got credit,  
That Bevis was believ'd.

*Buck.* O! you go far.

*Nor.* As I belong to worship, and affect  
In honour honesty, the tract of every thing 40  
Would by a good discourser lose some life,  
Which action's self was tongue to. All was  
royal;

To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,  
Order gave each thing view; the office did  
Distinctly his full function.

*Buck.* Who did guide,  
I mean, who set the body and the limbs  
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

*Nor.* One, certes, that promises no  
element

In such a business.

*Buck.* I pray you, who, my lord?

*Nor.* All this was order'd by the good  
discretion 50

Of the right reverend Cardinal of York.

*Buck.* The devil speed him! no man's  
pie is freed

From his ambitious finger. What had he  
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder  
That such a keech can with his very bulk  
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,  
And keep it from the earth.

*Nor.* Surely, sir,

There 's in him stuff that puts him to these  
ends;

For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose  
grace

Chalks successors their way, nor call'd  
upon 60

For high feats done to the crown; neither  
allied

To eminent assistants; but, spider-like,  
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us  
note,

The force of his own merit makes his way;  
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys  
A place next to the king.

*Aber.* I cannot tell

What heaven hath given him: let some  
graver eye

Pierce into that; but I can see his pride  
Peep through each part of him: whence  
has he that?

If not from hell, the devil is a niggard, 70  
Or has given all before, and he begins  
A new hell in himself.

*Buck.* Why the devil,

Upon this French going-out, took he upon  
him,

Without the privity o' the king, to appoint  
Who should attend on him? He makes up  
the file

Of all the gentry; for the most part such  
To whom as great a charge as little honour  
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,  
The honourable board of council out,  
Must fetch him in the papers.

*Aber.* I do know 80

Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that  
have

By this so sicken'd their estates, that never  
They shall abound as formerly.

*Buck.* O! many

Have broke their backs with laying manors  
on 'em

For this great journey. What did this vanity  
But minister communication of  
A most poor issue?

*Nor.* Grievingly I think,

The peace between the French and us not  
values

The cost that did conclude it.

*Buck.* Every man,

After the hideous storm that follow'd,  
was 90

A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke  
Into a general prophecy: That this tempest,

Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded  
The sudden breach on 't.

Nor. Which is budded out;  
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath  
attach'd

Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore  
The ambassador is silenc'd?

Nor. Marry, is 't.  
Aber. A proper title of a peace; and  
purchas'd

At a superfluous rate!

Buck. Why, all this business  
Our reverend cardinal carried.

Nor. Like it your grace,  
The state takes notice of the private differ-  
ence

Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,  
And take it from a heart that wishes to-  
wards you

Honour and plenteous safety, that you read  
The cardinal's malice and his potency  
Together; to consider further that

What his high hatred would effect wants  
not

A minister in his power. You know his  
nature,

That he's revengeful; and I know his sword  
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and 't may  
be said,

It reaches far; and where 't will not extend,  
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel.  
You'll find it wholesome. Lo! where  
comes that rock

That I advise your shunning.

*Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, the purse borne  
before him, certain of the Guard, and two  
Secretaries with papers. The CARDINAL  
in his passage fixeth his eye on BUCK-  
INGHAM, and BUCKINGHAM on him,  
both full of disdain.*

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's sur-  
veyor, ha?

Where's his examination?

First Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

First Secr. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more;  
and Buckingham

Shall lessen this big look.

*Exeunt WOLSEY and Train.*  
Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-  
mouth'd, and I

Have not the power to muzzle him; there-  
fore best

Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's  
book

Outworths a noble's blood.

Nor. What! are you chaf'd?  
Ask God for temperance; that 's the  
appliance only

Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in 's looks  
Matter against me; and his eye revild

Me, as his abject object: at this instant  
He bores me with some trick: he's gone  
to the king;

I'll follow and outstare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,  
And let your reason with your choler ques-  
tion  
What 't is you go about. To climb steep  
hills

Requires slow pace at first: anger is like  
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his  
way,

Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in Eng-  
land

Can advise me like you: be to yourself  
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the king;  
But from a mouth of honour quite cry  
down

This Ipswich fellow's insolence, or proclaim  
There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd;  
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot 140  
That it do singe yourself. We may outrun  
By violent swiftness that which we run at,  
And lose by overrunning. Know you not,  
The fire that mounts the liquor till 't run  
o'er,

In'seeming to augment it wastes it? Be  
advis'd:

I say again, there is no English soul  
More stronger to direct you than yourself,  
If with the sap of reason you would quench,  
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,  
I am thankful to you, and I'll go along 150  
By your prescription; but this top-proud  
fellow,

Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but  
From sincere motions, by intelligence,  
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when  
We see each grain of gravel, I do know  
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not 'treasonous.'

Buck. To the king, I'll say 't, and make  
my vouch as strong

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,  
Or wolf, or both, for he is equal ravenous  
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief 160  
As able to perform 't, his mind and place  
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally,  
Only to show his pomp as well in France  
As here at home, suggests the king our  
master

To this last costly treaty, the interview  
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like  
a glass

Did break i' the rinsing.

Nor. Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray give me favour, sir. This  
cunning cardinal

The articles o' the combination drew  
As himself pleas'd; and they were rati-  
fied 170

As he cried 'Thus let be,' to as much end  
As give a crutch to the dead. But our  
count-cardinal

Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy  
Wolsey,

Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,  
Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy  
To the old dam, treason,—Charles the  
emperor,

Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,—  
For 't was indeed his colour, but he came  
To whisper Wolsey,—here makes visitation.  
His fears were, that the interview be-  
twixt 180

England and France might, through their  
amity,  
Breed him some prejudice; for from this  
league

Peep'd harms that menac'd him. He privily  
Deals with our cardinal, and, as I trow,—  
Which I do well, for I am sure the emperor  
Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his suit was  
granted

Ere it was ask'd;—but when the way was  
made,

And pay'd with gold, the emperor thus  
desir'd:

That he would please to alter the king's  
course,

And break the foresaid peace. Let the  
king know, 190

As soon he shall by me, that thus the  
cardinal

Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,  
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry  
To hear this of him; and could wish he  
were

Something mistaken in 't.

Buck. No, not a syllable:  
I do pronounce him in that very shape  
He shall appear in proof.

*Enter BRANDON; a Sergeant-at-Arms be-  
fore him, and two or three of the Guard.*

Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it.  
Serg. Sir,

My lord the Duke of Buckingham, and  
Earl

Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northamp-  
ton, I 200

Arrest thee of high treason, in the name  
Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,  
The net has fall'n upon me! I shall  
perish

Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry  
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on  
The business present. 'Tis his highness'  
pleasure  
You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing  
To plead mine innocence, for that dye is  
on me

Which makes my whitest part black. The  
will of heaven

Be done in this and all things! I obey. 210  
O! my Lord Abergavenny, fare you well.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company.  
To ABERGAVENNY. The king  
Is pleas'd you shall to the Tower, till you  
know

How he determines further.

Aber. As the duke said,  
The will of heaven be done, and the king's  
pleasure

By me obey'd!

Bran. Here is a warrant from  
The king to attach Lord Montacute; and the  
bodies

Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,  
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

Buck. So, so;  
These are the limbs o' the plot: no more, I  
hope. 220

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O! Nicholas Hopkins?

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-  
great cardinal

Hath show'd him gold. My life is spann'd  
already:

I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,  
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on  
By darkening my clear sun. My lord, fare-  
well. *Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—The Council-chamber.

*Cornets. Enter the KING leaning on the  
CARDINAL'S shoulder, the Lords of the  
Council, Sir THOMAS LOVELL, Officers,  
and Attendants. The CARDINAL places  
himself under the KING'S feet on the  
right side.*

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart  
of it,

Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the  
level

Of a full-charg'd confederacy, and give  
thanks

To you that chok'd it. Let be call'd before  
us

That gentleman of Buckingham's; in person  
I'll hear him his confessions justify;

And point by point the treasons of his master  
He shall again relate.

*A noise within, crying 'Room for the Queen!'*

*Enter Queen KATHARINE, ushered by the  
Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK: she  
kneels. The KING riseth from his state,  
takes her up, kisses and placeth her by  
him.*

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel: I  
am a suitor.

K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us:  
half your suit 10

Never name to us; you have half our power:  
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;

Repeat your will, and take it.

Q. Kath. Thank your majesty.  
That you would love yourself, and in that  
love

Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor  
The dignity of your office, is the point

Of my petition.

K. Hen. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,  
And those of true condition, that your sub-  
jects

Are in great grievance: there have been  
commissions 20

Sent down among 'em, which hath flaw'd  
the heart

Of all their loyalties: wherein, although,

My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches  
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on  
Of these exactions, yet the king our master,  
Whose honour heaven shield from soil!  
even he escapes not

Language unmannerly; yea, such which  
breaks

The sides of loyalty, and almost appears  
In loud rebellion.

*Nor.* Not almost appears,  
It doth appear; for upon these taxations, 30  
The clothiers all, not able to maintain  
The many to them longing, have put off  
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers,  
who,

Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger  
And lack of other means, in desperate man-  
ner

Daring the event to the teeth, are all in up-  
roar,

And danger serves among them.

*K. Hen.* Taxation!  
Wherein? and what taxation? My lord car-  
dinal,

You that are blam'd for it alike with us,  
Know you of this taxation?

*Wol.* Please you sir,  
I know but of a single part in aught 41  
Pertains to the state; and front but in that  
file

Where others tell steps with me.

*Q. Kath.* No, my lord,  
You know no more than others; but you  
frame

Things that are known alike; which are not  
wholesome

To those which would not know them, and  
yet must

Perforce be their acquaintance. These ex-  
actions,

Whereof my sovereign would have note,  
they are

Most pestilent to the hearing; and to bear  
'em,

The back is sacrifice to the load. They say 50  
They are devis'd by you, or else you suffer  
Too hard an exclamation.

*K. Hen.* Still exaction!  
The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,  
Is this exaction?

*Q. Kath.* I am much too venturous  
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd  
Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects'  
grief

Comes through commissions, which compel  
from each

The sixth part of his substance, to be levied  
Without delay; and the pretence for this  
Is nam'd your wars in France. This makes  
bold mouths: 60

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold  
hearts freeze

Allegiance in them; their curses now  
Live where their prayers did; and it's come  
to pass,

This tractable obedience is a slave  
To each incensed will. I would your highness  
Would give it quick consideration, for  
There is no primer business.

*K. Hen.* By my life,  
This is against our pleasure.

*Wol.* And for me,  
I have no further gone in this than by  
A single voice, and that not pass'd me but 70  
By learned approbation of the judges. If I  
am

Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither  
know

My faculties nor person, yet will be  
The chronicles of my doing, let me say  
'T is but the fate of place, and the rough  
brake

That virtue must go through. We must not  
stint

Our necessary actions, in the fear  
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,  
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow  
That is new-trimm'd, but benefit no fur-  
ther 80

Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,  
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is  
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as  
oft,

Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up  
For our best act. If we shall stand still,  
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd  
at,

We should take root here where we sit, or sit  
State-statues only.

*K. Hen.* Things done well,  
And with a care, exempt themselves from  
fear;

Things done without example, in their issue  
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent 91  
Of this commission? I believe, not any.

We must not rend our subjects from our  
laws,

And stick them in our will. Sixth part of  
each?

A trembling contribution! Why, we take  
From every tree lop, bark, and part o' the  
timber;

And, though we leave it with a root, thus  
hack'd,

The air will drink the sap. To every county  
Where this is question'd send our letters,  
with

Free pardon to each man that has denied 100  
The force of this commission. Pray, look  
to't;

I put it to your care.

*Wol. To the Secretary.* A word with you.  
Let there be letters writ to every shire,  
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd  
commons

Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd  
That through our intercession this revoke-  
ment

And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you  
Further in the proceeding. *Exit Secretary.*

*Enter Surveyor.*

*Q. Kath.* I am sorry that the Duke of  
Buckingham  
Is run in your displeasure.

*K. Hen.* It grieves many:  
The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare  
speaker, 111

To nature none more bound; his training  
such  
That he may furnish and instruct great  
teachers,  
And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet  
see,

When these so noble benefits shall prove  
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once  
corrupt,

They turn to vicious forms, ten times more  
ugly

Than ever they were fair. This man so com-  
plete,

Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and  
when we,

Almost with ravish'd listening, could not find  
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady, 121  
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces  
That once were his, and is become as black  
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall  
hear,

This was his gentleman in trust, of him  
Things to strike honour sad. Bid him re-  
count

The fore-recited practices; whereof  
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

*Wol.* Stand forth; and with bold spirit  
relate what you,

Most like a careful subject, have collected 130  
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

*K. Hen.* Speak freely.

*Surv.* First, it was usual with him, every  
day

It would infect his speech, that if the king  
Should without issue die, he 'll carry it so  
To make the sceptre his. These very words  
I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,  
Lord Abergavenny, to whom by oath he  
menac'd

Revenge upon the cardinal.

*Wol.* Please your highness, note  
This dangerous conception in this point. 139  
Not friended by his wish, to your high  
person

His will is most malignant; and it stretches  
Beyond you, to your friends.

*Q. Kath.* My learn'd lord cardinal,  
Deliver all with charity.

*K. Hen.* Speak on:

How grounded he his title to the crown  
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard  
him

At any time speak aught?

*Surv.* He was brought to this

By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

*K. Hen.* What was that Hopkins?

*Surv.* Sir, a Chartreux friar,

His confessor, who fed him every minute

With words of sovereignty.

*K. Hen.* How know'st thou this?

*Surv.* Not long before your highness sped

to France, 151

The duke being at the Rose, within the

parish

Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand

What was the speech among the Londoners

Concerning the French journey: I replied,

Men fear'd the French would prove perfidi-

ous,

To the king's danger. Presently the duke  
Said, 't was the fear, indeed; and that he  
doubted

'T would prove the verity of certain words

Spoke by a holy monk; 'that oft,' says he, 160

'Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit

John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour

To hear from him a matter of some moment:

Whom after under the confession's seal

He solemnly had sworn, that what he

spoke

My chaplain to no creature living but

To me should utter, with demure confidence

This pausingly ensu'd: Neither the king

nor's heirs,

Tell you the duke, shall prosper: bid him

strive

To gain the love o'er the commonalty: the

duke

Shall govern England.'

*Q. Kath.* If I know you well,

You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your

office 172

On the complaint o' the tenants: take good

heed

You charge not in your spleen a noble per-  
son,

And spoil your nobler soul. I say, take heed;

Yes, heartily beseech you.

*K. Hen.* Let him on.

Go forward.

*Surv.* On my soul, I'll speak but truth.

I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illu-  
sions

The monk might be deceiv'd; and that

't was dangerous for him

To ruminate on this so far, until 180

It forg'd him some design, which, being be-  
liev'd,

It was much like to do. He answer'd 'Tush!

It can do me no damage'; adding further,

That had the king in his last sickness

fail'd,

The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's

heads

Should have gone off.

*K. Hen.* Ha! what, so rank? Ah ha!

There's mischief in this man. Canst thou

say further?

*Surv.* I can my liege.

*K. Hen.* Proceed.

*Surv.* Being at Greenwich,

After your highness had reprovd the duke

About Sir William Blomer,

*K. Hen.* I remember

Of such a time: being my sworn servant, 191

The duke retain'd him his. But on; what

hence?

*Surv.* 'If,' quoth he, 'I for this had been

committed,

As to the Tower, I thought, I would have

play'd

The part my father meant to act upon

The usurper Richard; who, being at Salis-  
bury,

Made suit to come in 's presence; which if

granted,

As he made semblance of his duty, would

Have put his knife into him.'

*K. Hen.* A giant traitor!  
*Wol.* Now, madam, may his highness live  
 in freedom, 200  
 And this man out of prison?  
*O. Kath.* God mend all!  
*K. Hen.* There's something more would  
 out of thee; what say'st?  
*Surv.* After 'the duke his father,' with 'the  
 knife,'  
 He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his  
 dagger,  
 Another spread on's breast, mounting his  
 eyes,  
 He did discharge a horrible oath; whose  
 tenour  
 Was, were he evil us'd, he would outgo  
 His father by as much as a performance  
 Does an irresolute purpose.  
*K. Hen.* There's his period;  
 To sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd;  
 Call him to present trial: if he may 211  
 Find mercy in the law, 't is his; if none,  
 Let him not seek 't of us: by day and night!  
 He's traitor to the height. *Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—A Room in the Palace.

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain and Lord  
 SANDS.*

*Cham.* Is 't possible the spells of France  
 should juggle  
 Men into such strange mysteries?  
*Sands.* New customs,  
 Though they be never so ridiculous,  
 Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.  
*Cham.* As far as I see, all the good our  
 English  
 Have got by the late voyage is but merely  
 A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd  
 ones;  
 For when they hold 'em, you would swear  
 directly  
 Their very noses had been counsellors  
 To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so. 10  
*Sands.* They have all new legs, and lame  
 ones: one would take it,  
 That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin  
 Or springhalt reign'd among 'em.  
*Cham.* Death! my lord,  
 Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too.  
 That, sure they've worn out Christendom.

*Enter Sir THOMAS LOVELL.*

*How now!*  
 What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?  
*Lov.* Faith, my lord,  
 I hear of none but the new proclamation  
 That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.  
*Cham.* What is 't for?  
*Lov.* The reformation of our travell'd gal-  
 lants,  
 That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and  
 tailors. 20  
*Cham.* I'm glad 't is there: now I would  
 pray our monsieurs  
 To think an English courtier may be wise,  
 And never see the Louvre.  
*Lov.* They must either,  
 For so run the conditions, leave those rem-  
 nants

Of fool and feather that they got in France,  
 With all their honourable points of igno-  
 rance  
 Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fire-  
 works;  
 Abusing better men than they can be,  
 Out of a foreign wisdom; renouncing clean  
 The faith they have in tennis and tall stock-  
 ings, 30  
 Short blister'd breeches, and those types of  
 travel,  
 And understand again like honest men:  
 Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I  
 take it,  
 They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away  
 The lag end of their lewdness, and be  
 laugh'd at.  
*Sands.* 'T is time to give 'em physic, their  
 diseases  
 Are grown so catching.  
*Cham.* What a loss our ladies  
 Will have of these trim vanities!  
*Lov.* Ay, marry,  
 There will be woe indeed, lords: the sly  
 whoresons  
 Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;  
 A French song and a fiddle has no fellow. 41  
*Sands.* The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad  
 they're going.  
 For, sure, there's no converting of 'em: now  
 An honest country lord, as I am, beaten  
 A long time out of play, may bring his plain-  
 song  
 And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r  
 lady,  
 Held current music too.  
*Cham.* Well said, Lord Sands;  
 Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.  
*Sands.* No, my lord;  
 Nor shall not, while I have a stump.  
*Cham.* Sir Thomas,  
 Whither were you a-going?  
*Lov.* To the cardinal's: 50  
 Your lordship is a guest too.  
*Cham.* O! 't is true:  
 This night he makes a supper, and a great  
 one,  
 To many lords and ladies; there will be  
 The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.  
*Lov.* That churchman bears a bounteous  
 mind indeed,  
 A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;  
 His dews fall every where.  
*Cham.* No doubt he's noble;  
 He had a black mouth that said other of  
 him.  
*Sands.* He may, my lord; has where-  
 withal: in him  
 Sparing would show a worse sin than ill  
 doctrine: 60  
 Men of his way should be most liberal;  
 They are set here for examples.  
*Cham.* True, they are so;  
 But few now give so great ones. My barge  
 stays;  
 Your lordship shall along. Come, good Sir  
 Thomas,  
 We shall be late else; which I would not  
 be,

For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford,  
This night to be comptrollers.  
Sands. I am your lordship's.  
*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Presence-chamber in York-Place.*

*Hautboys.* A small table under a state for Cardinal WOLSEY, a longer table for the guests; then enter ANNE BULLEN and divers Lords, Ladies, and Gentlewomen as guests, at one door; at another door, enter Sir HENRY GUILDFORD.

*Guild.* Ladies, a general welcome from his grace  
Salutes ye all: this night he dedicates  
To fair content and you. None here, he hopes,  
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her  
One care abroad; he would have all as merry  
As, first, good company, good wine, good welcome  
Can make good people.

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain, Lord SANDS, and Sir THOMAS LOVELL.*

O, my lord! you're tardy:  
The very thought of this fair company  
Clapp'd wings to me.

*Cham.* You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.

*Sands.* Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal  
But half my lay thoughts in him, some of these  
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,

I think would better please 'em: by my life,  
There are a sweet society of fair ones.

*Lov.* O! that your lordship were but now confessor

To one or two of these.

*Sands.* I would I were;  
They should find easy penance.

*Lov.* Faith, how easy?

*Sands.* As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

*Cham.* Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,

Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this;

His grace is entering. Nay, you must not freeze;

Two women plac'd together makes cold weather:

My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;

Pray, sit between these ladies.

*Sands.* By my faith,  
And thank your lordship. By your leave, sweet ladies:

*Sits himself between ANNE BULLEN and another Lady.*

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;  
I had it from my father,

*Anne.* Was he mad, sir?

*Sands.* O! very mad, exceeding mad; in love too:

But he would bite none; just as I do now,

He would kiss you twenty with a breath.  
*Kisses her.*

*Cham.* Well said, my lord.  
So, now you're fairly seated. Gentlemen, 31

The penance lies on you if these fair ladies  
Pass away frowning.

*Sands.* For my little cure,  
Let me alone.

*Hautboys.* Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, attended, and takes his state.

*Wol.* You're welcome, my fair guests:  
that noble lady,

Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,  
Is not my friend: this, to confirm my welcome;

And to you all, good health. *Drinks.*

*Sands.* Your grace is noble:  
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,

And save me so much talking.

*Wol.* My Lord Sands,  
I am beholding to you: cheer your neighbours. 41

Ladies, you are not merry: gentlemen,  
Whose fault is this?

*Sands.* The red wine first must rise  
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have 'em

Talk us to silence.

*Anne.* You are a merry gamester,  
My Lord Sands.

*Sands.* Yes, if I make my play.  
Here's to your ladyship; and pledge it, madam,

For 't is to such a thing,—

*Anne.* You cannot show me.

*Sands.* I told your grace they would talk anon.

*Drum and trumpets within; chambers discharged.*

*Wol.* What's that?

*Cham.* Look out there, some of ye. *Exit a Servant.*

*Wol.* What war-like voice,  
And to what end, is this? Nay, ladies, fear not; 51

By all the laws of war you're privileg'd.

*Re-enter Servant.*

*Cham.* How now! what is 't?

*Serv.* A noble troop of strangers;  
For so they seem: they've left their barge and landed;

And hither make, as great ambassadors  
From foreign princes.

*Wol.* Good lord chamberlain,  
Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the French tongue;

And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em

Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty

Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him. <sup>60</sup>

*Exit the Lord Chamberlain, attended.*  
All rise, and tables removed.

You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.

A good digestion to you all; and once more I shower a welcome on ye; welcome all.

*Hautboys. Enter the KING and Others as masquers, habited like shepherds, ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the CARDINAL, and gracefully salute him.*

A noble company! what are their pleasures? *Cham.* Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd

To tell your grace: that, having heard by fame

Of this so noble and so fair assembly  
This night to meet here, they could do no less,

Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,  
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct, <sup>70</sup>

Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat  
An hour of revels with 'em.

*Wol.* Say, lord chamberlain,  
They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay 'em

A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their pleasures.

*They choose Ladies for the dance. The KING chooses ANNE BULLEN.*

*K. Hen.* The fairest hand I ever touch'd!  
O beauty!

Till now I never knew thee. *Music. Dance.*  
*Wol.* My lord!

*Cham.* Your grace?

*Wol.* Pray, tell 'em thus much from me:  
There should be one amongst 'em, by his person,

More worthy this place than myself; to whom,

If I but knew him, with my love and duty <sup>80</sup>  
I would surrender it.

*Cham.* I will, my lord.

*Whispers the masquers.*

*Wol.* What say they?

*Cham.* Such a one, they all confess,  
There is indeed; which they would have your grace

Find out, and he will take it.

*Wol.* Let me see then.

*Comes from his state.*

By all your good leaves, gentlemen, here I'll make

My royal choice.

*K. Hen.* Unmasking. Ye have found him, cardinal.

You hold a fair assembly: you do well, lord:  
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal.

I should judge now unhappily.

*Wol.* I am glad

Your grace is grown so pleasant. <sup>90</sup>

*K. Hen.* My lord chamberlain,  
Prithce, come hither. What fair lady's that?

*Cham.* An't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's daughter,

The Viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.

*K. Hen.* By heaven, she is a dainty one.  
Sweetheart,

I were unmannerly to take you out,  
And not to kiss you. A health, gentlemen!  
Let it go round.

*Wol.* Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready

I' the privy chamber?

*Lov.* Yes, my lord.

*Wol.*

Your grace,

I fear, with dancing is a little heated. <sup>100</sup>

*K. Hen.* I fear, too much.

*Wol.* There's fresher air, my lord,  
In the next chamber.

*K. Hen.* Lead in your ladies, every one.  
Sweet partner,

I must not yet forsake you. Let's be merry:

Good my lord cardinal, I have half-a-dozen healths

To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure  
To lead 'em once again; and then let's dream

Who's best in favour. Let the music knock it. *Exeunt, with trumpets.*

## ACT II

## SCENE I.—Westminster. A Street.

*Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.*

*First Gent.* Whither away so fast?

*Second Gent.* O! God save ye.

E'en to the hall, to hear what shall become  
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

*First Gent.* I'll save you

That labour, sir. All's now done but the ceremony

Of bringing back the prisoner.

*Second Gent.* Were you there?

*First Gent.* Yes, indeed, was I.

*Second Gent.* Pray speak what has happen'd.

*First Gent.* You may guess quickly what.  
*Second Gent.* Is he found guilty?

*First Gent.* Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon 't.

*Second Gent.* I am sorry for 't.

*First Gent.* So are a number more.

*Second Gent.* But, pray, how pass'd it? <sup>10</sup>

*First Gent.* I'll tell you in a little. The great duke

Came to the bar; where to his accusations  
He pleaded still not guilty, and alleg'd

Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.

The king's attorney on the contrary  
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, con-

fessions  
Of divers witnesses, which the duke desir'd

To have brought, *viva voce*, to his face:  
At which appear'd against him his surveyor;

Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Car,

Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,  
Hopkins, that made this mischief. <sup>20</sup>

*Second Gent.* That was he  
That fed him with his prophecies?

*First Gent.* The same.  
All these accus'd him strongly; which he  
fain

Would have flung from him, but, indeed,  
he could not:

And so his peers, upon this evidence,  
Have found him guilty of high treason.

Much  
He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all  
Was either pitied in him or forgotten.

*Second Gent.* After all this how did he  
bear himself? <sup>30</sup>

*First Gent.* When he was brought again  
To the bar, to hear

His knell rung out, his judgment, he was  
stirr'd

With such an agony, he sweat extremely,  
And something spoke in choler, ill, and  
hasty:

But he fell to himself again, and sweetly  
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

*Second Gent.* I do not think he fears  
death.

*First Gent.* Sure, he does not;  
He never was so womanish; the cause

He may a little grieve at.  
*Second Gent.* Certainly,

The cardinal is the end of this.  
*First Gent.* 'T is likely,

By all conjectures: first, Kildare's at-  
tainer, <sup>41</sup>

Then deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,  
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste  
too,

Lest he should help his father.

*Second Gent.* That trick of state  
Was a deep envious one.

*First Gent.* At his return  
No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,

And generally, whoever the king favours,  
The cardinal instantly will find employment,

And far enough from court too.

*Second Gent.* All the commons  
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my con-  
science, <sup>50</sup>

Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as  
much

They love and dote on; call him bounteous  
Buckingham,

The mirror of all courtesies;—  
*First Gent.* Stay there, sir,

And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment;*  
*Tipstaves before him; the axe with the*

*edge towards him; halberds on each*

*side; accompanied with Sir THOMAS*

*LOVELL, Sir NICHOLAS VAUX, Sir WALTER*

*SANDS, and common people.*  
*Second Gent.* Let's stand close, and be-  
hold him.

*Buck.* All good people,  
You that thus far have come to pity me,  
Hear what I say, and then go home and  
lose me.

I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judg-  
ment.

And by that name must die: yet, heaven  
bear witness,

And if I have a conscience, let it sink me, <sup>60</sup>  
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!

The law I bear no malice for my death,  
'T has done upon the premises but justice;

But those that sought it I could wish more  
Christians:

Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em.  
Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,

Nor build their evils on the graves of great  
men;

For then my guiltless blood must cry  
against 'em.

For further life in this world I ne'er hope,  
Nor will I sue, although the king have

mercies <sup>70</sup>  
More than I dare make faults. You few  
that lov'd me,

And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,  
His noble friends and fellows, whom to

leave  
Is only bitter to him only dying.

Go with me, like good angels, to my end;  
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,

Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,  
And lift my soul to heaven. Lead on, o'

God's name.

*Lov.* I do beseech your grace, for charity,  
If ever any malice in your heart, <sup>80</sup>

Were hid against me, now to forgive me  
frankly.

*Buck.* Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free for-  
give you

As I would be forgiven: I forgive all.  
There cannot be those numberless offences

'Gainst me that I cannot take peace with:  
no black envy

Shall mark my grave. Commend me to his  
grace;

And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell  
him

You met him half in heaven. My vows and  
prayers

Yet are the king's; and, till my soul for-  
sake,

Shall cry for blessings on him: may he  
live <sup>90</sup>

Longer than I have time to tell his years!  
Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be!

And when old time shall lead him to his  
end,

Goodness and he fill up one monument!  
*Lov.* To the water side I must conduct  
your grace;

Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas  
Vaux,

Who undertakes you to your end.  
*Vaux.* Prepare there!

The duke is coming: see the barge be  
ready;

And fit it with such furniture as suits <sup>99</sup>  
The greatness of his person.

*Buck.* Nay, Sir Nicholas,  
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.

When I came hither, I was lord high con-  
stable

And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor  
Edward Bohun:

Yet I am richer than my base accusers,  
That never knew what truth meant; I now  
    seal it;

And with that blood will make them one  
day groan for 't.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,  
Who first rais'd head against usurping  
Richard,

Flying for succour to his servant Banis-  
ter,

Being distress'd, was by that wretch be-  
tray'd,

And without trial fell: God's peace be  
with him!

Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying  
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,  
Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of  
ruins,

Made my name once more noble. Now  
his son,

Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name,  
and all

That made me happy, at one stroke has  
taken

For ever from the world. I had my trial,  
And, must needs say, a noble one; which  
makes me

A little happier than my wretched father: 120  
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes; both  
Fell by our servants, by those men we  
lov'd most:

A most unnatural and faithless service!  
Heaven has an end in all; yet, you that  
hear me,

This from a dying man receive as certain:  
Where you are liberal of your loves and  
counsels

Be sure you be not loose; for those you  
make friends

And give your hearts to, when they once  
perceive

The least rub in your fortunes, fall away  
Like water from ye, never found again. 130  
But where they mean to sink ye. All good  
people,

Pray for me! I must now forsake ye: the  
last hour

Of my long weary life is come upon me.  
Farewell:

And when you would say something that  
is sad,

Speak how I fell. I have done; and God  
forgive me!

*Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and Train.*

*First Gent.* O! this is full of pity. Sir,  
it calls,

I fear, too many curses on their heads  
That were the authors.

*Second Gent.* If the duke be guiltless,  
'T is full of woe; yet I can give you ink-  
ling

Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,  
Greater than this.

*First Gent.* Good angels keep it from us!  
What may it be? You do not doubt my  
faith, sir?

*Second Gent.* This secret is so weighty,  
't will require

A strong faith to conceal it.

*First Gent.*

Let me have it;

I do not talk much.

*Second Gent.*

I am confident:

You shall, sir. Did you not of late days hear  
A buzzing of a separation  
Between the king and Katharine?

*First Gent.*

Yes, but it held not;

For when the king once heard it, out of  
anger

He sent command to the lord mayor  
straight

To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues  
That durst disperse it.

*Second Gent.*

But that slander, sir,

Is found a truth now; for it grows again  
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for  
certain

The king will venture at it. Either the car-  
dinal,

Or some about him near, have, out of  
malice

To the good queen, possess'd him with a  
scruple

That will undo her: to confirm this too,  
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately; 160

As all think, for this business.

*First Gent.*

'T is the cardinal;

As merely to revenge him on the emperor  
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,

The archbishopric of Toledo, this is pur-  
pos'd.

*Second Gent.*

I think you have hit the

mark: but is 't not cruel  
That she should feel the smart of this?

The cardinal

Will have his will, and she must fall.

*First Gent.*

'T is woeful.

We are too open here to argue this;  
Let's think in private more. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Antechamber in the Palace.*

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a  
letter.*

*Cham.* My lord, The horses your lord-  
ship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw  
well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They  
were young and handsome, and of the best  
breed in the north. When they were ready  
to set out for London, a man of my lord  
cardinal's, by commission and main power,  
took 'em from me; with this reason: His  
master would be served before a subject,  
if not before the king; which stopped our  
mouths, sir.

I fear he will indeed. Well, let him have  
them:

He will have all, I think.

*Enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.*

*Nor.* Well met, my lord chamberlain.

*Cham.* Good day to both your graces.

*Suf.* How is the king employ'd?

*Cham.* I left him private,  
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

*Nor.* What's the cause?

*Cham.* It seems the marriage with his brother's wife  
Has crept too near his conscience.

*Suf.* No; his conscience  
Has crept too near another lady.

*Nor.* 'T is so:  
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-  
cardinal:

That blind priest, like the eldest son of  
fortune,

Turns what he list. The king will know  
him one day.

*Suf.* Pray God he do! he'll never know  
himself else.

*Nor.* How holily he works in all his  
business,

And with what zeal! for now he has crack'd  
the league

Between us and the emperor, the queen's  
great nephew,

He dives into the king's soul, and there  
scatters

Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,  
Fears, and despairs; and all these for his  
marriage:

And out of all these to restore the king, <sup>30</sup>  
He counsels a divorce; a loss of her,

That like a jewel has hung twenty years  
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;

Of her, that loves him with that excellence  
That angels love good men with; even of  
her,

That, when the greatest stroke of fortune  
falls,

Will bless the king: and is not this course  
pious?

*Cham.* Heaven keep me from such  
counsel! 'T is most true

These news are every where; every tongue  
speaks 'em,

And every true heart weeps for 't. All that  
dare <sup>40</sup>

Look into these affairs see this main end,  
The French king's sister. Heaven will  
one day open

The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon  
This bold bad man.

*Suf.* And free us from his slavery.

*Nor.* We had need pray,

And heartily, for our deliverance,  
Or this imperious man will work us all

From princes into pages. All men's honours  
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd

Into what pitch he please.

*Suf.* For me, my lords,  
I love him not, nor fear him; there's my  
creed. <sup>51</sup>

As I am made without him, so I'll stand,  
If the king please; his curses and his  
blessings

Touch me alike, they're breath I not be-  
lieve in.

I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him  
To him that made him proud, the pope.

*Nor.* Let's in;  
And with some other business put the king

From these sad thoughts, that work too  
much upon him. <sup>58</sup>

My lord, you'll bear us company?

*Cham.* Excuse me;  
The king hath sent me otherwise; besides,  
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:  
Health to your lordships.

*Nor.* Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.  
*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*

*NORFOLK opens a folding-door. The KING  
is discovered sitting and reading pen-  
sively.*

*Suf.* How sad he looks! sure, he is  
much afflicted.

*K. Hen.* Who's there, ha?

*Nor.* Pray God he be not angry.

*K. Hen.* Who's there, I say? How dare  
you thrust yourselves

Into my private meditations?  
Who am I? ha!

*Nor.* A gracious king that pardons all  
offences

Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty  
this way

Is business of estate; in which we come <sup>70</sup>  
To know your royal pleasure.

*K. Hen.* Ye are too bold.  
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of  
business:

Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha!

*Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.*

Who's there? my good lord cardinal? O!  
my Wolsey,

The quiet of my wounded conscience;  
Thou art a cure fit for a king. To CAMPEIUS. You're welcome,

Most learned reverend sir, into our king-  
dom:

Use us, and it. To WOLSEY. My good  
lord, have great care

I be not found a talker.

*Wol.* Sir, you cannot.  
I would your grace would give us but an  
hour <sup>80</sup>

Of private conference.

*K. Hen.* To NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.  
We are busy: go.

*Nor.* *Aside to SUFFOLK.* This priest  
has no pride in him!

*Suf.* *Aside to NORFOLK.* Not to speak  
of;

I would not be so sick though for his place:  
But this cannot continue.

*Nor.* *Aside to SUFFOLK.* If it do,  
I'll venture one have-at-him.

*Suf.* *Aside to SUFFOLK.* I another.  
*Exeunt NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.*

*Wol.* Your grace has given a precedent  
of wisdom

Above all princes, in committing freely  
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom.

Who can be angry now? what envy reach  
you?

The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to  
her, <sup>90</sup>

Must now confess, if they have any good-  
ness,

The trial just and noble. All the clerks,  
I mean the learned ones, in Christian  
kingdoms

Have their free voices: Rome, the nurse of judgment,  
Invited by your noble self, hath sent  
One general tongue unto us, this good man,

This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius,  
Whom once more I present unto your highness.

*K. Hen.* And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,  
And thank the holy conclave for their loves: 100

They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

*Cam.* Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,

You are so noble. To your highness' hand I tender my commission, by whose virtue, The court of Rome commanding, you, my lord

Cardinal of York, are join'd with me, their servant,

In the impartial judging of this business.

*K. Hen.* Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted

Forthwith for what you come. Where's Gardiner?

*Wol.* I know your majesty has always lov'd her 110

So dear in heart, not to deny her that A woman of less place might ask by law, Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.

*K. Hen.* Ay, and the best she shall have; and my favour

To him that does best: God forbid else. Cardinal,

Prithee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary:

I find him a fit fellow. *Exit WOLSEY.*

*Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER.*

*Wol.* *Aside to GARDINER.* Give me your hand; much joy and favour to you:

You are the king's now.

*Gard.* *Aside to WOLSEY.* But to be commanded

For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me. 120

*K. Hen.* Come hither, Gardiner.

*They converse apart.*

*Cam.* My lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace

In this man's place before him?

*Wol.* Yes, he was.

*Cam.* Was he not held a learned man?

*Wol.* Yes, surely.

*Cam.* Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then

Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

*Wol.* How! of me?

*Cam.* They will not stick to say you envied him,

And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,

Kept him a foreign man still; which so griev'd him,

That he ran mad and died.

*Wol.* Heaven's peace be with him! That's Christian care enough: for living murmurers 131

There's places of rebuke. He was a fool, For he would needs be virtuous: that good fellow,

If I command him, follows my appointment: I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,

We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

*K. Hen.* Deliver this with modesty to the queen. *Exit GARDINER.*

The most convenient place that I can think of

For such receipt of learning is Black-Friars; There ye shall meet about this weighty business. 140

*My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. O my lord!*

Would it not grieve an able man to leave So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience!

*O! 't is a tender place, and I must leave her. Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.—An Antechamber of the QUEEN'S Apartments.

*Enter ANNE BULLEN and an old Lady.*

*Anne.* Not for that neither: here's the pang that pinches:

His highness having liv'd so long with her, and she

So good a lady that no tongue could ever Pronounce dishonour of her: by my life,

She never knew harm-doing: O! now, after So many courses of the sun enthron'd,

Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which

To leave a thousand-fold more bitter than 'T is sweet at first to acquire, after this process

To give her the avaunt! it is a pity 10 Would move a monster.

*Old Lady.* Hearts of most hard temper Melt and lament for her.

*Anne.* O! God's will; much better She ne'er had known pomp: though 't be temporal,

Yet, if that quarrel, Fortune, do divorce It from the bearer, 't is a sufferance, pang-

ing

As soul and body's severing.

*Old Lady.* Alas! poor lady, She's a stranger now again.

*Anne.* So much the more Must pity drop upon her. Verily,

I swear, 't is better to be lowly born, And range with humble livers in content, 20 Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief

And wear a golden sorrow.

*Old Lady.* Our content Is our best having.

*Anne.* By my troth and maidenhead, I would not be a queen.

*Old Lady.* Beshrew me, I would, And venture maidenhead for 't; and so would you,

For all this spice of your hypocrisy.

You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,  
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet  
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty:  
Which, to say sooth, are blessings, and  
which gifts, 30

Saving your mincing, the capacity  
Of your soft cheveril conscience would  
receive,

If you might please to stretch it.

*Anne.* Nay, good troth.

*Old Lady.* Yes, troth, and troth; you  
would not be a queen?

*Anne.* No, not for all the riches under  
heaven.

*Old Lady.* 'Tis strange: a three-pence  
bow'd would hire me,

Old as I am, to queen it. But, I pray you,  
What think you of a duchess? have you  
limbs

To bear that load of title?

*Anne.* No, in truth.

*Old Lady.* Then you are weakly made.  
Pluck off a little: 40

I would not be a young count in your way,  
For more than blushing comes to: if your  
back

Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too  
weak

Ever to get a boy.

*Anne.* How you do talk!

I swear again, I would not be a queen  
For all the world.

*Old Lady.* In faith, for little England  
You 'd venture an emballing: I myself  
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there  
long'd

No more to the crown but that. Lo! who  
comes here?

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain.*

*Cham.* Good morrow, ladies. What  
were 't worth to know 50

The secret of your conference?

*Anne.* My good lord,

Not your demand; it values not your  
asking:

Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

*Cham.* It was a gentle business, and  
becoming

The action of good women: there is hope  
All will be well.

*Anne.* Now, I pray God, amen!

*Cham.* You bear a gentle mind, and  
heavenly blessings

Follow such creatures. That you may,  
fair lady,

Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note 's  
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's  
majesty 60

Commends his good opinion of you, and  
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing  
Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to which  
title

A thousand pound a year, annual support,  
Out of his grace he adds.

*Anne.* I do not know

What kind of my obedience I should tender;  
More than my all is nothing, nor my prayers  
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes

More worth than empty vanities; yet  
prayers and wishes

Are all I can return. Beseech your lord-  
ship, 70

Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my  
obedience,

As from a blushing handmaid, to his high-  
ness,

Whose health and royalty I pray for.

*Cham.* Lady,

I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit  
The king hath of you. *Aside.* I have per-  
us'd her well;

Beauty and honour in her are so mingled  
That they have caught the king; and who  
knows yet

But from this lady may proceed a gem  
To lighten all this isle? I'll to the king,

And say I spoke with you. *Exit.*

*Anne.* My honour'd lord.

*Old Lady.* Why, this it is; see, see! 81

I have been begging sixteen years in court,  
Am yet a courtier beggarly, nor could

Come pat betwixt too early and too late,  
For any suit of pounds; and you, O fate!

A very fresh-fish here, fie, fie upon  
This compell'd fortune! have your mouth  
fill'd up

Before you open it.

*Anne.* This is strange to me.

*Old Lady.* How tastes it? is it bitter?  
forty pence, no.

There was a lady once, 't is an old story, 90  
That would not be a queen, that would she  
not,

For all the mud in Egypt: have you heard it?

*Anne.* Come, you are pleasant.

*Old Lady.* With your theme I could  
O'er mount the lark. The Marchioness of  
Pembroke!

A thousand pounds a year for pure respect!  
No other obligation! By my life

That promises more thousands: honour's  
train

Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time  
I know your back will bear a duchess: say,

Are you not stronger than you were?

*Anne.* Good lady,  
Make yourself mirth with your particular  
fancy, 101

And leave me out on 't. Would I had no  
being,

If this salute my blood a jot: it faints me  
To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful  
In our long absence. Pray, do not deliver

What here you 've heard to her.

*Old Lady.* What do you think me?

*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.—A Hall in Black-Friars.

*Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter two  
Vergers, with short silver wands; next  
them, two Scribes, in the habit of doctors;  
after them, the Archbishop of CANTER-  
BURY alone; after him, the Bishops of  
LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, and SAINT  
ASAPH; next them, with some small*

*distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman-Usher bare-headed accompanied with a Sergeant-at-Arms, bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. Then enter the KING and QUEEN and their Trains. The KING takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The QUEEN takes place some distance from the KING. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.*

*Wol.* Whilst our commission from Rome is read.

Let silence be commanded.

*K. Hen.* What's the need?  
It hath already publicly been read,  
And on all sides the authority allow'd:  
You may then spare that time.

*Wol.* Be't so. Proceed.

*Scribe.* Say, Henry King of England, come into the court.

*Crier.* Henry King of England, come into the court. 11

*K. Hen.* Here.

*Scribe.* Say, Katharine Queen of England, come into the court.

*Crier.* Katharine, Queen of England, come into the court.

*The QUEEN makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the KING, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*

*Q. Kath.* Sir, I desire you do me right and justice

And to bestow your pity on me; for  
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,  
Born out of your dominions; having here  
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance  
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas!  
sir,

In what have I offended you? what cause  
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,

That thus you should proceed to put me off  
And take your good grace from me! Heaven  
witness 22

I have been to you a true and humble wife,  
At all times to your will conformable;  
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,  
Yea, subject to your countenance, glad or  
sorry

As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour  
I ever contradicted your desire,  
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your  
friends

Have I not strove to love, although I  
knew 30

He were mine enemy? What friend of mine  
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I

Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice  
He was from thence discharg'd. Sir, call  
to mind

That I have been your wife, in this obedience,

Upward of twenty years, and have been  
blest

With many children by you: if, in the course  
And process of this time, you can report,  
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,  
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty, 40  
Against your sacred person, in God's name  
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt  
Shut door upon me, and so give me up  
To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you,  
sir,

The king, your father, was reputed for  
A prince most prudent, of an excellent  
And unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdi-  
nand,

My father, King of Spain, was reckon'd one  
The wisest prince that there had reign'd by  
many

A year before: it is not to be question'd 50  
That they had gather'd a wise council to  
them

Of every realm, that did debate this busi-  
ness,

Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Where-  
fore I humbly

Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may  
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd, whose  
counsel

I will implore: if not, i' the name of God,  
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

*Wol.* You have here, lady,  
And of your choice, these reverend fathers;  
men

Of singular integrity and learning,  
Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled  
To plead your cause. It shall be therefore  
bootless 61

That longer you desire the court, as well  
For your own quiet, as to rectify  
What is unsettled in the king.

*Cam.*

His grace  
Hath spoken well and justly: therefore,  
madam,

It's fit this royal session do proceed,  
And that, without delay, their arguments  
Be now produc'd and heard.

*Q. Kath.* Lord cardinal,  
To you I speak.

*Wol.*

Your pleasure, madam?  
*Q. Kath.* Sir,

I am about to weep; but, thinking that 70  
We are a queen, or long have dream'd so,  
certain

The daughter of a king, my drops of tears  
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

*Wol.*

Be patient yet.  
*Q. Kath.* I will, when you are humble;

nay, before,  
Or God will punish me. I do believe,  
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that  
You are mine enemy; and make my chal-  
lenge

You shall not be my judge; for it is you  
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,

Which God's dew quench! Therefore I say  
again, 80  
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul  
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once  
more,  
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not  
At all a friend to truth.

*Wol.* I do profess  
You speak not like yourself: who ever yet  
Have stood to charity, and display'd the  
effects

Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom  
O'erthrowing woman's power. Madam, you  
do me wrong:

I have no spleen against you; nor injustice  
For you or any: how far I have proceeded,  
Or how far further shall, is warranted. 91  
By a commission from the consistory,  
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You  
charge me

That I have blown this coal: I do deny it.  
The king is present: if it be known to him  
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,  
And worthily, my falsehood; yea, as much  
As you have done my truth. If he knew  
That I am free of your report, he knows  
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him  
It lies to cure me; and the cure is, to 101  
Remove these thoughts from you: the  
which before

His highness shall speak in, I do beseech  
You, gracious madam, to unthink your  
speaking,

And to say so no more.

*Q. Kath.* My lord, my lord,  
I am a simple woman, much too weak  
To oppose your cunning. You're meek and  
humble-mouth'd;

You sign your place and calling, in full seem-  
ing,

With meekness and humility; but your  
heart

Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and  
pride. 110

You have, by fortune and his highness' fa-  
vours,

Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are  
mounted

Where powers are your retainers, and your  
words,

Domesticks to you, serve your will as 't  
please

Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell  
you,

You tender more your person's honour than  
Your high profession spiritual; that again

I do refuse you for my judge; and here,  
Before you all, appeal unto the pope. 191

To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,  
And to be judg'd by him.

*She court'sies to the KING, and offers  
to depart.*

*Cam.* The queen is obstinate,  
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and  
Disdainful to be tried by 't: 't is not well.

*She's going away.*

*K. Hen.* Call her again.  
*Crier.* Katharine, Queen of England,  
come into the court.

*Griffith.* Madam, you are call'd back.

*Q. Kath.* What need you note it? pray  
you, keep your way:

When you are call'd, return. Now the Lord  
help!

They vex me past my patience. Pray you,  
pass on: 130

I will not tarry; no, nor ever more  
Upon this business my appearance make

In any of their courts.

*Exeunt QUEEN and her Attendants.*

*K. Hen.* Go thy ways, Kate:  
That man i' the world who shall report he  
has

A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,  
For speaking false in that: thou art, alone;

If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,  
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like govern-  
ment,

Obeying in commanding, and thy parts  
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee  
out, 140

The queen of earthly queens. She's noble  
born;

And, like her true nobility, she has  
Carried herself towards me.

*Wol.* Most gracious sir,  
In humblest manner I require your highness,

That it shall please you to declare, in hear-  
ing

Of all these ears, for where I am robb'd and  
bound

There must I be unloos'd, although not  
there

At once and fully satisfied, whether ever I  
Did broach this business to your high-  
ness, or

Laid any scruple in your way, which might  
Induce you to the question on 't, or ever 151

Have to you, but with thanks to God for  
such

A royal lady, spake one the least word that  
might

Be to the prejudice of her present state,  
Or touch of her good person.

*K. Hen.* My lord cardinal,  
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,

I free you from 't. You are not to be taught  
That you have many enemies, that know  
not

Why they are so, but, like to village curs,  
Bark when their fellows do: by some of  
these 160

The queen is put in anger. You're excus'd:  
But will you be more justified? you ever

Have wish'd the sleeping of this business;  
never desir'd

It to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd, oft,  
The passages made toward it. On my  
honour,

I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,  
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd  
me to 't,

I will be bold with time and your attention:  
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came;

give heed to 't:  
My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness, 170

Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches  
utter'd

By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador,  
Who had been hither sent on the debating  
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and  
Our daughter Mary. I' the progress of  
this business,

Ere a determinate resolution, he,  
I mean the bishop, did require a respite;  
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise  
Whether our daughter were legitimate,  
Respecting this our marriage with the dow-  
ager, 180

Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite  
shook

The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,  
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to  
tremble

The region of my breast; which forc'd such  
way,

That many maz'd considerings did throng,  
And press'd in with this caution. First,  
methought

I stood not in the smile of heaven, who had  
Commanded nature that my lady's womb,  
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should  
Do no more offices of life to 't than 190

The grave does to the dead; for her male  
issue

Or died where they were made, or shortly  
after

This world had air'd them. Hence I took a  
thought

This was a judgment on me; that my king-  
dom,

Well worthy the best heir o' the world,  
should not

Be gladdened in 't by me. Then follows that  
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood  
in

By this my issue's fail; and that gave to  
me

Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in  
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer 200  
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are  
Now present here together; that's to say,  
I meant to rectify my conscience, which  
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,  
By all the reverend fathers of the land  
And doctors learn'd. First, I began in pri-  
vate

With you, my lord of Lincoln; you remember  
How under my oppression I did reek,

When I first mov'd you.

*Lin.* Very well, my liege.

*K. Hen.* I have spoken long: be pleas'd  
yourself to say 210

How far you satisfied me.

*Lin.* So please your highness,  
The question did at first so stagger me,  
Bearing a state of mighty moment in 't,  
And consequence of dread, that I committed  
The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt;  
And did entreat your highness to this course  
Which are you running here.

*K. Hen.* I then mov'd you,  
My lord of Canterbury, and got your leave  
To make this present summons. Unsolicited  
I left no reverend person in this court; 220  
But by particular consent proceeded

Under your hands and seals: therefore, go  
on;

For no dislike i' the world against the person  
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny  
points

Of my alleged reasons drive this forward.  
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life  
And kingly dignity, we are contented  
To wear our mortal state to come with her,  
Katharine our queen, before the primest  
creature 229

That's paragon'd o' the world.

*Cam.* So please your highness,  
The queen being absent, 't is a needful fit-  
ness

That we adjourn this court till further day:  
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion  
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal  
She intends unto his holiness.

*K. Hen. Aside.* I may perceive  
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor  
This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome.  
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cran-  
mer,

Prithee, return: with thy approach, I know,  
My comfort comes along. Break up the  
court: 240

I say, set on.

*Exeunt in manner as they entered.*

## ACT III

SCENE I.—*The Palace at Bridewell. A  
Room in the QUEEN'S Apartment.*

*The QUEEN and her Women at work.*

*Q. Kath.* Take thy lute, wench: my soul  
grows sad with troubles;  
Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst.  
Leave working.

## SONG.

*Orpheus with his lute made trees,  
And the mountain tops that freeze,  
Bow themselves when he did sing:  
To his music plants and flowers  
Ever sprung; as sun and showers  
There had made a lasting spring.*

*Every thing that heard him play,  
Even the billows of the sea,  
Hung their heads, and then lay by.  
In sweet music is such art,  
Killing care and grief of heart  
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.* 10

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Q. Kath.* How now!

*Gent.* An't please your grace, the two  
great cardinals

Wait in the presence.

*Q. Kath.* Would they speak with me?

*Gent.* They will'd me say so, madam.

*Q. Kath.* Pray their graces  
To come near. *Exit Gentleman.*

What can be their business  
With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from  
favour? 20  
I do not like their coming, now I think on 't.

They should be good men, their affairs as  
righteous;  
But all hoods make not monks.

*Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.*

*Wol.* Peace to your highness!

*Q. Kath.* Your graces find me here part  
of a housewife;

I would be all, against the worst may  
happen.

What are your pleasures with me, reverend  
lords?

*Wol.* May it please you, noble madam, to  
withdraw

Into your private chamber, we shall give you  
The full cause of our coming.

*Q. Kath.* Speak it here;  
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my con-  
science,

Deserves a corner: would all other women  
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!

My lords, I care not, so much I am happy  
Above a number, if my actions

Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw  
'em,

Envy and base opinion set against 'em,  
I know my life so even. If your business

Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,  
Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

*Wol.* *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas,*  
*regina serenissima,*—

*Q. Kath.* O! good my lord, no Latin;  
I am not such a truant since my coming,

As not to know the language I have liv'd in:  
A strange tongue makes my cause more

strange, suspicious;  
Pray, speak in English: here are some will

thank you,  
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress'

sake:  
Believe me, she has had much wrong. Lord

cardinal,  
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed

May be absolv'd in English.  
*Wol.* Noble lady, so

I am sorry my integrity should breed,  
And service to his majesty and you,

So deep suspicion, where all faith was  
meant.

We come not by the way of accusation,  
To taint that honour every good tongue

blesse,  
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow,—

You have too much, good lady; but to know  
How you stand minded in the weighty

difference  
Between the king and you; and to deliver,

Like free and honest men, our just opin-  
ions

And comforts to your cause.  
*Cam.* Most honour'd madam,

My lord of York, out of his noble nature,  
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace,

Forgetting, like a good man, your late cen-  
sure

Both of his truth and him, which was too far,  
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,

His service and his counsel.

*Q. Kath. Aside.*

To betray me.

My lords, I thank you both for your good  
wills;

Ye speak like honest men, pray God ye  
prove so!

But how to make ye suddenly an answer, to  
In such a point of weight, so near mine

honour,  
More near my life, I fear, with my weak wit,

And to such men of gravity and learning,  
In truth, I know not. I was set at work

Among my maids; full little, God knows,  
looking

Either for such men or such business.  
For her sake that I have been, for I feel

The last fit of my greatness, good your  
graces,

Let me have time and counsel for my cause:  
Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

*Wol.* Madam, you wrong the king's love  
with these fears;

Your hopes and friends are infinite.  
*Q. Kath.* In England,

But little for my profit. Can you think,  
lords,

That any Englishman dare give me counsel?  
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness'

pleasure,  
Though he be grown so desperate to be

honest,  
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my

friends,  
They that must weigh out my afflictions,

They that my trust must grow to, live not  
here:

They are, as all my other comforts, far  
hence

In mine own country, lords.  
*Cam.* I would your grace

Would leave your griefs, and take my  
counsel.

*Q. Kath.* How, sir?  
*Cam.* Put your main cause into the king's

protection;  
He's loving and most gracious: 't will be

much  
Both for your honour better and your cause;

For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,  
You'll part away disgrac'd.

*Wol.* He tells you rightly.

*Q. Kath.* Ye tell me what ye wish for  
both; my ruin.

Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!  
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge

That no king can corrupt.  
*Cam.* Your rage mistakes us.

*Q. Kath.* The more shame for ye! holy  
men I thought ye,

Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal  
virtues;

But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear  
ye.

Mend 'em, for shame, my lords. Is this  
your comfort?

The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,  
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?

I will not wish ye half my miseries,  
I have more charity; but say, I warn'd

ye:

Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed,  
lest at once 110

The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.  
*Wol.* Madam, this is a mere distraction;  
You turn the good we offer into envy.

*Q. Kath.* Ye turn me into nothing: woe  
upon ye,  
And all such false professors! Would you  
have me,

If ye have any justice, any pity,  
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits,  
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates  
me?

Alas! has banish'd me his bed already, 119  
His love too long ago. I am old, my lords,  
And all the fellowship I hold now with him  
is only my obedience. What can happen  
To me above this wretchedness? all your  
studies

Make me a curse like this.

*Cam.* Your fears are worse.

*Q. Kath.* Have I liv'd thus long, let me  
speak myself,  
Since virtue finds no friends, a wife, a true  
one?

A woman, I dare say without vain-glory,  
Never yet branded with suspicion?  
Have I with all my full affections  
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven?  
obey'd him? 130

Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?  
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?  
And am I thus rewarded? 't is not well,  
lords.

Bring me a constant woman to her husband,  
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his  
pleasure,

And to that woman, when she has done  
most,

Yet will I add an honour, a great patience.  
*Wol.* Madam, you wander from the good  
we aim at.

*Q. Kath.* My lord, I dare not make my-  
self so guilty.

To give up willingly that noble title 140  
Your master wed me to: nothing but death  
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

*Wol.* Pray hear me.  
*Q. Kath.* Would I had never trod this  
English earth,

Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!  
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows  
your hearts.

What will become of me now, wretched  
lady?

I am the most unhappy woman living.  
Alas! poor wenches, where are now your  
fortunes?

Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no  
pity,

No friends, no hope, no kindred weep for  
me; 150

Almost no grave allow'd me. Like the lily,  
That once was mistress of the field and  
flourish'd,

I'll hang my head and perish.

*Wol.* If your grace  
Could but be brought to know our ends are  
honest,

You'd feel more comfort. Why should we,  
good lady,

Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our  
places,

The way of our profession is against it:  
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow  
them.

For goodness' sake, consider what you do;  
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly 160  
Grow from the king's acquaintance by this  
carriage.

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,  
So much they love it; but to stubborn  
spirits

They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.  
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,  
A soul as even as a calm: pray think us  
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends,  
and servants.

*Cam.* Madam, you'll find it so. You  
wrong your virtues

With these weak women's fears; a noble  
spirit,

As yours was put into you, ever casts 170  
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The  
king loves you;

Beware you lose it not: for us, if you please  
To trust us in your business, we are ready  
To use our utmost studies in your service.

*Q. Kath.* Do what ye will, my lords: and  
pray forgive me

If I have us'd myself unmannerly.  
You know I am a woman, lacking wit

To make a seemly answer to such persons.  
Pray do my service to his majesty:

He has my heart yet; and shall have my  
prayers 180

While I shall have my life. Come, reverend  
fathers,

Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs  
That little thought, when she set footing  
here,

She should have bought her dignities so  
dear. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Antechamber to the KING'S  
Apartment.*

*Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, the Duke of  
SUFFOLK, the Earl of SURREY, and the  
Lord Chamberlain.*

*Nor.* If you will now unite in your com-  
plaints,

And force them with a constancy, the cardinal  
Cannot stand under them; if you omit  
The offer of this time, I cannot promise  
But that you shall sustain more new dis-  
graces

With these you bear already.

*Sur.* I am joyful  
To meet the least occasion that may give me  
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the  
duke,

To be reveng'd on him.

*Suf.* Which of the peers  
Have uncontain'd gone by him, or at least  
Strangely neglected? when did he regard it  
The stamp of nobleness in any person  
Out of himself?

*Cham.* My lords, you speak your pleasures.

What he deserves of you and me I know;  
What we can do to him, though now the time

Gives way to us, I much fear. If you cannot  
Bar his access to the king, never attempt  
Any thing on him, for he hath a witchcraft  
Over the king in 's tongue.

*Nor.* O! fear him not;  
His spell in that is out: the king hath found

Matter against him that for ever mars  
The honey of his language. No, he 's settled,

Not to come off, in his displeasure.

*Suf.* Sir,  
I should be glad to hear such news as this  
Once every hour.

*Nor.* Believe it, this is true:  
In the divorce his contrary proceedings  
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears  
As I would wish mine enemy.

*Suf.* How came  
His practices to light?

*Suf.* Most strangely.  
*Suf.* O! how? how?

*Suf.* The cardinal's letters to the pope  
miscarried,  
And came to the eye o' the king: wherein  
was read,

How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness

To stay the judgment o' the divorce; for if  
It did take place, 'I do,' quoth he, 'perceive  
My king is tangled in affection to  
A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen.'

*Suf.* Has the king this?

*Suf.* Believe it.  
*Suf.* Will this work?

*Cham.* The king in this perceives him,  
how he coasts

And hedges his own way. But in this point  
All his tricks founder, and he brings his  
physic

After his patient's death: the king already  
Hath married the fair lady.

*Suf.* Would he had!

*Suf.* May you be happy in your wish, my  
lord!

For, I profess, you have it.

*Suf.* Now all my joy  
Trace the conjunction!

*Suf.* My amen to 't!

*Nor.* All men's!

*Suf.* There 's order given for her coronation:

Marry, this is yet but young, and may be  
left

To some ears unrecounted. But, my lords,  
She is a gallant creature, and complete

In mind and feature: I persuade me, from  
her

Will fall some blessing to this land, which  
shall

In be memoriz'd.

*Suf.* But will the king  
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?  
The Lord forbid!

*Nor.* Marry, amen!  
*Suf.* No, no;

There be more wasps that buzz about his  
nose

Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal  
Campeius

Is stol'n away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;  
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled;

and

Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,  
To second all his plot. I do assure you

The king cried Ha! at this.

*Cham.* Now, God incense him,  
And let him cry Ha! louder.

*Nor.* But, my lord,  
When returns Cranmer?

*Suf.* He is return'd in his opinions, which  
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,

Together with all famous colleges  
Almost in Christendom. Shortly I believe

His second marriage shall be publish'd, and  
Her coronation. Katharine no more

Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager  
And widow to Prince Arthur.

*Nor.* This same Cranmer's  
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain

In the king's business.

*Suf.* He has: and we shall see him  
For it an archbishop.

*Nor.* So I hear. 'T is so.

*Suf.* 'T is so.

The cardinal!

*Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.*

*Nor.* Observe, observe: he 's moody.  
*Wol.* The packet, Cromwell,

Gave 't you the king?

*Crom.* To his own hand, in 's bedchamber.

*Wol.* Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?

*Crom.* Presently  
He did unseal them; and the first he view'd,

He did it with a serious mind: a heed  
Was in his countenance. You he bade

Attend him here this morning.

*Wol.* Is he ready  
To come abroad?

*Crom.* I think by this he is.

*Wol.* Leave me awhile. *Exit CROMWELL.*

*Aside.* It shall be to the Duchess of Alencon,  
The French king's sister: he shall marry

her.

Anne Bullen! No: I 'll no Anne Bullens  
for him:

There 's more in 't than fair visage. Bullen!  
No, we 'll no Bullens. Speedily I wish

To hear from Rome. The Marchioness of  
Pembroke!

*Nor.* He 's discontented.

*Suf.* May be he hears the king  
Does whet his anger to him.

*Suf.* Sharp enough,  
Lord, for thy justice!

*Wol.* *Aside.* The late queen's gentle-  
woman, a knight's daughter,

To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's  
queen!

This candle burns not clear: 't is I must  
snuff it;

Then out it goes. What though I know her virtuous

And well deserving? yet I know her for A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of

Our hard-ru'd king. Again, there is sprung up

An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer: one Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king, And is his oracle.

*Nor.*

He is vex'd at something. *Suf.* I would 't were something that would fret the string, The master-cord on 's heart!

*Enter the KING, reading a schedule; and LOVELL.*

*Suf.*

The king, the king!

*K. Hen.* What piles of wealth hath he accumulated

To his own portion! and what expense by the hour

Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift,

Does he rake this together? Now, my lords, Saw you the cardinal?

*Nor.*

My lord, we have stood here observing him; some strange commotion

Is in his brain: he bites his lip and starts; Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground, Then lays his finger on his temple; straight Springs out into fast gait; then stops again, Strikes his breast hard; and anon he casts His eye against the moon; in most strange postures

We have seen him set himself.

*K. Hen.*

It may well be

There is a mutiny in 's mind. This morning

Papers of state he sent me to peruse, As I requir'd; and wot you what I found There, on my conscience, put unwittingly! Forsooth an inventory, thus importing; The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,

Rich stuffs and ornaments of household, which

I find at such proud rate that it outspeaks Possession of a subject.

*Nor.*

It's heaven's will: Some spirit put this paper in the packet To bless your eye withal.

*K. Hen.*

If we did think His contemplation were above the earth, And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still Dwell in his musings; but I am afraid His thinkings are below the moon, not worth

His serious considering.

*He takes his seat, and whispers LOVELL, who goes to WOLSEY.*

*Wol.*

Heaven forgive me! Ever God bless your highness!

*K. Hen.*

Good my lord, You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory

Of your best graces in your mind, the which

You were now running o'er: you have scarce time

To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span To keep your earthly audit: sure, in that I deem you an ill husband, and am glad To have you therein my companion.

*Wol.*

Sir,

For holy offices I have a time; a time To think upon the part of business which I bear i' the state; and nature does require Her times of preservation, which perforce I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal, Must give my tendance to.

*K. Hen.*

You have said well.

*Wol.* And ever may your highness yoke together,

As I will lend you cause, my doing well With my well saying!

*K. Hen.*

'T is well said again;

And 't is a kind of good deed to say well: And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you;

He said he did, and with his deed did crown His word upon you: since I had my office I have kept you next my heart; have not alone

Employ'd you where high profits might come home,

But par'd my present havings, to bestow My bounties upon you.

*Wol. Aside.*

What should this mean?

*Sur. Aside.* The Lord increase this business!

*K. Hen.*

Have I not made you

The prime man of the state? I pray you tell me

If what I now pronounce you have found true;

And, if you confess it, say withal If you are bound to us or no. What say you?

*Wol.* My sovereign, I confess your royal graces,

Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could

My studied purposes requite; which went Beyond all man's endeavours: my endeavours

Have ever come too short of my desires, Yet fil'd with my abilities. Mine own ends

Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed

To the good of your most sacred person and The profit of the state. For your great graces

Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,

My prayers to heaven for you, my loyalty, Which ever has and ever shall be growing,

Till death, that winter, kill it.

*K. Hen.*

Fairly answer'd;

A loyal and obedient subject is Therein illustrated: the honour of it

Does pay the act of it, as, i' the contrary, The foulness is the punishment. I presume

That as my hand has open'd bounty to you,

My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour more

On you than any; so your hand and heart,

Your brain, and every function of your power,  
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,  
As 't were in love's particular, be more  
To me, your friend, than any.

*Wol.* I do profess 190  
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd  
More than mine own; that am true and  
will be,  
Though all the world should crack their duty  
to you  
And throw it from their soul; though perils  
did  
Abound as thick as thought could make 'em,  
and  
Appear in forms more horrid, yet my duty,  
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,  
Should the approach of this wild river break,  
And stand unshaken yours.

*K. Hen.* 'T is nobly spoken.  
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast, 200  
For you have seen him open 't. Read o'er  
this; *Giving him papers.*  
And after, this; and then to breakfast with  
What appetite you have.

*Exit KING, frowning upon Cardinal*  
*WOLSEY: the Nobles throng after*  
*him, smiling and whispering.*

*Wol.* What should this mean?  
What sudden anger's this? how have I  
reap'd it?

He parted frowning from me, as if ruin  
Leap'd from his eyes: so looks the chafed  
lion

Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd  
him;

Then makes him nothing. I must read this  
paper;

I fear, the story of his anger. 'T is so:  
This paper has undone me! 'T is the  
account 210

Of all that world of wealth I have drawn to-  
gether

For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the  
popedom

And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence!  
Fit for a fool to fall by: what cross devil

Made me put this main secret in the packet  
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?

No new device to beat this from his brains?  
I know 't will stir him strongly; yet I know

A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune  
Will bring me off again. What's this? 'To  
the Pope!

The letter, as I live, with all the business  
I writ to 's holiness. Nay then, farewell!

I have touch'd the highest point of all my  
greatness;

And from that full meridian of my glory  
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall

Like a bright exhalation in the evening,  
And no man see me more.

*Re-enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and*  
*SUFFOLK, the Earl of SURREY, and the*  
*Lord Chamberlain.*

*Nor.* Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal:  
who commands you

To render up the great seal presently  
Into our hands; and to confine yourself 230  
To Asher-house, my lord of Winchester's,  
Till you hear further from his highness.

*Wol.* Stay:  
Where's your commission, lords? words  
cannot carry

Authority so weighty.

*Sur.* Who dare cross 'em.  
Bearing the king's will from his mouth  
expressly?

*Wol.* Till I find more than will or words  
to do it,

I mean your malice, know, officious lords,  
I dare and must deny it. Now I feel

Of what coarse metal ye are moulded, envy:  
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces, 240

As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton  
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!

Follow your envious courses, men of malice;  
You have Christian warrant for 'em, and no  
doubt

In time will find their fit rewards. That  
seal

You ask with such a violence, the king,  
Mine and your master, with his own hand  
gave me;

Bade me enjoy it with the place and honours,  
During my life; and to confirm his goodness,

Tied it by letters-patent: now who 'll take  
it? 250

*Sur.* The king, that gave it.

*Wol.* It must be himself then.

*Sur.* Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

*Wol.* Proud lord, thou liest:  
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better

Have burnt that tongue than said so.

*Sur.* Thy ambition,  
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land

Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:  
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,

With thee and all thy best parts bound  
together,

Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your  
policy!

You sent me deputy for Ireland, 260  
Far from his succour, from the king, from all  
That might have mercy on the fault thou

gav'st him;

Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,  
Absolv'd him with an axe.

*Wol.* This and all else  
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,

I answer is most false. The duke by law  
Found his deserts: how innocent I was

From any private malice in his end,  
His noble jury and foul cause can wit-  
ness.

If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell  
you 270

You have as little honesty as honour,  
That in the way of loyalty and truth

Toward the king, my ever royal master,  
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can

be,  
And all that love his follies.

*Sur.* By my soul,  
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou  
should'st feel

My sword i' the life-blood of thee else.

My lords,  
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?  
And from this fellow? If we live thus  
tamely.

To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet, 280  
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward  
And dare us with his cap like larks.

Wol. All goodness  
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness  
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,  
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;  
The goodness of your intercepted packets  
You writ to the pope against the king; your  
goodness,

Since you provoke me, shall be most notori-  
ous.

My Lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,  
As you respect the common good, the state  
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues, 291  
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,  
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the  
articles

Collected from his life; I'll startle you  
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown  
wench

Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could de-  
spise this man,

But that I am bound in charity against it!  
Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the  
king's hand;

But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer  
And spotless shall mine innocence arise 301  
When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you:  
I thank my memory, I yet remember  
Some of these articles; and out they shall.  
Now, if you can blush and cry 'guilty,'  
cardinal,

You'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir;  
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,  
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I had rather want those than my  
head. Have at you!  
First, that without the king's assent or  
knowledge 310

You wrought to be a legate; by which power  
You main'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome,  
or else

To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*  
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought  
the king

To be your servant.

Suf. Then, that without the knowledge  
Either of king or council, when you went  
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold  
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission 320  
To Gregory de Cassado, to conclude,  
Without the king's will or the state's allow-  
ance,

A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have  
caus'd

Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's  
coin.

Sur. Then that you have sent innumerable  
substance,

By what means got I leave to your own con-  
science,

To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways  
You have for dignities; to the mere undoing  
Of all the kingdom. Many more there  
are; 330

Which, since they are of you, and odious,  
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord!  
Press not a falling man too far; 't is virtue:  
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,  
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to  
see him

So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.  
Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further  
pleasure is,

Because all those things you have done of  
late,

By your power legatine within this kingdom,  
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*, 340  
That therefore such a writ be sued against  
you;

To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,  
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be  
Out of the king's protection. This is my  
charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your  
meditations

How to live better. For your stubborn  
answer

About the giving back the great seal to us,  
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall  
thank you.

So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.  
*Exeunt all but WOLSEY.*

Wol. So farewell to the little good you  
bear me. 350

Farewell! a long farewell, to all my great-  
ness!

This is the state of man: to-day he puts  
forth

The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow  
blossoms,

And bears his blushing honours thick upon  
him;

The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;  
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full  
surely

His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,  
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,

Like little wanton boys that swim on blad-  
ders,

This many summers in a sea of glory, 360  
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown  
pride

At length broke under me, and now has  
left me,

Weary and old with service, to the mercy  
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide  
me.

Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate  
ye:

I feel my heart new open'd. O! how  
wretched

Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours.  
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,  
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have;  
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
 Never to hope again.

*Enter CROMWELL, and stands amazed.*

Why, how now, Cromwell!

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What! amaz'd

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder  
 A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,  
 I am fall'n indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.  
 I know myself now; and I feel within me  
 A peace above all earthly dignities,  
 A still and quiet conscience. The king has  
 cur'd me.

I humbly thank his grace; and from these  
 shoulders,

These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken  
 A load would sink a navy, too much honour:  
 O! 't is a burden, Cromwell, 't is a burden  
 Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad your grace has made  
 that right use of it.

Wol. I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,

Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,  
 To endure more miseries and greater far  
 Than my weak-hearted enemies dare  
 offer.

What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest and the worst  
 Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More  
 is chosen

Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden:  
 But he's a learned man. May he continue  
 Long in his highness' favour, and do justice  
 For truth's sake and his conscience; that  
 his bones,

When he has run his course and sleeps in  
 blessings,

May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on  
 'em!

What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with  
 welcome.

Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,  
 Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,  
 This day was view'd in open as his queen,  
 Going to chapel: and the voice is now  
 Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd  
 me down. O Cromwell!

The king has gone beyond me: all my  
 glories

In that one woman I have lost for ever.

No sun shall ever usher forth mine hon-  
 ours,

Or gild again the noble troops that waited  
 Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me,

Cromwell;

I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now

To be thy lord and master: seek the king;  
 That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told  
 him

What and how true thou art: he will ad-  
 vance thee;

Some little memory of me will stir him.

I know his noble nature, not to let

Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Crom-  
 well,

Neglect him not; make use now, and pro-  
 vide

For thine own future safety.

Crom.

O my lord

Must I then leave you? must I needs forge  
 So good, so noble, and so true a master?

Bear witness all that have not hearts of iron,  
 With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his  
 lord.

The king shall have my service; but my  
 prayers

For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a  
 tear

In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,  
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.

Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me,  
 Cromwell,

And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no  
 mention

Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught  
 thee,

Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of  
 glory,

And sounded all the depths and shoals of  
 honour,

Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise  
 in;

A sure and safe one, though thy master  
 miss'd it.

Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.  
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambi-  
 tion:

By that sin fell the angels: how can man  
 then,

The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?  
 Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that  
 hate thee:

Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,

To silence envious tongues: be just and  
 fear not.

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy  
 country's,

Thy God's, and truth's: then if thou fall'st,  
 O Cromwell!

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the  
 king;

And,—prithce, lead me in:

There take an inventory of all I have,

To the last penny: 't is the king's: my robe  
 And my integrity to heaven is all  
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell,  
 Cromwell!  
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal  
 I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age  
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.  
 Crom. Good sir, have patience.  
 Wol. So I have. Farewell  
 The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do  
 dwell. Exeunt. 459

## ACT IV

## SCENE I.—A Street in Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

First Gent. You're well met once again.  
 Second Gent. So are you.

First Gent. You come to take your stand  
 here, and behold

The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?

Second Gent. 'T is all my business. At  
 our last encounter

The Duke of Buckingham came from his  
 trial.

First Gent. 'T is very true: but that  
 time offer'd sorrow;

This, general joy.

Second Gent. 'T is well: the citizens,  
 I am sure, have shown at full their royal  
 minds,

As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever  
 forward,

In celebration of this day with shows, 10  
 Pageants, and sights of honour.

First Gent. Never greater;  
 Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

Second Gent. May I be bold to ask what  
 that contains,

That paper in your hand?

First Gent. Yes; 't is the list  
 Of those that claim their offices this day  
 By custom of the coronation.

The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims  
 To be high-steward: next, the Duke of Nor-  
 folk,

He to be earl marshal: you may read the  
 rest.

Second Gent. I thank you, sir: had I not  
 known those customs, 20

I should have been beholding to your paper.  
 But, I beseech you, what 's become of  
 Katharine,

The princess dowager? how goes her busi-  
 ness?

First Gent. That I can tell you too. The  
 archbishop

Of Canterbury, accompanied with other  
 Learned and reverend fathers of his order,  
 Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off  
 From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to  
 which

She was often cited by them, but appear'd  
 not;

And, to be short, for not appearance and 30  
 The king's late scruple, by the main assent  
 Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,  
 And the late marriage made of none effect:  
 Since which she was remov'd to Kimbolton,  
 Where she remains now sick.

Second Gent. Alas! good lady. Trum-  
 pets.

The trumpets sound: stand close, the  
 queen is coming. Hautboys.

## THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION.

A lively flourish of trumpets.

1. Two Judges.

2. Lord Chancellor, with the purse and  
 mace before him.

3. Choristers, singing. Music.

4. Mayor of London, bearing the mace.  
 Then, Garter in his coat of arms, and  
 on his head a gilt copper crown.

5. Marquess DORSET, bearing a sceptre of  
 gold; on his head a demi-coronal of  
 gold. With him, the Earl of SURREY,  
 bearing the rod of silver with the dove,  
 crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars  
 of SS.

6. Duke of SUFFOLK, in his robe of estate,  
 his coronet on his head, bearing a long  
 white wand, as high-steward. With  
 him, the Duke of NORFOLK, with the  
 rod of marshalship, a coronet on his  
 head. Collars of SS.

7. A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-  
 ports; under it, the QUEEN in her robe;  
 her hair richly adorned with pearl;  
 crowned. On each side her, the Bish-  
 ops of London and Winchester.

8. The old Duchess of NORFOLK, in a  
 coronal of gold, wrought with flowers,  
 bearing the QUEEN'S train.

9. Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain  
 circlets of gold, without flowers.  
 They pass over the stage in order and  
 state.

Second Gent. A royal train, believe me.  
 These I know;

Who's that that bears the sceptre?

First Gent. Marquess Dorset:  
 And that the Earl of Surrey with the rod.

Second Gent. A bold brave gentleman.  
 That should be 40

The Duke of Suffolk.

First Gent. 'T is the same; high-steward.  
 Second Gent. And that my Lord of Nor-  
 folk?

First Gent. Yes.

Second Gent. Heaven bless thee!  
 Looking on the QUEEN.

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.  
 Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;  
 Our king has all the Indies in his arms,  
 And more and richer, when he strains that  
 lady:

I cannot blame his conscience.

First Gent. They that bear  
 The cloth of honour over her, are four  
 barons

Of the Cinque-ports.

Second Gent. Those men are happy; and  
 so are all are near her. 50

I take it, she that carries up the train  
 Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.

First Gent. It is; and all the rest are  
 countesses.

*Second Gent.* Their coronets say so.

These are stars indeed;  
And sometimes falling ones.

*First Gent.*

No more of that.  
*Exit Procession, and then a great flourish of trumpets.*

*Enter a third Gentleman.*

God save you, sir! Where have you been  
broiling?

*Third Gent.* Among the crowd i' the  
Abbey; where a finger

Could not be wedg'd in more: I am stifled  
With the mere rankness of their joy.

*Second Gent.* You saw  
The ceremony?

*Third Gent.* That I did.

*First Gent.* How was it? 60

*Third Gent.* Well worth the seeing.

*Second Gent.* Good sir, speak it to us.

*Third Gent.* As well as I am able. The  
rich stream

Of lords and ladies, having brought the  
queen

To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off  
A distance from her; while her grace sat  
down

To rest awhile, some half-an-hour or so,  
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely

The beauty of her person to the people.  
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman

That ever lay by man: which when the  
people

Had the full view of, such a noise arose 71  
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff

tempest,  
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats,

cloaks,  
Doublets, I think, flew up; and had their  
faces

Been loose, this day they had been lost.  
Such joy

I never saw before. Great-bellied women,  
That had not half a week to go, like rams

In the old time of war, would shake the  
press,

And make 'em reel before 'em. No man  
living

Could say 'This is my wife' there; all were  
woven 80

So strangely in one piece.

*Second Gent.* But what follow'd?

*Third Gent.* At length her grace rose, and  
with modest paces

Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and  
saint-like

Cast her fair eyes to heaven and pray'd  
devoutly.

Then rose again and bow'd her to the  
people:

When by the archbishop of Canterbury  
She had all the royal makings of a queen;

As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,  
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such  
emblems

Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the  
choir, 90

With all the choicest music of the kingdom,  
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,

And with the same full state pac'd back  
again

To York-place, where the feast is held.

*First Gent.* Sir,

You must no more call it York-place, that's  
past;

For since the cardinal fell, that title's lost:  
'T is now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.

*Third Gent.* I know it.

But 't is so lately alter'd that the old name  
Is fresh about me.

*Second Gent.* What two reverend bishops  
Were those that went on each side of the  
queen? 100

*Third Gent.* Stokesly and Gardiner; the  
one, of Winchester,

Newly prefer'd from the king's secretary;  
The other, London.

*Second Gent.* He of Winchester

Is held no great good lover of the arch-  
bishop's,

The virtuous Cranmer.

*Third Gent.* All the land knows that:  
However, yet there's no great breach;

when it comes,  
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink  
from him.

*Second Gent.* Who may that be, I pray  
you?

*Third Gent.* Thomas Cromwell;  
A man in much esteem with the king, and  
truly

A worthy friend. The king 110  
Has made him master o' the jewel house,

And one, already, of the privy council.

*Second Gent.* He will deserve more.

*Third Gent.* Yes, without all doubt.  
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which  
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my  
guests:

Something I can command. As I walk  
thither,

I'll tell ye more.

*Both.* You may command us, sir.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Kimbolton.

*Enter KATHARINE, Dowager, sick; led  
between GRIFFITH and PATIENCE.*

*Grif.* How does your grace?

*Kath.* O Griffith! sick to death:  
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the  
earth,

Willing to leave their burden. Reach a  
chair:

So; now, methinks, I feel a little ease.  
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou  
led'st me,

That the great child of honour, Cardinal  
Wolsey,

Was dead?

*Grif.* Yes, madam; but I think your  
grace,

Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear  
to 't.

*Kath.* Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how  
he died:

If well, he stepp'd before me, happily 120  
For my example.

*Grif.* Well, the voice goes, madam:  
For after the stout Earl Northumberland  
Arrested him at York, and brought him  
forward,  
As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,  
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill  
He could not sit his mule.

*Kath.* Alas! poor man.  
*Grif.* At last, with easy roads, he came to  
Leicester;  
Lodg'd in the abbey, where the reverend  
abbot,

With all his covent, honourably receiv'd him:  
To whom he gave these words: 'O! father  
abbot;

An old man, broken with the storms of state,  
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;  
Give him a little earth for charity.'  
So went to bed, where eagerly his sickness  
Pursu'd him still; and three nights after  
this,

About the hour of eight, which he himself  
Foretold should be his last, full of repent-  
ance,

Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,  
He gave his honours to the world again,  
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in  
peace.

*Kath.* So may he rest; his faults lie  
gently on him!  
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak  
him,

And yet with charity. He was a man  
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking  
Himself with princes; one, that by sug-  
gestion

Tied all the kingdom; simony was fair-play;  
His own opinion was his law; 'i the  
presence

He would say untruths, and be ever double  
Both in his words and meaning. He was  
never,

But where he meant to ruin, pitiful; 40  
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;  
But his performance, as he is now, nothing:  
Of his own body he was ill, and gave  
The clergy ill example.

*Grif.* Noble madam,  
Men's evil manners live in brass; their  
virtues

We write in water. May it please your  
highness

To hear me speak his good now?

*Kath.* Yes, good Griffith;  
I were malicious else.

*Grif.* This cardinal,  
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly  
Was fashion'd to much honour from his  
cradle. 50

He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;  
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuad-  
ing;

Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not;  
But to those men that sought him sweet as  
summer.

And though he were unsatisfied in getting,  
Which was a sin, yet in bestowing, madam,  
He was most princely. Ever witness for  
him

Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in  
you,  
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with  
him,

Unwilling to outlive the good that did it; 60  
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,  
So excellent in art, and still so rising,  
That Christendom shall ever speak his  
virtue.

His overthrow heap'd happiness upon  
him;

For then, and not till then, he felt himself,  
And found the blessedness of being little:  
And, to add greater honours to his age  
Than man could give him, he died fearing  
God.

*Kath.* After my death I wish no other  
herald,

No other speaker of my living actions, 70  
To keep mine honour from corruption,  
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.  
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made  
me,

With thy religious truth and modesty,  
Now in his ashes honour. Peace be with  
him!

Patience, be near me still; and set me  
lower:

I have not long to trouble thee. Good  
Griffith,

Cause the musicians play me that sad note  
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating  
On that celestial harmony I go to. 80

*Grif.* She is asleep: good wench, let's  
sit down quiet,  
For fear we wake her: softly, gentle  
Patience.

*The Vision.* Enter, solemnly tripping one  
after another, six Personages, clad in  
white robes, wearing on their heads gar-  
lands of bays, and golden vizards on their  
faces; branches of bays or palm in their  
hands. They first congee unto her, then  
dance; and, at certain changes, the first  
two hold a spare garland over her head;  
at which the other four make reverent  
court'sies: then the two that held the  
garland deliver the same to the other  
next two, who observe the same order in  
their changes, and holding the garland  
over her head: which done, they deliver  
the same garland to the last two, who  
likewise observe the same order: at  
which, as it were by inspiration, she  
makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and  
holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so  
in their dancing vanish, carrying the gar-  
land with them. The music continues.

*Kath.* Spirits of peace, where are ye?  
are ye all gone,  
And leave me here in wretchedness behind  
ye?

*Grif.* Madam, we are here.  
*Kath.* It is not you I call for:  
Saw ye none enter since I slept?  
*Grif.* None, madam,

*Kath.* No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop?  
 Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces  
 Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?  
 They promis'd me eternal happiness, 90  
 And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel

I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall, assuredly.

*Grif.* I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams

Possess your fancy.

*Kath.* Bid the music leave, They are harsh and heavy to me.

*Music ceases.*

*Pat.* Do you note  
 How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?

How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,

And of an earthy cold? Mark her eyes!

*Grif.* She is going, wench. Pray, pray.

*Pat.* Heaven comfort her!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* An't like your grace—

*Kath.* You are a saucy fellow: 100  
 Deserve we no more reverence?

*Grif.* You are to blame,  
 Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,

To use so rude behaviour: go to; kneel.

*Mess.* I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;

My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying

A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

*Kath.* Admit him entrance, Griffith: but this fellow

Let me ne'er see again.

*Exeunt GRIFFITH and Messenger.*

*Re-enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS.*

If my sight fail not,  
 You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,

My royal nephew, and your name Capucius. 110

*Cap.* Madam, the same; your servant.

*Kath.* O, my lord!  
 The times and titles now are alter'd strangely  
 With me since first you knew me. But, I pray you,

What is your pleasure with me?

*Cap.* Noble lady,  
 First, mine own service to your grace; the next,

The king's request that I would visit you;  
 Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me

Sends you his princely commendations,  
 And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

*Kath.* O! my good lord, that comfort comes too late; 120

'T is like a pardon after execution:

That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me;

But now I am past all comforts here but prayers.

How does his highness?

*Cap.* Madam, in good health.

*Kath.* So may he ever do! and ever flourish,

When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name

Banish'd the kingdom. Patience, is that letter

I caus'd you write yet sent away?

*Pat.* No, madam.

*Giving it to KATHARINE.*

*Kath.* Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver

This to my lord the king.

*Cap.* Most willing, madam.

*Kath.* In which I have commended to his goodness 131

The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter:

The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!

Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding,—

She is young, and of a noble modest nature,  
 I hope she will deserve well,—and a little  
 To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,

Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition

Is, that his noble grace would have some pity

Upon my wretched women, that so long 140  
 Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:

Of which there is not one, I dare avow,  
 And now I should not lie, but will deserve,

For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,  
 For honesty, and decent carriage,

A right good husband, let him be a noble;  
 And, sure, those men are happy that shall have 'em.

The last is, for my men: they are the poorest,  
 But poverty could never draw 'em from me;

That they may have their wages duly paid 'em, 150

And something over to remember me by:

If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life

And able means, we had not parted thus.  
 These are the whole contents: and, good

my lord,

By that you love the dearest in this world,  
 As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,

Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king

To do me this last right.

*Cap.* By heaven, I will,  
 Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

*Kath.* I thank you, honest lord. Remember me 160

In all humility unto his highness:

Say his long trouble now is passing

Out of this world; tell him, in death I bless'd him,

For so I will. Mine eyes grow dim. Farewell,

My lord. Griffith, farewell. Nay, Patience,  
You must not leave me yet: I must to bed;  
Call in more women. When I am dead,  
good wench,

Let me be us'd with honour: strew me over  
With maiden flowers, that all the world may  
know

I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm  
me,

Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd,  
yet like

A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.  
I can no more. *Exeunt, leading KATHARINE.*

## ACT V

SCENE I.—*London. A Gallery in the Palace.*

*Enter GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him, met by Sir THOMAS LOVELL.*

*Gar.* It's one o'clock, boy, is 't not?

*Boy.* It hath struck.

*Gar.* These should be hours for necessities,

Not for delights; times to repair our nature  
With comforting repose, and not for us

To waste these times. Good hour of night,  
Sir Thomas!

Whither so late?

*Lov.* Came you from the king, my lord?

*Gar.* I did, Sir Thomas; and left him at  
primero

With the Duke of Suffolk.

*Lov.* I must to him too,

Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

*Gar.* Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's  
the matter?

It seems you are in haste: an if there be  
No great offence belongs to't, give your  
friend

Some touch of your late business: affairs,  
that walk

As they say spirits do, at midnight, have  
In them a wilder nature than the business  
That seeks dispatch by day.

*Lov.* My lord, I love you,

And durst commend a secret to your ear  
Much weightier than this work. The queen

's in labour,

They say, in great extremity; and fear'd  
She'll with the labour end.

*Gar.* The fruit she goes with

I pray for heartily, that it may find

Good time, and live: but for the stock,

Sir Thomas,

I wish it grubb'd up now.

*Lov.* Methinks I could

Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says  
She's a good creature, and, sweetlady, does  
Deserve our better wishes.

*Gar.* But, sir, sir,

Hear me, Sir Thomas: you're a gentleman  
Of mine own way; I know you wise,  
religious;

And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,  
'T will not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take 't of

me,

30

Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands,  
and she,

Sleep in their graves.

*Lov.* Now, sir, you speak of two  
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for

Cromwell,

Beside that of the jewel house, is made  
master

O' the rolls, and the king's secretary;  
further, sir,

Stands in the gap and trade of more prefer-  
ments,

With which the time will load him. The  
archbishop

Is the king's hand and tongue; and who  
dare speak

One syllable against him?

*Gar.* Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,  
There are that dare; and I myself have  
ventur'd

To speak my mind of him: and indeed this  
day,

Sir, I may tell it you, I think I have  
Insens'd the lords o' the council that he is,  
For so I know he is, they know he is,

A most arch heretic, a pestilence  
That does infect the land: with which

they mov'd

Have broken with the king; who hath so far  
Given ear to our complaint, of his great  
grace

And princely care, foreseeing those fell  
mischiefs

Our reasons laid before him, hath com-  
manded

To-morrow morning to the council-board  
He be convened. He's a rank weed, Sir

Thomas,

And we must root him out. From your  
affairs

I hinder you too long: good night, Sir  
Thomas!

*Lov.* Many good nights, my lord. I  
rest your servant.

*Exeunt GARDINER and Page.*

*Enter the KING and SUFFOLK.*

*K. Hen.* Charles, I will play no more to-  
night;

My mind's not on 't; you are too hard for me.

*Suf. Sir.* I did never win of you before.

*K. Hen.* But little, Charles;

Nor shall not when my fancy's on my  
play.

*Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the  
news?*

*Lov.* I could not personally deliver to her  
What you commanded me, but by her  
woman

I sent your message; who return'd her  
thanks

In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd  
your highness

Most heartily to pray for her.

*K. Hen.* What say'st thou, ha?

To pray for her? what! is she crying out?

*Lov.* So said her woman; and that her  
sufferance made  
Almost each pang a death.

*K. Hen.* Alas! good lady.

*Suf.* God safely quit her of her burden,  
and

With gentle travail, to the gladding of  
Your highness with an heir!

*K. Hen.* 'T is midnight, Charles;  
Prithee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember  
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me  
alone;

For I must think of that which company  
Would not be friendly to.

*Suf.* I wish your highness  
A quiet night; and my good mistress will  
Remember in my prayers.

*K. Hen.* Charles, good night.  
*Exit SUFFOLK.*

*Enter Sir ANTHONY DENNY.*

Well, sir what follows?

*Den.* Sir, I have brought my lord the  
archbishop,

As you commanded me.

*K. Hen.* Ha! Canterbury?

*Den.* Ay, my good lord.

*K. Hen.* 'T is true: where is he, Denny?

*Den.* He attends your highness' pleasure.

*K. Hen.* Bring him to us.  
*Exit DENNY.*

*Lov. Aside.* This is about that which the  
bishop spake:  
I am happily come hither.

*Re-enter DENNY, with CRANMER.*

*K. Hen.* Avoid the gallery.

*LOVELL seems to stay.*

Ha! I have said. Be gone.

What! *Exeunt LOVELL and DENNY.*

*Cran.* I am fearful. Wherefore frowns  
he thus?

'T is his aspect of terror: all's not well.

*K. Hen.* How now, my lord! You do  
desire to know

Wherefore I sent for you.

*Cran. Kneeling.* It is my duty  
To attend your highness' pleasure.

*K. Hen.* Pray you, arise,  
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.  
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;  
I have news to tell you: come, come, give  
me your hand.

Ah! my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,  
And am right sorry to repeat what follows.  
I have, and most unwillingly, of late  
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,  
Grievous complaints of you; which, being  
consider'd,

Have mov'd us and our council, that you  
shall

This morning come before us; where, I  
know,

You cannot with such freedom purge your-  
self,

But that, till further trial in those charges  
Which will require your answer, you must  
take

Your patience to you, and be well con-  
tented

To make your house our Tower: you a  
brother of us,

It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness  
Would come against you.

*Cran. Kneeling.* I humbly thank your  
highness;

And am right glad to catch this good  
occasion

Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my  
chaff

And corn shall fly asunder; for I know  
There's none stands under more calum-  
nious tongues

Than I myself, poor man.

*K. Hen.* Stand up, good Canterbury:  
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted

In us, thy friend: give me thy hand, stand  
up;

Prithee, let's walk. Now, by my holidame,  
What manner of man are you? My lord, I  
look'd

You would have given me your petition,  
that

I should have ta'en some pains to bring  
together

Yourself and your accusers; and to have  
heard you,

Without endurance, further.

*Cran.* Most dread liege,  
The good I stand on is my truth and hon-  
esty:

If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,  
Will triumph o'er my person; which I  
weigh not,

Being of those virtues vacant. I fear  
nothing

What can be said against me.

*K. Hen.* Know you not  
How your state stands i' the world, with  
the whole world?

Your enemies are many, and not small;  
their practices

Must bear the same proportion; and not  
ever

The justice and the truth o' the question  
carries

The due o' the verdict with it. At what ease  
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as  
corrupt

To swear against you? such things have  
been done.

You are potentially oppos'd, and with a malice  
Of as great size. When you of better luck,  
I mean in perjurd witness, than your  
Master,

Whose minister you are, whiles here he  
liv'd

Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;  
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,  
And woo your own destruction.

*Cran.* God and your majesty  
Protect mine innocence! or I fall into

The trap is laid for me.

*K. Hen.* Be of good cheer;  
They shall no more prevail than we give  
way to.

Keep comfort to you; and this morning see  
You do appear before them. If they shall  
chance,

In charging you with matters, to commit  
you,

The best persuasions to the contrary  
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency  
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties

Will render you no remedy, this ring 150  
Deliver them, and your appeal to us  
There make before them. Look! the good man weeps;

He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!

I swear he is true-hearted; and a soul  
None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,

And do as I have bid you. *Exit CRANMER.*  
He has strangled  
His language in his tears.

*Enter an old Lady.*

*Gent. Within.* Come back: what mean you?

*Old Lady.* I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring

Will make my boldness manners. Now, good angels 159

Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person  
Under their blessed wings!

*K. Hen.* Now, by thy looks  
I guess thy message. Is the queen delivered?

Say, ay; and of a boy.

*Old Lady.* Ay, ay, my liege;  
And of a lovely boy: the God of heaven  
Both now and ever bless her! 't is a girl,  
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen  
Desires your visitation, and to be  
Acquainted with this stranger: 't is as like

you  
As cherry is to cherry.

*K. Hen.* Lovell!

*Re-enter LOVELL.*

*Lov.* Sir!

*K. Hen.* Give her an hundred marks.  
I'll to the queen. *Exit.* 170

*Old Lady.* An hundred marks! By this light, I'll ha' more.

An ordinary groom is for such payment:  
I will have more, or scold it out of him.  
Said I for this the girl was like to him?  
I will have more, or else unsay 't; and now,  
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Lobby before the Council-Chamber. Pursuivants, Pages, etc. attending.*

*Enter CRANMER.*

*Cran.* I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentleman  
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me  
To make great haste. All fast? what means this? Ho!  
Who waits there?

*Enter Keeper.*

Sure, you know me?

*Keep.* Yes, my lord;  
But yet I cannot help you.

*Cran.* Why?  
*Keep.* Your grace must wait till you be call'd for.

*Enter Doctor BUTTS.*

*Cran.* So.  
*Butts. Aside.* This is a piece of malice. I am glad

I came this way so happily: the king  
Shall understand it presently. *Exit.*

*Cran. Aside.* 'T is Butts,  
The king's physician. As he pass'd along, 't is  
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me.  
Pray heaven he sound not my disgrace! For certain,

This is of purpose laid by some that hate me.  
God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice,

To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me

Wait else at door, a fellow-counsellor,  
'Mong boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures

Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

*Enter the KING and BUTTS at a window above.*

*Butts.* I'll show your grace the strangest sight,—

*K. Hen.* What's that, Butts?

*Butts.* I think your highness saw this many a day. 21

*K. Hen.* Body o' me, where is it?

*Butts.* There, my lord:  
The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;

Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,

Pages and footboys.

*K. Hen.* Ha! 't is he, indeed.

Is this the honour they do one another?  
'T is well there 's one above 'em yet. I had thought

They had parted so much honesty among 'em,

At least good manners, as not thus to suffer  
A man of his place, and so near our favour, 30

To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,

And at the door, too, like a post with packets.  
By holy Mary, Butts, there 's knavery:

Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close;  
We shall hear more anon. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Council-Chamber.*

*Enter the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of SUFFOLK, the Duke of NORFOLK, the Earl of SURREY, the Lord Chamberlain, GARDINER, and CROMWELL.* The Chancellor places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of CANTERBURY. The rest seat themselves in order on each side. CROMWELL at the lower end, as secretary. Keeper at the door.

*Cham.* Speak to the business, master secretary:

Why are we met in council?

*Crom.* Please your honours,  
The chief cause concerns his grace of Can-  
terbury.

*Gar.* Has he had knowledge of it?

*Crom.* Yes.

*Nor.* Who waits there?

*Keep.* Without, my noble lords?

*Gar.* Yes.

*Keep.* My lord archbishop;  
And he has done half-an-hour, to know your  
pleasures.

*Chan.* Let him come in.

*Keep.* Your grace may enter now.

*CRANMER enters, and approaches the  
council-table.*

*Chan.* My good lord archbishop, I'm  
very sorry  
To sit here at this present and behold  
That chair stand empty: but we all are  
men, 10

In our own natures frail, and capable  
Of our flesh: few are angels: out of which  
frailty

And want of wisdom, you, that best should  
teach us,

Have misdeemean'd yourself, and not a little,  
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling  
The whole realm, by your teaching and your  
chaplains,

For so we are inform'd, with new opinions,  
Divers and dangerous; which are heresies,  
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

*Gar.* Which reformation must be sudden,  
too, 20  
My noble lords; for those that tame wild  
horses

Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em  
gentle,

But stop their mouths with stubborn bits,  
and spur 'em,

Till they obey the manage. If we suffer,  
Out of our easiness and childish pity  
To one man's honour, this contagious sick-  
ness,

Farewell all physic: and what follows then?  
Commutations, uproars, with a general taint  
Of the whole state: as, of late days, our  
neighbours,

The upper Germany, can dearly witness, 30  
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

*Cran.* My good lords, hitherto, in all the  
progress

Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,  
And with no little study, that my teaching  
And the strong course of my authority  
Might go one way, and safely; and the end  
Was ever to do well: nor is there living,  
I speak it with a single heart, my lords,  
A man that more detests, more stirs against,  
Both in his private conscience and his  
place, 40

Defacers of a public peace, than I do.  
Pray heaven the king may never find a heart  
With less allegiance in it! Men that make  
Envy and crooked malice nourishment  
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lord-  
ships

That in this case of justice, my accusers,

Be what they will, may stand forth face to  
face,

And freely urge against me.

*Suf.*

Nay, my lord,  
That cannot be; you are a counsellor,  
And by that virtue no man dare accuse  
you. 50

*Gar.* My lord, because we have business  
of more moment,

We will be short with you. 'T is his high-  
ness' pleasure,

And our consent, for better trial of you,  
From hence you be committed to the Tower;  
Where, being but a private man again,  
You shall know many dare accuse you  
boldly,

More than, I fear, you are provided for.

*Cran.* Ah! my good lord of Winchester,  
I thank you;

You are always my good friend: if your will  
pass,

I shall both find your lordship judge and  
juror, 50

You are so merciful. I see your end;  
'T is my undoing: love and meekness, lord,

Become a churchman better than ambition:  
Win straying souls with modesty again,

Cast none away. That I shall clear my-  
self,

Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,  
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience  
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,  
But reverence to your calling makes me  
modest.

*Gar.* My lord, my lord, you are a sec-  
tary; 70

That's the plain truth; your painted gloss  
discovers,

To men that understand you, words and  
weakness.

*Crom.* My lord of Winchester, you are a  
little,

By your good favour, too sharp; men so  
noble,

However faulty, yet should find respect  
For what they have been: 't is a cruelty  
To load a falling man.

*Gar.* Good master secretary,  
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst  
Of all this table, say so.

*Crom.* Why, my lord?

*Gar.* Do not I know you for a favourer 80  
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

*Crom.* Not sound?

*Gar.* Not sound, I say.

*Crom.* Would you were half so honest!  
Men's prayers then would seek you, not  
their fears.

*Gar.* I shall remember this bold language.  
*Crom.* Do.

Remember your bold life too.

*Chan.* This is too much;  
Forbear, for shame, my lords.

*Gar.* I have done.

*Crom.* And I.  
*Chan.* Then thus for you, my lord: it  
stands agreed,

I take it, by all voices, that forthwith  
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;

There to remain till the king's further pleasure  
Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, lords?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy, But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

Gar. What other Would you expect? you are strangely troublesome.  
Let some o' the guard be ready there.

*Enter Guard.*

Cran. For me? Must I go like a traitor thither?

Gar. Receive him, And see him safe i' the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords; I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;

By virtue of that ring I take my cause Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it 100 To a most noble judge, the king my master. Cham. This is the king's ring.

Sur. 'T is no counterfeit.

Suf. 'T is the right ring, by heaven! I told ye all, When we first put this dangerous stone a-rolling,

'T would fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords, The king will suffer but the little finger Of this man to be vex'd?

Chan. 'T is now too certain: How much more is his life in value with him?

Would I were fairly out on 't!

Crom. My mind gave me, In seeking tales and informations 110 Against this man, whose honesty the devil And his disciples only envy at, Ye blew the fire that burns ye: now have at ye!

*Enter the KING, frowning on them; he takes his seat.*

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven

In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince; Not only good and wise, but most religious: One that in all obedience makes the church The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen

That holy duty, out of dear respect, His royal self in judgment comes to hear 120 The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden commendations, Bishop of Winchester; but know, I come not To hear such flattery now, and in my presence;

They are too thin and bare to hide offences. To me you cannot reach; you play the spaniel,

And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;

But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure Thou hast a cruel nature and a bloody.

To CRANMER. Good man, sit down. Now let me see the proudest, 130 He that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:

By all that's holy, he had better starve Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

Sur. May it please your grace,—

K. Hen. No, sir, it does not please me. I had thought I had had men of some understanding

And wisdom of my council; but I find none. Was it discretion, lords, to let this man, This good man, few of you deserve that title, This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy At chamber-door? and one as great as you are? 140

Why, what a shame was this! Did my commission

Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye Power as he was a counsellor to try him, Not as a groom. There's some of ye, I see, More out of malice than integrity, Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean; Which ye shall never have while I live.

Chan.

Thus far, My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd

Concerning his imprisonment, was rather, 150 If there be faith in men, meant for his trial And fair purgation to the world, than malice, I'm sure, in me.

K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him;

Take him, and use him well; he's worthy of it.

I will say thus much for him, if a prince

May be beholding to a subject, I

Am, for his love and service, so to him.

Make me no more ado, but all embrace him:

Be friends, for shame, my lords! My lord of Canterbury, 160

I have a suit which you must not deny me; That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,

You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory

In such an honour: how may I deserve it, That am a poor and humble subject to you?

K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons. You shall have

Two noble partners with you; the old Duchess of Norfolk,

And Lady Marquess Dorset: will these please you? 170

Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,

Embrace and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart And brother-love, I do it.

Cran. And let heaven Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation,

K. Hen. Good man! those joyful tears show thy true heart:

The common voice, I see, is verified

Of thee, which says thus, 'Do my lord of Canterbury  
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.'

Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long  
To have this young one made a Christian. 180  
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;  
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.  
*Exeunt.*

SCENE. IV.—*The Palace Yard.*

*Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man.*

*Port.* You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals. Do you take the court for Paris-garden? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.

*Within.* Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

*Port.* Port to the gallows, and be hanged, ye rogue! Is this a place to roar in? Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones: these are but switches to 'em. I'll scratch your heads: you must be seeing christenings! Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals? 11

*Man.* Pray, sir, be patient: 't is as much impossible.

Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons,

To scatter 'em, as 't is to make 'em sleep  
On May-day morning; which will never be.  
We may as well push against Paul's as stir 'em.

*Port.* How got they in, and be hang'd?  
*Man.* Alas! I know not; how gets the tide in?

As much as one sound cudgel of four foot,  
You see the poor remainder, could distribute, 20

I made no spare, sir.

*Port.* You did nothing, sir.

*Man.* I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand,

To mow 'em down before me; but if I spared any

That had a head to hit, either young or old,  
He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker,

Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again;  
And that I would not for a cow, God save her!

*Within.* Do you hear, master porter?

*Port.* I shall be with you presently, good master puppy. Keep the door close, sirrah. 30

*Man.* What would you have me do?

*Port.* What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand: here will be father, godfather, and all together. 39

*Man.* The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now

reign in's nose: all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance. That fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me: he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pinked porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I missed the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out 'Clubs!' when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope o' the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broomstaff to me; I defied 'em still; when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work. The devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely. 62

*Port.* These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the Limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles, that is to come. 70

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain.*

*Cham.* Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here!

They grow still too, from all parts they are coming,

As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters,

These lazy knaves? Ye have made a fine hand fellows:

There's a trim rabble let in. Are all these Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have

Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,

When they pass back from the christening.

*Port.* An't please your honour, We are but men; and what so many may do,

Not being torn a-pieces, we have done: 80  
An army cannot rule 'em.

*Cham.* As I live,

If the king blame me for 't, I'll lay ye all By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads

Clap round fines for neglect: ye're lazy knaves;

And here ye lie baiting of bombards, when Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets sound;

They're come already from the christening. Go, break among the press, and find a way out

To let the troop pass fairly, or I'll find A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two months. 90

*Port.* Make way there for the princess.

*Man.* You great fellow, Stand close up, or I'll make your head ache.

*Port.* You i' the camlet, get up o' the rail;  
I'll pick you o'er the pales else. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Palace.*

*Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, the Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, the Duke of NORFOLK, with his marshal's staff, the Duke of SUFFOLK, two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls for the christening-gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of NORFOLK, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, etc., train borne by a Lady; then follows the Marchioness of DORSET, the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.*

*Gart.* Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!

*Flourish. Enter the KING and Train.*

*Cran. Kneeling.* And to your royal grace,  
and the good queen,  
My noble partners, and myself, thus pray:  
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,  
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,  
May hourly fall upon ye!

*K. Hen.* Thankyou, good lord archbishop:  
What is her name?

*Cran.* Elizabeth.

*K. Hen.* Stand up, lord.

*The KING kisses the Child.*

With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee! 11

Into whose hand I give thy life.

*Cran.* Amen.

*K. Hen.* My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:

I thank ye heartily: so shall this lady  
When she has so much English.

*Cran.* Let me speak, sir,  
For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter

Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.

This royal infant, heaven still move about her!

Though in her cradle, yet now promises  
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,

Which time shall bring to ripeness: she shall be, 21

But few now living can behold that goodness,

A pattern to all princes living with her,  
And all that shall succeed: Saba was never  
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue  
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,

That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,  
With all the virtues that attend the good,  
Shall still be doubled on her; truth shall nurse her;

Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her;

She shall be lov'd and fear'd; her own shall bless her;

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,  
And hang their heads with sorrow; good grows with her.

In her days every man shall eat in safety  
Under his own vine what he plants; and sing

The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.

God shall be truly known; and those about her

From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,

And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.

Nor shall this peace sleep with her; but as when 40

The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,  
Her ashes new create another heir,

As great in admiration as herself,  
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,

When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,

Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,  
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,

And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,

That were the servants to this chosen infant,  
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him: 50

Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,

His honour and the greatness of his name  
Shall be, and make new nations; he shall flourish,

And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches

To all the plains about him; our children's children

Shall see this and bless heaven.

*K. Hen.* Thou speakest wonders.

*Cran.* She shall be, to the happiness of England,

An aged princess; many days shall see her,

And yet no day without a deed to crown it.  
Would I had known no more! but she must die, 60

She must, the saints must have her, yet a virgin;

A most unspotted lily shall she pass  
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

*K. Hen.* O lord archbishop!

Thou hast made me now a man: never, before

This happy child, did I get any thing.

This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,  
That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire

To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.

I thank ye all. To you, my good lord mayor, 70

And your good brethren, I am much beholding;

I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,

And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords:  
 Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye;  
 She will be sick else. This day, no man think  
 Has business at his house; for all shall stay:  
 This little one shall make it holiday.

*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

'T is ten to one this play can never please  
 All that are here: some come to take their ease,  
 And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,

*We have frighted with our trumpets; so 't is clear*  
*They'll say 't is naught: others, to hear the city*  
*Abus'd extremely, and to cry 'That 's witty!'*  
*Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,*  
*All the expected good we're like to hear*  
*For this play, at this time, is only in*  
*The merciful construction of good women; 10*  
*For such a one we show'd 'em: if they smile*  
*And say 't will do, I know, within a while*  
*All the best men are ours; for 't is ill hap*  
*If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.*

## TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

**I**NTERPRETED in the light of to-day, *Troilus and Cressida* may justly be regarded as one of the greatest peace documents in all literature. Drawing its materials either immediately or remotely from the greatest and most widely diffused war epic of the world, it boldly strips from the brow of every hero his wreath of glory and makes the argument of the war itself a thing of open shame. The fact that the play was never acted during Shakespeare's lifetime and that it still remains practically unknown both to the stage and to the general reader, is sufficient evidence that in writing it Shakespeare was serving primarily some purpose of his own, and that he deliberately chose to sacrifice the applause of the moment to the more enlightened judgment of posterity. What that purpose was, still remains a puzzle to the critics. Whether we are right in assuming that Shakespeare had a vision of the disaster that must ensue to a civilization which, while nominally Christian, still persisted in the worship of pagan gods, the idolatry of pagan heroes, and the pursuit of pagan ideals, only the reader of the play can determine.

The play is obviously an interweaving of two stories: the one, the siege of Troy; the other, the so-called love story of Troilus and Cressida. With the story of Troy, Shakespeare had doubtless been familiar from his Stratford school days; the story of Troilus and Cressida he later learned from Chaucer. Both of these stories were almost universally known and in a variety of versions. The play gives evidence of Shakespeare's familiarity with the story of Troy, not only as told by Homer, where the heroism of the Greeks is extolled over that of the Trojans, but also in its mediaeval versions, in which the Trojans are extolled above the Greeks. The fact that the English traced with particular pride their ancestry to the Trojans, afforded Shakespeare a splendid opportunity, had he chosen to avail himself of it, for making this play appeal strongly to the patriotic pride of his countrymen. But there is no extolling here of either Greeks or Trojans. Instead, Shakespeare uses Thersites, a character which he found in Homer, as the sewer through which he empties his contempt on the whole enterprise and all connected with it.

Even the Troilus and Cressida story becomes here a story not of love, but of lust. No one who reads with attention the second scene of Act III can be for a moment deceived into thinking that Troilus is in love with Cressida. And as for Cressida, Ulysses sees through her at a glance. Their story is a fit accompaniment to a tale of "glorious war."

That Shakespeare had long reflected on the Troy story is evidenced by his frequent allusions to it in other plays, but more particularly by his extended treatment of the painting of the siege in his early poem, *Lucrece*. To *Lucrece*, as she looks upon the picture, he ascribes these words:

"Show me the strumpet that began this stir,  
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.  
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur  
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear."

This reference to Paris does not indicate that Shakespeare at the age of thirty felt constrained from patriotic motives to extol the Trojans. Not only does he fix upon them responsibility for the war, but he proceeds thence to question war in general:

"Why should the private pleasure of some one  
Become the public plague of many moe?  
Let sin, alone committed, light alone  
Upon his head that hath transgressed so;  
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe:  
For one's offence why should so many fall,  
To plague a private sin in general?"

Here already is revealed the spirit in which Shakespeare had determined to deal some day with the siege of Troy—and through Troy, with all war. For ten years he waited for the thought to ripen, and then he wrote *Troilus and Cressida*.

It is apparent that Shakespeare's purpose in writing the play could never have been realized without the help of Thersites. No other character in the play combines the intellectual perception, the privilege and the propensity for railing that would have afforded him an outlet for expressing his own opinion in fitting and unmistakable language. Thersites is one of Shakespeare's most wonderful creations. He is so repulsive that we would gladly exonerate Shakespeare from any responsibility for his utterances; and yet he is so everlastingly right in his estimate of men and events, so contemptuous of brute force as a substitute for intelligence, that we cannot escape the conviction that he is serving Shakespeare himself an excellent turn. To him, Achilles and Ajax are "draught oxen" driven by Ulysses and old Nestor and made to "plough up the wars." "To, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!" From their commander down, all are fools to Thersites: "Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive."

We should give less heed to Thersites were he not supported in his judgments by the wisest counselors of both the Greeks and Trojans. Ulysses in his description of Achilles "on his press'd bed lolling," laughing at the "scurril jests" of Patroclus, justifies Thersites' estimate. Both Nestor and Ulysses reveal their own duplicity and craft as well as their contempt for the intelligence of either Ajax or Achilles by the way in which they work them each against the other with the sole purpose of making all possible use of their brute strength. Surely Thersites was justified in calling them "draught oxen."

Furthermore, Thersites' opinion is justified by the Trojans themselves. In Act II, Scene 2, Priam and his sons discuss the Greeks' proposal to strike off all damage resulting from the war if Helen be surrendered up. Hector counsels "Let Helen go." Troilus and Paris oppose. Pressed for reasons, Troilus exclaims:

"Nay, if we talk of reason,  
Let's shut our gates and sleep: manhood and honour  
Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their thoughts  
With this cramm'd reason."

Reason, then, has no place in determining war; honor and courage are above reason. At last Hector, although insisting that the

"moral laws  
Of nature and of nations speak aloud  
To have her back returned,"

yet proposes to continue the fight,

"For 't is a cause that hath no mean dependence  
Upon our joint and several dignities."

Upon which Troilus exclaims:

"Why, there you touch'd the life of our design:  
Were it not glory that we more affected  
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,  
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood  
Spent more in her defence."

This, then, is why "so many fall." The "moral laws of nature and of nations" are set aside when the theme is one of "honour and renown" and when there is hope that through "valiant and magnanimous deeds" fame may "in time to come canonize us."

Thersites is right: this is a game only for fools. Surely the time has come for a wide and careful reading of Shakespeare's most pertinent message to our day, *Troilus and Cressida*.

# TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

PRIAM, *King of Troy.*

HECTOR,  
TROILUS,  
PARIS, } *his Sons.*

DEIPHOBUS,  
HELENUS,  
MARGARELON, *a bastard Son of Priam.*

ÆNEAS,  
ANTENOR, } *Trojan Commanders.*

CALCHAS, *a Trojan Priest, taking part with the Greeks.*

PANDARUS, *Uncle to Cressida.*

AGAMEMNON, *the Grecian General.*

MENELAUS, *his Brother.*

ACHILLES,

AJAX,

ULYSSES,

NESTOR,

DIOMEDES,

PATROCLUS,

THERSITES, *a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.*

ALEXANDER, *Servant to Cressida.*

*Servant to Troilus; Servant to Paris; Servant to Diomedes.*

HELEN, *Wife to Menelaus.*

ANDROMACHE, *Wife to Hector.*

CASSANDRA, *Daughter to Priam, a Prophetess.*

CRESSIDA, *Daughter to Calchas.*

*Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.*

SCENE.—*Troy, and the Grecian Camp before it.*

### PROLOGUE.

*In Troy there lies the scene. From isles of Greece*

*The princes orgulous, their high blood chaf'd,*

*Have to the port of Athens sent their ships, Fraught with the ministers and instruments*

*Of cruel war: sixty and nine, that wore Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay*

*Put forth towards Phrygia; and their vow is made*

*To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures*

*The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen, With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the quarrel.*

*To Tenedos they come, And the deep-drawing barks do there*

*disgorge Their war-like fraughtage: now on Dardan*

*plains The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do*

*pitch Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated*

*city, Dardan, and Tymbria, Helias, Chetas,*

*Troien, And Antenorides, with massy staples*

*And corroborative and fulfilling bolts, Sperr up the sons of Troy.*

*Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits*

*On one and other side, Trojan and Greek, Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come*

*A prologue arm'd, but not in confidence*

*Of author's pen or actor's voice, but suited*

*In like conditions as our argument, To tell you, fair beholders, that our play*

*Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,*

*Beginning in the middle; starting thence away*

*To what may be digested in a play. Like or find fault; do as your pleasures*

*are: 30 Now good or bad, 't is but the chance of*

*war.*

### ACT I

SCENE I.—*Troy. Before PRIAM'S Palace.*

*Enter TROILUS armed, and PANDARUS.*

*Tro. Call here my varlet, I 'll unarm*

*again: Why should I war without the walls of Troy,*

*That find such cruel battle here within? Each Trojan that is master of his heart,*

*Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none. Pan. Will this gear ne'er be mended?*

*Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,*

*Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;*

*But I am weaker than a woman's tear, Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance,*

*10 Less valiant than the virgin in the night, And skillless as unpractis'd infancy.*

*Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no*

*further. He that will have a cake out of the wheat must needs tarry the grinding.*

*Tro. Have I not tarried? Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must*

*tarry the bolting. Tro. Have I not tarried?*

*Pan. Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening. 20*

*Tro. Still have I tarried. Pan. Ay, to the leavening; but here's yet*

*in the word 'hereafter' the kneading, the*

making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

*Tro.* Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,

Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do. At Priam's royal table do I sit;

And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—

So, traitor! 'when she comes!' When is she thence?

*Pan.* Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

*Tro.* I was about to tell thee: when my heart,

As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain, Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,

I have, as when the sun doth light a storm, Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile;

But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,

Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

*Pan.* An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's, well, go to, there were no more comparison between the women: but for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her; but I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did: I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit, but—

*Tro.* O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,

Reply not in how many fathoms deep

They lie indrench'd. I tell thee I am mad In Cressid's love: thou answer'st, she is fair;

Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;

Handlest in thy discourse, O! that her hand,

In whose comparison all whites are ink, Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure

The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense

Hard as the palm of ploughman: this thou tell'st me,

As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her;

But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm, Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me

The knife that made it.

*Pan.* I speak no more than truth.

*Tro.* Thou dost not speak so much.

*Pan.* Faith, I'll not meddle in 't. Let her be as she is: if she be fair, 't is the better for her; an she be not, she has the mends in her own hands.

*Tro.* Good Pandarus, how now, Pandarus!

*Pan.* I have had my labour for my travail; ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone between, and between, but small thanks for my labour.

*Tro.* What! art thou angry, Pandarus? what! with me?

*Pan.* Because she's kin to me, therefore she's not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not an she were a black-a-moor; 't is all one to me.

*Tro.* Say I she is not fair?

*Pan.* I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her father: let her to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her the next time I see her. For my part, I'll meddle nor make no more i' the matter.

*Tro.* Pandarus,—  
*Pan.* Not I.

*Tro.* Sweet Pandarus,—  
*Pan.* Pray you, speak no more to me! I will leave all as I found it, and there an end.

*Exit* PANDARUS. *An alarum.*

*Tro.* Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,

When with your blood you daily paint her thus.

I cannot fight upon this argument; It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.

But Pandarus—O gods! how do you plague me.

I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar; And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo

As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit. Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,

What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?

Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl: Between our Ilium and where she resides,

Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;

Ourselves the merchant, and this sailing Pandar

Our doubtful hope, our convoy' and our bark.

*Alarum. Enter* ÆNEAS.

*Æne.* How now, Prince Troilus! wherefore not a-field?

*Tro.* Because not there: this woman's answer sorts,

For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

*Æne.* That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

*Tro.* By whom, Æneas?

*Æne.* Troilus, by Menelaus.

*Tro.* Let Paris bleed: 't is but a scar to scorn;

Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. *Alarum.*

*Æne.* Hark! what good sport is out of town to-day.

*Tro.* Better at home, if 'would I might' were 'may'.

But to the sport abroad: are you bound thither?

*Æne.* In all swift haste.

*Tro.* Come, go we then together. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Street.**Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER.**Cres.* Who were those went by?*Alex.* Queen Hecuba and Helen.*Cres.* And whither go they?*Alex.* Up to the eastern tower,  
Whose height commands as subject all the  
vale,To see the battle. Hector, whose patience  
is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd:He chid Andromache, and struck his arm-  
mourer;And, like as there were husbandry in war,  
Before the sun rose he was harness'd light,  
And to the field goes he; where every  
flowerDid, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw 10  
In Hector's wrath.*Cres.* What was his cause of anger?*Alex.* The noise goes, this: there is  
among the GreeksA lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;  
They call him Ajax.*Cres.* Good; and what of him?*Alex.* They say he is a very man *per se*,  
And stands alone.*Cres.* So do all men; unless they are  
drunk, sick, or have no legs. 18*Alex.* This man, lady, hath robbed many  
beasts of their particular additions: he is  
as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear,  
slow as the elephant; a man into whom  
nature hath so crowded humours that his  
valour is crushed into folly, his folly sauced  
with discretion: there is no man hath a  
virtue that he hath not a glimpse of, nor  
any man an attain but he carries some  
stain of it. He is melancholy without  
cause, and merry against the hair: he hath  
the joints of every thing, but every thing  
so out of joint that he is a gouty Briareus,  
many hands and no use; or purblind Argus,  
all eyes and no sight. 31*Cres.* But how should this man, that  
makes me smile, make Hector angry?*Alex.* They say he yesterday coped Hector  
in the battle and struck him down; the  
disdain and shame whereof hath ever since  
kept Hector fasting and waking.*Cres.* Who comes here?*Alex.* Madam, your uncle Pandarus.*Enter PANDARUS.**Cres.* Hector's a gallant man. 40*Alex.* As may be in the world, lady.*Pan.* What's that? what's that?*Cres.* Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.*Pan.* Good morrow, cousin Cressid. What  
do you talk of? Good morrow, Alexander.  
How do you, cousin? When were you at  
Ilium?*Cres.* This morning, uncle.*Pan.* What were you talking of when I  
came? Was Hector armed and gone ere ye  
came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was  
she? 50*Cres.* Hector was gone, but Helen was  
not up.*Pan.* Even so: Hector was stirring early.  
*Cres.* That were we talking of, and of  
his anger.*Pan.* Was he angry?*Cres.* So he says here.*Pan.* True, he was so; I know the cause  
too: he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell  
them that: and there's Troilus will not  
come far behind him; let them take heed  
of Troilus, I can tell them that too. 61*Cres.* What! is he angry too?*Pan.* Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better  
man of the two.*Cres.* O Jupiter! there's no comparison.*Pan.* What! not between Troilus and  
Hector? Do you know a man if you see  
him?*Cres.* Ay, if I ever saw him before and  
knew him.*Pan.* Well, I say Troilus is Troilus. 70*Cres.* Then you say as I say; for I am  
sure he is not Hector.*Pan.* No, nor Hector is not Troilus in  
some degrees.*Cres.* 'Tis just to each of them; he is  
himself.*Pan.* Himself! Alas! poor Troilus, I  
would he were.*Cres.* So he is.*Pan.* Condition, I had gone bare-foot to  
India.*Cres.* He is not Hector. 81*Pan.* Himself! no, he's not himself.  
Would a' were himself: well, the gods are  
above; time must friend or end. Well,  
Troilus, well, I would my heart were in her  
body. No, Hector is not a better man  
than Troilus.*Cres.* Excuse me.*Pan.* He is elder.*Cres.* Pardon me, pardon me. 89*Pan.* Th' other's not come to't; you  
shall tell me another tale when th' other's  
come to't. Hector shall not have his wit  
this year.*Cres.* He shall not need it if he have his  
own.*Pan.* Nor his qualities.*Cres.* No matter.*Pan.* Nor his beauty.*Cres.* 'T would not become him; his  
own's better.*Pan.* You have no judgment, niece:  
Helen herself swore th' other day, that  
Troilus, for a brown favour, for so 'tis I  
must confess, not brown neither,— 102*Cres.* No, but brown.*Pan.* Faith, to say truth, brown and not  
brown.*Cres.* To say the truth, true and not true.*Pan.* She prais'd his complexion above  
Paris.*Cres.* Why, Paris hath colour enough.*Pan.* So he has. 109*Cres.* Then Troilus should have too  
much: if she praised him above, his com-  
plexion is higher than his: he having  
colour enough, and the other higher, is too  
flaming a praise for a good complexion. I

had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose. 115

*Pan.* I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

*Cres.* Then she's a merry Greek indeed. *Pan.* Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him th' other day into the compassed window, and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin,—

*Cres.* Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

*Pan.* Why, he is very young; and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

*Cres.* Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter? 129

*Pan.* But to prove to you that Helen loves him: she came and puts me her white hand to his cloyen chin—

*Cres.* Juno have mercy! how came it cloyen?

*Pan.* Why, you know, 't is dimpled. I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

*Cres.* O! he smiles valiantly.

*Pan.* Does he not?

*Cres.* O! yes, an 't were a cloud in autumn.

*Pan.* Why, go to then. But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,— 141

*Cres.* Troilus will stand to the proof, if you 'll prove it so.

*Pan.* Troilus! why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

*Cres.* If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

*Pan.* I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin: indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess,— 151

*Cres.* Without the rack.

*Pan.* And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

*Cres.* Alas! poor chin; many a wart is richer.

*Pan.* But there was such laughing: Queen Hecuba laughed that her eyes ran o'er.

*Cres.* With millstones.

*Pan.* And Cassandra laughed.

*Cres.* But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run o'er too? 161

*Pan.* And Hector laughed.

*Cres.* At what was all this laughing?

*Pan.* Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

*Cres.* An 't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

*Pan.* They laughed not so much at the hair as at his pretty answer.

*Cres.* What was his answer? 170

*Pan.* Quoth she, 'Here's but two-and-fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.'

*Cres.* This is her question.

*Pan.* That's true; make no question of that. 'Two-and-fifty hairs,' quoth he, 'and

one white: that white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons,' 'Jupiter!' quoth she, 'which of these hairs is Paris my husband?' 'The forked one,' quoth he; 'pluck 't out, and give it him.' But there was such laughing, and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed. 182

*Cres.* So let it now, for it has been a great while going by.

*Pan.* Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on 't.

*Cres.* So I do.

*Pan.* I'll be sworn 't is true: he will weep you, an 't were a man born in April.

*Cres.* And I'll spring up in his tears, an 't were a nettle against May. 191

*A retreat sounded.*

*Pan.* Hark! they are coming from the field. Shall we stand up here, and see them as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

*Cres.* At your pleasure.

*Pan.* Here, here; here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely.

I'll tell you them all by their names as they pass by, but mark Troilus above the rest. 200

*Cres.* Speak not so loud.

*ÆNEAS passes over the stage.*

*Pan.* That's Æneas: is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you: but mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

*Cres.* Who's that?

*ANTENOR passes over.*

*Pan.* That's Antenor: he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o' the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person. When comes Troilus? I'll show you Troilus anon: if he sees me, you shall see him nod at me. 211

*Cres.* Will he give you the nod?

*Pan.* You shall see.

*Cres.* If he do, the rich shall have more.

*HECTOR passes over.*

*Pan.* That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; there's a fellow! Go thy way, Hector! There's a brave man, niece. O brave Hector! Look how he looks! there's a countenance! Is 't not a brave man?

*Cres.* O! a brave man. 220

*Pan.* Is a' not? It does a man's heart good. Look you what hacks are on his helmet! look you yonder, do you see? look you there: there's no jesting; there's laying on; take 't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

*Cres.* Be those with swords?

*Pan.* Swords! any thing, he cares not; an the devil come to him, it's all one: by God's lid, it does one's heart good. Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris.

## PARIS passes over.

Look ye yonder, niece: is't not a gallant man too, is't not? Why, this is brave now. Who said he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now, ha! Would I could see Troilus now! You shall see Troilus anon. 236

## HELENUS passes over.

Cres. Who's that?

Pan. That's Helenus. I marvel where Troilus is. That's Helenus. I think he went not forth to-day. That's Helenus. 240

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no. Yes, he'll fight indifferent well. I marvel where Troilus is. Hark! do you not hear the people cry 'Troilus'? Helenus is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

## TROILUS passes over.

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus. 'T is Troilus! there's a man, niece! Hem! Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cres. Peace! for shame, peace! 250

Pan. Mark him; note him. O brave Troilus! Look well upon him, niece: look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hacked than Hector's; and how he looks, and how he goes. O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three-and-twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way! Had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris? Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot. 260

Cres. Here come more.

## Soldiers pass over.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone: crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks Achilles, a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles! a drayman, a porter, a very camel. 271

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. 'Well, well!' Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and so forth, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pie, for then the man's date's out. 281

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you,

to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches. 290

Cres. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it's past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

## Enter TROILUS'S Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where? 299

Boy. At your own house; there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come.

Exit Boy.

I doubt he be hurt. Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cres. To bring, uncle?

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token, you are a bawd.

Exit PANDARUS.

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,

He offers in another's enterprise;

But more in Troilus thousand-fold I see 310  
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be.  
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing;  
Things won are done; joy's soul lies in the doing:

That she below'd knows nought that knows not this:

Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:

That she was never yet that ever knew  
Love got so sweet as when desire did sue.  
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach:  
Achievement is command; ungain'd, be-  
seech:

Then though my heart's content firm love  
doth bear, 320

Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.  
Exeunt.

## SCENE III.—The Grecian Camp. Before AGAMEMNON'S Tent.

Sennet. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, and Others.

Agam. Princes,

What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?

The ample proposition that hope makes

In all designs begun on earth below

Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks  
and disasters

Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;  
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,

Infect the sound pine and divert his grain  
Tortive and errant from his course of  
growth.

Nor, princes, is it matter new to us 10

That we come short of our suppose so far  
That after seven years' siege yet Troy  
walls stand;

Sith every action that hath gone before,  
Whereof we have record, trial did draw  
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,  
And that unbodied figure of the thought  
That gave't surmised shape. Why then,  
you princes,

Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our  
works,

And think them shames? which are indeed  
nought else

But the protractive trials of great Jove 20  
To find persistive constancy in men:  
The fineness of which metal is not found  
In fortune's love; for then the bold and  
coward,

The wise and fool, the artist and unread,  
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and  
kin:

But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,  
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,  
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;  
And what hath mass or matter, by itself  
Lies rich in virtue and unmingled. 30

Nest. With due observance of thy god-  
like seat,

Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply  
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance  
Lies the true proof of men: the sea being  
smooth,

How many shallow bauble boats dare sail  
Upon her patient breast, making their way  
With those of nobler bulk!

But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage  
The gentle Thetis, and anon behold  
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid  
mountains cut, 40

Bounding between the two moist elements,  
Like Perseus' horse: where's then the  
saucy boat

Whose weak untimber'd sides but even  
now

Co-rival'd greatness? Either to harbour  
fled,

Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so  
Doth valour's show and valour's worth  
divide

In storms of fortune; for in her ray and  
brightness

The herd hath more annoyance by the  
brize

Than by the tiger; but when the splitting  
wind

Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks, 50  
And flies fled under shade, why then, the  
thing of courage,

As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympa-  
thize,

And with an accent tun'd in self-same key,  
Retorts to chiding fortune.

Ulyss. Agamemnon,  
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of  
Greece,

Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,  
In whom the tempers and the minds of all  
Should be shut up, hear what Ulysses  
speaks.

Besides the applause and approbation  
The which, To AGAMEMNON. most mighty  
for thy place and sway, 60

To NESTOR. And thou most reverend for  
thy stretch'd-out life,

I give to both your speeches, which were  
such

As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece  
Should hold up high in brass; and such  
again

As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,  
Should with a bond of air, strong as the  
axletree

On which heaven rides, knit all the Greek-  
ish ears

To his experienc'd tongue, yet let it please  
both,

Thou great, and wise, to hear Ulysses speak,  
Agam. Speak, Prince of Ithaca; and  
be't of less expect 70

That matter needless, of importless burden,  
Divide thy lips, than we are confident,  
When rank Thersites opes his mastick jaws,  
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had  
been down,

And the great Hector's sword had lack'd  
a master,

But for these instances.

The specialty of rule hath been neglected:  
And, look, how many Grecian tents do  
stand

Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow  
factions. 80

When that the general is not like the hive  
To whom the foragers shall all repair,

What honey is expected? Degree being  
vizarded,

The unworthiest shows as fairly in the  
mask.

The heavens themselves, the planets, and  
this centre

Observe degree, priority, and place,  
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,

Office, and custom, in all line of order:  
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol

In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd 80  
Amidst the other; whose medicinal eye  
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,

And posts, like the commandment of a king,  
Sans check to good and bad: but when the  
planets

In evil mixture to disorder wander,  
What plagues, and what portents, what  
mutiny,

What raging of the sea, shaking of earth,  
Commotion in the winds, frights, changes,  
horrors,

Divert and crack, rend and deracinate  
The unity and married calm of states 100

Quite from their fixure! O! when degree  
is shak'd,

Which is the ladder to all high designs,  
The enterprise is sick. How could com-  
munities,

Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in  
cities,

Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,  
The primogenitive and due of birth,

Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,  
But by degree, stand in authentic place?

Take but degree away, untune that string,

And, hark! what discord follows; each thing meets 110

In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,

And make a sop of all this solid globe: Strength should be lord of imbecility, And the rude son should strike his father dead:

Force should be right; or rather, right and wrong,

Between whose endless jar justice resides, Should lose their names, and so should justice too.

Then every thing includes itself in power, Power into will, will into appetite; 120

And appetite, an universal wolf, So doubly seconded with will and power, Must make perforce an universal prey, And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,

This chaos, when degree is suffocate, Follows the choking.

And this neglect of degree it is That by a pace goes backward, in a purpose It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd By him one step below, he by the next, 130 That next by him beneath; so every step, Exemplary by the first pace that is sick Of his superior, grows to an envious fever Of pale and bloodless emulation:

And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot, Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,

Troy in our weakness lives, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd

The fever whereof all our power is sick. Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses, 140

What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns

The sinew and the forehand of our host, Having his ear full of his airy fame, Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent Lies mocking our designs. With him

Patroclus Upon a lazy bed the livelong day

Breaks scurril jests,

And with ridiculous and awkward action, Which, slanderer, he imitation calls, 150

He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,

Thy topless deputation he puts on,

And, like a strutting player, whose conceit Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich

To hear the wooden dialogue and sound 'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,—

Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,

'Tis like a chime a-mending; with terms unsquar'd,

Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd, 160

Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling, From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;

Cries 'Excellent! 'tis Agamemnon just.

Now play me Nestor; hem, and stroke thy beard,

As he being dress'd to some oration.'

That's done; as near as the extremest ends Of parallels, as like as Vulcan and his wife: Yet god Achilles still cries 'Excellent!'

'Tis Nestor right. Now play him me, Patroclus, 170

Arming to answer in a night alarm.'

And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age Must be the scene of mirth; to cough and spit,

And with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget, Shake in and out the rivet: and at this sport Sir Valour dies; cries 'O! enough, Patroclus,

Or give me ribs of steel; I shall split all In pleasure of my spleen.' And in this fashion,

All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes, Severals and generals of grace exact, 180 Achievements, plots, orders, preventions, Excitements to the field, or speech for truce, Success or loss, what is or is not, serves As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain, Who, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns With an imperial voice, many are infect. Ajax is grown self-will'd, and bears his head

In such a rein, in full as proud a place As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him; 190

Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,

Bold as an oracle, and sets Thersites, A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint,

To match us in comparisons with dirt;

To weaken and discredit our exposure, How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;

Count wisdom as no member of the war; Forestall prescience, and esteem no act But that of hand: the still and mental parts, 200

That do contrive how many hands shall strike,

When fitness calls them on, and know by measure

Of their observant toil the enemies' weight,—

Why, this hath not a finger's dignity.

They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war;

So that the ram that batters down the wall, For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,

They place before his hand that made the engine,

Or those that with the fineness of their souls

By reason guide his execution. 210

*Nest.* Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse  
Makes many Thetis' sons. *A tucket.*  
*Agam.* What trumpet? look, Menelaus.  
*Men.* From Troy.

*Enter ÆNEAS.*  
*Agam.* What would you fore our tent?  
*Æne.* Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?  
*Agam.* Even this.  
*Æne.* May one, that is a herald and a prince,  
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?  
*Agam.* With surety stronger than Achilles' arm  
Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice  
Call Agamemnon head and general.  
*Æne.* Fair leave and large security. How may  
A stranger to those most imperial looks  
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

*Agam.* How!  
*Æne.* Ay;  
I ask, that I might waken reverence,  
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush  
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes  
The youthful Phœbus.  
Which is that god in office, guiding men?  
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?  
*Agam.* This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy  
Are ceremonious courtiers.

*Æne.* Courtiers as free, as debonair, un-arm'd,  
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace;  
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,  
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's accord,  
Nothing so full of heart. But peace, *Æneas!*

Peace, Trojan! lay thy finger on thy lips. 240  
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,  
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth;  
But what the repining enemy commends,  
That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure, transcends.

*Agam.* Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?  
*Æne.* Ay, Greek, that is my name.  
*Agam.* What's your affair, I pray you?  
*Æne.* Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.  
*Agam.* He hears nought privately that comes from Troy.  
*Æne.* Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him: 250

I bring a trumpet to awake his ear,  
To set his sense on the attentive bent,  
And then to speak.  
*Agam.* Speak frankly as the wind:  
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour;  
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,  
He tells thee so himself.

*Æne.* Trumpet, blow loud,

Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;  
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,  
What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.  
*Trumpet sounds.*  
We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy 260  
A prince call'd Hector, Priam is his father,  
Who in this dull and long-continued truce  
Is rusty grown: he bade me take a trumpet,  
And to this purpose speak: Kings, princes, lords!

If there be one among the fair'st of Greece  
That holds his honour higher than his ease,  
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril,  
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear,  
That loves his mistress more than in confession, 269  
With truant vows to her own lips he loves,  
And dare avow her beauty and her worth  
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.

Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,  
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it.  
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,  
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;  
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,  
Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,

To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:  
If any come, Hector shall honour him; 280  
If none, he'll say in Troy when he retires,  
The Grecian dames are sunburnt, and not worth

The splinter of a lance. Even so much.  
*Agam.* This shall be told our lovers,  
Lord Æneas;

If none of them have soul in such a kind,  
We left them all at home: but we are soldiers;  
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,  
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!  
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,  
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he. 290

*Nest.* Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man  
When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;

But if there be not in our Grecian host  
One noble man that hath one spark of fire  
To answer for his love, tell him from me  
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,  
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;

And, meeting him, will tell him that my lady  
Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaste  
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,  
I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of blood. 301

*Æne.* Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

*Ulyss.* Amen.  
*Agam.* Fair Lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;  
To our pavilion shall I lead you first.  
Achilles shall have word of this intent;

So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:

Yourself shall feast with us before you go,  
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

*Exeunt all but ULYSSES and NESTOR.*

*Ulyss.* Nestor! 310

*Nest.* What says Ulysses?

*Ulyss.* I have a young conception in my brain;

Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

*Nest.* What is 't?

*Ulyss.* This 't is:

Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the seeded pride

That hath to this maturity blown up

In rank Achilles must or now be cropp'd,

Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,

To overbulk us all.

*Nest.* Well, and how? 320

*Ulyss.* This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,

However it is spread in general name,

Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

*Nest.* The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,

Whose grossness little characters sum up:

And, in the publication, make no strain,

But that Achilles, were his brain as barren

As banks of Libya, though, Apollo knows,

'T is dry enough, will, with great speed of judgment,

Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose 330  
Pointing on him.

*Ulyss.* And wake him to the answer, think you?

*Nest.* Yes, 't is most meet: whom may you else oppose,

That can from Hector bring his honour off,  
If not Achilles? Though 't be a sportful

combat,

Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;

For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute

With their fin'st palate: and trust to me,  
Ulysses,

Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd

In this wild action; for the success, 340

Although particular, shall give a scantling

Of good or bad unto the general;

And in such indexes, although small pricks

To their subsequent volumes, there is seen

The baby figure of the giant mass

Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd

He that meets Hector issues from our choice;

And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,

Makes merit her election, and doth boil,

As 't were from forth us all, a man distill'd 350

Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,

What heart receives from hence the conquering part,

To steel a strong opinion to themselves?

Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,

In no less working than are swords and bows

Directive by the limbs.

*Ulyss.* Give pardon to my speech:

Therefore 't is meet Achilles meet not Hector.

Let us like merchants show our foulest wares,

And think perchance they'll sell; if not, 360

The lustre of the better yet to show

Shall show the better. Do not consent

That ever Hector and Achilles meet;

For both our honour and our shame in this

Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

*Nest.* I see them not with my old eyes: what are they?

*Ulyss.* What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,

Were he not proud, we all should wear with him:

But he already is too insolent;

And we were better parch in Afric sun 370

Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,

Should he 'scape Hector fair: if he were foil'd,

Why then we did our main opinion crush  
In taint of our best man. No; make a

lottery;

And by device let blockish Ajax draw

The sort to fight with Hector: among ourselves

Give him allowance as the worthier man,

For that will physic the great Myrmidon

Who broils in loud applause; and make him fall

His crest that prouder than blue Iris bends.

If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off, 381

We'll dress him up in voices: if he fail,

Yet go we under our opinion still

That we have better men. But, hit or miss,

Our project's life this shape of sense assumes:

Ajax employ'd plucks down Achilles' plumes.

*Nest.* Ulysses,

Now I begin to relish thy advice;

And I will give a taste of it forthwith

To Agamemnon: go we to him straight. 390

Two curs shall tame each other; pride alone

Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 't were their bone. *Exeunt.*

## ACT II

SCENE I.—*A Part of the Grecian Camp.*

*Enter AJAX and THERSITES.*

*Ajax.* Thersites!

*Ther.* Agamemnon, how if he had boils? full, all over, generally?

*Ajax.* Thersites!

*Ther.* And those boils did run? say so: did not the general run then? were not that a botchy core?

*Ajax.* Dog!

*Ther.* Then would come some matter from him: I see none now. 10

*Ajax.* Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel then. *Strikes him.*

*Ther.* The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord!

*Ajax.* Speak then, thou vinewen'd'st leaven, speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.

*Ther.* I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but I think thy horse will sooner can an oration than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks! 21

*Ajax.* Toadstool, learn me the proclamation.

*Ther.* Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strikeme thus?

*Ajax.* The proclamation!

*Ther.* Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

*Ajax.* Do not, porpentine, do not: my fingers itch.

*Ther.* I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsome scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou striketh as slow as another. 33

*Ajax.* I say, the proclamation!

*Ther.* Thou grumblest and raillest every hour on Achilles, and thou art as full of envy at his greatness as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou barkest at him.

*Ajax.* Mistress Thersites!

*Ther.* Thou should'st strike him. 40

*Ajax.* Cobloaf!

*Ther.* He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

*Ajax.* You whoreson cur! *Beating him.*

*Ther.* Do, do.

*Ajax.* Thou stool for a witch!

*Ther.* Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinego may tutor thee, thou scurvy-valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

*Ajax.* You dog!

*Ther.* You scurvy lord!

*Ajax.* You cur!

*Ther.* Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do. 59

*Enter* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

*Achil.* Why, how now, Ajax! wherefore do you thus? How now, Thersites! what's the matter, man?

*Ther.* You see him there, do you?

*Achil.* Ay; what's the matter?

*Ther.* Nay, look upon him.

*Achil.* So I do: what's the matter?

*Ther.* Nay, but regard him well.

*Achil.* 'Well!' why, so I do.

*Ther.* But yet you look not well upon him; for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax. 70

*Achil.* I know that, fool.

*Ther.* Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

*Ajax.* Therefore I beat thee.

*Ther.* Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain more than he has beat my bones; I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord,

Achilles, Ajax, who wears his wit in his belly and his guts in his head, I'll tell you what I say of him. 81

*Achil.* What?

*Ther.* I say, this Ajax—

*Ajax offers to strike him.*

*Achil.* Nay, good Ajax.

*Ther.* Has not so much wit—

*Achil.* Nay, I must hold you.

*Ther.* As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

*Achil.* Peace, fool! 89

*Ther.* I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

*Ajax.* O thou damned cur! I shall—

*Achil.* Will you set your wit to a fool's?

*Ther.* No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

*Patr.* Good words, Thersites.

*Achil.* What's the quarrel?

*Ajax.* I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me. 100

*Ther.* I serve thee not.

*Ajax.* Well, go to, go to.

*Ther.* I serve here voluntary.

*Achil.* Your last service was sufferance, 't was not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

*Ther.* E'en so; a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch if he knock out either of your brains: a' were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel. 112

*Achil.* What! with me too, Thersites?

*Ther.* There's Ulysses, and old Nestor, whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes, yoke you like draught-oxen and make you plough up the wars.

*Achil.* What, what?

*Ther.* Yes, good sooth: to Achilles! to, Ajax! to! 120

*Ajax.* I shall cut out your tongue.

*Ther.* 'T is no matter; I shall speak as much as thou afterwords.

*Patr.* No more words, Thersites; peace!

*Ther.* I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I?

*Achil.* There's for you, Patroclus.

*Ther.* I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents: I will keep where there is wit stirring and leave the faction of fools. *Exit.* 131

*Patr.* A good riddance.

*Achil.* Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host:

That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun, Will with a trumpet 'twixt our tents and Troy

To-morrow morning call some knight to arms

That hath a stomach; and such a one that dare

Maintain—I know not what: 't is trash.

Farewell.

*Ajax.* Farewell. Who shall answer him?

*Achil.* I know not: 'tis put to lottery;  
 otherwise 140  
*He* knew his man.  
*Ajax.* O! meaning you. I will go learn  
 more of it. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Troy. A room in Priam's Palace.*

*Enter* PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, and HELENUS.

*Pri.* After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,  
 Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:

'Deliver Helen, and all damage else,  
 As honour, loss of time, travail, expense,  
 Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd

In hot digestion of this cormorant war,  
 Shall be struck off.' *Hector*, what say you to 't?

*Hect.* Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,

As far as toucheth my particular,  
 Yet, dread Priam, 10

There is no lady of more softer bowels,  
 More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,  
 More ready to cry out 'Who knows what follows?'

Than *Hector* is. The wound of peace is surety,

Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd  
 The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches

To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:  
 Since the first sword was drawn about this question,

Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,

Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours; 20

If we have lost so many tenths of ours,  
 To guard a thing not ours nor worth to us,  
 Had it our name, the value of one ten,  
 What merit 's in that reason which denies  
 The yielding of her up?

*Tro.* Fie, fie, my brother,  
 Weigh you the worth and honour of a king  
 So great as our dread father in a scale  
 Of common ounces? will you with counters sum

The past proportion of his infinite?  
 And buckle in a waist most fathomless 30

With spans and inches so diminutive  
 As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

*Hel.* No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,

You are so empty of them. Should not our father

Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,

Because your speech hath none that tells him so?

*Tro.* You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest;

You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons:

You know an enemy intends you harm;

You know a sword employ'd is perilous, 40  
 And reason flies the object of all harm:  
 Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds  
 A Grecian and his sword, if he do set  
 The very wings of reason to his heels,  
 And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,  
 Or like a star disorb'd? Nay, if we talk of reason,

Let's shut our gates and sleep: manhood and honour

Should have hare-hearts, would they but fat their thoughts

With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect

Make livers pale and lustihood deject. 50

*Hect.* Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost  
 The holding.

*Tro.* What is aught but as 't is valued?

*Hect.* But value dwells not in particular will;

It holds his estimate and dignity  
 As well wherein 't is precious of itself

As in the prizer. 'Tis mad idolatry  
 To make the service greater than the god;

And the will dotes that is inclinable  
 To what infectiously itself affects,

Without some image of the affected merit. 60

*Tro.* I take to-day a wife, and my election  
 Is led on in the conduct of my will;

My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,  
 Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous

shores  
 Of will and judgment. How may I avoid,

Although my will distaste what it elected,  
 The wife I chose? there can be no evasion

To blench from this and to stand firm by honour.

We turn not back the silks upon the merchant

When we have soil'd them, nor the remainder viands 70

We do not throw in unrespective sieve,  
 Because we now are full. It was thought meet

Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:

Your breath of full consent bellied his sails;  
 The seas and winds, old wranglers, took a

truce  
 And did him service: he touch'd the ports

desir'd,  
 And for an old aunt whom the Greeks held

captive,  
 He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness

Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes stale the morning.

Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt: 80

Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,  
 Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,

And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.

If you'll avouch 't was wisdom Paris went,  
 As you must needs, for you all cried 'Go, go';

If you'll confess he brought home noble prize,

As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands  
And cried 'Inestimable!' why do you now  
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,  
And do a deed that Fortune never did, 90  
Beggars the estimation which you priz'd  
Richer than sea and land? O! theft most base,  
That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep:  
But thieves unworthy of a thing so stol'n,  
That in their country did them that disgrace  
We fear to warrant in our native place.  
*Cas. Within.* Cry, Trojans, cry!  
*Pri.* What noise? what shriek?  
*Tro.* 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.  
*Cas. Within.* Cry, Trojans!  
*Hect.* It is Cassandra. 100

*Enter CASSANDRA, raving.*  
*Cas.* Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,  
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.  
*Hect.* Peace, sister, peace!  
*Cas.* Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled eld,  
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,  
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes  
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.  
*Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!*  
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;  
Our frebrand brother, Paris, burns us all. 110  
*Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen and a woe!*  
*Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go.*  
*Exit.*

*Hect.* Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains  
Of divination in our sister work  
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood  
So madly hot that no discourse of reason,  
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,  
Can qualify the same?  
*Tro.* Why, brother Hector,  
We may not think the justness of each act  
Such and no other than event doth form it,  
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,  
Because Cassandra's mad: her brain-sick raptures 122  
Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel  
Which hath our several honours all engag'd  
To make it gracious. For my private part,  
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons;  
And Jove forbid there should be done amongst us  
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen  
To fight for and maintain.  
*Par.* Else might the world convince of levity 130  
As well my undertakings as your counsels;  
But I attest the gods, your full consent  
Gave wings to my propension and cut off  
All fears attending on so dire a project:  
For what, alas! can these my single arms?  
What propugnation is in one man's valour,  
To stand the push and enmity of those  
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,  
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,

And had as ample power as I have will, 140  
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,  
Nor faint in the pursuit.  
*Pri.* Paris, you speak  
Like one besotted on your sweet delights;  
You have the honey still, but these the gall;  
So to be valiant is no praise at all.  
*Par.* Sir, I propose not merely to myself  
The pleasure such a beauty brings with it;  
But I would have the soil of her fair rape  
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.  
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen, 150  
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,  
Now to deliver her possession up  
On terms of base compulsion! Can it be  
That so degenerate a strain as this  
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?  
There's not the meanest spirit on our party  
Without a heart to dare or sword to draw  
When Helen is defended, nor none so noble  
Whose life were ill bestow'd or death unfam'd  
Where Helen is the subject: then, I say, 160  
Well may we fight for her whom, we know well,  
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.  
*Hect.* Paris and Troilus, you have both said well;  
And on the cause and question now in hand  
Have glaz'd, but superficially; not much  
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought  
Unfit to hear moral philosophy.  
The reasons you allege do more conduce  
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood  
Than to make up a free determination 170  
'Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure and revenge  
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice  
Of any true decision. Nature craves  
All dues be render'd to their owners: now,  
What nearer debt in all humanity  
Than wife is to the husband? If this law  
Of nature be corrupted through affection,  
And that great minds, of partial indulgence  
To their benumbed wills, resist the same,  
There is a law in each well-order'd nation  
To curb those raging appetites that are 181  
Most disobedient and refractory.  
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,  
As it is known she is, these moral laws  
Of nature and of nations speak aloud  
To have her back return'd; thus to persist  
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,  
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion  
Is this, in way of truth; yet, nevertheless,  
My spritely brethren, I propend to you 190  
In resolution to keep Helen still;  
For 't is a cause that hath no mean dependence  
Upon our joint and several dignities.  
*Tro.* Why, there you touch'd the life of our design;  
Were it not glory that we more affected

Than the performance of our heaving spleens,

I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,

She is a theme of honour and renown, A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds, 200 Whose present courage may beat down our foes,

And fame in time to come canonize us; For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose So rich advantage of a promis'd glory As smiles upon the forehead of this action For the wide world's revenue.

*Hect.* I am yours, You valiant offspring of great Priamus. I have a roisting challenge sent amongst The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits. 210

I was advertis'd, their great general slept Whilst emulation in the army crept: This, I presume, will wake him. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Grecian Camp. Before ACHILLES' Tent.*  
*Enter THERSITES.*

*Ther.* How now, Thersites! what! lost in the labyrinth of thy fury. Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! would it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me. 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles, a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O! thou great thunder-darter of Olympus; forget that thou art Jove the king of gods, and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy caduceus, if ye take not that little, little, less than little wit from them that they have; which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or rather, the Neapolitan bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependent on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers, and, devil Envy, say Amen. What ho! my Lord Achilles! 24

*Enter PATROCLUS.*

*Patr.* Who's there? Thersites! Good Thersites, come in and rail.

*Ther.* If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit thou would'st not have slipped out of my contemplation: but it is no matter; thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death! then if she that lays thee out says thou art a fair corpse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon 't she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?

*Patr.* What! art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

*Ther.* Ay; the heavens hear me! 40

*Enter ACHILLES.*

*Achil.* Who's there?

*Patr.* Thersites, my lord.

*Achil.* Where, where? Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come, what's Agamemnon?

*Ther.* Thy commander, Achilles. Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

*Patr.* Thy lord, Thersites. Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself? 50

*Ther.* Thy knower, Patroclus. Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

*Patr.* Thou may'st tell that knowest.

*Achil.* O! tell, tell.

*Ther.* I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

*Patr.* You rascal!

*Ther.* Peace, fool! I have not done. 60

*Achil.* He is a privileged man. Proceed, Thersites.

*Ther.* Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

*Achil.* Derive this, come.

*Ther.* Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive. 70

*Patr.* Why am I a fool?

*Ther.* Make that demand to the Creator. It suffices me thou art. Look you, who comes here?

*Achil.* Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody. Come in with me, Thersites. *Exit.*

*Ther.* Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is a cuckold and a whore: a good quarrel to draw emulous factions and bleed to death upon. Now, the dry serpigo on the subject! and war and lechery confound all! *Exit.* 82

*Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and AJAX.*

*Agam.* Where is Achilles?

*Patr.* Within his tent; but ill dispos'd. my lord.

*Agam.* Let it be known to him that we are here.

He shent our messengers; and we lay by Our apertaintments, visiting of him:

Let him be told so; lest perchance he think We dare not move the question of our place, Or know not what we are.

*Patr.* I shall say so to him. *Exit.* 90

*Ulyss.* We saw him at the opening of his tent: He is not sick.

*Ajax.* Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 't is pride: but

why, why? let him show us a cause. A word, my lord. *Takes AGAMEMNON aside.*

*Nest.* What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

*Ulyss.* Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him. 100

*Nest.* Who, Thersites?

*Ulyss.* He.

*Nest.* Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

*Ulyss.* No, you see, he is his argument that has his argument, Achilles.

*Nest.* All the better; their faction is more our wish than their faction: but it was a strong composure a fool could disunite.

*Ulyss.* The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus. 111

*Nest.* No Achilles with him?

*Re-enter PATROCLUS.*

*Ulyss.* The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

*Patr.* Achilles bids me say, he is much sorry,

If any thing more than your sport and pleasure

Did move your greatness and this noble state

To call upon him; he hopes it is no other But for your health and your digestion sake, 120

An after-dinner's breath.

*Agam.* Hear you, Patroclus; We are too well acquainted with these answers:

But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,

Cannot outfly our apprehensions.

Much attribute he hath, and much the reason

Why we ascribe it to him; yet all his virtues, Not virtuously on his own part beheld,

Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss, Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,

Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him, We come to speak with him; and you shall not sin 121

If you do say we think him over-proud And under-honest, in self-assumption greater

Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himself

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on,

Disguise the holy strength of their command,

And underwrite in an observing kind His humorous predominance; yea, watch

His pettish luns, his ebbs, his flows, as if The passage and whole carriage of this action 140

Rode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add, That if he overhold his price so much,

We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine

Not portable, lie under this report: 'Bring action hither, this cannot go to war';

A stirring dwarf we do allowance give Before a sleeping giant; tell him so.

*Patr.* I shall; and bring his answer presently. *Exit.*

*Agam.* In second voice we'll not be satisfied;

We come to speak with him. *Ulysses, enter you. Exit ULYSSES.*

*Ajax.* What is he more than another? 151

*Agam.* No more than what he thinks he is.

*Ajax.* Is he so much? Do you not think he thinks himself a better man than I am?

*Agam.* No question.

*Ajax.* Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

*Agam.* No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable. 160

*Ajax.* Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

*Agam.* Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats up himself; pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

*Ajax.* I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads. 170

*Nest.* *Aside.* Yet he loves himself: is't not strange?

*Re-enter ULYSSES.*

*Ulyss.* Achilles will not to the field tomorrow.

*Agam.* What's his excuse?

*Ulyss.* He doth rely on none, But carries on the stream of his dispose Without observance or respect of any,

In will peculiar and in self-admission.

*Agam.* Why will he not upon our fair request

Untent his person and share the air with us?

*Ulyss.* Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,

He makes important: possess'd he is with greatness, 180

And speaks not to himself but with a pride That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd

worth

Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,

That 'twixt his mental and his active parts Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages

And batters 'gainst itself: what should I say?

He is so plagu' proud that the death-tokens of it

Cry 'No recovery.'

*Agam.* Let Ajax go to him.

Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent: 'T is said he holds you well, and will be led 190

At your request a little from himself.

*Ulyss.* O Agamemnon! let it not be so. We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes

When they go from Achilles: shall the proud lord

That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,

And never suffers matter of the world  
Enter his thoughts, save such as do revolve  
And ruminate himself, shall he be wor-  
shipp'd

Of that we hold an idol more than he? 199  
No, this thrice-worthy and right valiant lord  
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;  
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,  
As amply titled as Achilles is,  
By going to Achilles:  
That were to enlard his fat already pride,  
And add more coals to Cancer when he  
burns

With entertaining great Hyperion.  
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid,  
And say in thunder 'Achilles, go to him.'

*Nest. Aside.* O! this is well; he rubs the  
vein of him. 210

*Dio. Aside.* And how his silence drinks  
up this applause!

*Ajax.* If I go to him, with my armed fist  
I'll pash him o'er the face.

*Agam.* O, no! you shall not go.  
*Ajax.* An a' be proud with me, I'll pheeze  
his pride.

Let me go to him.  
*Ulyss.* Not for the worth that hangs upon  
our quarrel.

*Ajax.* A paltry, insolent fellow!  
*Nest. Aside.* How he describes himself!

*Ajax.* Can he not be sociable? 220  
*Ulyss. Aside.* The raven chides black-  
ness.

*Ajax.* I'll let his humours blood.  
*Agam. Aside.* He will be the physician  
that should be the patient.

*Ajax.* An all men were o' my mind.—  
*Ulyss. Aside.* Wit would be out of fashion.

*Ajax.* A' should not bear it so, a' should  
eat swords first: shall pride carry it?

*Nest. Aside.* An 't would, you'd carry  
half. 229

*Ulyss. Aside.* A' would have ten shares.  
*Ajax.* I will knead him; I'll make him  
supple.

*Nest. Aside.* He's not yet through warm:  
force him with praises: pour in, pour in;  
his ambition is dry.

*Ulyss. To AGAMEMNON.* My lord, you  
feed too much on this dislike.

*Nest.* Our noble general, do not do so.  
*Dio.* You must prepare to fight without  
Achilles.

*Ulyss.* Why, 't is this naming of him does  
him harm.

Here is a man—but 'tis before his face; 240  
I will be silent.

*Nest.* Wherefore should you so?  
He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

*Ulyss.* Know the whole world, he is as  
valiant.

*Ajax.* A whoreson dog, that shall palter  
thus with us!

Would he were a Trojan!  
*Nest.* What a vice were it in Ajax now,—

*Ulyss.* If he were proud,—  
*Dio.* Or covetous of praise,—

*Ulyss.* Ay, or surly borne,—

*Dio.* Or strange, or self-affected!

*Ulyss.* Thank the heavens, lord, thou art  
of sweet composure;

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee  
suck:

Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature  
Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition:

But he that disciplin'd thine arms to fight,  
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,

And give him half: and, for thy vigour,  
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield

To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy  
wisdom,

Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, con-  
fines 260

Thy spacious and dilated parts: here's  
Nestor,

Instructed by the antiquary times,  
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;

But pardon, father Nestor, were your days  
As green as Ajax' and your brain so tem-  
per'd,

You should not have the eminence of him.  
But be as Ajax.

*Ajax.* Shall I call you father?  
*Nest.* Ay, my good son.

*Dio.* Be rul'd by him, Lord Ajax.  
*Ulyss.* There is no tarrying here; the  
hart Achilles 269

Keeps thicket. Please it our great general  
To call together all his state of war;

Fresh kings are come to Troy: to-morrow  
We must with all our main of power stand  
fast:

And here's a lord,—come knights from east  
to west,

And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the  
best.

*Agam.* Go we to council. Let Achilles  
sleep:

Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks  
draw deep. *Exeunt.*

## ACT III

## SCENE I.—Troy. PRIAM'S Palace.

*Enter PANDARUS and a Servant.*

*Pan.* Friend! you! pray you, a word: do  
not you follow the young Lord Paris?

*Serv.* Ay, sir, when he goes before me.  
*Pan.* You depend upon him? I mean.

*Serv.* Sir, I do depend upon the lord.  
*Pan.* You depend upon a noble gentleman;  
I must needs praise him.

*Serv.* The lord be praised!  
*Pan.* You know me, do you not?

*Serv.* Faith, sir, superficially. 10  
*Pan.* Friend, know me better. I am the  
Lord Pandarus.

*Serv.* I hope I shall know your honour  
better.

*Pan.* I do desire it.  
*Serv.* You are in the state of grace.

*Pan.* Grace! not so, friend; honour and  
lordship are my titles. *Music within.*

What music is this?  
*Serv.* I do but partly know, sir: it is  
music in parts. 11

*Pan.* Know you the musicians?

*Serv.* Wholly, sir.

*Pan.* Who play they to?

*Serv.* To the hearers, sir.

*Pan.* At whose pleasure, friend?

*Serv.* At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.

*Pan.* Command, I mean, friend.

*Serv.* Who shall I command, sir?

*Pan.* Friend, we understand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these men play? 31

*Serv.* That's to 't, indeed, sir. Marry, sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who's there in person; with him the mortal Venus, the heartblood of beauty, love's invisible soul.

*Pan.* Who, my cousin Cressida?

*Serv.* No, sir, Helen: could you not find out that by her attributes?

*Pan.* It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the Prince Troilus: I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business seethes. 43

*Serv.* Sudden business: there's a stewed phrase, indeed.

*Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended.*

*Pan.* Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow! 49

*Helen.* Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

*Pan.* You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen. Fair prince, here is good broken music.

*Par.* You have broke it, cousin; and, by my life, you shall make it whole again: you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance. Nell, he is full of harmony.

*Pan.* Truly, lady, no.

*Helen.* O, sir!

*Pan.* Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude. 60

*Par.* Well said, my lord! Well, you say so in fits.

*Pan.* I have business to my lord, dear queen. My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

*Helen.* Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear you sing, certainly.

*Pan.* Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me. But, marry, thus, my lord: my dear lord and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus.— 70

*Helen.* My Lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

*Pan.* Go to, sweet queen, go to: commends himself most affectionately to you.

*Helen.* You shall not bob us out of our melody: if you do, our melancholy upon your head!

*Pan.* Sweet queen, sweet queen! that's a sweet queen, i' faith.

*Helen.* And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence. 80

*Pan.* Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la! Nay, I care not for such words; no, no. And, my lord, he desires you, that if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

*Helen.* My Lord Pandarus,—

*Pan.* What says my sweet queen, my very sweet queen?

*Par.* What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night? 90

*Helen.* Nay, but, my lord,—

*Pan.* What says my sweet queen? My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

*Par.* I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

*Pan.* No, no, no such matter; you are wide. Come, your disposer is sick.

*Par.* Well, I'll make excuse.

*Pan.* Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick. 101

*Par.* I spy.

*Pan.* You spy! what do you spy? Come, give me an instrument. Now, sweet queen.

*Helen.* Why, this is kindly done.

*Pan.* My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

*Helen.* She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my Lord Paris.

*Pan.* He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain. 111

*Helen.* Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

*Pan.* Come, come, I'll hear no more of this. I'll sing you a song now.

*Helen.* Ay, ay, prithee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

*Pan.* Ay, you may, you may.

*Helen.* Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid! 120

*Pan.* Love! ay, that it shall, i' faith.

*Par.* Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

*Pan.* In good troth, it begins so. *Sings.*

*Love, love, nothing but love, still more!*

*For, O! love's bow*

*Shoots buck and doe:*

*The shaft confounds,*

*Not that it wounds,*

*But tickles still the sore. 130*

*These lovers cry O! O! they die!*

*Yet that which seems the wound to kill,*

*Doth turn O! O! to ha! ha! he!*

*So dying love lives still:*

*O! O! a while, but ha! ha! ha!*

*O! O! groans out for ha! ha! ha!*

*Heigh-ho!*

*Helen.* In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose. 139

*Par.* He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

*Pan.* Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? Why, they are vipers: is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?

*Par.* Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not? 151

*Helen.* He hangs the lip at something: you know all, Lord Pandarus.

*Pan.* Not I, honey-sweet queen. I long to hear how they sped to-day. You'll remember your brother's excuse?

*Par.* To a hair.

*Pan.* Farewell, sweet queen.

*Helen.* Commend me to your niece. 159

*Pan.* I will, sweet queen. Exit.

*A retreat sounded.*

*Par.* They're come from field: let us to Priam's hall

To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you

To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,

With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,

Shall more obey than to the edge of steel Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more

Than all the island kings,—disarm great Hector.

*Helen.* 'T will make us proud to be his servant, Paris;

Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty Gives us more palm in beauty than we have, 170

Yea, overshines ourself.

*Par.* Sweet, above thought I love thee. Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*The Same.* PANDARUS'S Orchard.

*Enter* PANDARUS and TROILUS'S Boy, *meeting.*

*Pan.* How now! where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

*Boy.* No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

*Enter* TROILUS.

*Pan.* O! here he comes. How now, how now!

*Pan.* Sirrah, walk off. Exit Boy.

*Pan.* Have you seen my cousin?

*Tro.* No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,

Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks 10

Staying for waftage. O! be thou my Charon, And give me swift transportance to those fields

Where I may wallow in the lily-beds Propos'd for the deserver. O gentle Pandarus!

From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,

And fly with me to Cressid.

*Pan.* Walk here i' the orchard. I'll bring her straight. Exit.

*Tro.* I am giddy, expectation whirls me round.

The imaginary relish is so sweet 20  
That it enchants my sense. What will it be When that the watery palate tastes indeed Love's thrice repured nectar? death, I fear me,

Swooning destruction, or some joy too fine, Too subtle-potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness

For the capacity of my ruder powers: I fear it much: and I do fear besides That I shall lose distinction in my joys; As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps The enemy flying. 30

*Re-enter* PANDARUS.

*Pan.* She's making her ready; she'll come straight: you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain: she fetches her breath so short as a new-ta'en sparrow. Exit.

*Tro.* Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom: My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;

And all my powers do their bestowing lose, Like vassalage at unawares encountering 40 The eye of majesty.

*Re-enter* PANDARUS with CRESSIDA.

*Pan.* Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby. Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her that you have sworn to me. What! are you gone again? you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways: an you draw backward, we'll put you i' the fills. Why do you not speak to her? Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day! how loath you are to offend daylight; and 't were dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now! a kiss in fee-farm! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river: go to, go to. 58  
*Tro.* You have bereft me of all words, lady.

*Pan.* Words pay no debts, give her deeds; but she'll bereave you o' the deeds too if she call your activity in question. What! billing again? Here's 'In witness whereof the parties interchangeably'—Come in, come in: I'll go get a fire. Exit.

*Cres.* Will you walk in, my lord?

*Tro.* O Cressida! how often have I wished me thus.

*Cres.* Wished, my lord! The gods grant,—O my lord!

*Tro.* What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love? 71

*Cres.* More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

*Tro.* Fears make devils of cherubins; they never see truly.

*Cres.* Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: to fear the worst oft cures the worse. 79

*Tro.* O! let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

*Cres.* Nor nothing monstrous neither?

*Tro.* Nothing but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love, lady, that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit. 90

*Cres.* They say all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions and the act of hares, are they not monsters? 96

*Tro.* Are there such? such are not we. Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare till merit crown it. No perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert before his birth, and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest not truer than Troilus. 106

*Cres.* Will you walk in, my lord?

*Re-enter PANDARUS.*

*Pan.* What! blushing still? have you not done talking yet? 110

*Cres.* Well, uncle, what folly I commit I dedicate to you.

*Pan.* I thank you for that: if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me. Be true to my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

*Tro.* You know now your hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

*Pan.* Nay, I'll give my word for her too. Our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant being won: they are burrs, I can tell you: they'll stick where they are thrown. 120

*Cres.* Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart.

Prince Troilus, I have loved you night and day

For many weary months.

*Tro.* Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

*Cres.* Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,

With the first glance that ever—pardon me—

If I confess much you will play the tyrant. I love you now; but not, till now, so much

But I might master it: in faith, I lie; My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown 130

Too headstrong for their mother. See, we fools!

Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us

When we are so unsecret to ourselves?

But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;

And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man, Or that we women had men's privilege Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;

For in this rapture I shall surely speak The thing I shall repent. See, see! your silence,

Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws 140

My very soul of counsel. Stop my mouth.

*Tro.* And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

*Pan.* Pretty, i' faith.

*Cres.* My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;

'T was not my purpose thus to beg a kiss: I am asham'd: O heavens! what have I done!

For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

*Tro.* Your leave, sweet Cressid!

*Pan.* Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning,— 150

*Cres.* Pray you, content you.

*Tro.* What offends you, lady?

*Cres.* Sir, mine own company.

*Tro.* You cannot shun yourself.

*Cres.* Let me go and try.

I have a kind of self resides with you; But an unkind self, that itself will leave, To be another's fool. Where is my wit? I would be gone. I speak I know not what.

*Tro.* Well know they what they speak that speak so wisely.

*Cres.* Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love, 160

And fell so roundly to a large confession, To angle for your thoughts; but you are wise,

Or else you love not, for to be wise and love Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

*Tro.* O! that I thought it could be in a woman,

As if it can I will presume in you, To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;

To keep her constancy in plight and youth, Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind 169 That doth renew swifter than blood decays: Or that persuasion could but thus convince me,

That my integrity and truth to you Might be affronted with the match and weight

Of such a winnow'd purity in love; How were I then uplifted! but, alas! I am as true as truth's simplicity, And simpler than the infancy of truth.

*Cres.* In that I'll war with you.

*Tro.* O virtuous fight! When right with right wars who shall be most right.

True swains in love shall in the world to come

Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rimes, 181

Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,  
Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration,  
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,  
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,  
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,  
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,  
As truth's authentic author to be cited,  
'As true as Troilus' shall crown up the verse  
And sanctify the numbers.

*Cres.* Prophet may you be!  
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth, 191  
When time is old and hath forgot itself,  
When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,

And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,  
And mighty states characterless are grated  
To dusty nothing, yet let memory,  
From false to false, among false maids in love,

Upbraid my falsehood! when they've said  
'as false

As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,  
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf, 200  
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son,'  
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,  
'As false as Cressid.'

*Pan.* Go to, a bargain made; seal it,  
seal it: I'll be the witness. Here I hold  
your hand, here my cousin's. If ever you  
prove false one to another, since I have  
taken such pains to bring you together, let  
all pitiful goers-between be called to the  
world's end after my name; call them all  
Pandars; let all constant men be Troiluses,  
all false women Cressids, and all brokers-  
between Pandars! say, amen.

*Tro.* Amen.

*Cres.* Amen. 214

*Pan.* Amen. Whereupon I will show  
you a chamber with a bed; which bed,  
because it shall not speak of your pretty  
encounters, press it to death: away!  
And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens  
here

Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear!  
*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.—The Grecian Camp.

*Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES,  
NESTOR, AJAX, MENELAUS, and CAL-  
CHAS.*

*Cal.* Now, princes, for the service I have  
done you,  
The advantage of the time prompts me  
aloud

To call for recompense. Appear it to your  
mind

That through the sight I bear in things to  
come,

I have abandon'd Troy, left my posses-  
sion,

Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,  
From certain and possess'd conveniences,

To doubtful fortunes; sequestering from  
me all

That time, acquaintance, custom, and con-  
dition

Made tame and most familiar to my na-  
ture; 10

And here, to do you service, am become  
As new into the world, strange, unac-  
quainted:

I do beseech you, as in way of taste,  
To give me now a little benefit,

Out of those many register'd in promise,  
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

*Agam.* What would'st thou of us, Trojan?  
make demand.

*Cal.* You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd  
Antenor.

Yesterday took: Troy holds him very dear.  
Oft have you, often have you thanks  
therefore, 20

Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,  
Whom Troy hath still denied; but this  
Antenor

I know is such a wrest in their affairs  
That their negotiations all must slack,

Wanting his manage; and they will almost  
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,

In change of him: let him be sent, great  
princes,

And he shall buy my daughter; and her  
presence

Shall quite strike off all service I have done,  
In most accepted pain.

*Agam.* Let Diomedes bear him,  
And bring us Cressid hither: Calchas shall  
have 31

What he requests of us. Good Diomed,  
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:

Withal bring word if Hector will to-morrow  
Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is  
ready.

*Dio.* This shall I undertake; and 't is a  
burden

Which I am proud to bear.

*Exeunt DIOMEDES and CALCHAS.*

*Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, before  
their Tent.*

*Ulys.* Achilles stands i' the entrance of  
his tent:

Please it our general to pass strangely by  
him,

As if he were forgot; and, princes all, 40  
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:

I will come last. 'T is like he'll question me  
Why such unplausive eyes are bent on him:

If so, I have derision medicinable  
To use between your strangeness and his  
pride,

Which his own will shall have desire to  
drink.

It may do good: pride hath no other glass  
To show itself but pride, for supple knees

Feed arrogance and are the proud man's  
fees.

*Agam.* We'll execute your purpose, and  
put on 53

A form of strangeness as we pass along:  
So do each lord, and either greet him not,

Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more

Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.  
*Achil.* What! comes the general to speak with me?

You know my mind; I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

*Agam.* What says Achilles? would he aught with us?

*Nest.* Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

*Achil.* No.

*Nest.* Nothing, my lord. 60

*Agam.* The better.

*Exeunt AGAMEMNON and NESTOR.*

*Achil.* Good day, good day.

*Men.* How do you? how do you? *Exit.*

*Achil.* What! does the cuckold scorn me?

*Ajax.* How now, Patroclus!

*Achil.* Good morrow, Ajax.

*Ajax.* Ha?

*Achil.* Good morrow.

*Ajax.* Ay, and good next day too. *Exit.*

*Achil.* What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles? 70

*Patr.* They pass by strangely: they were us'd to bend,

To send their smiles before them to Achilles;  
 To come as humbly as they us'd to creep  
 To holy altars.

*Achil.* What! am I poor of late?  
 'T is certain, greatness, once fall'n out with fortune,

Must fall out with men too: what the declin'd is

He shall as soon read in the eyes of others  
 As feel in his own fall; for men, like butterflies,

Show not their mealy wings but to the summer,

And not a man, for being simply man, 80

Hath any honour, but honour for those honours

That are without him, as place, riches, and favour,

Prizes of accident as oft as merit:

Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,

The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,

Doth one pluck down another, and together

Die in the fall. But 't is not so with me:

Fortune and I are friends: I do enjoy

At ample point all that I did possess,

Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out 90

Something not worth in me such rich beholding

As they have often given. Here is Ulysses:

I'll interrupt his reading.

How now, Ulysses!

*Ulyss.* Now, great Thetis' son!

*Achil.* What are you reading?

*Ulyss.* A strange fellow here

Writes me:

*That man, how dearly ever parted,  
 How much in having, or without, or in,  
 Cannot make boast to have that which he  
 hath,*

*Nor feels not what he owes but by reflection;  
 As when his virtues shining upon others 100  
 Heat them, and they retort that heat again  
 To the first giver.*

*Achil.*

This is not strange, Ulysses. The beauty that is borne here in the face The bearer knows not, but commends itself To other' eyes: nor doth the eye itself, That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself, Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd Salutes each other with each other's form; For speculation turns not to itself Till it hath travell'd, and is married there 110 Where it may see itself. This is not strange at all.

*Ulyss.* I do not strain at the position, It is familiar, but at the author's drift; Who in his circumstance expressly proves That no man is the lord of any thing, Though in and of him there be much consisting,

Till he communicate his parts to others: Nor doth he of himself know them for aught Till he behold them form'd in the applause Where they're extended; who, like an arch, reverberates 120

The voice again, or, like a gate of steel Fronting the sun, receives and renders back His figure and his heat. I was much wrapt in this;

And apprehended here immediately The unknown Ajax.

Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;

That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there are,

Most abject in regard, and dear in use!

What things, again most dear in the esteem,

And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow, 130

An act that very chance doth throw upon him, Ajax renown'd. O heavens! what some men do,

While some men leave to do.

How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,

While others play the idiots in her eyes!

How one man eats into another's pride,

While pride is fasting in his wantonness!

To see these Grecian lords! why, even already

They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast, 140

And great Troy shrinking.

*Achil.* I do believe it; for they pass'd by me

As misers do by beggars, neither gave to me Good word nor look: what! are my deeds forgot?

*Ulyss.* Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,

Wherein he puts alms for oblivion, A great-siz'd monster of ingratitude:

Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd

As fast as they are made, forgot as soon As done: perseverance, dear my lord, 150

Keeps honour bright: to have done is to hang  
 Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail  
 In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;  
 For honour travels in a strait so narrow  
 Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;  
 For emulation hath a thousand sons  
 That one by one pursue: if you give way,  
 Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,  
 Like to an enter'd tide they all rush by.  
 And leave you hindmost:  
 Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,  
 Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,  
 O'errun and trampled on: then what they do in present,  
 Though less than yours in past, must o'er-top yours;  
 For time is like a fashionable host,  
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,  
 And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,  
 Grasps in the comer: welcome ever smiles,  
 And farewell goes out sighing. O! let not virtue seek  
 Remuneration for the thing it was: 170  
 For beauty, wit,  
 High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,  
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all  
 To envious and calumniating time.  
 One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,  
 That all with one consent praise new-born gawds,  
 Though they are made and moulded of things past,  
 And give to dust that is a little gilt  
 More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.  
 The present eye praises the present object: 180  
 Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,  
 That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;  
 Since things in motion sooner catch the eye  
 Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,  
 And still it might, and yet it may again,  
 If thou would'st not entomb thyself alive,  
 And case thy reputation in thy tent;  
 Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,  
 Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,  
 And drove great Mars to faction.  
*Achil.* Of this my privacy 190  
 I have strong reasons.  
*Ulyss.* But 'gainst your privacy  
 The reasons are more potent and heroic.  
 'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love  
 With one of Priam's daughters.  
*Achil.* Ha! known!  
*Ulyss.* Is that a wonder?  
 The providence that's in a watchful state  
 Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold,  
 Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps,  
 Keeps place with thought, and almost, like the gods,

Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.  
 There is a mystery, with whom relation  
 Durst never meddle, in the soul of state,  
 Which hath an operation more divine  
 Than breath or pen can give expressure to.  
 All the commerce that you have had with Troy  
 As perfectly is ours as yours, my lord;  
 And better would it fit Achilles much  
 To throw down Hector than Polyxena;  
 But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,  
 When fame shall in our islands sound her trump, 210  
 And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,  
 'Great Hector's sister did Achilles win,  
 But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.'  
 Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;  
 The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.  
*Exit.*  
*Patr.* To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you.  
 A woman impudent and mannish grown  
 Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man  
 In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this:  
 They think my little stomach to the war 220  
 And your great love to me restrains you thus.  
 Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid  
 Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,  
 And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane  
 Be shook to air.  
*Achil.* Shall Ajax fight with Hector?  
*Patr.* Ay; and perhaps receive much honour by him.  
*Achil.* I see my reputation is at stake;  
 My fame is shrewdly gor'd.  
*Patr.* O! then beware;  
 Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves:  
 Omission to do what is necessary 230  
 Seals a commission to a blank of danger;  
 And danger, like an ague, subtly taints  
 Even then when we sit idly in the sun.  
*Achil.* Go call Thersites hither, sweet  
*Patroclus:*  
 I'll send the fool to Ajax and desire him  
 To invite the Trojan lords after the combat  
 To see us here unarm'd. I have a woman's longing,  
 An appetite that I am sick withal,  
 To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;  
 To talk with him and to behold his visage, 240  
 Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd!

*Enter THERSITES.*

*Ther.* A wonder!  
*Achil.* What?  
*Ther.* Ajax goes up and down the field,  
 asking for himself.  
*Achil.* How so?  
*Ther.* He must fight singly to-morrow  
 with Hector, and is so prophetically proud

of an heroic cudgelling that he raves in saying nothing.

*Achil.* How can that be? 250

*Ther.* Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, a stride and a stand; ruminates like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning; bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say 'There were wit in this head, an 't would out'; and so there is, but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he 'll break 't himself in vain-glory. He knows not me: I said 'Good morrow, Ajax'; and he replies 'Thanks, Agamemnon.' What think you of this man that takes me for the general? He's grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin. 266

*Achil.* Thou must be my ambassador to him, Theristes.

*Ther.* Who, I? why, he 'll answer nobody; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in 's arms. I will put on his presence: let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax. 273

*Achil.* To him, Patroclus: tell him I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent; and to procure safe-conduct for his person of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honoured captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon, *et cetera*. Do this. 280

*Patr.* Jove bless great Ajax!

*Ther.* Hum!

*Patr.* I come from the worthy Achilles,—

*Ther.* Ha!

*Patr.* Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent,—

*Ther.* Hum!

*Patr.* And to procure safe-conduct from Agamemnon.

*Ther.* Agamemnon! 290

*Patr.* Ay, my lord.

*Ther.* Ha!

*Patr.* What say you to 't?

*Ther.* God be wi' you, with all my heart.

*Patr.* Your answer, sir.

*Ther.* If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

*Patr.* Your answer, sir.

*Ther.* Fare you well, with all my heart. 300

*Achil.* Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

*Ther.* No, but he's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not; but, I am sure, none, unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.

*Achil.* Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

*Ther.* Let me bear another to his horse, for that's the more capable creature. 310

*Achil.* My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd;

And I myself see not the bottom of it.

*Exeunt ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.*

*Ther.* Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep than such a valiant ignorance. *Exit.*

## ACT IV

## SCENE I.—Troy. A Street.

*Enter, at one side, ÆNEAS, and Servant with a torch; at the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, and Others, with torches.*

*Par.* See, ho! who is that there?

*Dei.* It is the Lord Æneas.

*Æne.* Is the prince there in person?

Had I so good occasion to lie long As you, Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business

Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

*Dio.* That's my mind too. Good morrow, Lord Æneas.

*Par.* A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand:

Witness the process of your speech, wherein You told how Diomed, a whole week by days,

Did haunt you in the field.

*Æne.* Health to you, valiant sir, 10

During all question of the gentle truce;

But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance

As heart can think or courage execute.

*Dio.* The one and other Diomed embraces.

Our bloods are now in calm, and, so long, health!

But when contention and occasion meet, By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life

With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

*Æne.* And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly

With his face backward. In humane gentleness, 20

Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,

Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,

No man alive can love in such a sort

The thing he means to kill more excellently.

*Dio.* We sympathize. Jove, let Æneas live,

If to my sword his fate be not the glory, A thousand complete courses of the sun!

But, in mine emulous honour, let him die, With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow!

*Æne.* We know each other well. 30

*Dio.* We do; and long to know each other worse.

*Par.* This is the most spiteful gentle greeting,

The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.

What business, lord, so early?

*Æne.* I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not.

*Par.* His purpose meets you: 't was to bring this Greek  
To Calchas' house, and there to render him,

For the enfréed Antenor, the fair Cressid.  
Let's have your company; or, if you please,

Haste there before us. I constantly do think,

Or rather, call my thought a certain knowledge,

My brother Troilus lodges there to-night:  
Rouse him and give him note of our approach,

With the whole quality wherefore: I fear  
We shall be much unwelcome.

*Ane.* That I assure you:  
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece

Than Cressid borne from Troy.

*Par.* There is no help;  
The bitter disposition of the time  
Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

*Ane.* Good morrow, all. *Exit.* 50

*Par.* And tell me, noble Diomed; faith,  
tell me true,

Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,

Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen most,

Myself or Menelaus?

*Dio.* Both alike:

He merits well to have her that doth seek her,

Not making any scruple of her soilure,  
With such a hell of pain and world of charge,

And you as well to keep her that defend her,

Not palating the taste of her dishonour,  
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends: 60

He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up  
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;

You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins  
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:

Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less  
nor more;

But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

*Par.* You are too bitter to your country-woman.

*Dio.* She's bitter to her country. Hear me, Paris:

For every false drop in her bawdy veins  
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple 70

Of her contaminated carrion weight  
A Trojan hath been slain. Since she

could speak,  
She hath not given so many good words

breath  
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

*Par.* Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do;  
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy;

But we in silence hold this virtue well,  
We'll but commend what we intend to sell.

Here lies our way. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. Court of PANDARUS'S House.*

*Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA.*

*Tro.* Dear, trouble not yourself: the morn is cold.

*Cres.* Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down;

He shall unbolt the gates.

*Tro.* Trouble him not;

To bed, to bed: sleep kill those pretty eyes,  
And give as soft attachment to thy senses  
As infants' empty of all thought!

*Cres.* Good morrow then.

*Tro.* I prithee now, to bed.

*Cres.* Are you aware of me?

*Tro.* O Cressida! but that the busy day,  
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald

crows,  
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer, 10

I would not from thee.

*Cres.* Night hath been too brief.

*Tro.* Beshrew the witch! with venomous

wights she stays

As tediously as hell, but flies the grasps of love

With wings more momentary-swift than thought.

You will catch cold, and curse me.

*Cres.* Prithee, tarry:

You men will never tarry.  
O foolish Cressid! I might have still held

off,

And then you would have tarried. Hark!  
there's one up.

*Pan.* Within. What! 's all the doors open here?

*Tro.* It is your uncle. 20

*Cres.* A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:

I shall have such a life!

*Enter PANDARUS.*

*Pan.* How now, how now! how go maidenheads?

Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?

*Cres.* Go hang yourself, you naughty

mocking uncle!

You bring me to do—and then you flout me too.

*Pan.* To do what? to do what? let her say what: has not slept to-night? would

*Cres.* Come, come; beshrew your heart!

you'll ne'er be good, 30

Nor suffer others.

*Pan.* Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor capocchia! has not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a

bugbear take him! *Knocking within.*

*Cres.* Did not I tell you? Would he were knock'd o' the head!

Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.

My lord, come you again into my chamber:

You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

*Tro.* Ha, ha!

*Cres.* Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing. *Knocking within.* 40  
How earnestly they knock! Pray you, come in;

I would not for half Troy have you seen here. *Exeunt TROILUS and CRESSIDA.*

*Pan.* Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now! what's the matter?

*Enter ÆNEAS.*

*Æne.* Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

*Pan.* Who's there? my Lord Æneas! By my troth, I knew you not: what news with you so early?

*Æne.* Is not Prince Troilus here?

*Pan.* Here! what should he do here? 50

*Æne.* Come, he is here, my lord; do not deny him:

It doth import him much to speak with me.

*Pan.* Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn: for my own part, I came in late. What should he do here?

*Æne.* Who! nay, then: come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you're ware. You'll be so true to him, to be false to him. Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither; go.

*Re-enter TROILUS.*

*Tro.* How now! what's the matter? 60

*Æne.* My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you.

My matter is so rash: there is at hand Paris your brother, and Deiphobus, The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith, Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour, We must give up to Diomedes' hand The Lady Cressida.

*Tro.* Is it concluded so?

*Æne.* By Priam and the general state of Troy:

They are at hand and ready to effect it. 70  
*Tro.* How my achievements mock me! I will go meet them; and, my Lord Æneas, We met by chance; you did not find me here.

*Æne.* Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature  
Have not more gift in taciturnity.

*Exeunt TROILUS and ÆNEAS.*

*Pan.* Is 't possible? no sooner got but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor! I would they had broke 's neck!

*Re-enter CRESSIDA.*

*Cres.* How now! what's the matter? Who was here? 81

*Pan.* Ah! ah!

*Cres.* Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord? gone! Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

*Pan.* Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

*Cres.* O the gods! what's the matter? 88

*Pan.* Prithee, get thee in. Would thou hadst ne'er been born! I knew thou would'st be his death. O poor gentleman! A plague upon Antenor!

*Cres.* Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees I beseech you, what's the matter?

*Pan.* Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou'rt chang'd for Antenor. Thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus: 't will be his death; 't will be his bane; he cannot bear it. 99

*Cres.* O you immortal gods! I will not go.

*Pan.* Thou must.

*Cres.* I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;

I know no touch of consanguinity;

No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me As the sweet Troilus. O you gods divine! Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood

If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,

Do to this body what extremes you can; But the strong base and building of my love Is as the very centre of the earth, 110  
Drawing all things to it. I'll go in and weep,—

*Pan.* Do, do.

*Cres.* Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks,  
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart

With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. Before PANDARUS'S House.*

*Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, and DIOMEDES.*

*Par.* It is great morning, and the hour prefix'd

Of her delivery to this valiant Greek Comes fast upon. Good my brother Troilus, Tell you the lady what she is to do, And haste her to the purpose.

*Tro.* Walk into her house; I'll bring her to the Grecian presently: And to his hand when I deliver her, Think it an altar, and thy brother Troilus A priest there offering to it his own heart. *Exit.*

*Par.* I know what 't is to love; 10  
And would, as I shall pity, I could help! Please you walk in, my lords. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Same. A Room in PANDARUS'S House.*

*Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.*

*Pan.* Be moderate, be moderate.

*Cres.* Why tell you me of moderation? The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste, And violenteth in a sense as strong As that which causeth it: how can I moderate it?  
If I could temporize with my affection,

Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,  
The like allayment could I give my grief:  
My love admits no qualifying dross;  
No more my grief, in such a precious loss. 10

*Enter TROILUS.*

*Pan.* Here, here, here he comes. Ah!  
sweet ducks.

*Cres.* O Troilus! Troilus!

*Embracing him.*

*Pan.* What a pair of spectacles is here!  
Let me embrace too. O heart, as the goodly  
saying is,—

—O heart, heavy heart,

*Why sigh'st thou without breaking?*

where he answers again,

*Because thou canst not ease thy smart  
By friendship nor by speaking.* 21

There was never a truer rime. Let us cast  
away nothing, for we may live to have need  
of such a verse: we see it, we see it. How  
now, lams!

*Tro.* Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a  
purity,  
That the bless'd gods, as angry with my  
fancy,

More bright in zeal than the devotion which  
Cold lips blow to their deities, take thee  
from me.

*Cres.* Have the gods envy? 30

*Pan.* Ay, ay, ay, ay; 't is too plain a case.

*Cres.* And is it true, that I must go from  
Troy?

*Tro.* A hateful truth.

*Cres.* What! and from Troilus too!

*Tro.* From Troy and Troilus.

*Cres.* Is it possible?

*Tro.* And suddenly; where injury of  
chance

Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by  
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips  
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents  
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear  
vows

Even in the birth of our own labouring  
breath. 40

We two, that with so many thousand sighs  
Did buy each other, must poorly sell our-  
selves

With the rude brevity and discharge of one.  
Injurious time now with a robber's haste  
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not  
how;

As many farewells as be stars in heaven,  
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses  
to them,

He fumbles up into a loose adieu,  
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,  
Distinguing with the salt of broken tears. 50

*Ene. Within.* My lord, is the lady ready?

*Tro.* Hark! you are call'd: some say the  
Genius so

Cries 'Come!' to him that instantly must die.  
Bid them have patience; she shall come  
anon.

*Pan.* Where are my tears? rain, to lay  
this wind, or my heart will be blown up by  
the root!

*Exit.*

*Cres.* I must then to the Grecians?

*Tro.* No remedy.

*Cres.* A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry  
Greeks!

When shall we see again?

*Tro.* Hear me, my love. Be thou but true  
of heart,— 60

*Cres.* I true! how now! what wicked  
deem is this?

*Tro.* Nay, we must use expostulation  
kindly,

For it is parting from us:

I speak not 'be thou true,' as fearing thee,  
For I will throw my glove to Death himself,

That there's no maculation in thy heart;  
But 'be thou true,' say I, to fashion in  
My sequent protestation; be thou true,

And I will see thee.

*Cres.* O! you shall be expos'd, my lord,  
to dangers 70

As infinite as imminent; but I'll be true.

*Tro.* And I'll grow friend with danger.  
Wear this sleeve.

*Cres.* And you this glove. When shall I  
see you?

*Tro.* I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,  
To give thee nightly visitation.

But yet, be true.

*Cres.* O heavens! 'be true' again!

*Tro.* Hear why I speak it, love:

The Grecian youths are full of quality;  
Their loving well compos'd with gift of na-  
ture,

Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and  
exercise; 80

How novelties may move, and parts with  
person,

Alas! a kind of godly jealousy,  
Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin,  
Makes me afraid.

*Cres.* O heavens! you love me not.

*Tro.* Die I a villain then!

In this I do not call your faith in question  
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,

Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,  
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,

To which the Grecians are most prompt and  
pregnant: 90

But I can tell that in each grace of these  
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive  
devil

That tempts most cunningly. But be not  
tempted.

*Cres.* Do you think I will?

*Tro.* No.

But something may be done that we will not;  
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves

When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,  
Presuming on their changeable potency. 99

*Ene. Within.* Nay good, my lord,—

*Tro.* Come, kiss; and let us part.

*Par. Within.* Brother Troilus!

*Tro.* Good brother, come you hither;

And bring Aeneas and the Grecian with you.

*Cres.* My lord, will you be true?

*Tro.* Who, I? alas! it is my vice, my fault;  
Whiles others fish with craft for great opin-  
ion,

I with great truth catch mere simplicity;

Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,  
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.  
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit  
Is 'plain and true'; there's all the reach of it. 110

Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTEOR, DEIPHOBUS, and DIOMEDES.

Welcome, Sir Diomed! Here is the lady Which for Antenor we deliver you:  
At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand.  
And by the way possess thee what she is.  
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek.

If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,  
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe  
As Priam is in Ilion.

Dio. Fair Lady Cressid,  
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:

The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek, 120

Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed  
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,

To shame the seal of my petition to thee  
In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,  
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises  
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.  
I charge thee use her well, even for my charge;

For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,  
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,  
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O! be not mov'd, Prince Troilus.  
Let me be privileg'd by my place and message 132

To be a speaker free; when I am hence,  
I'll answer to my lust; and know you, lord,  
I'll nothing do on charge: to her own worth  
She shall be priz'd; but that you say 'be't so,'

I'll speak it in my spirit and honour, 'no.'

Tro. Come, to the port. I'll tell thee, Diomed,

This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head. 139

Lady, give me your hand, and, as we walk,  
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

Exeunt TROILUS, CRESSIDA, and DIOMEDES. Trumpet sounded.

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we spent this morning!  
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,  
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'T is Troilus' fault. Come, come, to field with him.

Dei. Let us make ready straight.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,

Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:  
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie  
On his fair worth and single chivalry. 150

Exeunt.

SCENE V.—The Grecian Camp. Lists set out.

Enter AJAX armed; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, and Others.

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,

Anticipating time with starting courage.  
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,  
Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air  
May pierce the head of the great combatant  
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.  
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:

Blow, villain, till thy spher'd bias cheek  
Outswell the colic of puff'd Aquilon.

Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes  
spout blood; 10

Thou blow'st for Hector. Trumpet sounds.

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'T is but early days.

Agam. Is not yond Diomed with Calchas' daughter?

Ulyss. 'T is he, I ken the manner of his gait;

He rises on the toe; that spirit of his  
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMEDES, with CRESSIDA.

Agam. Is this the Lady Cressid?

Dio. Even she.

Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss. 19

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular;  
'T were better she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.

So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips,  
fair lady:

Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now;

For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment,  
And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns! 20

For which we lose our heads to gild his horns.

Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss; this, mine:

Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O! this is trim.

Patr. Paris and I kiss evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, sir. Lady, by your leave.

Cres. In kissing, do you render or receive?

Patr. Both take and give.

Cres. I'll make my match to live,  
The kiss you take is better than you give;  
Therefore no kiss.

- Men.* I'll give you boot; I'll give you three for one. 40
- Cres.* You're an odd man; give even, or give none.
- Men.* An odd man, lady! every man is odd.
- Cres.* No, Paris is not; for you know 't is true,
- That you are odd, and he is even with you.
- Men.* You fillip me o' the head.
- Cres.* No, I'll be sworn.
- Ulyss.* It were no match, your nail against his horn.
- May I sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?
- Cres.* You may.
- Ulyss.* I do desire it.
- Cres.* Why, beg then.
- Ulyss.* Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
- When Helen is a maid again, and his. 50
- Cres.* I am your debtor; claim it when 't is due.
- Ulyss.* Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.
- Dio.* Lady, a word: I'll bring you to your father.
- DIOMEDES leads out CRESSIDA.
- Nest.* A woman of quick sense.
- Ulyss.* Fie, fie upon her! There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
- Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
- At every joint and motive of her body.
- O! these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
- That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,
- And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
- To every tickling reader, set them down 61
- For sluttish spoils of opportunity
- And daughters of the game.
- Trumpet within.
- All.* The Trojans' trumpet.
- Agam.* Yonder comes the troop.
- Enter HECTOR, armed; ÆNEAS, TROILUS, and other Trojans, with Attendants.
- Æne.* Hail, all you state of Greece! what shall be done
- To him that victory commands? or do you purpose
- A victor shall be known? will you the knights
- Shall to the edge of all extremity
- Pursue each other, or shall be divided
- By any voice or order of the field? 70
- Hector bade ask.
- Agam.* Which way would Hector have it?
- Æne.* He cares not; he'll obey conditions.
- Achil.* 'T is done like Hector; but securely done,
- A little proudly, and great deal disprizing
- The knight oppos'd.
- Æne.* If not Achilles, sir,
- What is your name?
- Achil.* If not Achilles, nothing.
- Æne.* Therefore Achilles; but, what'er, know this:
- In the extremity of great and little,
- Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;
- The one almost as infinite as all, 80
- The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
- And that which looks like pride is courtesy.
- This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:
- In love whereof half Hector stays at home;
- Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
- This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.
- Achil.* A maiden battle then? O! I perceive you.
- Re-enter DIOMEDES.
- Agam.* Here is Sir Diomed. Go, gentle knight,
- Stand by our Ajax: as you and Lord Æneas
- Consent upon the order of their fight, 90
- So be it; either to the uttermost,
- Or else a breath: the combatants being kin
- Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.
- AJAX and HECTOR enter the lists.
- Ulyss.* They are oppos'd already.
- Agam.* What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?
- Ulyss.* The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;
- Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word,
- Speaking of deeds and deedless in his tongue;
- Not soon provok'd nor being provok'd soon
- calm'd:
- His heart and hand both open and both free; 100
- For what he has he gives, what thinks he shows;
- Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
- Nor dignifies an impure thought with breath.
- Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
- For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
- To tender objects; but he in heat of action
- Is more vindicative than jealous love.
- They call him Troilus, and on him erect
- A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
- Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth 111
- Even to his inches, and with private soul
- Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.
- Alarum. HECTOR and AJAX fight.
- Agam.* They are in action.
- Nest.* Now, Ajax, hold thine own!
- Tro.* Hector, thou sleep'st; awake thee!
- Agam.* His blows are well dispos'd: there, Ajax!
- Dio.* You must no more. Trumpets cease.
- Æne.* Princes, enough, so please you.
- Ajax.* I am not warm yet; let us fight again.
- Dio.* As Hector pleases.
- Hect.* Why, then will I no more.
- Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
- A cousin-german to great Priam's seed; 121
- The obligation of our blood forbids
- A gory emulation 'twixt us twain.
- Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so

That thou could'st say 'This hand is Grecian  
all,  
And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg  
All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's  
blood  
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister  
Bounds in my father's; by Jove multi-  
potent,  
Thou should'st not bear from me a Greekish  
member 130  
Wherein my sword had not impressure made  
Of our rank feud. But the just gods gainsay  
That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy  
mother,  
My sacred aunt, being by my mortal sword  
Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:  
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;  
Hector would have them fall upon him thus:  
Cousin, all honour to thee!  
*Ajax.* I thank thee, Hector:  
Thou art too gentle and too free a man:  
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence  
A great addition earned in thy death. 141  
*Hect.* Not Neoptolemus so mirable,  
On whose bright crest Fame with her loud-  
est eyes  
Cries 'This is he!' could promise to himself  
A thought of added honour torn from Hector.  
*Æne.* There is expectance here from both  
the sides,  
What further you will do.  
*Hect.* We'll answer it;  
The issue is embracement: Ajax, farewell.  
*Ajax.* If I might in entreaties find success,  
As said I have the chance, I would desire 150  
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.  
*Dio.* 'Tis Agamemnon's wish, and great  
Achilles  
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.  
*Hect.* Æneas, call my brother Troilus to  
me,  
And signify this loving interview  
To the expecters of our Trojan part;  
Desire them home. Give me thy hand, my  
cousin;  
I will go eat with thee and see your knights.  
*Ajax.* Great Agamemnon comes to meet  
us here.  
*Hect.* The worthiest of them tell me name  
by name; 160  
But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes  
Shall find him by his large and portly  
size.  
*Agam.* Worthy of arms! as welcome as  
to one  
That would be rid of such an enemy;  
But that's no welcome: understand more  
clear,  
What's past and what's to come is strew'd  
with husks  
And formless ruin of oblivion;  
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,  
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-draw-  
ing,  
Bids thee, with most divine integrity, 170  
From heart of very heart, great Hector, wel-  
come.  
*Hect.* I thank thee, most imperious Aga-  
memnon.

*Agam.* To TROILUS. My well-fam'd lord  
of Troy, no less to you.  
*Men.* Let me confirm my princely broth-  
er's greeting:  
You brace of war-like brothers, welcome  
hither.  
*Hect.* Who must we answer?  
*Æne.* The noble Menelaus.  
*Hect.* O! you, my lord? by Mars his  
gauntlet, thanks!  
Mock not that I affect the untraded oath;  
Your quondam wife swears still by Venus'  
glove:  
She's well, but bade me not commend her  
to you. 180  
*Men.* Name her not now, sir; she's a  
deadly theme.  
*Hect.* O! pardon; I offend.  
*Nest.* I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen  
thee oft,  
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way  
Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I  
have seen thee,  
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,  
And seen thee scornful forfeits and subduc-  
ments,  
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i'  
th' air,  
Not letting it decline on the declin'd; 189  
That I have said to some my standers by:  
'Lo! Jupiter is yonder, dealing life.'  
And I have seen thee pause and take thy  
breath,  
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd  
thee in, 190  
Like an Olympian wrestling: this have I  
seen;  
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in  
steel,  
I never saw till now. I knew thy grand-  
sire,  
And once fought with him: he was a soldier  
good;  
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,  
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace  
thee; 199  
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.  
*Æne.* 'Tis the old Nestor.  
*Hect.* Let me embrace thee, good old  
chronicle,  
Thou hast so long walk'd hand in hand with  
time:  
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp  
thee.  
*Nest.* I would my arms could match thee  
in contention,  
As they contend with thee in courtesy.  
*Hect.* I would they could.  
*Nest.* Ha!  
By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-  
morrow.  
Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the  
time— 210  
*Ulyss.* I wonder now how yonder city  
stands,  
When we have here her base and pillar by  
us.  
*Hect.* I know your favour, Lord Ulysses,  
well.

Ah! sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,

Since first I saw yourself and Diomed  
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

*Ulyss.* Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:

My prophecy is but half his journey yet;  
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,

Yond towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,

Must kiss their own feet.

*Hect.* I must not believe you: There they stand yet, and modestly I think, The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost A drop of Grecian blood: the end crowns all, And that old common arbitrator, Time, Will one day end it.

*Ulyss.* So to him we leave it. Most gentle and most valiant Hector, welcome.

After the general, I beseech you next  
To feast with me and see me at my tent.

*Achil.* I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses, thou!

Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;  
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,  
And quoted joint by joint.

*Hect.* Is this Achilles?

*Achil.* I am Achilles.

*Hect.* Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.

*Achil.* Behold thy fill.

*Hect.* Nay, I have done already.

*Achil.* Thou art too brief: I will the second time,

As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

*Hect.* O! like a book of sport thou 't read me o'er;

But there's more in me than thou understand'st.

Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

*Achil.* Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body

Shall I destroy him? whether there, or there, or there?

That I may give the local wound a name,  
And make distinct the very breach whereout  
Hector's great spirit flew. Answer me, heavens!

*Hect.* It would discredit the bless'd gods, proud man,

To answer such a question. Stand again: Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly As to prenominate in nice conjecture  
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

*Achil.* I tell thee, yea.

*Hect.* Wert thou the oracle to tell me so,

I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well,

For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;

But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,

I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er. You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag; His insolence draws folly from my lips;

But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,

Or may I never—

*Ajax.* Do not chafe thee, cousin: And you Achilles, let these threats alone, 261 Till accident and purpose bring you to 't: You may have every day enough of Hector, If you have stomach. The general state, I fear,

Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

*Hect.* I pray you, let us see you in the field;

We have had pelting wars since you refus'd The Grecians' cause.

*Achil.* Dost thou entreat me, Hector? To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death; To-night all friends.

*Hect.* Thy hand upon that match.

*Agam.* First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent; 271

There in the full convive we: afterwards, As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall Concur together, severally entreat him.

Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,

That this great soldier may his welcome know.

*Exeunt all but TROILUS and ULYSSES.*

*Tro.* My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,

In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

*Ulyss.* At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:

There Diomed doth feast with him to-night; 280

Who neither looks on heaven nor on earth, But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view On the fair Cressid.

*Tro.* Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,

After we part from Agamemnon's tent, To bring me thither?

*Ulyss.* You shall command me, sir. As gentle tell me, of what honour was

This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there

That waits her absence?

*Tro.* O, sir! to such as boasting show their scars 290

A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord? She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:

But still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT V

SCENE I.—*The Grecian Camp. Before ACHILLES' Tent.*

*Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.*

*Achil.* I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,

Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow. Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

*Patr.* Here comes Thersites.

*Enter THERSITES.*

*Achil.* How now, thou core of envy! Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

*Ther.* Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

*Achil.* From whence, fragment?

*Ther.* Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

*Patr.* Who keeps the tent now?

*Ther.* The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

*Patr.* Well said, adversity! and what need these tricks?

*Ther.* Prithce, be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

*Patr.* Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

*Ther.* Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

*Patr.* Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

*Ther.* Do I curse thee?

*Patr.* Why, no, you ruinous butt, you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.

*Ther.* No! why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleeve silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah! how the poor world is pestered with such water-flies, diminutives of nature.

*Patr.* Out, gall!

*Ther.* Finch-egg!

*Achil.* My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite

From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.

Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba, A token from her daughter, my fair love, Both taxing me and gaging me to keep An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:

Fall, Greeks; fail, fame; honour or go or stay;

My major vow lies here, this I'll obey. Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;

This night in banqueting must all be spent. Away, Patroclus!

*Exeunt* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

*Ther.* With too much blood, and too little brain, these two may run mad; but if with too much brain and too little blood they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails, but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull, the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form but that he is, should wit larded with malice and malice forced with wit turn him

to? To an ass, were nothing: he is both ass and ox; to an ox, were nothing: he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care; but to be Menelaus! I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites, for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus. Hey-day! spirits and fires!

*Enter* HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, and DIOMEDES, with lights.

*Agam.* We go wrong; we go wrong.

*Ajax.* No, yonder 't is.

There, where we see the lights.

*Hect.* I trouble you.

*Ajax.* No, not a whit.

*Ulyss.* Here comes himself to guide you.

*Re-enter* ACHILLES.

*Achil.* Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

*Agam.* So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

*Hect.* Thanks and good night to the Greeks' general.

*Men.* Good night, my lord.

*Hect.* Good night, sweet Lord Menelaus.

*Ther.* Sweet draught: 'sweet' quoth a! sweet sink, sweet sewer.

*Achil.* Good night and welcome both at once to those

That go or tarry.

*Agam.* Good night.

*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON and MENELAUS.

*Achil.* Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed,

Keep Hector company an hour or two.

*Dio.* I cannot, lord; I have important business,

The tide whereof is now. Good night, great Hector.

*Hect.* Give me your hand.

*Ulyss.* *Aside* to TROILUS. Follow his torch; he goes to Calchas' tent.

I'll keep you company.

*Tro.* Sweet sir, you honour me.

*Hect.* And so, good night.

*Exit* DIOMEDES; ULYSSES and TROILUS following.

*Achil.* Come, come; enter my tent.

*Exeunt* ACHILLES, HECTOR, AJAX, and NESTOR.

*Ther.* That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers than I will a serpent when he hisses. He will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabblers the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it: it is prodigious, there will come some change: the sun borrows of the moon when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him: they say he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent. I'll after, Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets!

*Exit,*

SCENE II.—*The Same. Before CALCHAS' Tent.**Enter DIOMEDES.**Dio.* What, are you up here, ho? speak.*Cal.* *Within.* Who calls?*Dio.* Diomed. Calchas, I think. Where's your daughter?*Cal.* *Within.* She comes to you.*Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES, at a distance; after them, THERSITES.**Ulyss.* Stand where the torch may not discover us.*Enter CRESSIDA.**Tro.* Cressid comes forth to him.*Dio.* How now, my charge!*Cres.* Now, my sweet guardian! Hark! a word with you. *Whispers.**Tro.* Yea, so familiar!*Ulyss.* She will sing any man at first sight.*Ther.* And any man may sing her, if he can take her cleft; she's noted. 11*Dio.* Will you remember?*Cres.* Remember! yes.*Dio.* Nay, but do then;  
And let your mind be coupled with your words.*Tro.* What should she remember?*Ulyss.* List!*Cres.* Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.*Ther.* Roguery!*Dio.* Nay, then,— 20*Cres.* I'll tell you what,—*Dio.* Foh, foh! come, tell a pin: you are forsworn.*Cres.* In faith, I cannot. What would you have me do?*Ther.* A juggling trick,—to be secretly open.*Dio.* What did you swear you would bestow on me?*Cres.* I prithee, do not hold me to mine oath;*Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.**Dio.* Good night.*Tro.* Hold, patience!*Ulyss.* How now, Trojan! 30*Cres.* Diomed,—  
*Dio.* No, no; good night: I'll be your fool no more.*Tro.* Thy better must.*Cres.* Hark! one word in your ear.*Tro.* O plague and madness!*Ulyss.* You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray you,*Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself To wrathful terms. This place is dangerous;* 38*The time right deadly: I beseech you, go.**Tro.* Behold, I pray you!*Ulyss.* Nay, good my lord, go off: You flow to great distraction; come, my lord,*Tro.* I pray thee, stay.*Ulyss.* You have not patience: come.*Tro.* I pray you, stay. By hell and all hell's torments,

I will not speak a word!

*Dio.* And so, good night.*Cres.* Nay, but you part in anger.*Tro.* Doth that grieve thee?

O wither'd truth!

*Ulyss.* Why, how now, lord!*Tro.* By Jove,

I will be patient.

*Cres.* Guardian!—why, Greek!*Dio.* Foh, foh! adieu; you palter.*Cres.* In faith, I do not: come hither once again.*Ulyss.* You shake, my lord, at something: will you go? 50

You will break out.

*Tro.* She strokes his cheek!*Ulyss.* Come, come.*Tro.* Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:

There is between my will and all offences A guard of patience: stay a little while.

*Ther.* How the devil Luxury, with his fat rump and potato-finger, tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!*Dio.* But will you then?*Cres.* In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.*Dio.* Give me some token for the surety of it. 60*Cres.* I'll fetch you one. *Exit.**Ulyss.* You have sworn patience.*Tro.* Fear me not, sweet lord;

I will not be myself, nor have cognition

Of what I feel: I am all patience.

*Re-enter CRESSIDA.**Ther.* Now the pledge! now, now, now!*Cres.* Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.*Tro.* O beauty! where is thy faith?*Ulyss.* My lord,—*Tro.* I will be patient; outwardly I will.*Cres.* You look upon that sleeve; behold it well.*He lov'd me—O false wench!—Give 't me again.* 70*Dio.* Whose was 't?*Cres.* It is no matter, now I have 't again:

I will not meet with you to-morrow night.

*I prithee, Diomed, visit me no more.**Ther.* Now she sharpens: well said, whetstone!*Dio.* I shall have it.*Cres.* What, this? *Ay, that.**Dio.* O! all you gods. O! pretty, pretty pledge.*Thy master now lies thinking in his bed Of thee and me; and sighs, and takes my glove,**And gives memorial dainty kisses to it, 80 As I kiss thee. Nay, do not snatch it from me;**He that takes that doth take my heart withal.**Dio.* I had your heart before; this follows it.*Tro.* I did swear patience.

*Cres.* You shall not have it, Diomed;  
faith, you shall not;

I'll give you something else.

*Dio.* I will have this. Whose was it?

*Cres.* 'T is no matter.

*Dio.* Come, tell me whose it was.

*Cres.* 'T was one's that lov'd me better  
than you will. 89

But, now you have it, take it.

*Dio.* Whose was it?

*Cres.* By all Diana's waiting-women  
yond.

And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

*Dio.* To-morrow will I wear it on my  
helm.

And grieve his spirit that dares not chal-  
lenge it.

*Tro.* Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it  
on thy horn,

It should be challeng'd.

*Cres.* Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past:  
and yet it is not:

I will not keep my word.

*Dio.* Why then, farewell;

Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

*Cres.* You shall not go: one cannot speak  
a word 100

But it straight starts you.

*Dio.* I do not like this fooling.

*Ther.* Nor I, by Pluto: but that that  
likes not me

Pleases me best.

*Dio.* What! shall I come? the hour?

*Cres.* Ay, come:—O Jove!—

Do come:—I shall be plagu'd.

*Dio.* Farewell till then.

*Cres.* Good night: I prithee, come.

*Exit* DIOMEDES.

Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on  
thee,

But with my heart the other eye doth see.

Ah! poor our sex; this fault in us I find,

The error of our eye directs our mind. 110

What error leads must err. O! then con-  
clude

Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude.

*Exit.*

*Ther.* A proof of strength she could not  
publish more,

Unless she said, 'My mind is now turn'd  
whore.'

*Ulyss.* All 's done, my lord.

*Tro.* It is.

*Ulyss.* Why stay we then?

*Tro.* To make a recordation to my soul

Of every syllable that here was spoke.

But if I tell how these two did co-act,

Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?

Sith yet there is a credence in my heart, 120

An esperance so obstinately strong,

That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears,

As if those organs had deceptive functions,

Created only to calumniate.

Was Cressid here?

*Ulyss.* I cannot conjure, Trojan.

*Tro.* She was not, sure.

*Ulyss.* Most sure she was.

*Tro.* Why, my negation hath no taste of  
madness.

*Ulyss.* Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was  
here but now.

*Tro.* Let it not be believ'd for woman-  
hood!

Think we had mothers; do not give advan-  
tage 130

To stubborn critics, apt, without a theme,  
For depravation, to square the general sex

By Cressid's rule: rather think this not  
Cressid.

*Ulyss.* What hath she done, prince, that  
can soil our mothers?

*Tro.* Nothing at all, unless that this were  
she.

*Ther.* Will he swagger himself out on 's  
own eyes?

*Tro.* This she? no; this is Diomed's  
Cressida.

If beauty have a soul, this is not she;  
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,

If sanctimony be the gods' delight, 140  
If there be rule in unity itself,

This is not she. O madness of discourse,  
That cause sets up with and against thyself;

Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt  
Without perdition, and loss assume all

reason  
Without revolt: this is, and is not, Cressid.

Within my soul there doth conduce a fight  
Of this strange nature that a thing in-

separate  
Divides more wider than the sky and earth;

And yet the spacious breadth of this division  
Admits no orifice for a point as subtle 151

As Ariachne's broken woof to enter.  
Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's

gates;  
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of

heaven:  
Instance, O instance! strong as heaven

itself;  
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd,

and loos'd;  
And with another knot, five-finger-tied,

The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,  
The fragments, scraps, the bits and greasy

reliques  
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to

Diomed. 160  
*Ulyss.* May worthy Troilus be half at-

tach'd  
With that which here his passion doth ex-

press?  
*Tro.* Ay, Greek; and that shall be di-

volv'd well  
In characters as red as Mars his heart

Inflam'd with Venus: never did young  
man fancy

With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.

Hark, Greek: as much as I do Cressid love,

So much by weight hate I her Diomed;

That sleeve is mine that he'll bear in his  
helm;

Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's  
skill, 170

My sword should bite it. Not the dreadful  
spout

Which shipmen do the hurricano call,  
Constrin'd in mass by the almighty sun,

Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear  
In his descent than shall my prompted sword  
Falling on Diomed.

*Ther.* He 'll tickle it for his concupy.

*Tro.* O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!

Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,  
And they 'll seem glorious.

*Ulyss.* O! contain yourself;  
Your passion draws ears hither. 181

*Enter ÆNEAS.*

*Æne.* I have been seeking you this hour,  
my lord.

Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy:

Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

*Tro.* Have with you, prince. My courteous lord, adieu.

Farewell, revolted fair! and, Diomed,

Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

*Ulyss.* I'll bring you to the gates.

*Tro.* Accept distracted thanks. 189

*Exeunt TROILUS, ÆNEAS, and ULYSSES.*

*Ther.* Would I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery; still, wars and lechery: nothing else holds fashion. A burning devil take them! *Exit.* 197

SCENE III.—*Troy. Before PRIAM'S Palace.*

*Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.*

*And.* When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,

To stop his ears against admonishment?

Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

*Hect.* You train me to offend you; get you in:

By all the everlasting gods, I'll go!

*And.* My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.

*Hect.* No more, I say.

*Enter CASSANDRA.*

*Cas.* Where is my brother Hector?  
*And.* Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent.

Consort with me in loud and dear petition;  
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd 10

Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night  
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

*Cas.* O! 'tis true.

*Hect.* Ho! bid my trumpet sound.

*Cas.* No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.

*Hect.* Be gone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.

*Cas.* The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows:

They are polluted offerings, more abhor'd  
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

*And.* O! be persuaded: do not count it holy

To hurt by being just: it is as lawful, 20  
For we would give much, to use violent thefts,

And rob in the behalf of charity.

*Cas.* It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;

But vows to every purpose must not hold.

Unarm, sweet Hector.

*Hect.* Hold you still, I say;  
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:

Life every man holds dear; but the dear man

Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

*Enter TROILUS.*

How now, young man! mean'st thou to fight to-day?

*And.* Cassandra, call my father to persuade. *Exit CASSANDRA.*

*Hect.* No, faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth; 31

I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry:

Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,

And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.

Unarm thee, go, and doubt thou not, brave boy,

I'll stand to-day for thee and me and Troy.

*Tro.* Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,

Which better fits a lion than a man.

*Hect.* What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.

*Tro.* When many times the captive Grecian falls, 40

Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword  
You bid them rise, and live.

*Hect.* O! 'tis fair play.

*Tro.* Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

*Hect.* How now! how now!

*Tro.* For the love of all the gods,  
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers,

And when we have our armours buckled on,  
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,

Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.

*Hect.* Fie, savage, fie!

*Tro.* Hector, then 'tis wars.

*Hect.* Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day. 50

*Tro.* Who should withhold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars  
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;

Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,  
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;

Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,

Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,  
But by my ruin.

*Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.*

*Cas.* Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast: 59

He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,  
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,  
Fall all together.

*Pri.* Come, Hector, come; go back:  
Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath  
had visions;

Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself  
Am like a prophet suddenly enrap,  
To tell thee that this day is ominous:  
Therefore, come back.

*Hect.* Aeneas is a-field;  
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,  
Even in the faith of valour, to appear  
This morning to them.

*Pri.* Ay, but thou shalt not go.  
*Hect.* I must not break my faith. 71  
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,  
Let me not shame respect, but give me  
leave

To take that course by your consent and  
voice,

Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.  
*Cas.* O Priam! yield not to him.

*And.* Do not, dear father.  
*Hect.* Andromache, I am offended with  
you:

Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

*Exit ANDROMACHE.*  
*Tro.* This foolish, dreaming, superstitious  
girl  
Makes all these bodements.

*Cas.* O farewell! dear Hector.  
Look! how thou diest; look! how thy eye  
turns pale; 81  
Look! how thy wounds do bleed at many  
vents:

Hark! how Troy roars: how Hecuba cries  
out!

How poor Andromache shrills her dolour  
forth!

Behold, distraction, frenzy, and amazement,  
Like witless antics, one another meet,  
And all cry, Hector! Hector's dead! O  
Hector!

*Tro.* Away! away!

*Cas.* Farewell. Yet soft! Hector, I take  
my leave:

Thou dost thyself and all our Troy de-  
ceive. *Exit.* 90

*Hect.* You are amaz'd, my liege, at her  
exclaim.

Go in and cheer the town: we'll forth and  
fight.

Do deeds worth praise and tell you them at  
night.

*Pri.* Farewell: the gods with safety stand  
about thee!

*Exeunt severally PRIAM and HECTOR.*  
*Alarums.*

*Tro.* They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed, believe,  
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

*Enter PANDARUS.*

*Pan.* Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

*Tro.* What now?

*Pan.* Here's a letter come from yond  
poor girl.

*Tro.* Let me read. 100

*Pan.* A whoreson tisick, a whoreson ras-  
cally tisick so troubles me, and the foolish  
fortune of this girl; and what one thing,  
what another, that I shall leave you one o'  
these days: and I have a rheum in mine  
eyes too, and such an ache in my bones  
that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot tell  
what to think on't. What says she there?

*Tro.* Words, words, mere words, no mat-  
ter from the heart;

The effect doth operate another way.

*Tearing the letter.*  
Go, wind to wind, there turn and change  
together. 110

My love with words and errors still she  
feeds,

But edifies another with her deeds.

*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV.—Plains between Troy and the  
Grecian Camp.

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter THER-  
SITES.*

*Ther.* Now they are clapper-clawing one  
another; I'll go look on. That dissembling  
abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that  
same scurvy dotting foolish young knave's  
sleeve of Troy there in his helm; I would  
fain see them meet; that that same young  
Trojan ass, that loves the whore there,  
might send that Greekish whore-masterly  
villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissem-  
bling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand.  
O' the other side, the policy of those crafty  
swearing rascals, that stale old mouse-  
eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and that same  
dog-fox, Ulysses, is not proved worth a  
blackberry: they set me up, in policy, that  
mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as  
bad a kind, Achilles; and now is the cur  
Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will  
not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians  
begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy  
grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here comes  
sleeve, and t' other. 18

*Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS following.*

*Tro.* Fly not; for should'st thou take the  
river Styx,  
I would swim after.

*Dio.* Thou dost miscall retire:  
I do not fly, but advantageous care  
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude.  
Have at thee!

*Ther.* Hold thy whore, Grecian! now for  
thy whore,

Trojan! now the sleeve! now the sleeve!  
*Exeunt TROILUS and DIOMEDES,*  
*fighting.*

*Enter HECTOR.*

*Hect.* What art thou, Greek? art thou for  
Hector's match?

Art thou of blood and honour?

*Ther.* No, no; I am a rascal; a scurvy  
railing knave; a very filthy rogue. 31

*Hect.* I do believe thee: live. *Exit.*

*Ther.* God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle; yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. *Exit.*

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Plains.*

*Enter DIOMEDES and a Servant.*

*Dio.* Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;  
Present the fair steed to my Lady Cressid:  
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty:  
Tell her I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,  
And am her knight by proof.  
*Serv.* I go, my lord. *Exit.*

*Enter AGAMEMNON.*

*Agam.* Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamas  
Hath beat down Menon; bastard Margarelon  
Hath Doreus prisoner,  
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,  
Upon the pashed corpses of the kings;<sup>10</sup>  
Epistrophus and Cedijs; Polyxenes is slain;  
Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt;  
Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes  
Sore hurt and bruis'd; the dreadful Sagittary  
Appals our numbers: haste we, Diomed,  
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

*Enter NESTOR.*

*Nest.* Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;  
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.  
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:  
Now here he fights on Galathe his horse, 20  
And there lacks work; anon he's there afoot,  
And there they fly or die, like scaled sculls  
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,  
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,  
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath:  
Here, there, and every where, he leaves and takes,  
Dexterity so obeying appetite  
That what he will he does; and does so much  
That proof is call'd impossibility.

*Enter ULYSSES.*

*Ulyss.* O! courage, courage, princes;  
great Achilles<sup>30</sup>  
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance;  
Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,  
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,  
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd,  
come to him,  
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend.

And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd and at it,  
Roaring for Troilus, who hath done to-day  
Mad and fantastic execution,  
Engaging and redeeming of himself  
With such a careless force and forceless care<sup>40</sup>  
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,  
Bade him win all.

*Enter AJAX.*

*Ajax.* Troilus! thou coward Troilus! *Exit.*  
*Dio.* Ay, there, there.  
*Nest.* So, so, we draw together.

*Enter ACHILLES.*

*Achil.* Where is this Hector?  
Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face;  
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry:  
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector.  
*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another Part of the Plains.*

*Enter AJAX.*

*Ajax.* Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

*Enter DIOMEDES.*

*Dio.* Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?  
*Ajax.* What would'st thou?  
*Dio.* I would correct him.  
*Ajax.* Were I the general, thou should'st have my office  
Ere that correction. Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

*Enter TROILUS.*

*Tro.* O traitor Diomed! turn thy false face, thou traitor,  
And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!  
*Dio.* Ha! art thou there?  
*Ajax.* I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.  
*Dio.* He is my prize; I will not look upon.<sup>10</sup>  
*Tro.* Come, both you cogging Greeks; have at you both! *Exeunt, fighting.*

*Enter HECTOR.*

*Hect.* Yea, Troilus? O! well fought, my youngest brother.

*Enter ACHILLES.*

*Achil.* Now do I see thee. Ha! Have at thee, Hector!  
*Hect.* Pause, if thou wilt.  
*Achil.* I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.  
Be happy that my arms are out of use:  
My rest and negligence befriended thee now,  
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;  
Till when, go seek thy fortune. *Exit.*  
*Hect.* Fare thee well.  
I would have been much more a fresher man,<sup>20</sup>  
Had I expected thee. How now, my brother!

*Re-enter TROILUS.*

*Tro.* Ajax hath ta'en Æneas: shall it be? No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven, He shall not carry him: I'll be ta'en too, Or bring him off. Fate, hear me what I say! I reckon not though thou end my life to-day.

*Exit.**Enter One in sumptuous armour.*

*Hect.* Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark. No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well; I'll frush it, and unlock the rivets all, But I'll be master of it. Wilt thou not, beast, abide? <sup>30</sup> Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.

*Exeunt.*SCENE VII.—*Another Part of the Plains.**Enter ACHILLES, with Myrmidons.*

*Achil.* Come here about me, you my Myrmidons; Mark what I say. Attend me where I wheel: Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath: And when I have the bloody Hector found, Empale him with your weapons round about; In fellest manner execute your aims. Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye: It is decreed Hector the great must die. <sup>8</sup>

*Exeunt.**Enter MENELAUS and PARIS, fighting: then THERSITES.*

*Ther.* The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it. Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now, my double-henned sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo! The bull has the game: ware horns, ho!

*Exeunt PARIS and MENELAUS.**Enter MARGARELON.*

*Mar.* Turn, slave, and fight.

*Ther.* What art thou?

*Mar.* A bastard son of Priam's. <sup>15</sup>

*Ther.* I am a bastard too; I love bastards; I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in everything illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment. Farewell, bastard. <sup>23</sup>

*Mar.* The devil take thee, coward!

*Exeunt.*SCENE VIII.—*Another Part of the Plains.**Enter HECTOR.*

*Hect.* Most putrefied core, so fair without, Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life. Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath: Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death.

*Puts off his helmet, and lays his sword aside.*

*Enter ACHILLES and Myrmidons.*

*Achil.* Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;

How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:

Even with the veil and darkening of the sun, To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

*Hect.* I am unarm'd; forgo this vantage, Greek.

*Achil.* Strike, fellows, strike! this is the man I seek. <sup>10</sup> *HECTOR falls.*

So, Ilium, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down!

Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.

On! Myrmidons, and cry you all amain, Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.

*A retreat sounded.*

Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

*Myr.* The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

*Achil.* The dragon wing of night o'er-spreads the earth,

And, stickler-like, the armies separates.

My half-suppl'd sword, that frankly would have fed,

Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed. <sup>20</sup> *Sheathes his sword.*

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;

Along the field I will the Trojan trail.

*Exeunt.*SCENE IX.—*Another Part of the Plains.*

*Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and Others, marching. Shouts within.*

*Agam.* Hark! hark! what shout is that? *Nest.* Peace, drums!

*Within.* Achilles! Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

*Dio.* The bruit is, Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

*Ajax.* If it be so, yet bragless let it be;

Great Hector was a man as good as he.

*Agam.* March patiently along. Let one be sent

To pray Achilles see us at our tent.

If in his death the gods have us befriended, Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended. <sup>10</sup>

*Exeunt, marching.*SCENE X.—*Another Part of the Plains.**Enter ÆNEAS and Trojan Forces.*

*Æne.* Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field.

Never go home; here starve we out the night.

*Enter TROILUS.*

*Tro.* Hector is slain.

*All.* Hector! The gods forbid!

*Tro.* He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,

In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.

Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!

Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at  
Troy!

I say, at once let your brief plagues be  
mercy.

And linger not our sure destructions on!

*Æne.* My lord, you do discomfort all the  
host. 10

*Tro.* You understand me not that tell me  
so:

I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death,  
But dare all imminence that gods and  
men

Address their dangers in. Hector is gone:  
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?

Let him that will a screech-owl aye be  
call'd

Go in to Troy, and say there Hector's dead:  
There is a word will Priam turn to stone,  
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and  
wives,

Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word 20  
Scare Troy out of itself. But march away:  
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.

Stay yet. You vile abominable tents,  
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,

Let Titan rise as early as he dare,  
I'll through and through you! And, thou

great-siz'd coward,  
No space of earth shall sunder our two

hates:  
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience

still,  
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzies

thoughts.  
Strike a free march to Troy! with comfort

go: 30  
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward

woe.  
*Exeunt ÆNEAS and Trojan Forces.*

As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the  
other side, PANDARUS.

*Pan.* But hear you, hear you!

*Tro.* Hence, broker-lackey! ignomy and  
shame

Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!  
*Exit.*

*Pan.* A goodly medicine for mine aching  
bones! O world! world! world! thus is  
the poor agent despised. O traitors and  
bawds, how earnestly are you set a-work,  
and how ill requited! why should our endeav-  
our be so loved, and the performance so  
loathed? what verse for it? what instance  
for it? Let me see: 41

*Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,  
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;  
And being once subdued in armed tail,  
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.*

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your  
painted cloths.

*As many as be here of pandar's hall,  
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's  
fall;*

*Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some  
groans, 50*

*Though not for me, yet for your aching  
bones.*

*Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door  
trade,*

*Some two months hence my will shall here  
be made:*

*It should be now, but that my fear is this,  
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss.*

*Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for eases;  
And at that time bequeath you my diseases.*

*Exit.*

## CORIOLANUS

**C**ORIOLANUS has been often cited as evidence of Shakespeare's sympathy with the aristocratic as opposed to the democratic principle of government. That the play itself justifies no such inference is too apparent to require discussion. The central theme of the tragedy is the character of Coriolanus himself, to the portrayal of which the conflict between plebeian and patrician is but incidental. Shakespeare's purpose requires that the hero shall command some measure of sympathy from the audience from first to last, and to that end he has portrayed the plebeians in a light which affords some justification for the contempt in which Coriolanus holds them. To say, however, that Shakespeare himself shares in that contempt is utterly to misread the play.

The problem in which Shakespeare is here interested is clearly not a political, but an educational one. *Coriolanus* is the tragedy of a mother's son. It begins with that son's birth, is fostered and nourished by a mother's pride and folly, reaches its climax in the rich soil of civil discord, and seals its catastrophe in a mother's love. The full significance of the tragedy can be grasped only by recognition of the fact that it has its beginning and its ending in Volumnia. To support this view it is not necessary to go outside the play itself; and yet, it may be helpful to turn for a moment to Plutarch from which Shakespeare read the following: "Caius Marcius, being left an orphan by his father, was brought up under his mother, a widow. . . . This man also is good proof to confirm some men's opinions: That a rare and excellent wit, untaught, doth bring forth many good and evil things together. . . . For this Marcius' natural wit and great heart did marvellously stir up his courage to do and attempt notable acts. But on the other side, for lack of education, he was so choleric that he would yield to no living creature; which made him churlish, uncivil, and altogether unfit for any man's conversation. . . . But Marcius began from his childhood to give himself to handle weapons, and daily did exercise himself therein."

Now with this passage in mind let us turn to the play. As is his custom, Shakespeare has given us the key to the tragedy in the opening scene. When the Second Citizen interposes for Marcius, recalling his services to his country, the First Citizen replies: "Though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud." This is so strange a charge to bring against a national hero, that it at once arrests our attention. True or false, it reveals the fact that among the common people there is a widespread belief that Volumnia exercises an unusual influence over her son. Of the nature of that influence we are not left long in doubt. The third scene, one of the most significant in the play, is laid in the house of Marcius. The purpose of this scene is clearly to reveal the nature of the childhood training of Marcius at his mother's hands. To lend vividness to the picture, Shakespeare has substituted for the "young children" of Marcius, as given by Plutarch, Marcius' young son. Virgilia, the wife of Marcius, is portrayed throughout in striking contrast to Volumnia as a "gracious silence" and as one who abhors blood and strife. The scene opens with Volumnia telling Virgilia of the ideals which she has ever held before Marcius—ideals of war and patriotism. "When yet he was but tender-bodied to a cruel war I sent him." Valeria enters and inquires of Virgilia about her little son. In what follows it is as if we saw Marcius himself as a child. Volumnia is proud that "He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his schoolmaster." Why here is something strictly modern; something for pedagogues to ponder. But observe further. Shakespeare proceeds to the concrete. Valeria glowingly recounts the incident of the butterfly: "I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; caught it again; or whether his fall enraged him, or how it was, he did so set his teeth and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammoocked it!" Volumnia, who clearly is enchanted with the

tale, cries: "One on 's father's moods." To which Valeria responds: "Indeed, la, 't is a noble child." Virgilia, who all the while has been sewing, looks up from her work—or does she not? and observes, "A crack, madam."

Poor Virgilia! No wonder she sought to retire on Valeria's approach. No wonder she cannot be persuaded to leave her sewing and go forth with them to share their mirth. A crack, indeed! A defect, a moral defect in the boy. This is clearly what is in Virgilia's mind. It cannot be that, as many commentators think, she speaks approvingly of Valeria's story. She sees in the boy's conduct evidence of what Hamlet calls the "vicious mole" or "the dram of eale" that often drives out all a man's noble qualities and scandalizes him. Something in this child that promises to develop into a habit that "too much o'erleavens the form of plausible manners." It is hardly necessary to seek further for an explanation of the character of Coriolanus. The tragedy has its origin here. The entire development of the man's character is but the unfolding of this germ. The problem is an educational one—swords and drums, or schoolmasters?

It is useless to dwell upon the virtues of Coriolanus. They are perfectly obvious. But it is also obvious that they are what we might call barbaric virtues, found equally in the untutored with the tutored. Greatness, in a civilized society, calls for something more than these; for these very virtues, without the restraining influence of an education that makes a man fit to converse with his fellow men, menace the state and at last destroy themselves.

That the First Citizen spoke true is proved by the event. Too late Volumnia tries to impart wisdom to her son. When upon his banishment he bids her farewell, he rebukes her for her tears as inconsistent with the spirit of her own teaching. He who supposedly had risked life for love of country now turns against his country and threatens its destruction. Yielding at last to his mother's prayer that he will spare Rome lest his name should go down "to the ensuing age abhorred," he is conscious that he now turns traitor to the Volsces. Well may he now cry out in anguish:

"O mother, mother!

What have you done?"

# CORIOLANUS

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CAIUS MARCIUS, afterwards CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.  
 TITUS LARTIUS, } Generals against  
 COMINIUS, } the Volscians.  
 MENENIUS AGRIPPA, Friend to Coriolanus.  
 SICINIUS VELUTUS, } Tribunes of the  
 JUNIUS BRUTUS, } People.  
 Young MARCIUS, Son to Coriolanus.  
 A Roman Herald.

TULLUS AUFIDIUS, General of the Volscians.  
 Lieutenant to Aufidius.  
 Conspirators with Aufidius.  
 A Citizen of Antium.  
 Two Volscian Guards.  
 VOLUMNIA, Mother to Coriolanus.  
 VIRGILIA, Wife to Coriolanus.  
 VALERIA, Friend to Virgilia.  
 Gentlewoman, attending on Virgilia.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens,  
 Messengers, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

SCENE.—Rome and the neighbourhood; Corioli and the neighbourhood; Antium.

## ACT I

### SCENE I.—Rome. A Street.

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

First Cit. Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

First Cit. You are all resolved rather to die than to famish?

All. Resolved, resolved.

First Cit. First, you know Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

All. We know 't, we know 't.

First Cit. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is 't a verdict? 11

All. No more talking on 't; let it be done. Away, away!

Second Cit. One word, good citizens.

First Cit. We are accounted poor citizens, the patricians, good. What authority surfeits on would relieve us. If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge. 25

Second Cit. Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

All. Against him first: he's a very dog to the commonalty. 29

Second Cit. Consider you what services he has done for his country?

First Cit. Very well; and could be content to give him good report for 't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

Second Cit. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

First Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue. 41

Second Cit. What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.

First Cit. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations: he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. Shouts within. What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: why stay we prating here? to the Capitol! 41

All. Come, come.

First Cit. Soft! who comes here? 50

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

Second Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa: one that hath always loved the people.

First Cit. He's one honest enough: would all the rest were so!

Men. What work 's, my countrymen, in hand? where go you

With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

First Cit. Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say poor suitors have strong breaths: they shall know we have strong arms too. 62

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,

Will you undo yourselves?

First Cit. We cannot, sir: we are undone already.

*Men.* I tell you, friends, most charitable care  
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,  
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well  
Strike at the heaven with your staves as lift them <sup>80</sup>  
Against the Roman state, whose course will on  
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs  
Of more strong link asunder than can ever  
Appear in your impediment. For the dearth,  
The gods, not the patricians, make it, and  
Your knees to them, not arms, must help.  
Alack!  
You are transported by calamity  
Thither where more attends you; and you slander  
The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,  
When you curse them as enemies. <sup>80</sup>  
*First Cit.* Care for us! True, indeed! They ne'er cared for us yet: suffer us to famish, and their storehouses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich, and provide more piercing statutes daily to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.  
*Men.* Either you must <sup>90</sup>  
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious, Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you A pretty tale: it may be you have heard it; But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture  
To stale 't a little more.  
*First Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, sir; yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale; but, an 't please you, deliver.  
*Men.* There was a time when all the body's members  
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it: That only like a gulf it did remain <sup>101</sup>  
I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive, Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing  
Like labour with the rest, where the other instruments  
Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel, And, mutually participate, did minister  
Unto the appetite and affection common  
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd,—  
*First Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly?  
*Men.* Sir, I shall tell you. With a kind of smile,  
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus.  
For, look you, I may make the belly smile  
As well as speak, it tauntingly replied  
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts  
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly  
As you malign our senators for that  
They are not such as you.  
*First Cit.* Your belly's answer? What!  
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,

The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier, <sup>120</sup>  
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,  
With other muniments and petty helps  
In this our fabric, if that they—  
*Men.* What then? What then?  
Fore me this fellow speaks! What then? what then?  
*First Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,  
Who is the sink of the body,—  
*Men.* Well, what then?  
*First Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain,  
What could the belly answer?  
*Men.* I will tell you; If you 'll bestow a small, of what you have little, <sup>129</sup>  
Patience awhile, you 'll hear the belly's answer.  
*First Cit.* Ye 're long about it.  
*Men.* Note me this, good friend; Your most grave belly was deliberate, Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:  
'True is it, my incorporate friends,' quoth he, 'That I receive the general food at first, Which you do live upon; and fit it is, Because I am the store-house and the shop Of the whole body; but, if you do remember, I send it through the rivers of your blood, Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the brain; <sup>140</sup>  
And, through the cranks and offices of man, The strongest nerves and small inferior veins  
From me receive that natural competency Whereby they live. And though that all at once,  
You, my good friends,'—this says the belly, mark me,—  
*First Cit.* Ay, sir; well, well.  
*Men.* 'Though all at once cannot See what I do deliver out to each, Yet I can make my audit up, that all From me do back receive the flour of all, And leave me but the bran.' What say you to 't? <sup>150</sup>  
*First Cit.* It was an answer. How apply you this?  
*Men.* The senators of Rome are this good belly,  
And you the mutinous members; for examine  
Their counsels and their cares, digest things rightly  
Touching the weal o' the common, you shall find  
No public benefit which you receive  
But it proceeds or comes from them to you, And no way from yourselves. What do you think,  
You, the great toe of this assembly?  
*First Cit.* I the great toe? Why the great toe? <sup>160</sup>  
*Men.* For that, being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,  
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:  
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,

Lead'st first to win some vantage.  
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs:  
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle;

*Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.*

The one side must have bale. Hail, noble  
Marcius!

*Mar.* Thanks. What's the matter, you  
dissentious rogues,  
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opin-  
ion,

Make yourselves scabs?

*First Cit.* We have ever your good word.  
*Mar.* He that will give good words to these  
will flatter

Beneath abhorring. What would you have,  
you curs,

That like nor peace nor war? the one af-  
frights you,

The other makes you proud. He that trusts  
to you,

Where he should find you lions, finds you  
hares;

Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,  
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,

Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is  
To make him worthy whose offence sub-  
dues him,

And curse that justice did it. Who deserves  
greatness

Deserves your hate; and your affections are  
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that  
Which would increase his evil. He that de-  
pends

Upon your favours swims with fins of lead,  
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye!

Trust ye?

With every minute you do change a mind,  
And call him noble that was now your hate,  
Him vile that was your garland. What's  
the matter,

That in these several places of the city  
You cry against the noble senate, who,

Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else  
Would feed on one another? What's their  
seeking?

*Men.* For corn at their own rates: where-  
of, they say,

The city is well stor'd.

*Mar.* Hang 'em! They say!  
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know  
What's done i' the Capitol: who's like to  
rise,

Who thrives, and who declines; side fac-  
tions, and give out

Conjectural marriages; making parties  
strong,

And feebling such as stand not in their lik-  
ing,

Below their cobbled shoes. They say  
there's grain enough!

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,  
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry  
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves,  
as high

As I could pick my lance.

*Men.* Nay, these are almost thoroughly  
persuaded;

For though abundantly they lack discretion,

Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I be-  
seech you,

What say the other troop?

*Mar.* They are dissolved: hang 'em!  
They said they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth  
proverbs:

That hunger broke stone walls; that dogs  
must eat;

That meat was made for mouths; that the  
gods sent not

Corn for the rich men only. With these  
shreds

They vented their complainings; which be-  
ing answer'd,

And a petition granted them, a strange one,  
To break the heart of generosity,

And make bold power look pale, they threw  
their caps

As they would hang them on the horns o'  
the moon,

Shouting their emulation.

*Men.* What is granted them?  
*Mar.* Five tribunes, to defend their vul-  
gar wisdoms,

Of their own choice: one's Junius Brutus,  
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath!

The rabble should have first unroof'd the  
city,

Ere so prevail'd with me; it will in time  
Win upon power, and throw forth greater  
themes

For insurrection's arguing.

*Men.* This is strange.  
*Mar.* Go; get you home, you fragments!

*Enter a Messenger, hastily.*

*Mess.* Where's Caius Marcius?

*Mar.* Here: what is the matter?

*Mess.* The news is, sir, the Volscies are  
in arms.

*Mar.* I am glad on't; then we shall ha'  
means to vent

Our musty superfluity. See, our best elders.

*Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other  
Senators; JUNIUS BRUTUS and SICINIUS  
VELUTUS.*

*First Sen.* Marcius, 'tis true that you  
have lately told us;

The Volscies are in arms.

*Mar.* They have a leader,  
Tullius Aufidius, that will put you to 't.

I sin in envying his nobility,  
And were I any thing but what I am,  
I would wish me only he.

*Com.* You have fought together.  
*Mar.* Were half to half the world by the  
ears, and he

Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make  
Only my wars with him: he is a lion

That I am proud to hunt.

*First Sen.* Then, worthy Marcius,  
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

*Com.* It is your former promise.  
*Mar.* Sir, it is;

And I am constant. Titus Lartius, thou  
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullius'

face.  
What! art thou stiff? stand'st out?

*Tit.* No, Caius Marcius;  
I'll lean upon one crutch and fight with  
t' other.

Ere stay behind this business.

*Men.* O! true-bred.  
*First Sen.* Your company to the Capitol;  
where I know

Our greatest friends attend us.

*Tit.* To COMINIUS. Lead you on:  
To MARCIUS. Follow Cominius; we must  
follow you; 250

Right worthy you priority.

*Com.* Noble Marcius!  
*First Sen.* To the Citizens. Hence! To  
your homes! be gone.

*Mar.* Nay, let them follow:  
These Volsces have much corn; take these  
rats thither

To gnaw their garners. Worshipful muti-  
ners,

Your valour puts well forth; pray, follow.

*Exeunt Senators, COMINIUS, MARCIUS,  
TITUS, and MENENIUS. Citizens  
steal away.*

*Sic.* Was ever man so proud as is this  
Marcius?

*Bru.* He has no equal.

*Sic.* When we were chosen tribunes for  
the people,—

*Bru.* Mark'd you his lips and eyes?

*Sic.* Nay, but his taunts.  
*Bru.* Being mov'd, he will not spare to  
gird the gods. 260

*Sic.* Bemock the modest moon.

*Bru.* The present wars devour him; he is  
grown

Too proud to be so valiant.

*Sic.* Such a nature,  
Tickled with good success, disdains the  
shadow

Which he treads on at noon. But I do wonder  
His insolence can brook to be commanded  
Under Cominius.

*Bru.* Fame, at the which he aims,  
In whom already he's well grac'd, can not  
Better be held nor more attain'd than by 269  
A place below the first; for what miscarries  
Shall be the general's fault, though he per-  
form

To the utmost of a man; and giddy cen-  
sure

Will then cry out of Marcius, 'O! if he  
Had borne the business.'

*Sic.* Besides, if things go well,  
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall  
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

*Bru.* Come:  
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,  
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all  
his faults 278

To Marcius shall be honours, though indeed  
In aught he merit not.

*Sic.* Let's hence and hear  
How the dispatch is made; and in what  
fashion,

More than his singularity, he goes  
Upon his present action.

*Bru.* Let's along.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Corioli. The Senate-house.*

*Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS and Senators.*

*First Sen.* So, your opinion is, Aufidius,  
That they of Rome are enter'd in our coun-  
sels,

And know how we proceed.

*Auf.* Is it not yours?  
What ever have been thought on in this  
state,

That could be brought to bodily act ere  
Rome

Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days  
gone

Since I heard thence; these are the words:  
I think

I have the letter here; yes, here it is.

*They have press'd a power, but it is not  
known*

*Whether for east or west: the dearth is  
great; 10*

*The people mutinous; and it is rumour'd,  
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,*

*Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,  
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,*

*These three lead on this preparation  
Whither 't is bent: most likely 't is for you:*

*Consider of it.*

*First Sen.* Our army's in the field:

We never yet made doubt but Rome was  
ready

To answer us.

*Auf.* Nor did you think it folly

To keep your great pretences veil'd till when  
They needs must show themselves; which  
in the hatching, 21

It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the dis-  
covery

We shall be shorten'd in our aim, which was,  
To take in many towns ere almost Rome

Should know we were afoot.

*Second Sen.* Noble Aufidius,

Take your commission; hie you to your  
bands;

Let us alone to guard Corioli:

If they set down before's, for the remove  
Bring up your army; but I think you'll find  
They've not prepar'd for us.

*Auf.* O! doubt not that;

I speak from certainties. Nay, more; 31  
Some parcels of their power are forth al-  
ready,

And only hitherward. I leave your honours.  
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,  
'Tis sworn between us we shall ever strike  
Till one can do no more.

*All.* The gods assist you!

*Auf.* And keep your honours safe!

*First Sen.* Farewell.

*Second Sen.* Farewell.

*All.* Farewell. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in MARCIUS'S  
House.*

*Enter VOLUMNIA and VIRGILIA. They set  
them down on two low stools and sew.*

*Vol.* I pray you, daughter, sing; or express  
yourself in a more comfortable sort. If my

son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour than in the embracements of his bed where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied and the only son of my womb, when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way, when for a day of kings' entreaties a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding, I, considering how honour would become such a person, that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir, was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man. 19

*Vir.* But had he died in the business, madam; how then?

*Vol.* Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely: had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius, I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

*Enter a Gentlewoman.*

*Gent.* Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to visit you.

*Vir.* Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself. 30

*Vol.* Indeed, you shall not.

*Methinks* I hear hither your husband's drum,

See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair, As children from a bear, the Volsces shunning him:

*Methinks* I see him stamp thus, and call thus:

"Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear,

Though you were born in Rome.' His bloody brow

With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes,

Like to a harvest-man that's task'd to mow Or all or lose his hire. 40

*Vir.* His bloody brow! O Jupiter! no blood.

*Vol.* Away, you fool! it more becomes a man

Than gilt his trophy: the breasts of Hecuba, When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier

Than Hector's forehead when it spit forth blood

At Grecian swords, contemning. Tell Valeria

We are fit to bid her welcome.

*Exit Gentlewoman.*

*Vir.* Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

*Vol.* He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,

And tread upon his neck. 50

*Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA and an Usher.*

*Val.* My ladies both, good day to you.

*Vol.* Sweet madam.

*Vir.* I am glad to see your ladyship.

*Val.* How do you both? you are manifest housekeepers. What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith. How does your little son?

*Vir.* I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

*Vol.* He had rather see the swords and hear a drum, than look upon his school-master. 61

*Val.* O' my word, the father's son; I'll swear 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catch'd it again: or whether his fall enraged him, or how 't was, he did so set his teeth and tear it; O! I warrant, how he mammocked it. 71

*Vol.* One on 's father's moods.

*Val.* Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.

*Vir.* A crack, madam.

*Val.* Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

*Vir.* No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

*Val.* Not out of doors!

*Vol.* She shall, she shall. 80

*Vir.* Indeed, no, by your patience; I'll not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars.

*Vol.* Fie! you confine yourself most unreasonably. Come; you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

*Vir.* I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

*Vol.* Why, I pray you?

*Vir.* 'T is not to save labour, nor that I want love. 91

*Val.* You would be another Penelope; yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

*Vir.* No, good madam, pardon me; indeed I will not forth.

*Val.* In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband. 101

*Vir.* O! good madam, there can be none yet.

*Val.* Verily. I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

*Vir.* Indeed, madam?

*Val.* In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is: the Volsces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Cori-

oli; they nothing doubt prevailing and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us. 112

*Vir.* Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

*Vol.* Let her alone, lady: as she is now she will but disease our better mirth.

*Val.* In troth, I think she would. Fare you well then. Come, good sweet lady, Prithee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us. 121

*Vir.* No, at a word, madam; indeed I must not. I wish you much mirth.

*Val.* Well, then, farewell.

*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.—Before Corioli.

*Enter, with drum and colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Captains, and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.*

*Mar.* Yonder comes news: a wager they have met.

*Lart.* My horse to yours, no.

*Mar.* 'T is done.

*Lart.* Agreed.

*Mar.* Say, has our general met the enemy?

*Mess.* They lie in view, but have not spoke as yet.

*Lart.* So the good horse is mine.

*Mar.* I'll buy him of you.

*Lart.* No, I'll not sell nor give him: lend you him I will  
For half a hundred years. Summon the town.

*Mar.* How far off lie these armies?

*Mess.* Within this mile and half.

*Mar.* Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.

Now, Mars, I prithee, make us quick in work, 10

That we with smoking swords may march from hence,

To help our fielded friends! Come, blow thy blast.

*A parley sounded. Enter, on the walls, two Senators, and Others.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

*First Sen.* No, nor a man that fears you less than he.

That's lesser than a little. *Drums afar off.*

Are bringing forth our youth: we'll break our walls,

Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,

Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;

They'll open of themselves.

*Alarum afar off*

*Hark you, far off!*

There is Aufidius: list, what work he makes

Amongst your cloven army.

*Mar.* O! they are at it.

*Lart.* Their noise be our instruction.

Ladders, ho!

*The Volsces enter and pass over the stage.*

*Mar.* They fear us not, but issue forth their city.

Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight

With hearts more proof than shields.

Advance, brave Titus:

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,

Which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on, my fellows:

He that retires, I'll take him for a Volsce, And he shall feel mine edge.

*Alarum. The Romans are beaten back to their trenches.*

*Re-enter MARCIUS.*

*Mar.* All the contagion of the south light on you, 30

You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues

Plaster you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd Further than seen, and one infect another

Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,

That bear the shapes of men, how have you run

From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!

All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale With flight and agued fear! Mend and charge home,

Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe And make my wars on you; look to 't:

come on; 40

If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,

As they us to our trenches followed.

*Another alarum. The Volsces and Romans re-enter, and the fight is renewed. The Volsces retire into Corioli, and MARCIUS follows them to the gates.*

So, now the gates are ope: now prove good seconds:

'T is for the followers fortune widens them, Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.

*He enters the gates.*

*First Sol.* Foolhardiness! not I.

*Second Sol.* Nor I.

*MARCIUS is shut in.*

*Third Sol.* See, they have shut him in.

*All.* To the pot, I warrant him.

*Alarum continues.*

*Re-enter TITUS LARTIUS.*

*Lart.* What is become of Marcius?

*All.* Slain, sir, doubtless.

*First Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,

With them he enters; who, upon the sudden,

Clapp'd to their gates; he is himself alone, 51

To answer all the city.

*Lart.* O noble fellow!  
Who sensibly outdares his senseless sword,

And, when it bows, stands up. Thou art left, Marcius:  
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,  
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier

Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible  
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks and

The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,  
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world

Were feverous and did tremble.

*Re-enter MARCIUS, bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.*

*First Sol.* Look! sir.

*Lart.* O! 't is Marcius:  
Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.  
*They fight, and all enter the city.*

SCENE V.—Corioli. A Street.

*Enter certain Romans, with spoils.*

*First Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.

*Second Rom.* And I this.

*Third Rom.* A murrain on' t! I took this for silver.

*Alarum continues still afar off.*

*Enter MARCIUS and TITUS LARTIUS, with a trumpet.*

*Mar.* See here these movers that do prize their hours

At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,

Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would  
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,

Ere yet the fight be done, pack up. Down with them!

And hark, what noise the general makes!  
To him!

There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,  
Piercing our Romans: then, valiant Titus, take

Convenient numbers to make good the city,  
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste

To help Cominius.

*Lart.* Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;  
Thy exercise hath been too violent  
For a second course of fight.

*Mar.* Sir, praise me not;  
My work hath yet not warm'd me: fare you well:

The blood I drop is rather physical  
Than dangerous to me: to Aufidius thus 20  
I will appear, and fight.

*Lart.* Now the fair goddess, Fortune,  
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms

Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,

Prosperity be thy page!

*Mar.* Thy friend no less  
Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell.

*Lart.* Thou worthiest Marcius!

*Exit MARCIUS.*

Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;  
Call thither all the officers o' the town,  
Where they shall know our mind. Away!  
*Exeunt*

SCENE VI.—Near the Camp of COMINIUS.

*Enter COMINIUS and Forces, as in retreat.*

*Com.* Breathe you, my friends: well fought; we are come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,  
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,  
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,

By interims and conveying gusts we have heard

The charges of our friends. Ye Roman gods!  
Lead their successes as we wish our own,  
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering,

May give you thankful sacrifice.

*Enter a Messenger.*

Thy news?

*Mess.* The citizens of Corioli have issued,

And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:  
I saw our party to their trenches driven,  
And then I came away.

*Com.* Though thou speak'st truth,  
Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is 't since?

*Mess.* Above an hour, my lord.

*Com.* 'T is not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:

How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour,

And bring thy news so late?

*Mess.* Spies of the Volsces  
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel  
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir, 20  
Half an hour since brought my report.

*Enter MARCIUS.*

*Com.* Who's yonder,  
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!

He has the stamp of Marcius, and I have  
Before-time seen him thus.

*Mar.* Come I too late?

*Com.* The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor

More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue

From every meaner man.

*Mar.* Come I too late?

*Com.* Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,

But mantled in your own.

*Mar.* O! let me clip ye  
In arms as sound as when I woo'd, in heart 30  
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,  
And tapers burn'd to bedward.

*Com.* Flower of warriors,  
How is 't with Titus Lartius?

*Mar.* As with a man busied about decrees:

Condemning some to death, and some to exile;

Ransoming him, or pitying, threat'ning the other;

Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,  
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,  
To let him slip at will.

*Com.* Where is that slave  
Which told me they had beat you to your  
trenches? 40

Where is he? Call him hither.

*Mar.* Let him alone;  
He did inform the truth: but for our gentlemen,

The common file,—a plague! tribunes for them!

The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat as they did budge

From rascals worse than they.

*Com.* But how prevail'd you?

*Mar.* Will the time serve to tell? I do not think.

Where is the enemy? are you lords o' the field?

If not, why cease you till you are so?

*Com.* Marcius, we have at disadvantage fought,

And did retire to win our purpose. 50

*Mar.* How lies their battle? know you on which side

They have plac'd their men of trust?

*Com.* As I guess, Marcius,  
Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates,  
Of their best trust; o'er them Aufidius,  
Their very heart of hope.

*Mar.* I do beseech you,  
By all the battles wherein we have fought,  
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows

We have made to endure friends, that you directly

Set me against Aufidius and his Antiates;  
And that you not delay the present, but, 60  
Filling the air with swords advanc'd and darts,

We prove this very hour.

*Com.* Though I could wish  
You were conducted to a gentle bath,  
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never  
Deny your asking: take your choice of those  
That best can aid your action.

*Mar.* Those are they  
That most are willing. If any such be here,  
As it were sin to doubt, that love this painting  
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear  
Lesser his person than an ill report; 70  
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,  
And that his country's dearer than himself;  
Let him, alone, or so many so minded,  
Wave thus, to express his disposition,  
And follow Marcius.

*They all shout and wave their swords;  
take him up in their arms, and cast  
up their caps.*

O! me alone? Make you a sword of me?  
If these shows be not outward, which of you  
But is four Volscs? none of you but is  
Able to bear against the great Aufidius  
A shield as hard as his. A certain number, 80  
Though thanks to all, must I select from all:  
the rest

Shall bear the business in some other fight,  
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to  
march;

And four shall quickly draw out my command,

Which men are best inclin'd.

*Com.* March on, my fellows:  
Make good this ostentation, and you shall  
Divide in all with us. *Exeunt.*

### SCENE VII.—The Gates of Corioli.

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a guard upon Corioli, going with drum and trumpet toward COMINIUS and CAIUS MARCIUS, enters with a Lieutenant, a party of Soldiers, and a Scout.*

*Lart.* So; let the ports be guarded: keep your duties,

As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch

Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve

For a short holding: if we lose the field,

We cannot keep the town.

*Lieu.* Fear not our care, sir.

*Lart.* Hence, and shut your gates upon us.  
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us. *Exeunt.*

### SCENE VIII.—A Field of Battle between the Roman and the Volscian Camps.

*Alarum.* Enter from opposite sides MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS.

*Mar.* I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee

Worse than a promise-breaker.

*Auf.* We hate alike:

Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor

More than thy fame and envy. Fix thy foot.

*Mar.* Let the first budger die the other's slave,

And the gods doom him after!

*Auf.* If I fly, Marcius,

Halloo me like a hare.

*Mar.* Within these three hours, Tullus,

Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,

And made what work I pleas'd; 't is not my blood

Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge 10

Wrench up thy power to the highest.

*Auf.* Wert thou the Hector

That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,

Thou should'st not 'scape me here.

*They fight, and certain Volscs come to the aid of AUFIDIUS.*

Officious, and not valiant, you have sham'd me

In your condemned seconds.

*Exeunt fighting, all driven by MARCIUS.*

### SCENE IX.—The Roman Camp.

*Alarum.* A retreat sounded. Flourish.  
*Enter, at one side, COMINIUS and Romans; at the other side, MARCIUS, with his arm in a scarf, and other Romans.*

*Com.* If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,  
Thou 'dst not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it  
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles,  
Where great patricians shall attend and shrug,  
I' the end admire; where ladies shall be frightened,  
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull tribunes,  
That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,  
Shall say, against their hearts,  
'We thank the gods our Rome hath such a soldier!'  
Yet can'st thou to a morsel of this feast, 10  
Having fully din'd before.

*Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his power, from the pursuit.*

*Lart.* O general,  
Here is the steed, we the caparison:  
Hadst thou beheld—  
*Mar.* Pray now, no more: my mother,  
Who has a charter to extol her blood,  
When she does praise me grieves me. I have done  
As you have done; that's what I can;  
induc'd  
As you have been; that's for my country:  
He that has but effected his good will  
Hath overta'en mine act.

*Com.* You shall not be  
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know 20  
The value of her own: 't were a concealment  
Worse than a theft, no less than a traduce-  
ment,  
To hide your doings; and to silence that,  
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,  
Would seem but modest. Therefore, I beseech you,  
In sign of what you are, not to reward  
What you have done, before our army hear me.

*Mar.* I have some wounds upon me, and they smart  
To hear themselves remember'd.

*Com.* Should they not, Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude, 30  
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,  
Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store, of all  
The treasure, in this field achiev'd and city,  
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,

Before the common distribution,  
At your only choice.

*Mar.* I thank you, general;  
But cannot make my heart consent to take  
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;  
And stand upon my common part with those  
That have beheld the doing. 40

*A long flourish. They all cry, 'MARCUS! MARCIUS!' cast up their caps and lances; COMINIUS and LARTIUS stand bare.*

May these same instruments, which you profane,  
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall

I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be

Made all of false-fac'd soothing!  
When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk,  
Let him be made a coverture for the wars!  
No more, I say! For that I have not wash'd  
My nose that bled, or foil'd some debile wretch,

Which, without note, here's many else have done,

You shout me forth 50

In acclamations hyperbolical;  
As if I loved my little should be dieted  
In praises sauc'd with lies.

*Com.* Too modest are you;  
More cruel to your good report than grateful  
To us that give you truly. By your patience,  
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you,

Like one that means his proper harm, in manacles,  
Then reason safely with you. Therefore, be it known,

As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius  
Wears this war's garland; in token of the which, 60

My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,

With all his trim belonging; and from this time,

For what he did before Corioli, call him,  
With all the applause and clamour of the host,

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS! Bear  
The addition nobly ever!

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!  
*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*

*Cor.* I will go wash;  
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive  
Whether I blush or no: howbeit, I thank you. 70

I mean to stride your steed, and at all times  
To undercrest your good addition

To the fairness of my power.

*Com.* So, to our tent;  
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write  
To Rome of our success. You, Titus Lartius,

Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome  
The best, with whom we may articulate,  
For their own good and ours.

*Lart.* I shall, my lord.

*Cor.* The gods begin to mock me. I, that now  
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to 80

Of my lord general.

*Com.* Take it: 't is yours. What is 't?

*Cor.* I sometime lay here in Corioli  
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly;  
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;

But then Aufidius was within my view,  
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request  
you

To give my poor host freedom.

*Com.* O! well begg'd.  
Were he the butcher of my son, he should  
Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

*Lart.* Marcius, his name?  
*Cor.* By Jupiter! forgot.

I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd. 91  
Have we no wine here?

*Com.* Go we to our tent:  
The blood upon your visage dries; 't is time  
It should be look'd to: come. *Exeunt.*

SCENE X.—*The camp of the Volsces.*

*A Flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS  
AUFIDIUS, bloody, with two or three  
Soldiers.*

*Auf.* The town is ta'en!  
*First Sold.* 'T will be deliver'd back on  
good condition.

*Auf.* Condition!  
I would I were a Roman; for I cannot,  
Being a Volscie, be that I am. Condition!  
What good condition can a treaty find  
I' the part that is at mercy? Five times,

Marcius,  
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou  
beat me,  
And would'st do so, I think, should we  
encounter 10

As often as we eat. By the elements,  
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,  
He's mine, or I am his: mine emulation  
Hath not that honour in 't it had; for where  
I thought to crush him in an equal force,  
True sword to sword, I'll potch at him some  
way

Or wrath or craft may get him.  
*First Sold.* He's the devil.

*Auf.* Bolder, though not so subtle. My  
valour's poison'd

With only suffering stain by him; for him  
Shall fly out of itself. Nor sleep nor  
sanctuary,

Being naked, sick, nor fane nor Capitol, 20  
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,  
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up  
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst  
My hate to Marcius. Where I find him,  
were it

At home, upon my brother's guard, even  
there,

Against the hospitable canon, would I  
Wash my fierce hand in-'s heart. Go you  
to the city;

Learn how 't is held, and what they are that  
must

Be hostages for Rome.

*First Sold.* Will not you go?

*Auf.* I am attended at the cypress grove:  
I pray you, 30

'T is south the city mills, bring me word  
thither

How the world goes, that to the peace of it  
I may spur on my journey.

*First Sold.* I shall, sir.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Rome. A public Place.*

*Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS*  
*Men.* The augurer tells me we shall have  
news to-night.

*Bru.* Good or bad?

*Men.* Not according to the prayer of the  
people, for they love not Marcius.

*Sic.* Nature teaches beasts to know their  
friends.

*Men.* Pray you, who does the wolf love?

*Sic.* The lamb.

*Men.* Ay, to devour him; as the hungry  
plebeians would the noble Marcius. 11

*Bru.* He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a  
bear.

*Men.* He's a bear indeed, that lives like a  
lamb. You two are old men: tell me one  
thing that I shall ask you.

*Sic., Bru.* Well, sir.

*Men.* In what enormity is Marcius poor  
in, that you two have not in abundance?

*Bru.* He's poor in no one fault, but stored  
with all. 21

*Sic.* Especially in pride.

*Bru.* And topping all others in boasting.

*Men.* This is strange now: do you two  
know how you are censured here in the city,  
I mean of us o' the right-hand file? do you?

*Sic., Bru.* Why, how are we censured?

*Men.* Because you talk of pride now,—  
will you not be angry?

*Sic., Bru.* Well, well, sir; well. 30

*Men.* Why, 't is no great matter; for a  
very little thief of occasion will rob you of  
a great deal of patience: give your dis-  
positions the reins, and be angry at your  
pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a  
pleasure to you in being so. You blame  
Marcius for being proud? 36

*Bru.* We do it not alone, sir.

*Men.* I know you can do very little alone;  
for your helps are many, or else your actions  
would grow wondrous single: your abilities  
are too infant-like for doing much alone.  
You talk of pride: O! that you could turn  
your eyes toward the napes of your necks,  
and make but an interior survey of your  
good selves. O! that you could. 45

*Bru.* What then, sir?

*Men.* Why, then you should discover a  
brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy  
magistrates, alias fools, as any in Rome.

*Sic.* Menenius, you are known well  
enough too. 50

*Men.* I am known to be a humorous patri-  
cian, and one that loves a cup of hot wine  
with not a drop of allaying Tiber in 't; said  
to be something imperfect in favouring the  
first complaint; hasty and tinder-like upon  
too trivial motion; one that converses more  
with the buttock of the night than with the  
forehead of the morning. What I think I  
utter, and spend my malice in my breath.

Meeting two such weals-men as you are, I  
cannot call you Lycurguses, if the drink you  
give me touch my palate adversely, I make  
a crooked face at it. I can't say your wor-

ships have delivered the matter well when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables; and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too? What harm can your bisson conspectivities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too? 72

*Bru.* Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

*Men.* You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs; you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller, and then rejoin the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience. When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mummings, set up the bloody flag against all patience, and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause is, calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones. 89

*Bru.* Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table than a necessary benchman in the Capitol.

*Men.* Our very priests must become mockers if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion, though peradventure some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. Good den to your worship; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsman of thy beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you. 105

*BRUTUS and SICINIUS go aside.*

*Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA.*

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler, whither do you follow your eyes so fast? 109

*Vol.* Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let 's go.

*Men.* Ha! Marcius coming home?

*Vol.* Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

*Men.* Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee. Hoo! Marcius coming home!

*Vol., Vir.* Nay, 't is true.

*Vol.* Look, here 's a letter from him: the state hath another, his wife another; and I think there 's one at home for you. 120

*Men.* I will make my very house reel to-night. A letter for me!

*Vir.* Yes, certain, there 's a letter for you; I saw 't.

*Men.* A letter for me! It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiric, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded. 131

*Vir.* O! no, no, no.

*Vol.* O! he is wounded; I thank the gods for 't.

*Men.* So do I too, if it be not too much. Brings a' victory in his pocket? The wounds become him.

*Vol.* On 's brows, Menenius; he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

*Meh.* Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

*Vol.* Titus Lartius writes they fought together, but Aufidius got off. 141

*Men.* And 't was time for him too, I 'll warrant him that: an he stayed by him I would not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that 's in them. Is the senate possessed of this? 148

*Vol.* Good ladies, let 's go. Yes, yes, yes; the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war. He hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly. 151

*Vol.* In troth there 's wondrous things spoke of him.

*Men.* Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

*Vir.* The gods grant them true!

*Vol.* True! pow, wow.

*Men.* True! I 'll be sworn they are true. Where is he wounded? *To the Tribunes.* God save your good worships! Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud. Where is he wounded? 162

*Vol.* I' the shoulder and i' the left arm: there will be large cicatrices to show the people when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body. 169

*Men.* One i' the neck, and two i' the thigh, there 's nine that I know.

*Vol.* He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him. 170

*Men.* Now it 's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave.

*A shout and flourish.*

Hark! the trumpets.

*Vol.* These are the ushers of Marcius: before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears:

Death, that dark spirit, in 's nervy arm doth lie;

Which, being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.

*A Sennet. Trumpets sounded. Enter COMINIUS and TITUS LARTIUS; between them, CORIOLANUS, crowned with an oaken garland; with Captains, Soldiers, and a Herald.*

*Her.* Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight  
 Within Corioli gates: where he hath won,  
 With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these  
 In honour follows Coriolanus.  
 Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

*Flourish.*  
*All.* Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

*Cor.* No more of this; it does offend my heart:

Pray now, no more.

*Com.* Look, sir, your mother!  
*Cor.* O!

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods  
 For my prosperity.

*Vol.* Nay, my good soldier, up;  
 My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and 189  
 By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,—  
 What is it? Coriolanus must I call thee?  
 But, O! thy wife—

*Cor.* My gracious silence, hail!  
 Would'st thou have laugh'd had I come  
 coffin'd home,  
 That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah! my dear,

Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,  
 And mothers that lack sons.

*Men.* Now, the gods crown thee!  
*Cor.* And live you yet? To VALERIA. O  
 my sweet lady, pardon.

*Vol.* I know not where to turn: O!  
 welcome home;  
 And welcome, general; and ye 're welcome  
 all.

*Men.* A hundred thousand welcomes: I  
 could weep,  
 And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy.  
 Welcome!

A curse begin at very root on 's heart  
 That is not glad to see thee! You are three  
 That Rome should dote on; yet, by the faith  
 of men,

We have some old crab-trees here at home  
 that will not  
 Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome,  
 warriors!

We call a nettle but a nettle, and  
 The faults of fools but folly.

*Com.* Ever right.  
*Cor.* Menenius, ever, ever.

*Her.* Give way there, and go on!

*Cor.* To VOLUMNIA and VIRGILIA. Your  
 hand, and yours:  
 Ere in our own house I do shade my head,  
 The good patricians must be visited;  
 From whom I have receiv'd not only greet-  
 ings,

But with them change of honours.

*Vol.* I have liv'd  
 To see inherited my very wishes,  
 And the buildings of my fancy: only  
 There's one thing wanting, which I doubt  
 not but

Our Rome will cast upon thee.

*Cor.* Know, good mother,  
 I had rather be their servant in my way  
 Than sway with them in theirs.

*Com.* On, to the Capitol!

*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before. The Tribunes remain.*

*Bru.* All tongues speak of him, and the  
 bleared sights  
 Are spectacled to see him: your prattling  
 nurse

Into a rapture lets her baby cry  
 While she chats him: the kitchen malkin  
 pins

Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,  
 Clambering the walls to eye him: stalls,  
 bulks, windows,  
 Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges  
 hors'd

With variable complexions, all agreeing  
 In earnestness to see him: seld-shown  
 flamens

Do press among the popular throngs, and  
 puff

To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames  
 Commit the war of white and damask in  
 Their nicely-gawded cheeks, to the wanton  
 spoil

Of Phoebus' burning kisses: such a pother  
 As if that whatsoever god who leads him  
 Were slyly crept into his human powers,  
 And gave him graceful posture.

*Sic.* On the sudden,  
 I warrant him consul.

*Bru.* Then our office may,  
 During his power, go sleep.

*Sic.* He cannot temperately transport his  
 honours  
 From where he should begin and end, but  
 will

Lose those he hath won.

*Bru.* In that there 's comfort.  
*Sic.* Doubt not the commoners, for whom  
 we stand,

But they upon their ancient malice will  
 Forget with the least cause these his new  
 honours,

Which that he 'll give them, make I as little  
 question  
 As he is proud to do 't.

*Bru.* I heard him swear,  
 Were he to stand for consul, never would he  
 Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put  
 The napless vesture of humility:

*Sic.* Nor, showing, as the manner is, his wounds  
 To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

*Sic.* 'T is right.  
*Bru.* It was his word. Oh! he would  
 miss it rather

Than carry it but by the suit o' the gentry  
 to him

And the desire of the nobles.

*Sic.* I wish no better  
 Than have him hold that purpose and to put it  
 In execution.

*Bru.* 'T is most like he will.

*Sic.* It shall be to him then as our good  
 wills,

A sure destruction.

*Bru.* So it must fall out  
 To him or our authorities. For an end, 260  
 We must suggest the people in what hatred  
 He still hath held them; that to 's power he  
 would

Have made them mules, silenc'd their  
pleaders, and  
Disproportion'd their freedoms; holding them,  
In human action and capacity,  
Of no more soul nor fitness for the world  
Than camels in the war; who have their  
provand  
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows  
For sinking under them.

*Sic* This, as you say, suggested  
At some time when his soaring insolence  
Shall reach the people, which time shall not  
want

If he be put upon 't; and that's as easy  
As to set dogs on sheep, will be his fire  
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze  
Shall darken him for ever.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Bru.* What 's the matter?

*Mess.* You are sent for to the Capitol. 'T  
is thought  
That Marcius shall be consul.  
I have seen the dumb men throng to see him,  
and  
The blind to hear him speak: matrons flung  
gloves,  
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handker-  
chers, 280  
Upon him as he pass'd; the nobles bended,  
As to Jove's statue, and the commons made  
A shower and thunder with their caps and  
shouts:  
I never saw the like.

*Bru.* Let's to the Capitol;  
And carry with us ears and eyes for the  
time,  
But hearts for the event.  
*Sic.* Have with you.  
*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. The Capitol.*

*Enter two Officers, to lay cushions.*

*First Off.* Come, come; they are almost  
here. How many stand for consulships?

*Second Off.* Three, they say; but 't is  
thought of every one Coriolanus will carry it.

*First Off.* That 's a brave fellow; but he 's  
vengeance proud, and loves not the common  
people.

*Second Off.* Faith, there have been many  
great men that have flattered the people,  
who ne'er loved them; and there be many  
that they have loved, they know not where-  
fore: so that, if they love they know not  
why, they hate upon no better a ground.  
Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care  
whether they love or hate him manifests the  
true knowledge he has in their disposition;  
and out of his noble carelessness lets them  
plainly see 't. 17

*First Off.* If he did not care whether he  
had their love or no, he waver'd indifferently  
'twixt doing them neither good nor harm;  
but he seeks their hate with greater devotion  
than they can render it him, and leaves  
nothing undone that may fully discover him  
their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the

malice and displeasure of the people is as  
bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them  
for their love. 28

*Second Off.* He hath deserved worthily of  
his country; and his ascent is not by such  
easy degrees as those who, having been  
supple and courteous to the people, bon-  
netted, without any further deed to have  
them at all into their estimation and report;  
but he hath so planted his honours in their  
eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that  
for their tongues to be silent, and not con-  
fess so much, were a kind of ingrateful  
injury; to report otherwise, were a malice,  
that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof  
and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

*First Off.* No more of him; he 's a worthy  
man: make way, they are coming. 40

*A Sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them,  
COMINIUS the Consul, MENENIUS,  
CORIOLANUS, many other Senators,  
SICINIUS and BRUTUS. The Senators  
take their places; the Tribunes take  
theirs also by themselves.*

*Men.* Having determin'd of the Volscs,  
and  
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,  
As the main point of this our after-meeting,  
To gratify his noble service that  
Hath thus stood for his country: therefore,  
please you,

Most reverend and grave elders, to desire  
The present consul, and last general  
In our well-found successes, to report  
A little of that worthy work perform'd  
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus, whom 50  
We met here both to thank and to remember  
With honours like himself.

*First Sen.* Speak, good Cominius:  
Leave nothing out for length, and make us  
think

Rather our state 's defective for requital  
Than we to stretch it out. *To the Tribunes.*

Masters o' the people,  
We do request your kindest ears, and after,  
Your loving motion toward the common  
body,

To yield what passes here.

*Sic.* We are convented  
Upon a pleasing treaty, and have hearts  
Inclinable to honour and advance 60  
The theme of our assembly.

*Bru.* Which the rather  
We shall be blest to do, if he remember  
A kinder value of the people than  
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

*Men.* That 's off, that 's off;  
I would you rather had been silent. Please  
you

To hear Cominius speak?

*Bru.* Most willingly;  
But yet my caution was more pertinent  
Than the rebuke you give it.

*Men.* He loves your people;  
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.  
Worthy Cominius, speak.

CORIOLANUS rises and offers to go away.  
Nay, keep your place, 70

*First Sen.* Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear

What you have nobly done.

*Cor.* Your honours' pardon: I had rather have my wounds to heal again Than hear say how I got them.

*Bru.* Sir, I hope My words disbench'd you not.

*Cor.* No, sir: yet oft, When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.

You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not. But your people,

I love them as they weigh.

*Men.* Pray now, sit down.

*Cor.* I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun

When the alarum were struck than idly sit

To hear my nothings monster'd. *Exit.*

*Men.* Masters o' the people, Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter, That 's thousand to one good one, when you now see

He had rather venture all his limbs for honour

Than one on 's ears to hear it? Proceed, Cominius.

*Com.* I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus

Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held That valour is the chiefest virtue, and

Most dignifies the haver: if it be, The man I speak of cannot in the world

Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years, When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he

fought Beyond the mark of others: our then dic-tator,

Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,

When with his Amazonian chin he drove The bristled lips before him. He bestrid

An o'er-press'd Roman, and i' the consul's view

Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met, And struck him on his knee: in that day's

feats, When he might act the woman in the scene,

He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his deed

Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age

Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea, And in the brunt of seventeen battles since

He lurch'd all swords of the garland. For this last,

Before and in Corioli, let me say, I cannot speak him home: he stopp'd the

fliers, And by his rare example made the coward

Turn terror into sport: as weeds before A vessel under sail, so men obey'd

And fell below his stem: his sword, death's stamp,

Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot He was a thing of blood, whose every motion

Was tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd

The mortal gate of the city, which he painted With shunless destiny; aidless came off,

And with a sudden reinforcement struck Corioli like a planet. Now all 's his:

When by and by the din of war gan pierce His ready sense; then straight his doubled

spirit 120

Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate, And to the battle came he; where he did

Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if 'T were a perpetual spoil; and till we call'd

Both field and city ours, he never stood To ease his breast with panting.

*Men.* Worthy man! *First Sen.* He cannot but with measure

fit the honours Which we devise him.

*Com.* Our spoils he kick'd at, And look'd upon things precious as they

were The common muck o' the world: he covets

less 130

Than misery itself would give; rewards His deeds with doing them, and is content

To spend the time to end it. *Men.* He 's right noble:

Let him be call'd for. *First Sen.* Call Coriolanus.

*Off.* He doth appear.

*Re-enter CORIOLANUS.*

*Men.* The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd

To make thee consul. *Cor.* I do owe them still

My life and services. *Men.* It then remains

That you do speak to the people. *Cor.* I do beseech you,

Let me o'erleap that custom, for I cannot

Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,

For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage; please you

That I may pass this doing. *Sic.* Sir, the people

Must have their voices; neither will they

bate One jot of ceremony.

*Men.* Put them not to 't: Pray you, go fit you to the custom, and

Take to you, as your predecessors have, Your honour with your form.

*Cor.* It is a part That I shall blush in acting, and might well

Be taken from the people. *Bru.* Mark you that?

*Cor.* To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus;

Show them the unaching scars which I should hide,

As if I had receiv'd them for the hire Of their breath only!

*Men.* Do not stand upon 't. We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,

Our purpose to them; and to our noble consul

Wish we all joy and honour.

*Senators.* To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!

*Flourish. Exeunt all but SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*

*Bru.* You see how he intends to use the people.

*Sic.* May they perceive's intent! He will require them,

As if he did condemn what he requested  
Should be in them to give.

*Bru.* Come; we'll inform them  
Of our proceedings here; on the market-  
place

I know they do attend us. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. The Forum.*

*Enter several Citizens.*

*First Cit.* Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

*Second Cit.* We may, sir, if we will.

*Third Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do; for if he show us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous, and for the multitude to be ingrateful were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

*First Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve; for once we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

*Third Cit.* We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured: and truly I think if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

*Second Cit.* Think you so? Which way do you judge my wit would fly?

*Third Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will; 't is strongly wedged up in a blockhead; but if it were at liberty, 't would, sure, southward.

*Second Cit.* Why that way?

*Third Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where, being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return, for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

*Second Cit.* You are never without your tricks: you may, you may.

*Third Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

*Enter CORIOLANUS in a gown of humility, and MENENIUS.*

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility: mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all

together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore, follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

*All.* Content, content. *Exeunt Citizens.*

*Men.* O sir, you are not right: have you not known

The worthiest men have done 't?

*Cor.* What must I say?

'I pray, sir,'—Plague upon 't! I cannot bring My tongue to such a pace. 'Look, sir, my wounds!

I got them in my country's service, when Some certain of your brethren roar'd and ran

From the noise of our own drums.'

*Men.* O me! the gods!

You must not speak of that: you must desire them

To think upon you.

*Cor.* Think upon me! Hang 'em!

I would they would forget me, like the virtues

Which our divines lose by 'em.

*Men.* You'll mar all:

I'll leave you. Pray you, speak to 'em, I pray you,

In wholesome manner.

*Exit.* Bid them wash their faces, And keep their teeth clean.

*Re-enter two Citizens.*

So, here comes a brace. You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

*First Cit.* We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to 't.

*Cor.* Mine own desert.

*Second Cit.* Your own desert!

*Cor.* Ay, not mine own desire.

*First Cit.* How! not your own desire!

*Cor.* No, sir; 't was never my desire yet to trouble the poor with begging.

*First Cit.* You must think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

*Cor.* Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

*First Cit.* The price is, to ask it kindly.

*Cor.* Kindly! Sir, I pray, let me ha' 't: I have wounds to show you, which shall be yours in private. Your good voice, sir; what say you?

*Second Cit.* You shall ha' 't, worthy sir.

*Cor.* A match, sir. There's in all two worthy voices begged. I have your alms: adieu.

*First Cit.* But this is something odd.

*Second Cit.* An 't were to give again,—but 't is no matter.

*Exeunt the two Citizens.*

*Re-enter two other Citizens.*

*Cor.* Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

*Third Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

*Cor.* Your enigma?

*Third Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not indeed loved the common people.

*Cor.* You should account me the more virtuous that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 't is a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitingly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountiful to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

*Fourth Cit.* We hope to find you our friend, and therefore give you our voices heartily.

*Third Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

*Cor.* I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

*Both Cit.* The gods give you joy, sir, heartily! *Exeunt.*

*Cor.* Most sweet voices! Better it is to die, better to starve, Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.

Why in this woolvish toge should I stand here,

To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear, Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to 't:

What custom wills, in all things should we do 't,

The dust on antique time would lie unswept, And mountainous error be too highly heap'd For truth to o'erpeer. Rather than fool it so, Let the high office and the honour go To one that would do thus. I am half through;

The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

*Re-enter three other Citizens.*

Here come more voices.

Your voices: for your voices I have fought; Watch'd for your voices; for your voices bear Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six I have seen and heard of; for your voices have

Done many things, some less, some more: your voices:

Indeed, I would be consul.

*Fifth Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

*Sixth Cit.* Therefore let him be consul. The gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

*All.* Amen, amen.

God save thee, noble consul!

*Exeunt Citizens.*  
Worthy voices!

*Cor.*

*Re-enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS and SICINIUS.*

*Men.* You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes

Endue you with the people's voice: remains That, in the official marks invested, you Anon do meet the senate.

*Cor.* Is this done?

*Sic.* The custom of request you have discharged:

The people do admit you, and are summon'd To meet anon, upon your approbation.

*Cor.* Where? at the senate-house?

*Sic.* There, Coriolanus.

*Cor.* May I change these garments?

*Sic.* You may, sir.

*Cor.* That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself again,

Repair to the senate-house.

*Men.* I'll keep you company. Will you along?

*Bru.* We stay here for the people.

*Sic.* Fare you well.

*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.*  
He has it now; and by his looks, methinks, 'T is warm at 's heart.

*Bru.* With a proud heart he wore His humble weeds. Will you dismiss the people?

*Re-enter Citizens.*

*Sic.* How now, my masters! have you chose this man?

*First Cit.* He has our voices, sir.

*Bru.* We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.

*Second Cit.* Amen, sir. To my poor unworthy notice,

He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.

*Third Cit.* Certainly,

He flouted us downright.

*First Cit.* No, 't is his kind of speech; he did not mock us.

*Second Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says

He us'd us scornfully: he should have show'd us

His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for 's country.

*Sic.* Why, so he did, I am sure.

*All.* No, no; no man saw 'em.

*Third Cit.* He said he had wounds, which he could show in private;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn, 'I would be consul,' says he: 'aged custom,

But by your voices, will not so permit me; Your voices therefore.' When we granted

that,

Here was, 'I thank you for your voices, thank you;

Your most sweet voices: now you have left your voices

I have no further with you.' Was not this mockery?

*Sic.* Why, either were you ignorant to see 't,

Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness To yield your voices?

*Bru.* Could you not have told him  
 As you were lesson'd, when he had no  
 power,  
 But was a petty servant to the state,  
 He was your enemy, ever spake against  
 Your liberties and the charters that you bear  
 I' the body of the weal; and now, arriving  
 A place of potency and sway o' the state, 190  
 If he should still malignantly remain  
 Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might  
 Be curses to yourselves? You should have  
 said  
 That as his worthy deeds did claim no less  
 Than what he stood for, so his gracious  
 nature  
 Would think upon you for your voices and  
 Translate his malice towards you into love,  
 Standing your friendly lord.  
*Sic.* Thus to have said,  
 As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his  
 spirit  
 And tried his inclination; from him pluck'd  
 Either his gracious promise, which you  
 might, 201  
 As cause had call'd you up, have held him  
 to;  
 Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,  
 Which easily endures not article  
 Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,  
 You should have ta'en the advantage of his  
 choler,  
 And pass'd him unelected.  
*Bru.* Did you perceive  
 He did solicit you in free contempt  
 When he did need your loves, and do you  
 think  
 That his contempt shall not be bruising to  
 you 210  
 When he hath power to crush? Why, had  
 your bodies  
 No heart among you? or had you tongues  
 to cry  
 Against the rectorship of judgment?  
*Sic.* Have you  
 Ere now denied the asker? and now again  
 Of him that did not ask, but mock, bestow  
 Your sued-for tongues?  
*Third Cit.* He's not confirm'd; we may  
 deny him yet.  
*Second Cit.* And will deny him:  
 I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.  
*First Cit.* I twice five hundred and their  
 friends to piece 'em. 220  
*Bru.* Get you hence instantly, and tell  
 those friends,  
 They have chose a consul that will from  
 them take  
 Their liberties; make them of no more voice  
 Than dogs that are so often beat for barking  
 As therefore kept to do so.  
*Sic.* Let them assemble;  
 And, on a safer judgment, all revoke  
 Your ignorant election. Enforce his pride,  
 And his old hate unto you; besides, forget  
 not  
 With what contempt he wore the humble  
 weed;  
 How in his suit he scorn'd you; but your  
 loves, 230

Thinking upon his services, took from you  
 The apprehension of his present portance,  
 Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did  
 fashion  
 After the inveterate hate he bears you.  
*Bru.* Lay  
 A fault on us, your tribunes; that we  
 labour'd,  
 No impediment between, but that you must  
 Cast your election on him.  
*Sic.* Say you chose him  
 More after our commandment than as guided  
 By your own true affections; and that your  
 minds,  
 Pre-occupied with what you rather must do  
 Than what you should, made you against the  
 grain 241  
 To voice him consul: lay the fault on us.  
*Bru.* Ay, spare us not. Say we read  
 lectures to you,  
 How youngly he began to serve his country,  
 How long continued, and what stock he  
 springs of,  
 The noble house o' the Marcians, from  
 whence came  
 That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's  
 son,  
 Who, after great Hostilius, here was king;  
 Of the same house Publius and Quintus  
 were,  
 That our best water brought by conduits  
 hither; 250  
 And Censorinus that was so surnam'd,  
 And nobly named so, twice being censor,  
 Was his great ancestor.  
*Sic.* One thus descended,  
 That hath beside well in his person wrought  
 To be set high in place, we did commend  
 To your remembrances: but you have  
 found,  
 Scaling his present bearing with his past,  
 That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke  
 Your sudden approbation.  
*Bru.* Say you ne'er had done 't.  
 Harp on that still, but by our putting on; 260  
 And presently, when you have drawn your  
 number,  
 Repair to the Capitol.  
*All.* We will so: almost all  
 Repent in their election. *Exeunt Citizens.*  
*Bru.* Let them go on;  
 This mutiny were better put in hazard  
 Than stay, past doubt, for greater.  
 If, as his nature is, he fall in rage  
 With their refusal, both observe and answer  
 The vantage of his anger.  
*Sic.* To the Capitol:  
 Come, we 'll be there before the stream o'  
 the people;  
 And this shall seem, as partly 't is, their  
 own, 270  
 Which we have goaded onward. *Exeunt.*

ACT III  
 SCENE I.—Rome. A Street.  
*Cornets.* Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS,  
 COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Senators and  
 Patricians.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?

Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was which caus'd our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Volscies stand but as at first.

Ready when time shall prompt them, to make road

Upon 's again.

Com. They are worn, lord consul, so, That we shall hardly in our ages see Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?

Lart. On safe-guard he came to me; and did curse

Against the Volscies, for they had so vilely yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How? what? Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword;

That of all things upon the earth he hated Your person most, that he would pawn his fortunes

To hopeless restitution, so he might

Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,

To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home. 20

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,

The tongues o' the common mouth: I do despise them;

For they do prank them in authority

Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Ha! what is that?

Bru. It will be dangerous to go on: no further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the noble and the common?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices?

First Cit. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place. 31

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd?

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,

And straight disclaim their tongues? What are your offices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?

Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,

To curb the will of the nobility: 39

Suffer 't, and live with such as cannot rule Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call 't not a plot: The people cry you mock'd them, and of late,

When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;

Scandal'd the suppliants for the people, call'd them

Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them sithence?

Bru. How! I inform them!

Com. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike,

Each way, to better yours.

Cor. Why then should I be consul? By yond clouds, 50

Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me Your fellow tribune.

Sic. You show too much of that For which the people stir: if you will pass

To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,

Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit; Or never be so noble as a consul,

Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.

Com. The people are abus'd; set on.

This paltering

Becomes not Rome, nor has Coriolanus 59

Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely 't the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn! This was my speech, and I will speak 't again—

Men. Not now, not now.

First Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will. My nobler friends,

I crave their pardons:

For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them

Regard me as I do not flatter, and Therein behold themselves: I say again,

In soothing them we nourish 'gainst our senate

The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition, Which we ourselves have plough'd for,

sow'd and scatter'd, 71

By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;

Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

First Sen. No more words, we beseech you.

Cor. How! no more!

As for my country I have shed my blood, Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs

Coin words till their decay against those measles,

Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought

The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o' the people

As if you were a god to punish, not 81

A man of their infirmity.

*Sic.* 'T were well  
We let the people know 't.  
*Men.* What, what? his choler?  
*Cor.* Choler!  
Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,  
By Jove, 't would be my mind.  
*Sic.* It is a mind  
That shall remain a poison where it is,  
Not poison any further.  
*Cor.* Shall remain!  
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark  
you  
His absolute 'shall'?  
*Com.* 'T was from the canon.  
*Cor.* 'Shall'?  
O good but most unwise patricians! why, if  
You grave but reckless senators, have you  
thus  
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,  
That with his peremptory 'shall,' being but  
The horn and noise o' the monster's, wants  
not spirit  
To say he 'll turn your current in a ditch,  
And make your channel his? If he have  
power,  
Then vail your ignorance; if none, awake  
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,  
Be not as common fools; if you are not, 100  
Let them have cushions by you. You are  
plebeians  
If they be senators; and they are no less,  
When, both your voices blended, the great'st  
taste  
Most palates theirs. They choose their  
magistrate,  
And such a one as he, who puts his 'shall,'  
His popular 'shall,' against a graver bench  
Than ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove  
himself!  
It makes the consuls base; and my soul  
aches  
To know, when two authorities are up,  
Neither supreme, how soon confusion 110  
May enter 'twixt the gap of both and take  
The one by the other.  
*Com.* Well, on to the market-place.  
*Cor.* Whoever gave that counsel, to give  
forth  
The corn o' the storehouse gratis, as 't was  
us'd  
Sometime in Greece,—  
*Men.* Well, well; no more of that.  
*Cor.* Though there the people had more  
absolute power,  
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed  
The ruin of the state.  
*Bru.* Why, shall the people give  
One that speaks thus their voice?  
*Cor.* I'll give my reasons.  
More worthier than their voices. They  
know the corn 120  
Was not our recompense, resting well  
assur'd  
They ne'er did service for 't. Being press'd  
to the war,  
Even when the navel of the state was  
touch'd,  
They would not thread the gates: this kind  
of service

Did not deserve corn gratis. Being i' the  
war,  
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they  
show'd  
Most valour, spoke not for them. The  
accusation  
Which they have often made against the  
senate,  
All cause unborn, could never be the motive  
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?  
How shall this bisson multitude digest 131  
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express  
What's like to be their words: 'We did  
request it;  
We are the greater poll, and in true fear  
They gave us our demands.' Thus we  
debase  
The nature of our seats, and make the  
rabble  
Call our cares fears; which will in time  
break ope  
The locks o' the senate, and bring in the  
crows  
To peck the eagles.  
*Men.* Come, enough.  
*Bru.* Enough, with over-measure.  
*Cor.* No, take more:  
What may be sworn by, both divine and  
human, 141  
Seal what I end withal! This double wor-  
ship,  
Where one part does disdain with cause, the  
other  
Insult without all reason; where gentry,  
title, wisdom,  
Cannot conclude but by the yea and no  
Of general ignorance,—it must omit  
Real necessities, and give way the while  
To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd,  
it follows  
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore,  
beseech you,  
You that will be less fearful than discreet,  
That love the fundamental part of state 151  
More than you doubt the change on 't, that  
prefer  
A noble life before a long, and wish  
To jump a body with a dangerous physic  
That's sure death without it, at once pluck  
out  
The multitudinous tongue; let them not lick  
The sweet which is their poison. Your  
dishonour  
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the  
state  
Of that integrity which should become it,  
Not having the power to do the good it  
would, 160  
For the ill which doth control 't.  
*Bru.* Has said enough.  
*Sic.* Has spoken like a traitor, and shall  
answer  
As traitors do.  
*Cor.* Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm  
thee!  
What should the people do with these bald  
tribunes?  
On whom depending, their obedience fails  
To the greater bench. In a rebellion,

When what 's not meet, but what must be,  
was law,  
Then were they chosen: in a better hour,  
Let what is meet be said it must be meet,  
And throw their power i' the dust. 171

*Bru.* Manifest treason!

*Sic.* This a consul! no.

*Bru.* The ædiles, ho!

*Enter an Ædile.*

Let him be apprehended.

*Sic.* Go, call the people; *Exit Ædile.*  
in whose name myself

Attach thee as a traitorous innovator,  
A foe to the public weal: obey, I charge  
thee,

And follow to thine answer.

*Cor.* Hence, old goat!

*Senators.* We 'll surely him.

*Com.* Aged sir, hands off.

*Cor.* Hence, rotten thing! or I shall  
shake thy bones

Out of thy garments.

*Sic.* Help, ye citizens!

*Re-enter the Ædile, with Others, and a  
rabble of Citizens.*

*Men.* On both sides more respect. 181

*Sic.* Here 's he that would take from you  
all your power.

*Bru.* Seize him, ædiles!

*Citizens.* Down with him!—down with  
him!

*Senators.* Weapons!—weapons!—weap-  
ons!

*They all bustle about CORIOLANUS, crying  
Tribunes!—Patricians!—Citizens!—What,  
ho!*

*Sicinius!*—*Brutus!*—*Coriolanus!*—*Citi-  
zens!*

Peace! Peace! Peace!—Stay!—Hold!—  
Peace!

*Men.* What is about to be? I am out of  
breath;

Confusion 's near; I cannot speak. You,  
tribunes 190

To the people! Coriolanus, patience!

Speak, good Sicinius.

*Sic.* Hear me, people; peace!

*Citizens.* Let 's hear our tribune:—  
Peace!—Speak, speak, speak.

*Sic.* You are at point to lose your liberties:  
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,  
Whom late you have nam'd for consul.

*Men.* Fie, fie, fie!

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

*First Sen.* To unbuild the city and to lay  
all flat.

*Sic.* What is the city but the people?

*Citizens.* True, 200

The people are the city.

*Bru.* By the consent of all, we were  
establish'd

The people's magistrates.

*Citizens.* You so remain.

*Men.* And so are like to do.

*Com.* That is the way to lay the city flat;

To bring the roof to the foundation,

And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,  
In heaps and piles of ruin.

*Sic.* This deserves death.

*Bru.* Or let us stand to our authority.  
Or let us lose it. We do here pronounce,

Upon the part o' the people, in whose power  
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy 211  
Of present death.

*Sic.* Therefore lay hold of him;  
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from  
thence

Into destruction cast him.

*Bru.* Ædiles, seize him!

*Citizens.* Yield, Marcius, yield!

*Men.* Hear me one word;

Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

*Æd.* Peace, peace!

*Men.* Be that you seem, truly your coun-  
try's friend,

And temperately proceed to what you would  
Thus violently redress.

*Bru.* Sir, those cold ways,

That seem like prudent helps, are very poi-  
sonous 221

Where the disease is violent. Lay hands  
upon him,

And bear him to the rock.

*Cor.* No; I 'll die here.

*Drawing his sword.*

There 's some among you have beheld me  
fighting:

Come, try upon yourselves what you have  
seen me.

*Men.* Down with that sword! Tribunes,  
withdraw awhile.

*Bru.* Lay hands upon him.

*Men.* Help Marcius, help,  
You that be noble; help him, young and old!

*Citizens.* Down with him!—down with him!

*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the  
Ædiles, and the People, are  
beat in.*

*Men.* Go, get you to your house; be  
gone, away! 220

All will be naught else.

*Second Sen.* Get you gone.

*Com.* Stand fast:

We have as many friends as enemies.

*Men.* Shall it be put to that?

*First Sen.* The gods forbid!  
I prithee, noble friend, home to thy house;  
Leave us to cure this cause.

*Men.* For 't is a sore upon us  
You cannot tent yourself: be gone, beseech  
you.

*Com.* Come, sir, along with us.

*Cor.* I would they were barbarians, as  
they are,

Though in Rome litter'd, not Romans, as  
they are not, 239

Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol,—  
*Men.* Be gone;

Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;  
One time will owe another.

*Cor.* On fair ground

I could beat forty of them.

*Men.* I could myself

Take up a brace o' the best of them; yea,  
the two tribunes.

*Com.* But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;  
And manhood is call'd foolery when it stands  
Against a falling fabric. Will you hence,  
Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend  
Like interrupted waters and o'erbear  
What they are us'd to bear.

*Men.* Pray you, be gone.  
I'll try whether my old wit be in request 251  
With those that have but little: this must  
be patch'd  
With cloth of any colour.

*Com.* Nay, come away.  
*Exeunt CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS,  
and Others.*

*First Pat.* This man has marr'd his fortune.

*Men.* His nature is too noble for the world:  
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,

Or Jove for 's his power to thunder. His heart's his mouth:

What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;

And, being angry, does forget that ever 259  
He heard the name of death. *A noise within.*  
Here's goodly work!

*Second Pat.* I would they were a-bed!  
*Men.* I would they were in Tiber! What the vengeance!

Could he not speak 'em fair?

*Re-enter BRUTUS and SICIINIUS, with the rabble.*

*Sic.* Where is this viper  
That would depopulate the city and  
Be every man himself?

*Men.* You worthy tribunes,—  
*Sic.* He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock

With rigorous hands: he hath resisted law,  
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial

Than the severity of the public power,  
Which he so sets at nought.

*First Cit.* He shall well know  
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,  
And we their hands. 272

*Citizens.* He shall, sure on 't.

*Men.* Sir, sir,—

*Sic.* Peace!

*Men.* Do not cry havoc, where you should  
but hunt

With modest warrant.

*Sic.* Sir, how comes 't that you  
Have help to make this rescue?

*Men.* Hear me speak:  
As I do know the consul's worthiness,  
So can I name his faults.

*Sic.* Consul! what consul?

*Men.* The Consul Coriolanus.

*Bru.* He a consul!

*Citizens.* No, no, no, no, no. 281

*Men.* If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours,  
good people,

I may be heard, I would crave a word or two,  
The which shall turn you to no further harm  
Than so much loss of time.

*Sic.* Speak briefly then;  
For we are peremptory to dispatch  
This viperous traitor. To eject him hence  
Were but one danger, and to keep him here  
Our certain death; therefore it is decreed  
He dies to-night.

*Men.* Now the good gods forbid  
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude  
Towards her deserved children is en-  
roll'd 292

In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam  
Should now eat up her own!

*Sic.* He's a disease that must be cut  
away.

*Men.* O! he's a limb that has but a dis-  
ease;

Mortal to cut it off; to cure it easy.

What has he done to Rome that's worthy  
death?

Killing our enemies, the blood he hath lost,  
Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he  
hath, 300

By many an ounce, he dropp'd it for his  
country;

And what is left, to lose it by his country,  
Were to us all, that do 't and suffer it,  
A brand to th' end o' the world.

*Sic.* This is clean kam.

*Bru.* Merely awry; when he did love his  
country  
It honour'd him.

*Men.* The service of the foot  
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected  
For what before it was.

*Bru.* We'll hear no more.  
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him  
thence,

Lest his infection, being of catching nature,  
Spread further.

*Men.* One word more, one word.  
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find 312  
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too  
late,

Tie leaden pounds to 's heels. Proceed by  
process;

Lest parties, as he is belov'd, break out,  
And sack great Rome with Romans.

*Bru.* If it were so,—

*Sic.* What do ye talk?  
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?  
Our ædiles smote? ourselves resisted?

Come!

*Men.* Consider this: he has been bred i'  
the wars 320  
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill  
school'd

In bolted language; meal and bran together  
He throws without distinction. Give me  
leave,

I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him  
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,  
In peace, to his utmost peril.

*First Sen.* Noble tribunes,  
It is the humane way: the other course  
Will prove too bloody, and the end of it  
Unknown to the beginning.

*Sic.* Noble Menenius,  
Be you then as the people's officer. 330  
Masters, lay down your weapons.

*Bru.* Go not home.  
*Sic.* Meet on the market-place. We'll  
 attend you there:  
 Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll pro-  
 ceed  
 In our first way.

*Men.* I'll bring him to you.  
*To the Senators.* Let me desire your com-  
 pany. He must come,  
 Or what is worst will follow.

*First Sen.* Pray you, let's to him.  
*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Room in COR-  
 IOLANUS'S House.*

*Enter CORIOLANUS and Patricians.*

*Cor.* Let them pull all about mine ears;  
 present me  
 Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;  
 Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,  
 That the precipitation might down stretch  
 Below the beam of sight; yet will I still  
 Be thus to them.

*First Pat.* You do the nobler.

*Cor.* I muse my mother  
 Does not approve me further, who was wont  
 To call them woollen vassals, things created  
 To buy and sell with groats, to show bare  
 heads  
 In congregations, to yawn, be still, and won-  
 der,

When one but of my ordinance stood up 12  
 To speak of peace or war.

*Enter VOLUMNIA.*

I talk of you:  
 Why did you wish me milder? Would you  
 have me  
 False to my nature? Rather say I play  
 The man I am.

*Vol.* O! sir, sir, sir,  
 I would have had you put your power well on  
 Before you had worn it out.

*Cor.* Let go.  
*Vol.* You might have been enough the  
 man you are  
 With striving less to be so: lesser had  
 been 20

The thwartings of your dispositions if  
 You had not show'd them how ye were dis-  
 pos'd  
 Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

*Cor.* Let them hang.  
*Vol.* Ay, and burn too.

*Enter MENENIUS and Senators.*

*Men.* Come, come; you have been too  
 rough, something too rough;  
 You must return and mend it.

*First Sen.* There's no remedy;  
 Unless, by not so doing, our good city  
 Cleave in the midst, and perish.

*Vol.* Pray be counsell'd.  
 I have a heart of mettle apt as yours,  
 But yet a brain that leads my use of anger 30  
 To better vantage.

*Men.* Well said, noble woman!  
 Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but  
 that

The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic  
 For the whole state, I would put mine ar-  
 mour on,

Which I can scarcely bear.  
*Cor.* What must I do?

*Men.* Return to the tribunes.

*Cor.* Well, what then? what then?

*Men.* Repent what you have spoke.

*Cor.* For them! I cannot do it to the gods;  
 Must I then do 't to them?

*Vol.* You are too absolute;  
 Though therein you can never be too noble,  
 But when extremities speak. I have heard  
 you say, 41

Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,  
 I' the war do grow together: grant that, and  
 tell me,

In peace what each of them by the other  
 lose,

That they combine not there.

*Cor.* Tush, tush!

*Men.* A good demand.

*Vol.* If it be honour in your wars to seem  
 The same you are not, which, for your best  
 ends,

You adopt your policy, how is it less or  
 worse,

That it shall hold companionship in peace  
 With honour, as in war, since that to both 50  
 It stands in like request?

*Cor.* Why force you this?

*Vol.* Because that now it lies you on to  
 speak

To the people; not by your own instruction,  
 Nor by the matter which your heart prompts  
 you,

But with such words that are but rooted in  
 Your tongue, though but bastards and sylla-  
 bles

Of no allowance to your bosom's truth.  
 Now, this no more dishonours you at all  
 Than to take in a town with gentle words,  
 Which else would put you to your fortune and  
 The hazard of much blood. 61

I would dissemble with my nature where  
 My fortunes and my friends at stake re-  
 quir'd

I should do so in honour: I am in this,  
 Your wife, your son, these senators, the  
 nobles;

And you will rather show our general louts  
 How you can frown than spend a fawn upon  
 'em,

For the inheritance of their loves and safe-  
 guard

Of what that want might ruin.

*Men.* Noble lady!  
 Come, go with us; speak fair; you may  
 salve so, 70

Not what is dangerous present, but the loss  
 Of what is past.

*Vol.* I prithee now, my son,  
 Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;  
 And thus far having stretch'd it, here be  
 with them,

Thy knee bussing the stones, for in such  
 business

Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the  
 ignorant

More learned than the ears, waving thy head,  
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout  
heart,  
Now humble as the ripest mulberry  
That will not hold the handling: or say to  
them,  
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in  
broils  
Hast not the soft way which, thou dost con-  
fess,  
Were fit for thee to use as they to claim,  
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt  
frame  
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far  
As thou hast power and person.  
*Men.* This but done,  
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were  
yours;  
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free  
As words to little purpose.  
*Vol.* Prithee now,  
Go, and be rul'd; although I know thou  
hadst rather  
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf  
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is *Comi-*  
*nus.*

*Enter COMINIUS.*

*Com.* I have been 'i the market-place;  
and, sir, 't is fit  
You make strong party, or defend yourself  
By calmness or by absence: all 's in anger.  
*Men.* Only fair speech.  
*Com.* I think 't will serve if he  
Can thereto frame his spirit.  
*Vol.* He must, and will.  
Prithee now, say you will, and go about it.  
*Cor.* Must I go show them my unbarbed  
sconce?  
Must I with base tongue give my noble  
heart  
A lie that it must bear? Well, I will do 't:  
Yet were there but this single plot to lose,  
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should  
grind it  
And throw 't against the wind. To the  
market-place!  
You have put me now to such a part which  
never  
I shall discharge to the life.  
*Com.* Come, come, we 'll prompt you.  
*Vol.* I prithee now, sweet son, as thou  
hast said  
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,  
To have my praise for this, perform a part  
Thou hast not done before.  
*Cor.* Well, I must do 't.  
Away, my disposition, and possess me  
Some harlot's spirit! my throat of war be  
turn'd,  
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe  
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice  
That babies lull asleep! the smiles of  
knaves  
Tent in my cheeks, and school-boys' tears  
take up  
The glasses of my sight! a beggar's tongue  
Make motion through my lips, and my  
arm'd knees,

Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his  
That hath receiv'd an alms! I will not do 't,  
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth, 121  
And by my body's action teach my mind  
A most inherent baseness.

*Vol.* At thy choice then:  
To beg of thee it is my more dishonour  
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let  
Thy mother rather feel thy pride than fear  
Thy dangerous stoutness, for I mock at  
death  
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.  
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it  
from me,  
But owe thy pride thyself.

*Cor.* Pray, be content:  
Mother, I am going to the market-place; 131  
Chide me no more. I 'll mountebank their  
loves,  
Cog their hearts from them, and come home  
belov'd  
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am  
going:  
Commend me to my wife. I 'll return con-  
sul,

Or never trust to what my tongue can do  
I' the way of flattery further.

*Vol.* Do your will. *Exit.*  
*Com.* Away! the tribunes do attend you:  
arm yourself

To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd  
With accusations, as I hear, more strong 140  
Than are upon you yet.

*Cor.* The word is 'mildly.' Pray you, let  
us go:

Let them accuse me by invention, I  
Will answer in mine honour.

*Men.* Ay, but mildly.

*Cor.* Well, mildly be it then. Mildly!  
*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. The Forum.*

*Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*

*Bru.* In this point charge him home, that  
he affects  
Tyrannical power: if he evades us there,  
Enforce him with his envy to the people,  
And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,  
Was ne'er distributed.

*Enter an Ædile.*

What, will he come?

*Æd.* He 's coming.

*Bru.* How accompanied?

*Æd.* With old Menenius, and those sena-  
tors  
That always favour'd him.

*Sic.* Have you a catalogue  
Of all the voices that we have procur'd 9  
Set down by the poll?

*Æd.* I have; 't is ready.

*Sic.* Have you collected them by tribes?

*Æd.* I have.

*Sic.* Assemble presently the people hither;  
And when they hear me say 'It shall be so  
I' the right and strength o' the commons,'  
be it either

For death, for fine, or banishment, then let  
them,

If I say fine, cry 'fine'; if death, cry 'death';  
Insisting on the old prerogative  
And power i' the truth o' the cause.

*Æd.* I shall inform them.

*Bru.* And when such time they have  
begun to cry,  
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd  
Enforce the present execution 21  
Of what we chance to sentence.

*Æd.* Very well.

*Sic.* Make them be strong and ready for  
this hint,  
When we shall hap to give 't them.

*Bru.* Go; about it. *Exit Ædile.*  
Put him to choler straight. He hath been  
us'd

Ever to conquer, and to have his worth  
Of contradiction: being once chaf'd, he  
cannot

Be rein'd unto temperance; then he  
speaks

What's in his heart; and that is there which  
looks

With us to break his neck.

*Sic.* Well, here he comes.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS,  
Senators, and Patricians.*

*Men.* Calmly, I do beseech you. 31

*Cor.* Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest  
piece

Will bear the knave by the volume. The  
honour'd gods

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of  
justice

Supplied with worthy men! plant love  
among us!

Throng our large temples with the shows of  
peace,

And not our streets with war!

*First Sen.* Amen, amen.

*Men.* A noble wish.

*Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.*

*Sic.* Draw near, ye people.

*Æd.* List to your tribunes. Audience:  
peace! I say. 40

*Cor.* First, hear me speak.

*Sic., Bru.* Well, say. Peace, ho!

*Cor.* Shall I be charg'd no further than  
this present?

Must all determine here?

*Sic.* I do demand,

If you submit you to the people's voices,  
Allow their officers, and are content

To suffer lawful censure for such faults  
As shall be prov'd upon you?

*Cor.* I am content.

*Men.* Lo! citizens, he says he is content:  
The war-like service he has done, consider;  
think

Upon the wounds his body bears, which  
show 50

Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

*Cor.* Scratches with briers;  
Scars to move laughter only.

*Men.* Consider further,  
That when he speaks not like a citizen,  
You find him like a soldier: do not take

His rougher accents for malicious sounds,  
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,  
Rather than envy you.

*Com.* Well, well; no more.

*Cor.* What is the matter

That being pass'd for consul with full voice,  
I am so dishonour'd that the very hour 60  
You take it off again?

*Sic.* Answer to us.

*Cor.* Say then: 't is true, I ought so.

*Sic.* We charge you, that you have con-  
triv'd to take

From Rome all season'd office, and to wind  
Yourself into a power tyrannical;

For which you are a traitor to the people.

*Cor.* How! traitor!

*Men.* Nay, temperately; your promise.

*Cor.* The fires i' the lowest hell fold-in  
the people!

Call me their traitor! Thou injurious tri-  
bune!

Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand  
deaths, 70

In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in  
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say

'Thou liest' unto thee with a voice as free  
As I pray the gods.

*Sic.* Mark you this, people?

*Citizens.* To the rock!—To the rock with  
him!

*Sic.* Peace!

We need not put new matter to his charge:  
What you have seen him do, and heard him

speak,

Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,  
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying

Those whose great power must try him;  
even this, 80

So criminal and in such capital kind,  
Deserves the extremest death.

*Bru.* But since he hath

Serv'd well for Rome,—

*Cor.* What do you prate of service?

*Bru.* I talk of that, that know it.

*Cor.* You?

*Men.* Is this the promise that you made  
your mother?

*Com.* Know, I pray you,—

*Cor.* I'll know no further:

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian  
death,

Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger  
But with a grain a day, I would not buy 90

Their mercy at the price of one fair word,  
Nor check my courage for what they can

give,

To have 't with saying 'Good morrow.'

*Sic.* For that he has,

As much as in him lies, from time to time  
Envied against the people, seeking means

To pluck away their power, as now at last  
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the

presence

Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers  
That do distribute it; in the name o' the

people,

And in the power of us the tribunes, we, 100  
Even from this instant, banish him our city,

In peril of precipitation

From off the rock Tarpeian, never more  
To enter our Rome gates: i' the people's  
name,  
I say it shall be so.  
*Citizens.* It shall be so.—It shall be so.—  
Let him away.—  
He's banish'd, and it shall be so.  
*Com.* Hear me, my masters, and my  
common friends,—  
*Sic.* He's sentenc'd; no more hearing.  
*Com.* Let me speak:  
I have been consul, and can show for Rome  
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love i'  
My country's good with a respect more  
tender,  
More holy and profound, than mine own  
life,  
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's in-  
crease,  
And treasure of my loins; then if I would  
Speak that—  
*Sic.* We know your drift: speak what?  
*Bru.* There's no more to be said, but he  
is banish'd,  
As enemy to the people and his country:  
It shall be so.  
*Citizens.* It shall be so.—It shall be so.  
*Cor.* You common cry of curs! whose  
breath I hate 120  
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I  
prize  
As the dead carcasses of unburied men  
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;  
And here remain with your uncertainty!  
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!  
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,  
Fan you into despair! Have the power still  
To banish your defenders; till at length  
Your ignorance, which finds not till it feels,  
Making not reservation of yourselves, 130  
Still your own foes, deliver you as most  
Abated captives to some nation  
That won you without blows! Despising,  
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:  
There is a world elsewhere.  
*Exeunt CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, ME-  
NENIUS, Senators, and Patricians.*  
*Æd.* The people's enemy is gone, is gone!  
*Citizens.* Our enemy is banish'd!—He is  
gone!—Hoo! hoo!  
*They all shout, and throw up their caps.*  
*Sic.* Go, see him out at gates, and follow  
him,  
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;  
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard  
Attend us through the city. 141  
*Citizens.* Come, come!—Let's see him  
out at gates! come!  
The gods preserve our noble tribunes!  
Come! *Exeunt.*

## ACT IV

SCENE I.—*Rome. Before a Gate of the  
City.*

*Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA,  
MENENIUS, COMINIUS, and several young  
Patricians.*

*Cor.* Come, leave your tears: a brief  
farewell: the beast

With many heads butts me away. Nay,  
mother,  
Where is your ancient courage? you were  
us'd  
To say extremity was the trier of spirits;  
That common chances common men could  
bear;  
That when the sea was calm all boats alike  
Show'd mastership in floating; fortune's  
blows,  
When most struck home, being gentle,  
wounded, craves  
A noble cunning: you were us'd to load me  
With precepts that would make invincible 10  
The heart that conn'd them.  
*Vir.* O heavens! O heavens!  
*Cor.* Nay, I prithee, woman,—  
*Vol.* Now the red pestilence strike all  
trades in Rome,  
And occupations perish!  
*Cor.* What, what, what!  
I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay,  
mother,  
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to  
say,  
If you had been the wife of Hercules,  
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd  
Your husband so much sweat. Cominius,  
Droop not; adieu. Farewell, my wife! my  
mother! 20  
I'll do well yet. Thou old and true Mene-  
nius,  
Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's,  
And venomous to thine eyes. My sometime  
general,  
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft  
beheld  
Heart-hardening spectacles; tell these sad  
women  
'T is fond to wail inevitable strokes  
As 't is to laugh at 'em. My mother, you  
wot well  
My hazards still have been your solace; and  
Believe 't not lightly, though I go alone,  
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen 30  
Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen,  
your son  
Will or exceed the common or be caught  
With cautelous baits and practice.  
*Vol.* My first son,  
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius  
With thee awhile: determine on some  
course,  
More than a wild exposure to each chance  
That starts i' the way before thee.  
*Cor.* O the gods!  
*Com.* I'll follow thee a month, devise  
with thee  
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st  
hear of us, 39  
And we of thee: so if the time thrust forth  
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send  
O'er the vast world to seek a single man,  
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool  
I' the absence of the needer.  
*Cor.* Fare ye well:  
Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too  
full  
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one

That's yet unbruised: bring me but out at gate.

Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and

My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,  
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.

While I remain above the ground you shall  
Hear from me still; and never of me aught  
But what is like me formerly.

*Men.* That's worthily  
As any ear can hear. Come; let's not weep.  
If I could shake off but one seven years  
From these old arms and legs, by the good  
gods,

I'd with thee every foot.

*Cor.* Give me thy hand.  
Come. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Street near the Gate.*

*Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and an Ædile.*

*Sic.* Bid them all home; he's gone, and  
we'll no further.  
The nobility are vex'd, whom we see have  
sided

In his behalf.

*Bru.* Now we have shown our power,  
Let us seem humbler after it is done  
Than when it was a-doing.

*Sic.* Bid them home;  
Say their great enemy is gone, and they  
Stand in their ancient strength.

*Bru.* Dismiss them home.  
*Exit Ædile.*

*Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENE-  
NIUS.*

Here comes his mother.

*Sic.* Let's not meet her.  
*Bru.* Why?

*Sic.* They say she's mad.

*Bru.* They have taken note of us: keep  
on your way.

*Vol.* O! ye're well met. The hoarded  
plague o' the gods

Requite your love!

*Men.* Peace, peace! be not so loud.  
*Vol.* If that I could for weeping, you  
should hear—

Nay, and you shall hear some. To BRUTUS.  
Will you be gone?

*Vir.* To SICINIUS. You shall stay too. I  
would I had the power

To say so to my husband.

*Sic.* Are you mankind?

*Vol.* Ay, fool; is that a shame? Note but  
this fool.

Was not a man my father? Hadst thou fox-  
ship

To banish him that struck more blows for  
Rome

Than thou hast spoken words?

*Sic.* O blessed heavens!  
*Vol.* More noble blows than ever thou  
wise words;

And for Rome's good. I'll tell thee what;  
yet go:

Nay, but thou shalt stay too: I would my son  
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,  
His good sword in his hand.

*Sic.* What then?  
*Vir.* What then!

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

*Vol.* Bastards and all.  
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for  
Rome!

*Men.* Come, come; peace!

*Sic.* I would he had continu'd to his  
country

As he began, and not unknit himself  
The noble knot he made.

*Bru.* I would he had.  
*Vol.* 'I would he had!' 'T was you  
incens'd the rabble:

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth  
As I can of those mysteries which heaven

Will not have earth to know.

*Bru.* Pray, let us go.  
*Vol.* Now, pray, sir, get you gone:

You have done a brave deed. Ere you go,  
hear this:

As far as doth the Capitol exceed  
The meanest house in Rome, so far my  
son,

This lady's husband here, this, do you see?  
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you  
all.

*Bru.* Well, well; we'll leave you.

*Sic.* Why stay we to be baited  
With one that wants her wits?

*Vol.* Take my prayers with you.  
*Exeunt Tribunes.*

I would the gods had nothing else to do  
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet  
'em

But once a day, it would unclog my heart  
Of what lies heavy to't.

*Men.* You have told them home,  
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll  
sup with me?

*Vol.* Anger's my meat; I sup upon my-  
self,

And so shall starve with feeding. Come,  
let's go.

Leave this faint puling and lament as I do,  
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

*Men.* Fie, fie, fie! *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Highway between Rome and  
Antium.*

*Enter a Roman and a Volscian, meeting.*

*Rom.* I know you well, sir, and you know  
me: your name I think is Adrian.

*Vol.* It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

*Rom.* I am a Roman; and my services  
are, as you are, against 'em. Know you me  
yet?

*Vol.* Nicanor? No.

*Rom.* The same, sir.

*Vol.* You had more beard when I last  
saw you; but your favour is well approved  
by your tongue. What's the news in Rome?

I have a note from the Volscian state to find  
you out there: you have well saved me a  
day's journey.

*Rom.* There hath been in Rome strange insurrections: the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

*Vols.* Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state thinks not so; they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division. 19

*Rom.* The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out. 27

*Vols.* Coriolanus banished!

*Rom.* Banished, sir.

*Vols.* You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor. 31

*Rom.* The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

*Vols.* He cannot choose. I am most fortunate thus accidentally to encounter you: you have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home. 42

*Rom.* I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

*Vols.* A most royal one: the centurions and their charges distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning. 50

*Rom.* I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

*Vols.* You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

*Rom.* Well, let us go together. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Antium. Before AUFIDIUS'S House.*

*Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.*

*Cor.* A goodly city is this Antium. City, 'T is I that made thy widows: many an heir Of these fair edifices fore my wars Have I heard groan and drop: then know me not,

Lest that thy wives with spits and boys with stones In puny battle slay me.

*Enter a Citizen.*

Save you, sir.

*Cit.* And you. *Cor.* Direct me, if it be your will, Where great Aufidius lies. Is he in Antium?

*Cit.* He is, and feasts the nobles of the state At his house this night.

*Cor.* Which is his house, beseech you?

*Cit.* This, here before you.

*Cor.* Thank you, sir. Farewell.

*Exit Citizen.*  
O world! thy slippery turns. Friends now fast sworn, 12

Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,

Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,

Are still together, who twin, as 't were, in love

Unseparable, shall within this hour,

On a dissension of a doit, break out

To bitterest enmity: so, fellest foes,

Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep 19

To take the one the other, by some chance, Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends

And interjoin their issues. So with me: My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon

This enemy town. I'll enter: if he slay me,

He does fair justice; if he give me way,

I'll do his country service. *Exit.*

SCENE V.—*The Same. A hall in AUFIDIUS'S House.*

*Music within. Enter a Servingman.*

*First Serv.* Wine, wine, wine! What service is here! I think our fellows are asleep. *Exit.*

*Enter a Second Servingman*

*Second Serv.* Where's Cotus? my master calls for him. Cotus! *Exit.*

*Enter CORIOLANUS.*

*Cor.* A goodly house: the feast smells well; but I Appear not like a guest.

*Re-enter the First Servingman.*

*First Ser.* What would you have, friend? Whence are you? Here's no place for you; pray, go to the door. *Exit.*

*Cor.* I have deserv'd no better entertainment, In being Coriolanus. 11

*Re-enter Second Servingman.*

*Second Serv.* Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray, get you out.

*Cor.* Away!

*Second Serv.* Away! Get you away.

*Cor.* Now thou'rt troublesome.

*Second Serv.* Are you so brave? I'll have you talked with anon. *Exit.*

*Enter a Third Servingman. Re-enter the First.*

*Third Serv.* What fellow's this? 20

*First Serv.* A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out o' the house: prithee, call my master to him.

*Third Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

*Cor.* Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

*Third Serv.* What are you?

*Cor.* A gentleman.

*Third Serv.* A marvellous poor one. 30

*Cor.* True, so I am.

*Third Serv.* Pray, you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

*Cor.* Follow your function; go, and batten on cold bits. *Pushes him away.*

*Third Serv.* What! will you not? Prithee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

*First Serv.* And I shall.

*Exit.*

*Third Serv.* Where dwellest thou? 40

*Cor.* Under the canopy.

*Third Serv.* Under the canopy!

*Cor.* Ay.

*Third Serv.* Where's that?

*Cor.* 'P the city of kites and crows.

*Third Serv.* 'P the city of kites and crows! What an ass it is! Then thou dwellest with daws too?

*Cor.* No; I serve not thy master.

*Third Serv.* How, sir! Do you meddle with my master? 51

*Cor.* Ay; 't is an honest service than to meddle with thy mistress.

Thou prat'st, and prat'st: serve with thy trencher.

Hence! *Beats him away.*

*Enter AUFIDIUS and the First Servingman.*

*Auf.* Where is this fellow?

*First Serv.* Here, sir: I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

*Auf.* Whence comest thou? what would'st thou? thy name?

Why speak'st not? speak, man: what's thy name?

*Cor.* *Unmuffling.* If, Tullus, 60  
Not yet thou know'st me, and, seeing me,  
dost not

Think me for the man I am, necessity  
Commands me name myself.

*Auf.* What is thy name?  
*Servants retire.*

*Cor.* A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,  
And harsh in sound to thine.

*Auf.* Say, what's thy name?  
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face  
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's  
torn,

Thou show'st a noble vessel. What's thy name?

*Cor.* Prepare thy brow to frown. Know'st thou me yet?

*Auf.* I know thee not. Thy name? 70

*Cor.* My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done  
To thee particularly, and to all the Volscies,  
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness  
may

My surname, Coriolanus: the painful service,

The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood

Shed for my thankless country, are requited  
But with that surname; a good memory,  
And witness of the malice and displeasure  
Which thou should'st bear me: only that  
name remains;

The cruelty and envy of the people, 80  
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who  
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;  
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be  
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now this extremity

Hath brought me to thy hearth; not out of hope,  
Mistake me not, to save my life; for if  
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the  
world

I would have voided thee; but in mere  
spite,

To be full quit of those my banishers,  
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou  
hast 90

A heart of wreak in thee, that will revenge  
Thine own particular wrongs and stop those  
mains

Of shame seen through thy country, speed  
thee straight,

And make my misery serve thy turn: so  
use it,

That my revengeful services may prove  
As benefits to thee, for I will fight  
Against my canker'd country with the spleen  
Of all the under fiends. But if so be

Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more  
fortunes

Thou'rt tir'd, then, in a word, I also am 100  
Longer to live most weary, and present  
My throat to thee and to thy ancient malice;  
Which not to cut would show thee but a fool.

Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,  
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's  
breast,

And cannot live but to thy shame, unless  
It be to do thee service.

*Auf.* O Marcius, Marcius!  
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded  
from my heart

A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter 109  
Should from yond cloud speak divine things,  
And say 'T is true,' I'd not believe them  
more

Than thee, all noble Marcius. Let me  
twine

Mine arms about that body, where against  
My grained ash an hundred times hath  
broke,

And scarr'd the moon with splinters: here I  
clip

The anvil of my sword, and do contest  
As hotly and as nobly with thy love

As ever in ambitious strength I did  
Contend against thy valour. Know thou  
first,

I lov'd the maid I married; never man 120  
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee  
here,

Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt  
heart

Than when I first my wedded mistress saw  
heart

Than when I first my wedded mistress saw

Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars!

I tell thee,

We have a power on foot; and I had purpose  
Once more to hew thy target from thy  
brawn,

Or lose mine arm for it. Thou hast beat  
me out

Twelve several times, and I have nightly  
since

Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;  
We have been down together in my sleep, 130  
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's  
throat,

And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy  
Marcius,

Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that  
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster  
all

From twelve to seventy, and pouring war  
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,  
Like a bold flood o'er-bear. O! come; go  
in,

And take our friendly senators by the hands,  
Who now are here, taking their leaves of  
me,

Who am prepar'd against your territories, 140  
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou  
wilt have

The leading of thine own revenges, take  
The one half of my commission; and set  
down,

As best thou art experienc'd, since thou  
know'st

Thy country's strength and weakness, thine  
own ways;

Whether to knock against the gates of  
Rome,

Or rudely visit them in parts remote,  
To fight them, ere destroy. But come in:

Let me commend thee first to those that  
shall

Say yea to thy desires. A thousand wel-  
comes!

And more a friend than e'er an enemy; 152  
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand:  
most welcome!

*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*

*First Serv.* Here's a strange alteration!  
*Second Serv.* By my hand, I had thought  
to have stricken him with a cudgel; and  
yet my mind gave me his clothes made a  
false report of him.

*First Serv.* What an arm he has! He  
turned me about with his finger and his  
thumb, as one would set up a top. 161

*Second Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face  
that there was something in him: he had,  
sir, a kind of face, methought,—I cannot tell  
how to term it.

*First Serv.* He had so; looking as it were,  
—would I were hanged but I thought there  
was more in him than I could think.

*Second Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn. He  
is simply the rarest man i' the world.

*First Serv.* I think he is; but a greater  
soldier than he you wot on. 171

*Second Serv.* Who? my master?

*First Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

*Second Serv.* Worth six on him.

*First Serv.* Nay, not so neither; but I  
take him to be the greater soldier.

*Second Serv.* Faith, look you, one cannot  
tell how to say that: for the defence of a  
town our general is excellent.

*First Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too. 180

*Re-enter Third Servingman.*

*Third Serv.* O slaves! I can tell you news;  
news, you rascals.

*First and Second Serv.* What, what,  
what? let's partake.

*Third Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of  
all nations; I had as lieve be a condemned  
man.

*First and Second Serv.* Wherefore?  
wherefore?

*Third Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont  
to thwack our general, Caius Marcius.

*First Serv.* Why do you say 'thwack our  
general'? 191

*Third Serv.* I do not say 'thwack our  
general'; but he was always good enough  
for him.

*Second Serv.* Come, we are fellows and  
friends: he was ever too hard for him; I  
have heard him say so himself.

*First Serv.* He was too hard for him  
directly, to say the truth on't: before  
Corioli he scotched him and notched him  
like a carbonado.

*Second Serv.* An he had been cannibally  
given, he might have broiled and eaten him  
too. 201

*First Serv.* But, more of thy news?

*Third Serv.* Why, he is so made on here  
within, as if he were son and heir to Mars;  
set at upper end o' the table; no question  
asked him by any of the senators, but they  
stand bald before him. Our general him-  
self makes a mistress of him; sanctifies  
himself with 's hand, and turns up the  
white o' the eye to his discourse. But the  
bottom of the news is, our general is cut i'  
the middle, and but one half of what he was  
yesterday, for the other has half, by the  
entreaty and grant of the whole table.  
He'll go, he says, and sow the porter of  
Rome gates by the ears. He will mow  
down all before him, and leave his passage  
polled. 215

*Second Serv.* And he's as like to do 't as  
any man I can imagine.

*Third Serv.* Do 't! he will do 't; for, look  
you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies;  
which friends, sir, as it were, durst not,  
look you, sir, show themselves, as we term  
it, his friends, whilst he's in directitude. 222

*First Serv.* 'Directitude'! what's that?

*Third Serv.* But when they shall see, sir,  
his crest up again, and the man in blood,  
they will out of their burrows, like conies  
after rain, and revel all with him.

*First Serv.* But when goes this forward?

*Third Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; pres-  
ently. You shall have the drum struck up  
this afternoon: 't is, as it were, a parcel of

their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips. 232

*Second Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

*First Serv.* Let me have war, say I: it exceeds peace as far as day does night; it's spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; muffled, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children than war's a destroyer of men. 241

*Second Serv.* 'Tis so: and as war, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

*First Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

*Third Serv.* Reason: because they then less need one another. The wars for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians. They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in! *Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Rome. A public Place.

*Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*

*Sic.* We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;

His remedies are tame i' the present peace And quietness o' the people, which before Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends

Blush that the world goes well, who rather had,

Though they themselves did suffer by 't, behold

Dissentious numbers pestering streets than see

Our tradesmen singing in their shops and going

About their functions friendly.

*Bru.* We stood to 't in good time.

*Enter MENENIUS.*

Is this Menenius? 10

*Sic.* 'Tis he, 'tis he. O! he is grown most kind

Of late. Hail, sir!

*Men.* Hail to you both!

*Sic.* Your Coriolanus is not much miss'd But with his friends: the commonwealth doth stand,

And so would do, were he more angry at it.

*Men.* All's well; and might have been much better, if

He could have temporiz'd.

*Sic.* Where is he, hear you?

*Men.* Nay, I hear nothing: his mother and his wife

Hear nothing from him.

*Enter three or four Citizens.*

*Citizens.* The gods preserve you both!

*Sic.* Good den, our neighbors.

*Bru.* Good den to you all, good den to you all. 21

*First Cit.* Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,

Are bound to pray for you both.

*Sic.* Live, and thrive!

*Bru.* Farewell, kind neighbours: we wish'd Coriolanus

Had lov'd you as we did.

*Citizens.* Now the gods keep you!

*Sic., Bru.* Farewell, farewell,

*Exeunt Citizens.*

*Sic.* This is a happier and more comely time

Than when these fellows ran about the streets

Crying confusion.

*Bru.* Caius Marcius was

A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent, 30

O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,

Self-loving,—

*Sic.* And affecting one sole throne, Without assistance.

*Men.* I think not so.

*Sic.* We should by this, to all our lamentation,

If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

*Bru.* The gods have well prevented it, and Rome

Sits safe and still without him.

*Enter an Ædile.*

*Æd.*

Worthy tribunes,

There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,

Reports, the Volscies with two several powers

Are enter'd in the Roman territories, 40

And with the deepest malice of the war Destroy what lies before 'em.

*Men.* 'Tis Aufidius, Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,

Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;

Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for Rome,

And durst not once peep out.

*Sic.* Come, what talk you of Marcius?

*Bru.* Go see this rumourer whipp'd. It cannot be

The Volscies dare break with us.

*Men.* Cannot be!

We have record that very well it can, And three examples of the like have been 50

Within my age. But reason with the fellow, Before you punish him, where he heard this,

Lest you shall chance to whip your information,

And beat the messenger who bids beware Of what is to be dreaded.

*Sic.* Tell not me:

I know this cannot be.

*Bru.* Not possible.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* The nobles in great earnestness are going

All to the senate-house: some news is come

That turns their countenances.

*Sic.* 'T is this slave.  
Go whip him fore the people's eyes: his  
raising; 60  
Nothing but his report.

*Men.* Yes, worthy sir,  
The slave's report is seconded; and more,  
More fearful, is deliver'd.

*Sic.* What more fearful?  
*Mess.* It is spoke freely out of many  
mouths,

How probable I do not know, that Marcius,  
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst  
Rome,

And vows revenge as spacious as between  
The young'st and oldest thing.

*Sic.* This is most likely!  
*Bru.* Rais'd only, that the weaker sort  
may wish  
Good Marcius home again.

*Sic.* The very trick on 't.  
*Men.* This is unlikely: 71

He and Aufidius can no more atone  
Than violentest contrariety.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mess.* You are sent for to the senate:  
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,  
Associated with Aufidius, rages  
Upon our territories; and have already  
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire,  
and took  
What lay before them.

*Enter COMINIUS.*

*Com.* O! you have made good work.  
*Men.* What news? what news?  
*Com.* You have help to ravish your own  
daughters, and 81  
To melt the city leads upon your pates,  
To see your wives dishonour'd to your  
noses,—

*Men.* What's the news? what's the news?  
*Com.* Your temples burned in their  
cement, and

Your franchises, whereon you stood, con-  
fin'd  
Into an auger's bore.

*Men.* Pray now, your news?  
You have made fair work, I fear me. Pray,  
your news?

If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians,—  
*Com.* If!

He is their god: he leads them like a thing  
Made by some other deity than Nature, 91  
That shapes man better; and they follow  
him,

Against us brats, with no less confidence  
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,  
Or butchers killing flies.

*Men.* You have made good work,  
You, and your apron-men; you that stood  
so much

Upon the voice of occupation and  
The breath of garlic-eaters!

*Com.* He will shake  
Your Rome about your ears.

*Men.* As Hercules  
Did shake down mellow fruit. You have  
made fair work! 100

*Bru.* But is this true, sir?

*Com.* Ay; and you 'll look pale  
Before you find it other. All the regions  
Do smilingly revolt; and who resist  
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,  
And perish constant fools. Who is 't can  
blame him?

Your enemies, and his, find something in  
him.

*Men.* We are all undone unless  
The noble man have mercy.

*Com.* Who shall ask it?  
The tribunes cannot do 't for shame; the  
people

Deserve such pity of him as the wolf 110  
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends,  
if they

Should say, 'Be good to Rome,' they charg'd  
him even

As those should do that had deserv'd his  
hate,

And therein show'd like enemies. 'T is true.  
*Men.*

If we were putting to my house the brand  
That should consume it, I have not the face  
To say, 'Beseech you, cease.' You have  
made fair hands,

You and your crafts! you have crafted fair!  
*Com.* You have brought  
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never  
So incapable of help.

*Sic., Bru.* Say not we brought it.  
*Men.* How! Was it we? We lov'd him;  
but, like beasts 121

And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your  
clusters,

Who did hoot him out o' the city.  
*Com.*

But I fear  
They 'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,  
The second name of men, obeys his points  
As if he were his officer: desperation  
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,  
That Rome can make against them.

*Enter a troop of Citizens.*

*Men.* Here come the clusters.  
And is Aufidius with him? You are they  
That made the air unwholesome, when you  
cast 130

Your stinking greasy caps in hooting at  
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;  
And not a hair upon a soldier's head  
Which will not prove a whip: as many  
coxcombs

As you threw caps up will he tumble down,  
And pay you for your voices. 'T is no  
matter;

If he could burn us all into one coal,  
We have deserv'd it.

*Citizens.* Faith, we hear fearful news.  
*First Cit.* For mine own part,

When I said banish him, I said 't was pity.  
*Second Cit.* And so did I. 141

*Third Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the  
truth, so did very many of us. That we did  
we did for the best; and though we willingly  
consented to his banishment, yet it was  
against our will.

*Com.* Ye 're goodly things, you voices!

*Men.* You have made  
Good work, you and your cry! Shall 's to  
the Capitol?

*Com.* O! ay; what else?

*Exeunt COMINIUS and MENENIUS.*

*Sic.* Go, masters, get you home; be not  
dismay'd: 150

These are a side that would be glad to have  
This true which they seem to fear. Go  
home,

And show no sign of fear.

*First Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come,  
masters, let 's home. I ever said we were  
i' the wrong when we banished him.

*Second Cit.* So did we all. But come,  
let 's home. *Exeunt Citizens.*

*Bru.* I do not like this news.

*Sic.* Nor I.

*Bru.* Let 's to the Capitol. Would half  
my wealth 160

Would buy this for a lie!

*Sic.* Pray let us go. *Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*A Camp at a small distance  
from Rome.*

*Enter AUFIDIUS and his Lieutenant.*

*Auf.* Do they still fly to the Roman?

*Lieu.* I do not know what witchcraft 's in  
him, but

Your soldiers use him as the grace fore  
meat,

Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;  
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,  
Even by your own.

*Auf.* I cannot help it now,  
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot  
Of our design. He bears himself more  
proudlie, 8

Even to my person, than I thought he would  
When first I did embrace him; yet his nature  
In that 's no changeling, and I must excuse  
What cannot be amended.

*Lieu.* Yet I wish, sir,  
I mean for your particular, you had not  
Join'd in commission with him; but either  
Had borne the action of yourself, or else  
To him had left it solely.

*Auf.* I understand thee well; and be thou  
sure,

When he shall come to his account, he  
knows not

What I can urge against him. Although it  
seems,

And so he thinks, and is no less apparent 20  
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things  
fairly,

And shows good husbandry for the Volscian  
state,

Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon  
As draw his sword; yet he hath left undone

That which shall break his neck or hazard  
mine,

When'er we come to our account.

*Lieu.* Sir, I beseech you, think you he 'll  
carry Rome?

*Auf.* All places yield to him ere he sits  
down;

And the nobility of Rome are his;

The senators and patricians love him too: 30  
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their  
people

Will be as rash in the repeal as hasty

To expel him thence. I think he 'll be to  
Rome

As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it

By sovereignty of nature. First he was

A noble servant to them, but he could not

Carry his honours even; whether 't was  
pride,

Which out of daily fortune ever taints

The happy man; whether defect of judg-  
ment,

To fail in the disposing of those chances 40

Which he was lord of; or whether nature,

Not to be other than one thing, not moving

From the casque to the cushion, but com-  
manding peace

Even with the same austerity and garb

As he controll'd the war; but one of these,

As he hath spices of them all, not all,

For I dare so far free him, made him fear'd,

So hated, and so banish'd: but he has a  
merit

To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues  
Lie in the interpretation of the time; 50

And power, unto itself most commendable,

Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair

To extol what it hath done.

One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one  
nail;

Rights by rights falter, strengths by strengths  
do fail.

Come, let 's away. When, Caius, Rome is  
thine,

Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art  
thou mine. *Exeunt.*

## ACT V

SCENE I.—*Rome. A public Place.*

*Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS,  
BRUTUS, and Others.*

*Men.* No, I 'll not go: you hear what he  
hath said

Which was sometime his general; who lov'd  
him

In a most dear particular. He call'd me  
father;

But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd  
him;

A mile before his tent fall down, and knee  
The way into his mercy. Nay, if he coy'd

To hear Cominius speak, I 'll keep at home.

*Com.* He would not seem to know me.

*Men.* Do you hear?

*Com.* Yet one time he did call me by my  
name.

I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops 10  
That we have bled together. Coriolanus

He would not answer to; forbade all names;  
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,

Till he had forg'd himself a name o' the fire  
Of burning Rome.

*Men.* Why, so: you have made good  
work!

A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,  
To make coals cheap: a noble memory!

*Com.* I minded him how royal 't was to pardon  
When it was less expected: he replied,  
It was a bare petition of a state 20  
To one whom they had punish'd.  
*Men.* Very well:  
Could he say less?

*Com.* I offer'd to awaken his regard  
For's private friends: his answer to me was,  
He could not stay to pick them in a pile  
Of noisome musty chaff: he said 't was folly  
For one poor grain or two to leave unburnt,  
And still to nose the offence.

*Men.* For one poor grain or two!  
I am one of those; his mother, wife, his  
child, 29  
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains:  
You are the musty chaff, and you are smelt  
Above the moon. We must be burnt for  
you.

*Sic.* Nay, pray, be patient: if you refuse  
your aid  
In this so never-needed help, yet do not  
Upbraid's with our distress. But, sure, if  
you

Would be your country's pleader, your good  
tongue,  
More than the instant army we can make,  
Might stop our countryman.

*Men.* No; I'll not meddle.  
*Sic.* Pray you, go to him.

*Men.* What should I do?  
*Bru.* Only make trial what your love can  
do 40

For Rome, towards Marcius.

*Men.* Well; and say that Marcius  
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,  
Unheard; what then?

But as a discontented friend, grief-shot  
With his unkindness? say 't be so?

*Sic.* Yet your good will  
Must have that thanks from Rome, after  
the measure  
As you intended well.

*Men.* I'll undertake it:  
I think he'll hear me. Yet, to bite his lip,  
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts  
me.

He was not taken well; he had not din'd: 50  
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and  
then

We pout upon the morning, are unapt  
To give or to forgive; but when we have  
stuff'd

These pipes and these conveyances of our  
blood

With wine and feeding, we have suppler  
souls

Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore, I'll  
watch him

Till he be dieted to my request,  
And then I'll set upon him.

*Bru.* You know the very road into his  
kindness,  
And cannot lose your way.

*Men.* Good faith, I'll prove him,  
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have  
knowledge 61

Of my success. *Exit.*

*Com.* He'll never hear him.  
*Sic.* Not?

*Com.* I tell you he does sit in gold, his eye  
Red as 't would burn Rome, and his injury  
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before  
him;

'T was very faintly he said 'Rise'; dismiss'd  
me

Thus, with his speechless hand: what he  
would do,

He sent in writing after me; what he would  
not,

Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:  
So that all hope is vain 70

Unless his noble mother and his wife,  
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him

For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's  
hence,

And with our fair entreaties haste them on.  
*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—The Volscian Camp before Rome. The Guards at their stations.

*Enter to them MENENIUS.*

*First Guard.* Stay! Whence are you?

*Second Guard.* Stand! and go back.

*Men.* You guard like men; 't is well;  
but, by your leave,

I am an officer of state, and come  
To speak with Coriolanus.

*First Guard.* From whence?

*Men.* From Rome.

*First Guard.* You may not pass; you  
must return: our general  
Will no more hear from thence.

*Second Guard.* You 'll see your Rome  
embrac'd with fire before

You'll speak with Coriolanus.

*Men.* Good my friends,  
If you have heard your general talk of  
Rome,

And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,  
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Me-  
nenius. 11

*First Guard.* Be it so; go back: the  
virtue of your name

Is not here passable.

*Men.* I tell thee, fellow,  
Thy general is my lover: I have been  
The book of his good acts, whence men  
have read

His fame unparallel'd, haply amplified;  
For I have ever verified my friends,  
Of whom he's chief, with all the size that  
verity

Would without lapsing suffer: nay, some-  
times,

Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground, 20  
I have tumbled past the throw, and in his  
praise

Have almost stamp'd the leasing. There-  
fore, fellow,

I must have leave to pass.

*First Guard.* Faith, sir, if you had told as  
many lies in his behalf as you have uttered  
words in your own, you should not pass  
here; no, though it were as virtuous to lie  
as to live chastely. Therefore, go back.

*Men.* Prithee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general. 31

*Second Guard.* Howsoever you have been his liar, as you say you have, I am one that, telling true under him, must say you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

*Men.* Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

*First Guard.* You are a Roman, are you?

*Men.* I am, as thy general is. 39

*First Guard.* Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemned, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon. 54

*Men.* Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

*Second Guard.* Come, my captain knows you not.

*Men.* I mean thy general.

*First Guard.* My general cares not for you. Back, I say: go, lest I let forth your half-pint of blood; back; that's the utmost of your having: back. 62

*Men.* Nay, but, fellow, fellow,—

*Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*

*Cor.* What's the matter?

*Men.* Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you; you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou standest not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee. *To CORIOLANUS.* The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O my son! my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs, and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee. 85

*Cor.* Away!

*Men.* How! away!

*Cor.* Wife, mother, child, I know not.

My affairs

Are servanted to others: though I owe My revenge properly, my remission lies 90

In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar,

Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather Than pity note how much. Therefore, be gone;

Mine ears against your suits are stronger than

Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,

Take this along; I writ it for thy sake, *Gives a paper.*

And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,

I will not hear thee speak. This man, Aufidius,

Was my belov'd in Rome: yet thou behold'st!

*Auf.* You keep a constant temper. 100

*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*

*First Guard.* Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

*Second Guard.* 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power. You know the way home again.

*First Guard.* Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your greatness back? 105

*Second Guard.* What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

*Men.* I neither care for the world nor your general; for such things as you, I scarce think there's any, ye're so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself fears it not from another. Let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away! *Exit.*

*First Guard.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

*Second Guard.* The worthy fellow is our general: he's the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Tent of CORIOLANUS.*

*Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and Others.*

*Cor.* We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow

Set down our host. My partner in this action,

You must report to the Volscian lords, how plainly

I have borne this business.

*Auf.* Only their ends You have respected; stopp'd your ears against

The general suit of Rome; never admitted A private whisper, no, not with such friends That thought them sure of you.

*Cor.* This last old man, Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,

Lov'd me above the measure of a father; 10 Nay, godded me indeed. Their latest refuge

Was to send him; for whose old love I have,

Though I show'd sourly to him, once more offer'd

The first conditions, which they did refuse, And cannot now accept, to grace him only

That thought he could do more. A very little  
I have yielded to; fresh embassies, and suits,  
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter  
Will I lend ear to. *Shout within.*

Ha! what shout is this? 20  
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow  
In the same time 't is made? I will not.

*Enter, in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, leading young MARCIUS, VALERIA, and Attendants.*

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould  
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand

The grandchild to her blood. But out, affection!

All bond and privilege of nature, break!  
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.  
What is that court'sy worth? or those doves' eyes,

Which can make gods forsworn? I melt, and am not

Of stronger earth than others. My mother bows;

As if Olympus to a molehill should 30  
In supplication nod; and my young boy  
Hath an aspect of intercession which  
Great nature cries, 'Deny not.' Let the Volsces

Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never be such a gosling to obey instinct, but stand,  
As if a man were author of himself  
And knew no other kin.

*Vir.* My lord and husband!  
*Cor.* These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

*Vir.* The sorrow that delivers us thus chang'd

Makes you think so.

*Cor.* Like a dull actor now,  
I have forgot my part, and I am out, 41  
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,  
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say  
For that 'Forgive our Romans.' O! a kiss  
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge.  
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss

I carried from thee, dear, and my true lip  
Hath virgin'd it e'er since. You gods! I prate,

And the most noble mother of the world  
Leave unsaluted. Sink, my knee, i' the earth; *Kneels.*

Of thy deep duty more impression show 51  
Than that of common sons.

*Vol.* O! stand up bless'd;  
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,  
I kneel before thee, and unproperly  
Show duty, as mistaken all this while  
Between the child and parent. *Kneels.*

*Cor.* What is this?  
Your knees to me! to your corrected son!  
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach  
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds  
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun,

Murd'ring impossibility, to make 61  
What cannot be, slight work.

*Vol.* Thou art my warrior;  
I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

*Cor.* The noble sister of Publicola,  
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle  
That's curd'd by the frost from purest snow,  
And hangs on Dian's temple: dear Valeria!

*Vol.* This is a poor epitome of yours,  
Which by the interpretation of full time  
May show like all yourself.

*Cor.* The god of soldiers,  
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform 71  
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou  
may'st prove

To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars  
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,  
And saving those that eye thee!

*Vol.* Your knee, sirrah.  
*Cor.* That's my brave boy!

*Vol.* Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,

Are suitors to you.

*Cor.* I beseech you, peace;  
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before:  
The thing I have forsworn to grant may never 80

Be held by you denials. Do not bid me  
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate  
Again with Rome's mechanics: tell me not  
Wherein I seem unnatural: desire not  
To allay my rages and revenges with  
Your colder reasons.

*Vol.* O! no more, no more;  
You have said you will not grant us any thing;

For we have nothing else to ask but that  
Which you deny already: yet we will ask;  
That, if you fail in our request, the blame 90  
May hang upon your hardness. Therefore,  
hear us.

*Cor.* Aufidius, and you Volsces, mark;  
for we'll

Hear nought from Rome in private. Your request?

*Vol.* Should we be silent and not speak,  
our raiment

And state of bodies would bewray what life  
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself

How more unfortunate than all living women  
Are we come hither: since that thy sight,  
which should

Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance  
with comforts,

Constrains them weep, and shake with fear  
and sorrow; 100

Making the mother, wife, and child, to see  
The son, the husband, and the father,  
tearing

His country's bowels out. And to poor we  
Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us

Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort  
That all but we enjoy; for how can we,  
Alas! how can we for our country pray,  
Where'to we are bound, together with thy  
victory,

Whereto we are bound! Alack! or we must lose  
 The country, our dear nurse, or else thy person, 110  
 Our comfort in the country. We must find  
 An evident calamity, though we had  
 Our wish, which side should win; for either thou  
 Must, as a foreign recreant, be led  
 With manacles through our streets, or else  
 Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,  
 And bear the palm for having bravely shed  
 Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,  
 I suppose not to wait on fortune till  
 These wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee 120  
 Rather to show a noble grace to both parts  
 Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner  
 March to assault thy country than to tread,  
 Trust to 't thou shalt not, on thy mother's womb,  
 That brought thee to this world.  
*Vir.* Ay, and mine,  
 That brought you forth this boy, to keep  
 your name  
 Living to time.  
*Boy.* A' shall not tread on me:  
 I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.  
*Cor.* Not of a woman's tenderness to be,  
 Requires nor child nor woman's face to see. 130  
 I have sat too long. *Rising.*  
*Vol.* Nay, go not from us thus.  
 If it were so, that our request did tend  
 To save the Romans, thereby to destroy  
 The Volscies whom you serve, you might condemn us,  
 As poisonous of your honour: no; our suit  
 Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volscies  
 May say 'This mercy we have show'd'; the Romans,  
 'This we receiv'd'; and each in either side  
 Give the all-hail to thee, and cry 'Be bless'd  
 For making up this peace!' Thou know'st, great son, 140  
 The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,  
 That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit  
 Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name,  
 Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;  
 Whose chronicle thus writ: 'The man was noble,  
 But with his last attempt he wip'd it out,  
 Destroy'd his country, and his name remains  
 To the ensuing age abhorr'd.' Speak to me, son!  
 Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,  
 To imitate the graces of the gods; 150  
 To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,  
 And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt  
 That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?  
 Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man

Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speak you:  
 He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, boy:  
 Perhaps thy childishness will move him more  
 Than can our reasons. There's no man in the world  
 More bound to 's mother; yet here he lets me prate  
 Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life 160  
 Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;  
 When she, poor hen! fond of no second brood,  
 Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,  
 Loaden with honour. Say my request's unjust,  
 And spurn me back; but if it be not so,  
 Thou art not honest and the gods will plague thee,  
 That thou restrain'st from me the duty which  
 To a mother's part belongs. He turns away:  
 Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees. 139  
 To his surname Coriolanus longs more pride  
 Than pity to our prayers. Down: an end;  
 This is the last: so we will home to Rome,  
 And die among our neighbours. Nay, behold's.  
 This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,  
 But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,  
 Does reason our petition with more strength  
 Than thou hast to deny 't. Come, let us go.  
 This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;  
 His wife is in Corioli, and his child  
 Like him by chance. Yet give us our dispatch: 180  
 I am hush'd until our city be a-fire,  
 And then I'll speak a little.  
*He holds VOLUMNIA by the hand, silent.*  
*Cor.* O mother, mother!  
 What have you done? Behold! the heavens do ope,  
 The gods look down, and this unnatural scene  
 They laugh at. O my mother! mother! O!  
 You have won a happy victory to Rome;  
 But, for your son, believe it, O! believe it,  
 Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,  
 If not most mortal to him. But let it come.  
 Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,  
 I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius, 191  
 Were you in my stead, would you have heard  
 A mother less, or granted less, Aufidius?  
*Auf.* I was mov'd withal.  
*Cor.* I dare be sworn you were:  
 And, sir, it is no little thing to make  
 Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,  
 What peace you'll make, advise me: for my part,

I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and  
pray you,  
Stand to me in this cause. O mother!  
wife!

*Auf. Aside.* I am glad thou hast set thy  
mercy and thy honour  
At difference in thee: out of that I'll work  
Myself a former fortune.

*The Ladies make signs to CORIOLANUS.*  
*Cor. To VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, etc.* Ay,  
by and by;

But we will drink together; and you shall  
bear

A better witness back than words, which we,  
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.  
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve  
To have a temple built you: all the swords  
In Italy, and her confederate arms,  
Could not have made this peace. *Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.—Rome. A public Place.

*Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS.*

*Men.* See you yond coign o' the Capitol,  
yond corner-stone?

*Sic.* Why, what of that?

*Men.* If it be possible for you to displace  
it with your little finger, there is some hope  
the ladies of Rome, especially his mother,  
may prevail with him. But I say there is no  
hope in 't. Our throats are sentenced and  
stay upon execution.

*Sic.* Is 't possible that so short a time can  
alter the condition of a man? 10

*Men.* There is difference between a grub  
and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a  
grub. This Marcius is grown from man to  
dragon: he has wings; he's more than a  
creeping thing.

*Sic.* He loved his mother dearly. 15

*Men.* So did he me; and he no more re-  
members his mother now than an eight-  
year-old horse. The tartness of his face  
sours ripe grapes: when he walks, he moves  
like an engine, and the ground shrinks be-  
fore his treading: he is able to pierce a  
corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and  
his hum is a battery. He sits in his state,  
as a thing made for Alexander. What he  
bids be done is finished with his bidding.  
He wants nothing of a god but eternity and  
a heaven to throne in. 26

*Sic.* Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

*Men.* I paint him in the character. Mark  
what mercy his mother shall bring from  
him: there is no more mercy in him than  
there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our  
poor city find: and all this is long of you. 32

*Sic.* The gods be good unto us!

*Men.* No, in such a case the gods will not  
be good unto us. When we banished him,  
we respected not them; and, he returning  
to break our necks, they respect not us.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to  
your house:  
The plebeians have got your fellow-tri-  
bune, 39

And hale him up and down; all swearing, if  
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home.  
They'll give him death by inches.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Sic.* What's the news?

*Mess.* Good news, good news! the ladies  
have prevail'd,  
The Volscians are dislodg'd, and Marcius  
gone.

A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,  
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

*Sic.* Friend,  
Art thou certain this is true? is it most  
certain?

*Mess.* As certain as I know the sun is fire:  
Where have you lurk'd that you make doubt  
of it?

Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown  
tide, 50  
As the recomforted through the gates. Why,  
hark you!

*Trumpets and hautboys sounded,  
and drums beaten, all together.  
Shouting also within.*

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,  
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting  
Romans,

Make the sun dance. Hark you!

*A shout within.*

*Men.* This is good news:  
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia  
is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,  
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,  
A sea and land full. You have pray'd well  
to-day:

This morning for ten thousand of your  
throats

I'd not have given a doit. Hark! how they  
joy. *Music still, with shouts.*

*Sic.* First, the gods bless you for your  
tidings; next, 61  
Accept my thankfulness.

*Mess.* Sir, we have all  
Great cause to give great thanks.

*Sic.* They are near the city?

*Mess.* Almost at point to enter.

*Sic.* We will meet them,  
And help the joy. *Going.*

*Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators,  
Patricians, and People. They pass over  
the stage.*

*First Sen.* Behold our patroness, the life  
of Rome!

Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,  
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers  
before them:

Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius; 69  
Repeat him with the welcome of his mother;  
Cry 'Welcome, ladies, welcome!'

*All.* Welcome, ladies,  
Welcome!

*A flourish with drums and trumpets.  
Exeunt.*

#### SCENE V.—Antium. A public Place.

*Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.*

*Auf.* Go tell the lords o' the city I am  
here:

Deliver them this paper: having read it,  
 Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,  
 Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,  
 Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse  
 The city ports by this hath enter'd, and  
 Intends to appear before the people, hoping  
 To purge himself with words: dispatch.

*Exeunt Attendants.*

*Enter three or four Conspirators of AUFIDIUS'S faction.*

Most welcome!

*First Con.* How is it with our general?

*Auf.* Even so

As with a man by his own alms empow-  
 son'd, 11

And with his charity slain.

*Second Con.* Most noble sir,

If you do hold the same intent wherein  
 You wish'd us parties, we 'll deliver you  
 Of your great danger.

*Auf.* Sir, I cannot tell:

We must proceed as we do find the people.

*Third Con.* The people will remain uncer-  
 tain whilst

'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall  
 of either

Makes the survivor heir of all.

*Auf.* I know it;

And my pretext to strike at him admits 20  
 A good construction. I rais'd him, and I

pawn'd

Mine honour for his truth: who being so  
 heighten'd,

He water'd his new plants with dews of flat-  
 tery,

Seducing so my friends; and, to this end,  
 He bow'd his nature, never known before

But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

*Third Con.* Sir, his stoutness

When he did stand for consul, which he lost  
 By lack of stooping,—

*Auf.* That I would have spoken of:

Being banish'd for 't, he came unto my  
 hearth;

Presented to my knife his throat: I took  
 him;

Made him joint-servant with me; gave him  
 way 32

In all his own desires; nay, let him choose  
 Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,

My best and freshest men; serv'd his de-  
 signments

In mine own person; help to reap the fame  
 Which he did end all his; and took some  
 pride

To do myself this wrong: till at the last,  
 I seem'd his follower, not partner, and

He wag'd me with his countenance, as if 40  
 I had been mercenary.

*First Con.* So he did, my lord:

The army marvell'd at it; and, in the last,  
 When he had carried Rome, and that we

look'd

For no less spoil than glory,—

*Auf.* There was it;

For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon  
 him.

At a few drops of women's rheum, which are

As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and  
 labour

Of our great action: therefore shall he die,  
 And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

*Drums and trumpets sound, with great  
 shouts of the People.*

*First Con.* Your native town you enter'd  
 like a post, 50

And had no welcome home; but he returns,  
 Splitting the air with noise.

*Second Con.* And patient fools,

Whose children he hath slain, their base  
 throats tear

With giving him glory.

*Third Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,

Ere he express himself, or move the people  
 With what he would say, let him feel your  
 sword,

Which we will second. When he lies along,  
 After your way his tale pronounc'd shall

bury

His reasons with his body.

*Auf.* Say no more:

Here come the lords. 60

*Enter the Lords of the city.*

*Lords.* You are most welcome home.

*Auf.* I have not deserv'd it.

But, worthy lords, have you with heed  
 perus'd

What I have written to you?

*Lords.* We have.

*First Lord.* And grieve to hear 't.

What faults he made before the last, I think  
 Might have found easy fines; but there to

end

Where he was to begin, and give away  
 The benefit of our levies, answering us

With our own charge, making a treaty where  
 There was a yielding, this admits no ex-  
 cuse.

*Auf.* He approaches: you shall hear him.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, with drum and colours;  
 a crowd of Citizens with him.*

*Cor.* Hail, lords! I am return'd your sol-  
 dier; 71

No more infected with my country's love  
 Than when I parted hence, but still subsist-  
 ing

Under your great command. You are to  
 know

That prosperously I have attempted and  
 With bloody passage led your wars even to  
 The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have  
 brought home

Do more than counterpoise a full third part  
 The charges of the action. We have made  
 peace,

With no less honour to the Antiates 80  
 Than shame to the Romans; and we here

deliver,

Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,  
 Together with the seal o' the senate, what  
 We have compounded on.

*Auf.* Read it not, noble lords;

But tell the traitor in the highest degree  
 He hath abus'd your powers.

*Cor.* Traitor! How now!

*Auf.* Ay, traitor, Marcius.  
*Cor.* Marcius!

*Auf.* Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius. Dost thou think

I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name

Coriolanus in Corioli? 90

You lords and heads o' the state, perfidiously

He has betray'd your business, and given up,

For certain drops of salt, your city Rome, I say 'your city,' to his wife and mother;

Breaking his oath and resolution like

A twist of rotten silk, never admitting

Counsel o' the war, but at his nurse's tears

He whin'd and roar'd away your victory,

That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart

Look'd wondering each at other.

*Cor.* Hear'st thou, Mars?

*Auf.* Name not the god, thou boy of tears.

*Cor.* Ha!

*Auf.* No more. 102

*Cor.* Measureless liar, thou hast made

my heart

Too great for what contains it. Boy! O

slave!

Pardon me, lords, 't is the first time that

ever

I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my

grave lords,

Must give this cur the lie: and his own

notion,

Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him;

that

Must bear my beating to his grave, shall join

To thrust the lie unto him. 110

*First Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me

speak.

*Cor.* Cut me to pieces, Volscies; men and

lads.

Stain all your edges on me. Boy! False

hound!

If you have writ your annals true, 't is there,

That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I

Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli:

Alone I did it. Boy!

*Auf.* Why, noble lords,

Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,

Which was your shame, by this unholy brag-

gart, 119

Fore your own eyes and ears?

*All Con.* Let him die for 't.

*All the People.* Tear him to pieces.—Do

it presently.—He killed my son.—My

daughter.—He killed my cousin Marcus.—

He killed my father.

*Second Lord.* Peace, ho! no outrage: peace!

The man is noble and his fame folds in

This orb o' the earth. His last offences to us

Shall have judicious hearing. Stand, Aufidius,

And trouble not the peace.

*Cor.* O! that I had him,

With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe, 130

To use my lawful sword.

*Auf.* Insolent villain!

*All Con.* Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!

*AUFIDIUS and the Conspirators draw,*

*and kill CORIOLANUS, who falls:*

*AUFIDIUS stands on his body.*

*Lords.* Hold, hold, hold, hold!

*Auf.* My noble masters, hear me speak.

*First Lord.* O Tullus!

*Second Lord.* Thou hast done a deed

whereat valour will weep.

*Third Lord.* Tread not upon him. Mas-

ters all, be quiet.

Put up your swords.

*Auf.* My lords, when you shall know, as

in this rage,

Provok'd by him, you cannot, the great dan-

ger

Which this man's life did owe you, you 'll re-

joice

That he is thus cut off. Please it your

honours 140

To call me to your senate, I 'll deliver

Myself your loyal servant, or endure

Your heaviest censure.

*First Lord.* Bear from hence his body;

And mourn you for him. Let him be re-

garded

As the most noble corse that ever herald

Did follow to his urn.

*Second Lord.* His own impatience

Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.

Let's make the best of it.

*Auf.* My rage is gone,

And I am struck with sorrow. Take him up:

Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I 'll be

one. 150

Beat thou the drum, that it speak mourn-

fully;

Trail your steel pikes. Though in this city

hath widow'd and unchild'd many a one,

Which to this hour bewail the injury,

Yet he shall have a noble memory.

*Assist.*

*Exeunt, bearing the body of CORIO-*

*LANUS. A dead march sounded.*

## TITUS ANDRONICUS

**J**UST what part, if any, Shakespeare had in writing *Titus Andronicus* will perhaps never be satisfactorily determined. Many scholars insist that the play shows nowhere Shakespeare's hand, others that some portions of it are certainly his, and still others that the play as we have it is entirely by him. Authorship has been variously assigned to Marlowe, Kyd, Peele, and Greene, all of whom had achieved distinction as dramatists as early as 1590, or about the year of Shakespeare's arrival in London. It is certain that at that time and for some years later tragedies of blood and revenge were in great vogue with the theatre-going public. The most plausible assumption seems to be that in some exigency, or acting under some commission from his company, Shakespeare took the material from one or two of these old plays and refashioned it into the present play.

It seems incredible, however, that personally Shakespeare could ever have regarded this play with approval, or that it should be regarded to-day as in any sense representing his view of life, his poetic sense, or his general craftsmanship. It reeks with revolting and unmotivated horrors. What must surely impress the general reader is the futility of the play as a whole. It admits of no moral inference, affords no edification. Its defects cannot be analyzed and culled out; the play is vitiated in its entirety, in its very conception. It seems almost designedly bad. Observe, for instance, that first speech of Lucius in the opening scene:

"Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,  
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile  
*Ad manes fratrum* sacrifice his flesh."

Now that speech is wholly unmotivated. It comes not as a surprise, but as a shock. The killing of Alarbus releases, of course, the general motive for the succeeding action, that of revenge; but the handling of that motive at once breaks down, and for it is substituted the fiendish nature of the Moor, Aaron. He interposes when the two brothers of Alarbus at the beginning of the second Act enter braving each other for the love of Lucius' sister Lavinia. To be sure their passion is a guilty one, but it is not accompanied by any thought of revenge, nor does Aaron suggest that motive to them. He himself is characterized only by fiendishness, and henceforth in a general way he directs the action. What will follow we are unable to predict. The horrors are unleashed. We are at sea in a world guided by no moral force, but subject to fortuitous powers that make for evil. Now this sense of being lost in such a world is one utterly foreign to Shakespeare. Our resentment at the play is all the more keen because, in this lost and helpless state, we are compelled to witness such gruesome and abhorrent sights. If we could only do something; if we could leave the play and go out into the world and start justice in motion. Or does the play fail to stir us to so great a degree? In the world which it portrays there is no justice, because human beings are undefined, uncharacterized. Rome, here, is indeed "but a wilderness of tigers." We can predict, however, that tigers will after their nature; but what can we predict about such human beings? Not knowing them we can make no prediction. In other words the tragedy does not spring from character. What we are witnessing is not really tragedy; it is merely a succession of horrifying incidents: a youth slain as a sacrifice; a son stabbed by his father; Bassianus stabbed; Titus' hand given to save his sons; the hand returned with the sons' heads; Titus with one head in his remaining hand, Lucius with the other, and Lavinia with the amputated hand thrust between her teeth; the two sons of Tamora bound, their throats cut by Titus, while Lavinia holds between her stumps the basin to catch the blood; the bodies made into a pie and served at a feast and partaken of by their mother. . . . But one need go no farther. One offends merely to enumerate these incidents. But it is necessary. These are the outstanding features of this play and they should not be lost sight of by any one who would form an opinion about Shakespeare's part in writing it.

And yet, offensive as this play is to us, it was popular at the time it was written. Can it be that Shakespeare satisfied his own taste in writing it? We must not forget that his *Venus and Adonis* was published during the same year to which this play is usually assigned. He was just about to write or already had written

"Not marble, nor the gilded monuments

Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rime."

Shall it be assumed that for once at least he sacrificed his own literary conscience for the success of an hour?

It is entirely possible that the popularity of this and similar plays during Shakespeare's early years in London has been greatly exaggerated. In 1614, at the close of Shakespeare's career, Ben Jonson, in his *Induction to Bartholomew Fair*, says: "He that will swear Jeronimo or Andronicus are the best plays yet, shall pass unexcepted at here, as a man whose judgment shows it is constant, and hath stood still these five and twenty or thirty years. Though it be an ignorance it is a virtuous and staid ignorance; and next to truth, a confirmed error does well." Jonson here clearly implies that there has been a change in public taste within the period named; that the two plays mentioned were among the worst offenders against such standards as now obtain, and hence were among the first to succumb among all except the confirmedly ignorant. Is it not probable that among the more intelligent theatre-goers, at least, *Titus Andronicus* was the last word to be said for the tragedy of blood, and that if Shakespeare wrote it, he wrote it to that end? His method appears to have been, as we have suggested in our remarks on *Love's Labour's Lost*, to adopt the manner of his contemporaries and carry it to a preposterous conclusion. It is of course possible that Shakespeare had no part whatever in this play, but if he did we may rest assured he had some purpose in it other than that of gratifying the taste of a public that could by any possibility commend it.

In passing judgment on all these early plays we cannot be too strongly on guard against overestimating the influence of his contemporaries or his public upon such a genius as Shakespeare. It is always gratifying to be able to account for such a man and there is much to be said in explanation of his work; but we should remember that Shakespeare, while he made the most of conditions as he found them, could never have accomplished the seeming miracle of his plays without first seeking to assure himself of conditions that made that miracle possible.

# TITUS ANDRONICUS

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SATURNINUS, Son of the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor.  
BASSIANUS, Brother to Saturninus, in love with Lavinia.

TITUS ANDRONICUS, a noble Roman, General against the Goths.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, Tribune of the People, and brother to Titus.

LUCIUS, } Sons to Titus Andronicus.  
QUINTUS, }  
MARTIUS, }  
MUTIUS, }

Young LUCIUS, a Boy, Son to Lucius.  
PUBLIUS, Son to Marcus Andronicus.

SEMPRONIUS, } Kinsmen to Titus.  
CAIUS, }  
VALENTINE, }

ÆMILIUS, a noble Roman.

ALARBUS, } Sons to Tamora.  
DEMETRIUS, }

CHIRON, }  
AARON, a Moor, beloved by Tamora.

A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown.  
Goths and Romans.

TAMORA, Queen of the Goths.

LAVINIA, Daughter to Titus Andronicus.

A Nurse, and a black Child.

Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE.—Rome, and the Country near it.

## ACT I

### SCENE I.—Rome.

*The Tomb of the Andronici appearing. The Tribunes and Senators aloft; and then enter SATURNINUS and his Followers at one door, and BASSIANUS and his Followers at the other, with drum and colours.*

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,  
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;  
And, countrymen, my loving followers,  
Plead my successive title with your swords:  
I am his first-born son, that was the last  
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome;  
Then let my father's honours live in me,  
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bass. Romans, friends, followers, favourers of my right,

If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,  
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,  
Keep then this passage to the Capitol,  
And suffer not dishonour to approach  
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,  
To justice, continence, and nobility;  
But let desert in pure election shine,  
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

*Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, aloft, with the crown.*

Marc. Princes, that strive by factions  
and by friends

Ambitiously for rule and empery,  
Know that the people of Rome, for whom we stand

A special party, have by common voice,  
In election for the Roman empery,

Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius,  
For many good and great deserts to Rome:  
A nobler man, a braver warrior,  
Lives not this day within the city walls:  
He by the senate is accited home  
From weary wars against the barbarous  
Goths;

That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,  
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in  
arms.

Ten years are spent since first he undertook  
This cause of Rome, and chastised with  
arms

Our enemies' pride: five times he hath re-  
turn'd

Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons  
In coffins from the field;

And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,  
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,  
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.

Let us entreat, by honour of his name,  
Whom worthily you would have now suc-  
ceed,

And in the Capitol and senate's right,  
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,  
That you withdraw you and abate your  
strength;

Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors  
should,

Plead your deserts in peace and humble-  
ness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm  
my thoughts!

Bass. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy  
In thy uprightness and integrity,  
And so I love and honour thee and thine,  
Thy noble brother Titus and his sons,

And her to whom my thoughts are humbled  
all,

Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,  
That I will here dismiss my loving friends,  
And to my fortunes and the people's favour  
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

*Exeunt the Followers of BASSIANUS.*

*Sat.* Friends, that have been thus forward  
in my right,

I thank you all and here dismiss you all;  
And to the love and favour of my country  
Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

*Exeunt the Followers of SATURNINUS.*  
Rome, be as just and gracious unto me 60  
As I am confident and kind to thee.

Open the gates, and let me in.

*Bass.* Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.  
*Flourish. They go up into the Senate-house.*

*Enter a Captain.*

*Cap.* Romans, make way! the good Andronicus,

Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,  
Successful in the battles that he fights,  
With honour and with fortune is return'd  
From where he circumscribed with his  
sword,

And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

*Sound drums and trumpets, and then enter MARTIUS and MUTIUS; after them two Men bearing a coffin covered with black; then LUCIUS and QUINTUS. After them TITUS ANDRONICUS; and then TAMORA, with ALARBUS, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, AARON, and other Goths, prisoners; Soldiers and People following. They set down the coffin, and TITUS speaks.*

*Tit.* Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourn-  
ing weeds! 70

Lo! as the bark, that hath discharg'd her  
fraught,

Returns with precious lading to the bay  
From whence at first she weigh'd her an-  
chorage,

Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel  
boughs,

To re-salute this country with his tears,  
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.

Thou great defender of this Capitol,  
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!  
Romans, of five-and-twenty valiant sons,  
Half of the number that King Priam had, 80  
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead!  
These that survive let Rome reward with  
love;

These that I bring unto their latest home,  
With burial amongst their ancestors:

Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe  
my sword.

Titus, unkind and careless of thine own,  
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,  
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?  
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

*The tomb is opened.*  
There greet in silence, as the dead are  
wont, 90

And sleep in peace, slain in your country's  
wars!

O sacred receptacle of my joys,  
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,  
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,  
That thou wilt never render to me more!

*Luc.* Give us the proudest prisoner of the  
Goths,

That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile  
*Ad manes fratrum* sacrifice his flesh,  
Before this earthy prison of their bones;  
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd, 100  
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

*Tit.* I give him you, the noblest that sur-  
vives,

The eldest son of this distressed queen.

*Tam.* Stay, Roman brethren! Gracious  
conqueror,

Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,  
A mother's tears in passion for her son:

And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,  
O! think my son to be as dear to me,

Sufficeth not that we are brought to Rome  
To beautify thy triumphs and return, 110

Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke;  
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the  
streets

For valiant doings in their country's cause?  
O! if to fight for king and commonweal

Were piety in thine, it is in these.  
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood;

Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?  
Draw near them then in being merciful;

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge: 119  
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born  
son.

*Tit.* Patient yourself, madam, and pardon  
me.

These are their brethren, whom you Goths  
beheld

Alive and dead, and for their brethren slain  
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:

To this your son is mark'd, and die he  
must,

To appease their groaning shadows that are  
gone.

*Luc.* Away with him! and make a fire  
straight;

And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,  
Let's hew his limbs till they be clean con-  
sum'd.

*Exeunt LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS,  
and MUTIUS, with ALARBUS.*

*Tam.* O cruel, irreligious piety! 130

*Chi.* Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

*Dem.* Oppose not Scythia to ambitious  
Rome.

Alarbus goes to rest, and we survive  
To tremble under Titus' threatening look.

Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope  
withal

The self-same gods that arm'd the Queen  
of Troy

With opportunity of sharp revenge  
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,

May favour Tamora, the Queen of Goths,  
When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was  
queen, 140

To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

*Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and MUTIUS, with their swords bloody.*

*Luc.* See, lord and father, how we have perform'd

Our Roman rites. Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,  
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,  
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.

Remaineth nought but to inter our brethren,  
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

*Tit.* Let it be so; and let Andronicus  
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

*Trumpets sounded, and the coffin laid in the tomb.*

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;  
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest, 151

Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!  
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,  
Here grow no damned drugs, here are no storms,

No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.  
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

*Enter LAVINIA.*

*Lav.* In peace and honour live Lord Titus long;

My noble lord and father, live in fame!  
Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears  
I render for my brethren's obsequies; 160  
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy  
Shed on the earth for thy return to Rome.  
O! bless me here with thy victorious hand,  
Whose fortune Rome's best citizens applaud.

*Tit.* Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd

The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!  
Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,  
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!

*Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS and Tribunes; re-enter SATURNINUS, BASSIANUS, and Others.*

*Marc.* Long live Lord Titus, my beloved brother,

Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome! 170  
*Tit.* Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

*Marc.* And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,

You that survive, and you that sleep in fame!  
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,  
That in your country's service drew your swords;

But safer triumph in this funeral pomp,  
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,  
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.  
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome, 179  
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,  
Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,

This palliament of white and spotless hue;  
And name thee in election for the empire,  
With these our late-deceased emperor's sons:

Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,  
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

*Tit.* A better head her glorious body fits  
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness.  
What should I don this robe, and trouble you?

Be chosen with proclamations to-day, 190  
To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,  
And set abroad new business for you all?  
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,  
And led my country's strength successfully,  
And buried one-and-twenty valiant sons,  
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,  
In right and service of their noble country.  
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,  
But not a sceptre to control the world:  
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last. 200

*Marc.* Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

*Sat.* Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?

*Tit.* Patience, Prince Saturninus.

*Sat.* Romans, do me right:  
Patricians, draw your swords, and sheathe them not

Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor.  
Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to hell,  
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts!

*Luc.* Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good

That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

*Tit.* Content thee, prince; I will restore to thee 210

The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

*Bass.* Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,  
But honour thee, and will do till I die:  
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,

I will most thankful be; and thanks to men  
Of noble minds is honourable meed.

*Tit.* People of Rome, and noble tribunes here,

I ask your voices and your suffrages:  
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

*Tribunes.* To gratify the good Andronicus,  
And gratulate his safe return to Rome, 221  
The people will accept whom he admits.

*Tit.* Tribunes, I thank you; and this suit I make,

That you create your emperor's eldest son,  
Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,  
Reflect on Rome as Titan's rays on earth,  
And ripen justice in this commonweal:  
Then, if you will elect by my advice,  
Crown him, and say 'Long live our emperor!'

*Marc.* With voices and applause of every sort, 226

Patricians and plebeians, we create  
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor,  
And say 'Long live our Emperor Saturnine!'

*A long flourish.*  
*Sat.* Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done

To us in our election this day,  
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,  
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:  
And for an onset, Titus, to advance  
Thy name and honourable family,  
Lavinia will I make my empress, 240

Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,

And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse.  
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

*Tit.* It doth, my worthy lord; and in this match

I hold me highly honour'd of your grace:  
And here in sight of Rome to Saturnine,  
King and commander of our commonweal.  
The wide world's emperor, do I consecrate  
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;  
Presents well worthy Rome's imperious lord: 250

Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,  
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

*Sat.* Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!

How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts  
Rome shall record, and when I do forget  
The least of these unspeakable deserts,  
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

*Tit.* To TAMORA. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;

To him that, for your honour and your state,  
Will use you nobly and your followers. 261

*Sat.* A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue  
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.

Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance;

Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,

Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:

Princely shall be thy usage every way.  
Rest on my word, and let not discontent

Daunt all your hopes: madam, he comforts you

Can make you greater than the queen of Goths. 269

Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

*Lav.* Not I, my lord; sith true nobility  
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

*Sat.* Thanks, sweet Lavinia. Romans, let us go:

Ransomless here we set our prisoners free:  
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trumpet and drum.

*Bass.* Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine. *Seizing LAVINIA.*

*Tit.* How, sir! Are you in earnest then, my lord?

*Bass.* Ay, noble Titus; and resolv'd without

To do myself this reason and this right.  
Marc. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice: 280

This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

*Luc.* And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

*Tit.* Traitors, avaunt! Where is the emperor's guard?

Treason, my lord! Lavinia is surpris'd.

*Sat.* Surpris'd! by whom?

*Bass.* By him that justly may  
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

*Exeunt MARCUS and BASSIANUS,*

*with LAVINIA.*

*Mut.* Brothers, help to convey her hence away,

And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

*Exeunt LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.*

*Tit.* Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back. 289

*Mut.* My lord, you pass not here.

*Tit.* What! villain boy; Barr'st me my way in Rome?

*Stabs MUTIUS.*

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* My lord, you are unjust, and more than so;

In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

*Tit.* Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine;

My sons would never so dishonour me.  
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

*Luc.* Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife

That is another's lawful promis'd love. *Exit.*

*Sat.* No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,

Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock: 300  
I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;

Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,  
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.

Was there none else in Rome to make a stale

But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,  
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,

That said'st I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

*Tit.* O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?

*Sat.* But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece

To him that flourish'd for her with his sword. 310

A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;  
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,

To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

*Tit.* These words are razors to my wounded heart.

*Sat.* And therefore, lovely Tamora, Queen of Goths,

That like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs

Dost overshadow the gallant'st dames of Rome,

If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,

Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,  
And I will create thee Empress of Rome. 320

Speak, Queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?

And here I swear by all the Roman gods,  
Sith priest and holy water are so near,

And tapers burn so bright, and every thing  
In readiness for Hymenæus stand,

I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,  
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place

I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

*Tam.* And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,

If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths, 330  
She will a handmaid be to his desires,  
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

*Sat.* Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon. Lords,  
accompany

Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,  
Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine,  
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered.  
There shall we consummate our spousal  
rites.

*Tit.* I am not bid to wait upon this bride.  
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,  
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

*Re-enter* MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS,  
and MARTIUS.

*Marc.* O! Titus, see; O! see what thou  
hast done; 341

In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

*Tit.* No, foolish tribune, no; no son of  
mine,

Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the  
deed

That hath dishonour'd all our family:  
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

*Luc.* But let us give him burial, as be-  
comes;

Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

*Tit.* Traitors, away! he rests not in this  
tomb.

This monument five hundred years hath  
stood, 350

Which I have sumptuously re-edified:

Here none but soldiers and Rome's servi-  
tors

Repose in fame; none basely slain in  
brawls.

Bury him where you can; he comes not  
here.

*Marc.* My lord, this is impiety in you.  
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for  
him;

He must be buried with his brethren.

*Quint., Mart.* And shall, or him we will  
accompany.

*Tit.* 'And shall!' What villain was it  
spake that word?

*Quint.* He that would vouch it in any  
place but here. 360

*Tit.* What! would you bury him in my  
despite?

*Marc.* No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee  
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

*Tit.* Marcus, even thou hast struck upon  
my crest,

And, with these boys, mine honour thou  
hast wounded:

My foes I do repute you every one;

So, trouble me no more, but get you gone.  
*Mart.* He is not with himself; let us  
withdraw.

*Quint.* Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.  
MARCUS and the Sons of TITUS kneel.

*Marc.* Brother, for in that name doth  
nature plead,— 370

*Quint.* Father, and in that name doth na-  
ture speak,—

*Tit.* Speak thou no more, if all the rest  
will speed.

*Marc.* Renowned Titus, more than half  
my soul,—

*Luc.* Dear father, soul and substance of  
us all,—

*Marc.* Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter  
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,  
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.  
Thou art a Roman; be not barbarous:  
The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax  
That slew himself; and wise Laertes'  
son 380

Did graciously plead for his funerals.  
Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,  
Be barr'd his entrance here.

*Tit.* Rise, Marcus, rise.  
The dismal'st day is this that e'er I saw,  
To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!  
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

MUTIUS is put into the tomb.  
*Luc.* There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius,  
with thy friends.

Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.  
*All. Kneeling.* No man shed tears for  
noble Mutius;

He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.  
*Marc.* My lord, to step out of these dreary  
dumps, 391

How comes it that the subtle Queen of  
Goths

Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?

*Tit.* I know not, Marcus; but I know it is:  
Whether by device or no, the heavens can  
tell.

Is she not then beholding to the man  
That brought her for this high good turn so  
far?

Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

*Flourish. Re-enter, from one side, SA-  
TURNINUS, attended; TAMORA, DEME-  
TRIUS, CHIRON, and AARON; from the  
other, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, and others.*

*Sat.* So, Bassianus, you have play'd your  
prize:

God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride!  
*Bass.* And you of yours, my lord! I say no  
more, 401

Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.  
*Sat.* Traitor, if Rome have law or we have  
power,

Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.  
*Bass.* Rape call you it, my lord, to seize  
my own,

My true-betrothed love and now my wife?  
But let the laws of Rome determine all;

Meanwhile I am possess'd of that is mine.  
*Sat.* 'T is good, sir: you are very short  
with us;

But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.  
*Bass.* My lord, what I have done, as best  
I may, 411

Answer I must and shall do with my life.  
Only this much I give your grace to know:

By all the duties that I owe to Rome,  
This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,

Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd;  
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,

With his own hand did slay his youngest son,  
In zeal to you and highly mov'd to wrath

To be controll'd in that he frankly gave: 420  
Receive him then to favour, Saturnine,  
That hath express'd himself in all his deeds  
A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

*Tit.* Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my  
deeds:

'T is thou and those that have dishonour'd  
me.

Rome and the righteous heavens be my  
judge,

How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine!

*Tam.* My worthy lord, if ever Tamora  
Were gracious in those princely eyes of  
thine,

Then hear me speak indifferently for all; 430  
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

*Sat.* What, madam! be dishonour'd  
openly,

And basely put it up without revenge?

*Tam.* Not so, my lord; the gods of Rome  
forfend

I should be author to dishonour you!  
But on mine honour dare I undertake  
For good Lord Titus' innocence in all,  
Whose fury not dissembled speaks his  
griefs. 438

Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;  
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,  
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.  
*Aside to SATURNINUS.* My lord, be rul'd  
by me, be won at last;

Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:  
You are but newly planted in your throne;  
Lest then the people, and patricians too,  
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,  
And so supplant you for ingratitude,  
Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,  
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone.

I'll find a day to massacre them all, 440  
And raze their faction and their family,  
The cruel father, and his traitorous sons,  
To whom I sued for my dear son's life;  
And make them know what 't is to let a  
queen

Kneel in the streets and beg for grace in  
vain.

*Aloud.* Come, come, sweet emperor; come,  
Andronicus;

Take up this good old man, and cheer the  
heart

That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

*Sat.* Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath  
prevail'd.

*Tit.* I thank your majesty, and her, my  
lord. 463

These words, these looks, infuse new life in  
me.

*Tam.* Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,  
A Roman now adopted happily,  
And must advise the emperor for his good.  
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;  
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,  
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.  
For you, Prince Bassianus, I have pass'd  
My word and promise to the emperor,  
That you will be more mild and tractable.  
And fear not, lords, and you, Lavinia; 471  
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,  
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

*Luc.* We do; and vow to heaven and to  
his highness,

That what we did was mildly, as we might,  
Tendering our sister's honour and our own.

*Marc.* That on mine honour here I do  
protest.

*Sat.* Away, and talk not; trouble us no  
more.

*Tam.* Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must  
all be friends:

The tribune and his nephews kneel for  
grace; 483

I will not be denied: sweet heart, look back.

*Sat.* Marcus, for thy sake, and thy  
brother's here,

And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,  
I do remit these young men's heinous faults:  
Stand up.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,  
I found a friend, and sure as death I swore  
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.  
Come; if the emperor's court can feast two  
brides,

You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.  
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora. 491

*Tit.* To-morrow, an it please your majesty  
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,  
With horn and hound we'll give your grace  
*bon jour.*

*Sat.* Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.  
*Trumpets. Exeunt.*

## ACT II

## SCENE I.—Rome. Before the Palace.

*Enter AARON.*

*Aar.* Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,  
Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,  
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash,  
Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning  
reach.

As when the golden sun salutes the morn,  
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,  
Gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach,  
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;  
So Tamora.

Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait, 10  
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.  
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy  
thoughts

To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,  
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph  
long

Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous  
chains,

And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes  
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.

Away with slavish weeds and servile  
thoughts!

I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,  
To wait upon this new-made empress. 20

To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,  
This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,  
This siren, that will charm Rome's Satur-  
nine,

And see his shipwreck and his common-  
weal's.

Holla! what storm is this?

*Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, braving.*

*Dem.* Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,  
And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd,  
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

*Chi.* Demetrius, thou dost overween in all,  
And so in this, to bear me down with braves.  
'T is not the difference of a year or two 31  
Makes me less gracious or thee more fortunate.

I am as able and as fit as thou  
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;  
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,  
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

*Aar.* Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the peace.

*Dem.* Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,  
Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,  
Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends? 40

Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath

Till you know better how to handle it.

*Chi.* Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,

Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

*Dem.* Ay, boy, grow ye so brave?

*They draw.*

*Aar.* Why, how now, lords!  
So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,  
And maintain such a quarrel openly?

Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge:  
I would not for a million of gold

The cause were known to them it most concerns; 50

Nor would your noble mother for much more

Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.

For shame, put up.

*Dem.* Not I, till I have sheath'd  
My rapier in his bosom, and withal  
Thrust those reproachful speeches down his throat

That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

*Chi.* For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,

Foul-spoken coward, that thunder'st with thy tongue,

And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform!

*Aar.* Away, I say! 60

Now, by the gods that war-like Goths adore,  
This petty brabble will undo us all.

Why, lords, and think you not how dangerous

It is to jet upon a prince's right?

What! is Lavinia then become so loose,

Or Bassianus so degenerate,

That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd

Without controlment, justice, or revenge?

Young lords, beware! an should the empress know

This discord's ground, the music would not please. 70

*Chi.* I care not, I, knew she and all the world:

I love Lavinia more than all the world.

*Dem.* Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice:

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

*Aar.* Why, are ye mad? or know ye not in Rome

How furious and impatient they be,

And cannot brook competitors in love?

I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths  
By this device.

*Chi.* Aaron, a thousand deaths  
Would I propose, to achieve her whom I love.

*Aar.* To achieve her! how?

*Dem.* Why mak'st thou it so strange?

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd; 82

She is a woman, therefore may be won;

She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.

What, man! more water glideth by the mill

Than wots the miller of; and easy it is

Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:

Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,

Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.

*Aar.* Aside. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may. 90

*Dem.* Then why should he despair that knows to court it

With words, fair looks, and liberality?

What! hast thou not full often struck a doe,

And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

*Aar.* Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch or so

Would serve your turns.

*Chi.* Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

*Dem.* Aaron, thou hast hit it.

*Aar.* Would you had hit it too!

Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.

Why, hark ye, hark ye! and are you such fools

To square for this? would it offend you then  
That both should speed?

*Chi.* Faith, not me.

*Dem.* Nor me, so I were one. 102

*Aar.* For shame, be friends, and join for that you jar:

'T is policy and stratagem must do

That you affect; and so must you resolve,

That what you cannot as you would achieve,

You must perforce accomplish as you may.

Take this of me: Lucrece was not more chaste

Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.  
A speedier course than lingering languishment 110

Must we pursue, and I have found the path.

My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;

There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:

The forest walks are wide and spacious,

And many unfrequented plots there are

Fitted by kind for rape and villany:

Single you thither then this dainty doe,

And strike her home by force, if not by words:

This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.

Come, come; our empress, with her sacred wit 120

To villany and vengeance consecrate,  
Will we acquaint with all that we intend;

And she shall file our engines with advice,  
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,  
But to your wishes' height advance you both.  
The emperor's court is like the house of  
Fame,

The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears;  
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and  
dull;

There speak, and strike, brave boys, and  
take your turns;

There serve your lusts, shadow'd from  
heaven's eye, 130

And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no  
cowardice.

Dem. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the  
stream

To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,  
*Per Styga, per manes vehor.* *Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—A Forest.

*Horns and cry of hounds heard.*

*Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with Hunters,  
etc., MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and  
MARTIUS.*

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright  
and grey,

The fields are fragrant and the woods are  
green.

Uncouple here and let us make a bay,  
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,  
And rouse the prince and ring a hunter's  
peal,

That all the court may echo with the noise.  
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,  
To attend the emperor's person carefully:  
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,  
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

*A cry of hounds, and horns winded  
in a peal.*

*Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS,  
LAVINIA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, and  
Attendants.*

Many good morrows to your majesty; 11  
Madam, to you as many and as good;

I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my  
lords;

Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.  
Bass. Lavinia, how say you?

Lav. I say, no;  
I have been broad awake two hours and  
more.

Sat. Come on then; horse and chariots  
let us have,

And to our sport. To TAMORA. Madam,  
now shall ye see 19

Our Roman hunting.

Marc. I have dogs, my lord,  
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,  
And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where  
the game

Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the  
plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with  
horse nor hound,  
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground.

*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—A lonely Part of the Forest.

*Enter AARON, with a bag of gold.*

Aar. He that had wit would think that I  
had none,

To bury so much gold under a tree,  
And never after to inherit it.

Let him that thinks of me so abjectly  
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,  
Which, cunningly effected, will beget  
A very excellent piece of villany:

And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest  
*Hides the gold.*

That have their alms out of the empress'  
chest.

*Enter TAMORA.*

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st  
thou sad 10

When every thing doth make a gleeful  
boast?

The birds chant melody on every bush,  
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun,  
The green leaves quiver with the cooling  
wind,

And make a chequer'd shadow on the  
ground.

Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,  
And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the  
hounds,

Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,  
As if a double hunt were heard at once,  
Let us sit down and mark their yelping  
noise; 20

And after conflict, such as was suppos'd  
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,  
When with a happy storm they were sur-  
pris'd,

And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,  
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,  
Our pastimes done, possess a golden  
slumber;

While hounds and horns and sweet melo-  
dious birds

Be unto us as is a nurse's song  
Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your  
desires, 30

Saturn is dominator over mine:  
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,

My silence and my cloudy melancholy,  
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls  
Even as an adder when she doth unroll  
To do some fatal execution?

No, madam, these are no veneral signs:  
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,  
Blood and revenge are hammering in my  
head.

Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul, 40  
Which never hopes more heaven than rests

in thee,  
This is the day of doom for Bassianus;

His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day,  
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,

And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.  
Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,  
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.  
Now question me no more; we are espied;  
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,  
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

*Tam.* Ah! my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life.

*Aar.* No more, great empress; Bassianus comes:

Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons  
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be.

*Exit.*

*Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.*

*Bass.* Whom have we here? Rome's royal empress,

Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?

Or is it Dian, habited like her,

Who hath abandoned her holy groves,

To see the general hunting in this forest?

*Tam.* Saucy controller of our private steps!

Had I the power that some say Dian had,  
Thy temples should be planted presently

With horns, as was Actæon's; and the hounds

Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,

Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

*Lav.* Under your patience, gentle empress,  
'T is thought you have a goodly gift in horn-  
ing;

And to be doubted that your Moor and you  
Are singled forth to try experiments,

Jove shield your husband from his hounds  
to-day!

'T is pity they should take him for a stag.

*Bass.* Believe me, queen, your swarth  
Cimmerian

Doth make your honour of his body's hue,  
Spotted, detested, and abominable.

Why are you sequester'd from all your train,  
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly

steed,

And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,

Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,

If foul desire had not conducted you?

*Lav.* And, being intercepted in your sport,

Great reason that my noble lord be rated

For sauciness. I pray you, let us hence,

And let her joy her raven-colour'd love;

This valley fits the purpose passing well.

*Bass.* The king my brother shall have  
note of this.

*Lav.* Ay, for these slips have made him  
noted long;

Good king, to be so mightily abus'd!

*Tam.* Why have I patience to endure all  
this?

*Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.*

*Dem.* How now, dear sovereign, and our  
gracious mother!

Why doth your highness look so pale and  
wan?

*Tam.* Have I not reason, think you, to  
look pale?

These two have tic'd me hither to this place:  
A barren detested vale, you see, it is;

The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and  
lean,

O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe:  
Here never shines the sun; here nothing  
breeds,

Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven:

And when they show'd me this abhorred pit,  
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,

A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing  
snakes,

Ten thousand swelling toads, as many  
urchins,

Would make such fearful and confused cries,  
As any mortal body hearing it

Should straight fall mad, or else die sud-  
denly.

No sooner had they told this hellish tale,  
But straight they told me they would bind

me here

Unto the body of a dismal yew,

And leave me to this miserable death:

And then they call'd me foul adulteress,

Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms

That ever ear did hear to such effect;

And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,

This vengeance on me had they executed.

Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,

Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

*Dem.* This is a witness that I am thy son.

*Stabs BASSIANUS.*

*Chi* And this for me, struck home to  
show my strength.

*Also stabs BASSIANUS, who dies.*

*Lav.* Ay, come, Semiramis, nay, bar-  
barous Tamora;

For no name fits thy nature but thy own.

*Tam.* Give me thy poniard; you shall  
know, my boys,

Your mother's hand shall right your mother's  
wrong.

*Dem.* Stay, madam; here is more be-  
longs to her:

First thrash the corn, then after burn the  
straw.

This minion stood upon her chastity,  
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,

And with that painted hope she braves your  
mightiness:

And shall she carry this unto her grave?

*Chi.* An if she do, I would I were an  
eunuch.

Drag hence her husband to some secret  
hole,

And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

*Tam.* But when ye have the honey ye de-  
sire,

Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.

*Chi.* I warrant you, madam, we will make  
that sure.

Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy  
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

*Lav.* O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's  
face,—

*Tam.* I will not hear her speak; away  
with her!

*Lav.* Sweet lords, entreat her hear me  
but a word.

*Dem.* Listen, fair madam; let it be your glory  
 To see her tears; but be your heart to them  
 As unrelenting flint to drops of rain. 141  
*Lav.* When did the tiger's young ones  
 teach the dam?  
*O!* I do not learn her wrath; she taught it  
 thee;  
 The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to  
 marble;  
 Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.  
 Yet every mother breeds not sons alike:  
*To CHIRON.* Do thou entreat her show a  
 woman pity.  
*Chi.* What! would'st thou have me prove  
 myself a bastard?  
*Lav.* 'T is true the raven doth not hatch a  
 lark;  
 Yet have I heard, *O!* I could I find it now, 150  
 The lion mov'd with pity did endure  
 To have his princely paws par'd all away.  
 Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,  
 The whilst their own birds famish in their  
 nests:  
*O!* be to me, though thy hard heart say no,  
 Nothing so kind, but something pitiful.  
*Tam.* I know not what it means; away  
 with her!  
*Lav.* *O!* let me teach thee: for my father's  
 sake,  
 That gave thee life when well he might  
 have slain thee,  
 Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears. 160  
*Tam.* Hadst thou in person ne'er of-  
 fended me,  
 Even for his sake am I pitiless.  
 Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in  
 vain  
 To save your brother from the sacrifice;  
 But fierce Andronicus would not relent:  
 Therefore, away with her, and use her as  
 you will:  
 The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.  
*Lav.* *O* Tamora! be call'd a gentle queen.  
 And with thine own hands kill me in this  
 place;  
 For 't is not life that I have begg'd so long;  
 Poor I was slain when Bassianus died. 171  
*Tam.* What begg'st thou then? fond  
 woman, let me go.  
*Lav.* 'T is present death I beg; and one  
 thing more  
 That womanhood denies my tongue to tell.  
*O!* keep me from their worse than killing  
 lust,  
 And tumble me into some loathsome pit,  
 Where never man's eye may behold my  
 body:  
 Do this, and be a charitable murderer.  
*Tam.* So should I rob my sweet sons of  
 their fee:  
 No, let them satisfy their lust on thee. 180  
*Dem.* Away! for thou hast stay'd us here  
 too long.  
*Lav.* No grace! no womanhood! Ah!  
 beastly creature,  
 The blot and enemy to our general name.  
 Confusion fall—

*Chi.* Nay, then I'll stop your mouth.  
 Bring thou her husband:  
 This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide  
 him.  
*DEMETRIUS throws the body of BASSI-  
 ANUS into the pit; then exeunt  
 DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, drag-  
 ging off LAVINIA.*  
*Tam.* Farewell, my sons: see that you  
 make her sure.  
 Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed  
 Till all the Andronici be made away. 189  
 Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor.  
 And let my spleenful sons this trull deflower.  
*Exit.*

*Re-enter AARON, with QUINTUS and  
 MARTIUS.*

*Aar.* Come on, my lords, the better foot  
 before:  
 Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit  
 Where I espied the panther fast asleep.  
*Quint.* My sight is very dull, whate'er it  
 bodes.  
*Mart.* And mine, I promise you: were 't  
 not for shame,  
 Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.  
*Falls into the pit.*  
*Quint.* What! art thou fall'n? What sub-  
 tile hole is this,  
 Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing  
 briars,  
 Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed  
 blood 200  
 As fresh as morning dew distill'd on flowers?  
 A very fatal place it seems to me.  
 Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the  
 fall?  
*Mart.* *O* brother! with the dismall'st ob-  
 ject hurt  
 That ever eye with sight made heart lament.  
*Aar. Aside.* Now will I fetch the king to  
 find them here,  
 That he thereby may give a likely guess  
 How these were they that made away his  
 brother. *Exit.*  
*Mart.* Why dost not comfort me, and help  
 me out  
 From this unhallow'd and blood-stained  
 hole? 210  
*Quint.* I am surprised with an uncouth  
 fear;  
 A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling  
 joints:  
 My heart suspects more than mine eye can  
 see.  
*Mart.* To prove thou hast a true-divining  
 heart,  
 Aaron and thou look down into this den,  
 And see a fearful sight of blood and death.  
*Quint.* Aaron is gone; and my compas-  
 sionate heart  
 Will not permit mine eyes once to behold  
 The thing whereat it trembles by surmise.  
*O!* tell me how it is; for ne'er till now 220  
 Was I a child, to fear I know not what.  
*Mart.* Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,  
 All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,  
 In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

*Quint.* If it be dark, how dost thou know 't is he?

*Mart.* Upon his bloody finger he doth wear

A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,  
Which, like a taper in some monument,  
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,

And shows the ragged entrails of this pit: 230  
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus  
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.

O brother! help me with thy fainting hand,  
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,  
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,  
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

*Quint.* Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;

Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,

I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb  
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave. 240  
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

*Mart.* Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

*Quint.* Thy hand once more; I will not loose again,

Till thou art here aloft, or I below.  
Thou canst not come to me: I come to thee.

*Falls in.*

*Re-enter AARON, with SATURNINUS.*

*Sat.* Along with me: I'll see what hole is here,

And what he is that now is leap'd into it.  
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend  
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

*Mart.* The unhappy son of old Andronicus:  
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour, 251  
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

*Sat.* My brother dead! I know thou dost but jest:

He and his lady both are at the lodge,  
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;  
'T is not an hour since I left him there.

*Mart.* We know not where you left him all alive;

But, out, alas! here have we found him dead.

*Re-enter TAMORA, with Attendants; TITUS ANDRONICUS, and LUCIUS.*

*Tam.* Where is my lord the king?

*Sat.* Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing grief, 260

*Tam.* Where is thy brother Bassianus?

*Sat.* Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound:

Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

*Tam.* Then all too late I bring this fatal writ, *Giving a letter.*

The plot of this timeless tragedy;  
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold  
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

*Sat.* An if we miss to meet him hand-somely,

Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 't is we mean,  
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him: 270

*Thou know'st our meaning. Look for thy reward*

*Among the nettles at the elder-tree  
Which overshadows the mouth of that same pit*

*Where we decreed to bury Bassianus:  
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.*

O Tamora! was ever heard the like?  
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree.

Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out  
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

*Aar.* My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold. 280

*Sat.* To TITUS. Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life.  
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison:

There let them bide until we have devis'd  
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

*Tam.* What! are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!

How easily murder is discovered!  
*Tit.* High emperor, upon my feeble knee

I beg this boon with tears not lightly shed;  
That this fell fault of my accursed sons, 290

Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them,—

*Sat.* If it be prov'd! you see it is apparent.  
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

*Tam.* Andronicus himself did take it up.

*Tit.* I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail;

For, by my fathers' reverend tomb, I vow  
They shall be ready at your highness' will

To answer their suspicion with their lives.  
*Sat.* Thou shalt not bail them: see thou follow me.

Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers: 300

Let them not speak a word; the guilt is plain;

For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,

That end upon them should be executed.  
*Tam.* Andronicus, I will entreat the king:

Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.  
*Tit.* Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Forest.*

*Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA, ravished; her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.*

*Dem.* So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,

Who 't was that cut thy tongue and ravish'd thee.

*Chi.* Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so;

An if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe.  
*Dem.* See, how with signs and tokens she can scrawl.

*Chi.* Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

*Dem.* She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;

And so let 's leave her to her silent walks.  
*Chi.* An 't were my case, I should go hang myself.

*Dem.* If thou hadst hands to help thee  
knit the cord. 10

*Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.*

*Enter MARCUS.*

*Marc.* Who's this? my niece, that flies  
away so fast!

Cousin, a word; where is your husband?  
If I do dream, would all my wealth would  
wake me!

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,  
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!

Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle  
hands

Have lopp'd and hew'd and made thy body  
bare

Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments,  
Whose circling shadows kings have sought  
to sleep in,

And might not gain so great a happiness 20  
As have thy love? Why dost not speak to me?

Alas! a crimson river of warm blood,  
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with  
wind,

Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,  
Coming and going with thy honey breath.

But, sure, some Tereus hath deflower'd  
thee,

And, lest thou should'st detect him, cut thy  
tongue.

Ah! now thou turn'st away thy face for  
shame;

And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,  
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,

Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face 31  
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.

Shall I speak for thee? shall I say 't is so?  
O! that I knew thy heart; and knew the  
beast,

That I might rail at him to ease my mind.  
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,

Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.  
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,

And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:  
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;

A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal, 41  
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,

That could have better sew'd than Philomel.  
O! had the monster seen those lily hands

Tremble, like aspen-leaves, upon a lute,  
And make the silken strings delight to kiss  
them,

He would not then have touch'd them for  
his life;

Or had he heard the heavenly harmony  
Which that sweet tongue hath made,

He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell  
asleep 50

As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.  
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;

For such a sight will blind a father's eye:  
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant  
meads;

What will whole months of tears thy father's  
eyes:

Do not draw back, for we will mourn with  
thee:

O! could our mourning ease thy misery.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT III

## SCENE I.—Rome. A Street.

*Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of  
Justice, with MARTIUS and QUINTUS,  
bound, passing on to the place of exe-  
cution; TITUS going before, pleading.*

*Tit.* Hear me, grave fathers! noble tri-  
bunes, stay!

For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent  
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;  
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel  
shed;

For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;  
And for these bitter tears, which now you  
see

Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;  
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,

Whose souls are not corrupted as 't is  
thought.

For two-and-twenty sons I never wept, 10  
Because they died in honour's lofty bed:

For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I  
write

*Throwing himself on the ground.*  
My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad  
tears.

Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;  
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame  
and blush.

*Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, etc.,  
with the Prisoners.*

O earth! I will befriend thee more with rain,  
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,  
Than youthful April shall with all his  
showers;

In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still;  
In winter with warm tears I'll melt the snow,

And keep eternal spring-time on thy face, 21  
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

*Enter LUCIUS, with his sword drawn.*

O reverend tribunes! gentle aged men!  
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;

And let me say, that never wept before,  
My tears are now prevailing orators.

*Luc.* O noble father, you lament in vain:  
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by;

And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

*Tit.* Ah! Lucius, for thy brothers let me  
plead. 30

Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you,—  
*Luc.* My gracious lord, no tribune hears  
you speak.

*Tit.* Why, 't is no matter, man: if they  
did hear,

They would not mark me, or if they did  
mark,

They would not pity me, yet plead I must,  
And bootless unto them.

Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones,  
Who, though they cannot answer my dis-  
tress,

Yet in some sort they are better than the  
tribunes,

For that they will not intercept my tale. 40  
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet

Receive my tears, and seem to weep with  
me;

And were they but attired in grave weeds,  
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.  
A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard  
than stones;

A stone is silent, and offendeth not,  
And tribunes with their tongues doom men  
to death. *Rises.*

But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon  
drawn?

*Luc.* To rescue my two brothers from  
their death;

For which attempt the judges have pro-  
nounc'd

My everlasting doom of banishment.

*Tit.* O happy man! they have befriended  
thee.

Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive  
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?

Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no  
prey

But me and mine; how happy art thou then,  
From these devourers to be banished!

But who comes with our brother Marcus  
here?

*Enter* MARCUS and LAVINIA.

*Marc.* Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to  
weep;

Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break: 60  
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

*Tit.* Will it consume me? let me see it  
then.

*Marc.* This was thy daughter.

*Tit.* Why, Marcus, so she is.

*Luc.* Ay me! this object kills me.

*Tit.* Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look  
upon her.

Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand  
Hath made thee handless in thy father's  
sight?

What fool hath added water to the sea,  
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?

My grief was at the height before thou  
cam'st.

And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.

Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too;  
For they have fought for Rome, and all in  
vain;

And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding  
life;

In bootless prayer have they been held up,  
And they have serv'd me to effectless use:

Now all the service I require of them

Is that the one will help to cut the other.

'T is well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands,

For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

*Luc.* Speak, gentle sister, who hath mar-  
tyr'd thee?

*Marc.* O! that delightful engine of her  
thoughts,

That blabb'd them with such pleasing elo-  
quence,

Is torn forth from that pretty hollow cage.  
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung  
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear.

*Luc.* O! say thou for her, who hath done  
this deed?

*Marc.* O! thus I found her, straying in  
the park,

Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer  
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

*Tit.* It was my dear; and he that  
wounded her

Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me  
dead:

For now I stand as one upon a rock  
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea,

Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by  
wave,

Expecting ever when some envious surge  
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

This way to death my wretched sons are  
gone;

Here stands my other son, a banish'd man,  
And here my brother, weeping at my woes:

But that which gives my soul the greatest  
spurn,

Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.

Had I but seen thy picture in this plight  
It would have maddened me: what shall I do

Now I behold thy lively body so?

Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,  
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd

thee:  
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death

Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by  
this.

Look! Marcus; ah! son Lucius, look on her:  
When I did name her brothers, then fresh

tears

Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew  
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

*Marc.* Perchance she weeps because they  
kill'd her husband;

Perchance because she knows them inno-  
cent.

*Tit.* If they did kill thy husband, then be  
joyful,

Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them:  
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;

Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.  
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;

Or make some sign how I may do thee ease.  
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,

And thou, and I, sit round about some  
fountain,

Looking all downwards, to behold our  
cheeks

How they are stain'd, as meadows yet not  
dry,

With miry slime left on them by a flood?  
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long

Till the fresh taste be taken from that clear-  
ness,

And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?  
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?

Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb  
shows

Pass the remainder of our hateful days?  
What shall we do? let us, that have our

tongues,  
Plot some device of further misery.

To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

*Luc.* Sweet father, cease your tears; for  
at your grief

See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

*Marc.* Patience, dear niece. Good Titus,  
dry thine eyes.

*Tit.* Ah! Marcus, Marcus; brother, well I wot.  
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine, 140  
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

*Luc.* Ah! my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

*Tit.* Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs:

Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say

That to her brother which I said to thee:  
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,  
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.  
O! what a sympathy of woe is this;  
As far from help as limbo is from bliss.

*Enter AARON.*

*Aar.* Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor  
Sends thee this word: that, if thou love thy sons, 150

Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,  
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,  
And send it to the king: he for the same  
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;  
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

*Tit.* O gracious emperor! O gentle Aaron!  
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,  
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?  
With all my heart I'll send the emperor my hand. 161

Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

*Luc.* Stay, father! for that noble hand of thine,

That hath thrown down so many enemies,  
Shall not be sent; my hand will serve the turn:

My youth can better spare my blood than you;

And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

*Marc.* Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,

And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,  
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?

O! none of both but are of high desert: 171  
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve

To ransom my two nephews from their death;

Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

*Aar.* Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go alone,

For fear they die before their pardon come.

*Marc.* My hand shall go.

*Luc.* By heaven, it shall not go!  
Sirs, strive no more: such wither'd herbs as these

Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

*Luc.* Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son, 180

Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

*Marc.* And for our father's sake, and mother's care

Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

*Tit.* Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

*Luc.* Then I'll go fetch an axe.

*Marc.* But I will use the axe.

*Exeunt LUCIUS and MARCUS.*

*Tit.* Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both:

Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

*Aar.* Aside. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,

And never, whilst I live, deceive men so: 190  
But I'll deceive you in another sort,

And that you'll say ere half an hour pass.

*Cuts off TITUS'S hand.*

*Re-enter LUCIUS and MARCUS.*

*Tit.* Now stay your strife; what shall be is dispatch'd.

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:  
Tell him it was a hand that warded him  
From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;  
More hath it merited; that let it have.  
As for my sons, say I account of them  
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;  
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own. 200

*Aar.* I go, Andronicus; and for thy hand  
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee.  
*Aside.* Their heads, I mean. O! how this villany

Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it.  
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,  
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. 210

*Exit.*  
*Tit.* O! here I lift this one hand up to heaven,

And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:  
If any power pities wretched tears,

To that I call. To LAVINIA. What! wilt thou kneel with me? 210

Do then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our prayers,

Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,

And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds

When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

*Marc.* O! brother, speak with possibilities,

And do not break into these deep extremes.

*Tit.* Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?

Then be my passions bottomless with them.

*Marc.* But yet let reason govern thy lament.

*Tit.* If there were reason for these miseries, 220

Then into limits could I bind my woes.  
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?

If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,  
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face?

And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?  
I am the sea; hark! how her sighs do blow;

She is the weeping welkin, I the earth;  
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;

Then must my earth with her continual tears

Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd;

For why my bowels cannot hide her woes, 231  
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.  
Then give me leave, for losers will have  
leave  
To ease their stomachs with their bitter  
tongues.

*Enter a Messenger, with two heads and a  
hand.*

*Mess.* Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou  
repaid  
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.  
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons,  
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent  
back:

Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution  
mock'd;

That woe is me to think upon thy woes, 240  
More than remembrance of my father's  
death. *Exit.*

*Marc.* Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,  
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!  
These miseries are more than may be borne.  
To weep with them that weep doth ease  
some deal,  
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

*Luc.* Ah! that this sight should make so  
deep a wound,

And yet detested life not shrink thereat;  
That ever death should let life bear his  
name,

Where life hath no more interest but to  
breathe. *LAVINIA kisses TITUS.*

*Marc.* Alas! poor heart; that kiss is  
comfortless 251

As frozen water to a starved snake.  
*Tit.* When will this fearful slumber have  
an end?

*Marc.* Now, farewell, flattery: die, An-  
dronicus;

Thou dost not slumber: see thy two sons'  
heads,

Thy war-like hand, thy mangled daughter  
here;

Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight  
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother,  
I,

Even like a stony image, cold and numb.  
Ah! now no more will I control thy griefs.

Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand 261  
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal  
sight

The closing up of our most wretched eyes!  
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

*Tit.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Marc.* Why dost thou laugh? it fits not  
with this hour.

*Tit.* Why, I have not another tear to shed:  
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,

And would usurp upon my watery eyes, 269  
And make them blind with tributary tears:

Then which way shall I find Revenge's  
cave?

For these two heads do seem to speak to me,  
And threaten me I shall never come to bliss

Till all these mischiefs be return'd again  
Even in their throats that have committed  
them.

Come, let me see what task I have to do.

You heavy people, circle me about,  
That I may turn me to each one of you,  
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.  
The vow is made. Come, brother, take a  
head; 280

And in this hand the other will I bear.  
Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these  
things:

Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between  
thy teeth.

As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight;  
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:

Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there;  
And if you love me, as I think you do,

Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.  
*Exeunt TITUS, MARCUS, and LAVINIA.*

*Luc.* Farewell, Andronicus, my noble  
father;

The woefullest man that ever liv'd in Rome.  
Farewell, proud Rome; till Lucius come  
again, 291

He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.  
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;

O! would thou wert as thou tofore hast  
been;

But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives  
But in oblivion and hateful griefs.

If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs,  
And make proud Saturnine and his empress

Beg at the gates like Tarquin and his queen.  
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,

To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. *Exit.*

*SCENE II.—The Same. A Room in Ti-  
tus's House. A Banquet set out.*

*Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and young  
LUCIUS, a Boy.*

*Tit.* So, so; now sit; and look you eat  
no more

Than will preserve just so much strength in  
us

As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.  
Marcus, unknot that sorrow-wreathen knot:

Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our  
hands,

And cannot passionate our ten-fold grief  
With folded arms. This poor right hand of  
mine

Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;  
And when my heart, all mad with misery,

Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh, 10  
Then thus I thump it down.

To *LAVINIA.* Thou map of woe, that thus  
dost talk in signs,

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous  
beating

Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.  
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with  
groans;

Or get some little knife between thy teeth,  
And just against thy heart make thou a hole;

That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall  
May run into that sink, and soaking in,

Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears. 20  
*Marc.* Fie, brother, fie! teach her not  
thus to lay

Such violent hands upon her tender life.

*Tit.* How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?

Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I. What violent hands can she lay on her life? Ah! wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;

To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er, How Troy was burnt and he made miserable?

O! handle not the theme, to talk of hands, Lest we remember still that we have none. 30 Fie, fie! how frantically I square my talk, As if we should forget we had no hands, If Marcus did not name the word of hands. Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this: Here is no drink. Hark, Marcus, what she says;

I can interpret all her martyr'd signs: She says she drinks no other drink but tears, Brew'd with her sorrow, mash'd upon her cheeks.

Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;

In thy dumb action will I be as perfect 40 As begging hermits in their holy prayers: Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,

Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign.

But I of these will wrest an alphabet, And by still practice learn to know thy meaning.

*Boy.* Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments:

Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

*Marc.* Alas! the tender boy, in passion mov'd,

Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness. *Tit.* Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears, 50

And tears will quickly melt thy life away. *MARCUS strikes the dish with a knife.*

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

*Marc.* At that that I have kill'd, my lord; a fly.

*Tit.* Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;

Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny: A deed of death, done on the innocent, Becomes not Titus' brother. Get thee gone;

I see thou art not for my company. *Marc.* Alas! my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

*Tit.* But how if that fly had a father and mother? 60

How would he hang his slender gilded wings,

And buzz lamenting doings in the air! Poor harmless fly,

That, with his pretty buzzing melody, Came here to make us merry! and thou hast kill'd him.

*Marc.* Pardon me, sir; it was a black ill-favour'd fly,

Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

*Tit.* O, O, O!

Then pardon me for reprehending thee, For thou hast done a charitable deed. 70

Give me thy knife, I will insult on him; Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor

Come hither purposely to poison me. There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.

Ah! sirrah: Yet I think we are not brought so low,

But that between us we can kill a fly, That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

*Marc.* Alas! poor man; grief has so wrought on him,

He takes false shadows for true substances. *Tit.* Come, take away. Lavinia, go with me: 81

I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee Sad stories chanced in the times of old.

Come, boy, and go with me: thy sight is young,

And thou shalt read when mine begins to dazzle. *Exeunt.*

## ACT IV

## SCENE I.—Rome. TITUS'S Garden.

*Enter TITUS and MARCUS. Then enter young LUCIUS, LAVINIA running after him.*

*Boy.* Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia

Follows me every where, I know not why: Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes:

Alas! sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

*Marc.* Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.

*Tit.* She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

*Boy.* Ay, when my father was in Rome she did.

*Marc.* What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

*Tit.* Fear her not, Lucius: somewhat doth she mean.

See, Lucius, see how much she makes of thee; 10

Somewhither would she have thee go with her.

Ah! boy; Cornelia never with more care Read to her sons than she hath read to thee

Sweet poetry and Tully's Orator. *Marc.* Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

*Boy.* My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,

Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her; For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,

Extremity of griefs would make men mad; And I have read that Hecuba of Troy 20

Ran mad through sorrow; that made me to fear,

Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did;

And would not, but in fury, fright my youth; Which made me down to throw my books

and fly, Causeless, perhaps. But pardon me, sweet aunt;

And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,  
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

*Marc.* Lucius, I will.

*LAVINIA turns over the books which  
LUCIUS had let fall.*

*Tit.* How now, Lavinia! Marcus, what means this? 30

Some book there is that she desires to see.  
Which is it, girl, of these? Open them, boy.  
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd;  
Come, and take choice of all my library,  
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens  
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.  
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

*Marc.* I think she means that there was more than one

Confederate in the fact: ay, more there was;

Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge. 40

*Tit.* Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?

*Boy.* Grandsire, 't is Ovid's *Metamorphoses*;

My mother gave it me.

*Marc.* For love of her that's gone,  
Perhaps, she cull'd it from among the rest.

*Tit.* Soft! see how busily she turns the leaves!

What would she find? Lavinia, shall I read?

This is the tragic tale of Philomel,  
And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape;  
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

*Marc.* See, brother, see! note how she quotes the leaves. 50

*Tit.* Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd, sweet girl,

Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,  
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?

See, see!

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,

O! had we never, never hunted there,  
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,

By nature made for murders and for rapes.

*Marc.* O! why should nature build so foul a den,

Unless the gods delight in tragedies? 60

*Tit.* Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none but friends,

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:  
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,

That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

*Marc.* Sit down, sweet niece: brother, sit down by me.

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,  
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!

My lord, look here; look here, Lavinia:  
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,

This after me.

*He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with feet and mouth.*

I have writ my name 70

Without the help of any hand at all.

Curs'd be that heart that forc'd us to this shift!

Write thou, good niece, and here display at last

What God will have discover'd for revenge.  
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,

That we may know the traitors and the truth!

*She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps, and writes.*

*Tit.* O! do ye read, my lord, what she hath writ?

*Stuprum. Chiron. Demetrius.*

*Marc.* What, what! the lustful sons of Tamora

Performers of this heinous, bloody deed? 80

*Tit.* *Magne dominator poli,*  
*Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?*

*Marc.* O! calm thee, gentle lord; although I know

There is enough written upon this earth  
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts

And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.  
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia,

kneel;

And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;

And swear with me, as with the woeful fere  
And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,

Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,  
That we will prosecute by good advice 92

Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,  
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

*Tit.* 'T is sure enough, an you knew how;

But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware:

The dam will wake, an if she wind you once:  
She's with the lion deeply still in league,

And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,  
And when he sleeps will she do what she list.

You're a young huntsman, Marcus, let alone;  
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass, 102

And with a gad of steel will write these words,

And lay it by: the angry northern wind  
Will blow these sands like Sibyl's leaves

abroad,  
And where's your lesson then? Boy, what say you?

*Boy.* I say, my lord, that if I were a man,  
Their mother's bedchamber should not be safe

For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

*Marc.* Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft 110

For his ungrateful country done the like.

*Boy.* And, uncle, so will I an if I live.

*Tit.* Come, go with me into mine armoury:

Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal my boy  
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons

Presents that I intend to send them both:  
Come, come; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

*Boy.* Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.

*Tit.* No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.

*Lavinia, come. Marcus, look to my house; Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court: 121*  
*Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be waited on. Exeunt TITUS, LAVINIA, and Boy.*  
*Marc.* O heavens! can you hear a good man groan.

And not relent or not compassion him?  
*Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,*  
 That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart  
 Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield;

But yet so just that he will not revenge.  
 Revenge, ye heavens, for old Andronicus!  
*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter from one side AARON, DEMETRIUS, and CHIRON; from the other side, young LUCIUS and an Attendant, with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon them.*

*Chi.* Demetrius, here 's the son of Lucius; He hath some message to deliver us.

*Aar.* Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

*Boy.* My lords, with all the humbleness I may,

I greet your honours from Andronicus;  
*Aside.* And pray the Roman gods confound you both.

*Dem.* Gramercy, lovely Lucius: what 's the news?

*Boy. Aside.* That you are both decipher'd, that 's the news,

For villains mark'd with rape. *Aloud.* May it please you,

My grandsire, well advis'd, hath sent by me 10

The goodliest weapons of his armoury,  
 To gratify your honorable youth,

The hope of Rome, for so he bade me say;  
 And so I do, and with his gifts present

Your lordships, that, whenever you have need,

You may be armed and appointed well.  
 And so I leave you both, *Aside* like bloody villains. *Exeunt Boy and Attendant.*

*Dem.* What 's here? A scroll; and written round about?

Let 's see:

*Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus, 20*  
*Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.*

*Chi.* O! 't is a verse in Horace; I know it well:

I read it in the grammar long ago.

*Aar.* Ay, just a verse in Horace; right, you have it.

*Aside.* Now, what a thing it is to be an ass! Here 's no sound jest! the old man hath

found their guilt,  
 And sends them weapons wrapp'd about

with lines,  
 That wound, beyond their feeling, to the

quick;  
 But were our witty empress well afoot,

She would applaud Andronicus' conceit: 30

But let her rest in her unrest awhile.

And now, young lords, was 't not a happy star

Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,

Captives, to be advanced to this height?

It did me good before the palace gate  
 To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

*Dem.* But me more good, to see so great a lord

Basely insinuate and send us gifts.

*Aar.* Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius? Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

*Dem.* I would we had a thousand Roman dames 41

At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

*Chi.* A charitable wish and full of love.

*Aar.* Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

*Chi.* And that would she for twenty thousand more.

*Dem.* Come, let us go, and pray to all the gods

For our beloved mother in her pains.

*Aar. Aside.* Pray to the devils; the gods have given us over. *Trumpets sound.*

*Dem.* Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

*Chi.* Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son. 50

*Dem.* Soft! who comes here?

*Enter a Nurse, with a blackamoor Child.*

*Nurse.* Good morrow, lords. O! tell me, did you see

Aaron the Moor?

*Aar.* Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,

Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

*Nurse.* O gentle Aaron! we are all undone.

Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

*Aar.* Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!

What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

*Nurse.* O! that which I would hide from heaven's eye,

Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace. 60

She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

*Aar.* To whom?

*Nurse.* I mean she 's brought a-bed.

*Aar.* Well, God give her good rest! What hath he sent her?

*Nurse.* A devil.

*Aar.* Why, then she is the devil's dam: A joyful issue.

*Nurse.* A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue.

Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad  
 Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.

The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,  
 And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point. 70

*Aar.* 'Zounds, ye whore! is black so base a hue?

Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom,  
sure.

*Dem.* Villain, what hast thou done?

*Aar.* That which thou canst not undo.

*Chi.* Thou hast undone our mother.

*Aar.* Villian, I have done thy mother.

*Dem.* And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.

Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!

Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!

*Chi.* It shall not live. 80

*Aar.* It shall not die.

*Nurse.* Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.

*Aar.* What! must it, nurse? then let no man but I

Do execution on my flesh and blood.

*Dem.* I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point:

*Nurse.* give it me; my sword shall soon dispatch it.

*Aar.* Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.

*Takes the Child from the Nurse, and draws.*

Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,  
That shone so brightly when this boy was  
got, 90

He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point  
That touches this my first-born son and  
heir.

I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,  
With all his threatening band of Typhon's  
brood,

Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,  
Shall seize this prey out of his father's  
hands.

What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted  
boys!

Ye white-lim'd walls! ye alehouse painted  
signs!

Coal-black is better than another hue,  
In that it scorns to bear another hue; 100

For all the water in the ocean  
Can never turn the swan's black legs to  
white,

Although she lave them hourly in the flood.  
Tell the empress from me, I am of age

To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.

*Dem.* Wilt thou betray thy noble mis-  
tress thus?

*Aar.* My mistress is my mistress; this  
myself;

The vigour and the picture of my youth:  
This before all the world do I prefer; 109

This maugre all the world will I keep safe,  
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

*Dem.* By this our mother is for ever  
sham'd.

*Chi.* Rome will despise her for this foul  
escape.

*Nurse.* The emperor in his rage will doom  
her death.

*Chi.* I blush to think upon this ignomy.

*Aar.* Why, there's the privilege your  
beauty bears.

Fie, treacherous hue! that will betray with  
blushing

The close enacts and counsels of the heart:  
Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer:  
Look how the black slave smiles upon the  
father, 120

As who should say, 'Old lad, I am thine  
own.'

He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed  
Of that self blood that first gave life to you;

And from that womb where you imprison'd  
were

He is enfranchised and come to light:  
Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,

Although my seal be stamped in his face.

*Nurse.* Aaron, what shall I say unto the  
empress?

*Dem.* Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be  
done,

And we will all subscribe to thy advice: 130  
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

*Aar.* Then sit we down, and let us all  
consult.

My son and I will have the wind of you:  
Keep there; now talk at pleasure of your  
safety. 135

*Dem.* How many women saw this child  
of his? 140

*Aar.* Why, so, brave lords! when we join  
in league,

I am a lamb; but if you brave the Moor,  
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,

The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.  
But say again, how many saw the child? 140

*Nurse.* Cornelia the midwife, and myself,  
And no one else but the deliver'd empress.

*Aar.* The empress, the midwife, and your-  
self:

Two may keep counsel when the third's  
away.

Go to the empress; tell her this I said:  
*Stabbing her.*

'Weke, weke!'  
So cries a pig prepared to the spit.

*Dem.* What mean'st thou, Aaron? where-  
fore didst thou this?

*Aar.* O Lord, sir, 't is a deed of policy:  
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,

A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? no, lords,  
no. 150

And now be it known to you my full intent.  
Not far, one Muli lives, my countryman;

His wife but yesternight was brought to bed.  
His child is like to her, fair as you are:

Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,  
And tell them both the circumstance of all,

And how by this their child shall be ad-  
vanc'd,

And be received for the emperor's heir,  
And substituted in the place of mine, 159

To calm this tempest whirling in the court;  
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.

Hark ye, lords; you see I have given her  
physic, 160

And you must needs bestow her funeral;  
The fields are near, and you are gallant

grooms.

This done, see that you take no longer days,  
But send the midwife presently to me.

The midwife and the nurse well made away,  
Then let the ladies tattle what they please. 170  
*Chi.* Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the  
air

With secrets.

*Dem.* For this care of Tamora,  
Herself and hers are highly bound to thee. 171  
*Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON,  
bearing off the Nurse's body.*

*Aar.* Now to the Goths, as swift as swal-  
low flies;  
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,  
And secretly to greet the empress' friends.  
Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear  
you hence;

For it is you that puts us to our shifts;  
I'll make you feed on berries and on roots,  
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the  
goat,

And cabin in a cave, and bring you up  
To be a warrior, and command a camp. 180  
*Exit, with the Child.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. A public Place.*

*Enter TITUS, bearing arrows with letters on  
the ends of them; with him MARCUS,  
young LUCIUS, PUBLIUS, SEMPRONIUS,  
CAIUS, and other Gentlemen, with bows.*

*Tit.* Come, Marcus, come; kinsmen, this  
is the way.

Sir boy, now let me see your archery:  
Look ye draw home enough, and 't is there  
straight.

*Terras Astraea reliquit:*

Be you remember'd, Marcus, she 's gone,  
she 's fled.

Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins,  
shall

Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets;

Happily you may find her in the sea;

Yet there 's as little justice as at land.

No; Publius and Sempronius, you must  
do it; 10

'T is you must dig with mattock and with  
spade,

And pierce the inmost centre of the earth:

Then, when you come to Pluto's region,

I pray you, deliver him this petition;

Tell him, it is for justice and for aid,

And that it comes from old Andronicus,

Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.  
Ah! Rome. Well, well; I made thee miser-  
able

What time I threw the people's suffrages

On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me. 20

Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,

And leave you not a man-of-war unsearch'd:

This wicked emperor may have shipp'd  
her hence;

And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for jus-  
tice.

*Marc.* O Publius! is not this a heavy case,  
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

*Pub.* Therefore, my lord, it highly us con-  
cerns

By day and night to attend him carefully,

And feed his humour kindly as we may,  
Till time beget some careful remedy. 30

*Marc.* Kinsmen, his sorrows are past  
remedy.

Join with the Goths, and with revengeful  
war

Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,  
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

*Tit.* Publius, how now! how now, my  
masters!

What! have you met with her!

*Pub.* No, my good lord; but Pluto sends  
you word,

If you will have Revenge from hell, you  
shall:

Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,  
He thinks with Jove in heaven, or some-  
where else, 40

So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

*Tit.* He doth me wrong to feed me with  
delays.

I'll dive into the burning lake below,

And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.

Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars  
we;

No big-bon'd men fram'd of the Cyclops'  
size;

But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back,  
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs  
can bear:

And sith there 's no justice in earth nor hell,  
We will solicit heaven and move the gods 50

To send down Justice for to wreak our  
wrongs.

Come, to this gear. You 're a good archer,  
Marcus. *He gives them the arrows.*

*Ad Jovem*, that 's for you: here, *Ad Apol-  
linem*:

*Ad Martem*, that 's for myself:

Here, boy, to Pallas: here, to Mercury:

To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine;

You were as good to shoot against the wind.

To it, boy! Marcus, loose when I bid.

Of my word, I have written to effect;

There 's not a god left unsolicited. 60

*Marc.* Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts  
into the court:

We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

*Tit.* Now, masters, draw. *They shoot.*  
O! well said, Lucius.

Good boy, in Virgo's lap: give it Pallas.

*Marc.* My lord, I aim a mile beyond the  
moon;

Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

*Tit.* Ha! Publius, Publius, what hast  
thou done?

See, see! thou hast shot off one of Taurus'  
horns.

*Marc.* This was the sport, my lord: when  
Publius shot, 70

The Bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a  
knock

That down fell both the Ram's horns in the  
court;

And who should find them but the empress'  
villain?

She laugh'd, and told the Moor he should  
not choose

But give them to his master for a present.

*Tit.* Why, there it goes: God give his  
lordship joy!

*Enter a Clown, with a basket, and two pigeons in it.*

News! news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.

Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters? Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

*Clo.* O! the gibbet-maker. He says that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hanged till the next week.

*Tit.* But what says Jupiter, I ask thee? 83

*Clo.* Alas! sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank with him in all my life.

*Tit.* Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

*Clo.* Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

*Tit.* Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

*Clo.* From heaven! alas! sir, I never came there. God forbid I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the imperial's men. 94

*Marc.* Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

*Tit.* Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace? 99

*Clo.* Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

*Tit.* Sirrah, come hither: make no more ado,

But give your pigeons to the emperor: By me thou shalt have justice at his hands. Hold, hold; meanwhile here 's money for thy charges.

Give me pen and ink.

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

*Clo.* Ay, sir.

*Tit.* Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.

*Clo.* I warrant you, sir; let me alone.

*Tit.* Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.

Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration;

For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant:

And when thou hast given it to the emperor, Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

*Clo.* God be with you, sir; I will. 120

*Tit.* Come, Marcus, let us go. Publius, follow me. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Same. Before the Palace.*

*Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, Lords and Others: SATURNINUS with the arrows in his hand that TITUS shot.*

*Sat.* Why, lords, what wrongs are these! Was ever seen

An emperor in Rome thus overborne, Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent

Of egal justice, us'd in such contempt? My lords, you know, as do the mighty gods,

However these disturbers of our peace Buzz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd,

But even with law, against the wilful sons Of old Andronicus. And what an if

His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits, 10 Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,

His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?

And now he writes to heaven for his redress:

See here 's to Jove, and this to Mercury;

This to Apollo; this to the god of war;

Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!

What 's this but libelling against the senate, And blazoning our injustice every where?

A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?

As who would say, in Rome no justice were.

But if I live, his feigned ecstasies 21

Shall be no shelter to these outrages;

But he and his shall know that justice lives

In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,

He 'll so awake, as she in fury shall

Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

*Tam.* My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,

Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,

Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,

The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons, 30

Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep and

scarr'd his heart;

And rather comfort his distressed plight

Than prosecute the meanest or the best

For these contempts. *Aside.* Why, thus

it shall become

High-witted Tamora to gloze with all:

But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,

Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,

Then is all safe, the anchor 's in the port.

*Enter Clown.*

How now, good fellow! would'st thou speak with us?

*Clo.* Yea, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial. 40

*Tam.* Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

*Clo.* 'Tis he. God and Saint Stephen give you good den. I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here.

*SATURNINUS reads the letter.*

*Sat.* Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

*Clo.* How much money must I have?

*Tam.* Come, sirrah, you must be hanged.

*Clo.* Hanged! By'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end.

*Exit, guarded.*

*Sat.* Despiteful and intolerable wrongs! 50 Shall I endure this monstrous villany?

I know from whence this same device proceeds.

May this be borne? As if his traitorous sons,

That died by law for murder of our brother,

Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully!

Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;  
Nor age nor honour shall shape privilege.  
For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughter-  
man;  
Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me  
great,  
In hope thyself should govern Rome and  
me. 60

*Enter ÆMILIUS.*

What news with thee, Æmilius?

*Æmil.* Arm, my lords! Rome never had  
more cause.

The Goths have gather'd head, and with a  
power

Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,  
They hither march amain, under conduct  
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;

Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do  
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

*Sat.* Is war-like Lucius general of the  
Goths?

These tidings nip me, and I hang the head 70  
As flowers with frost or grass beat down  
with storms.

Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:

'T is he the common people love so much;  
Myself hath often heard them say,

When I have walked like a private man,  
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,

And they have wish'd that Lucius were their  
emperor.

*Tam.* Why should you fear? is not your  
city strong?

*Sat.* Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,  
And will revolt from me to succour him. 80

*Tam.* King, be thy thoughts imperious,  
like thy name.

Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?  
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,

And is not careful what they mean thereby,  
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings

He can at pleasure stint their melody;  
Even so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome.

Then cheer thy spirit; for know, thou  
emperor,

I will enchant the old Andronicus  
With words more sweet, and yet more dan-  
gerous, 90

Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep,  
Whenas the one is wounded with the bait,

The other rotted with delicious feed.  
*Sat.* But he will not entreat his son for us.

*Tam.* If Tamora entreat him, then he  
will:

For I can smooth and fill his aged ear  
With golden promises, that, were his heart

Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,  
Yet should both ear and heart obey my

tongue.

*To ÆMILIUS.* Go thou before, be our  
ambassador: 100

Say that the emperor requests a parley  
Of war-like Lucius, and appoint the meet-  
ing

Even at his father's house, the old Androni-  
cus.

*Sat.* Æmilius, do this message honour-  
ably:

And if he stand on hostage for his safety,  
Bid him demand what pledge will please  
him best.

*Æmil.* Your bidding shall I do effectually.  
*Exit.*

*Tam.* Now will I to that old Andronicus,  
And temper him with all the art I have,

To pluck proud Lucius from the war-like  
Goths. 110

And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,  
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

*Sat.* Then go successfully, and plead to  
him. *Exeunt.*

## ACT V

### SCENE I.—Plains near Rome.

*Enter LUCIUS and an army of Goths, with  
drum and colours.*

*Luc.* Approved warriors, and my faithful  
friends,

I have received letters from great Rome,  
Which signify what hate they bear their  
emperor,

And how desirous of our sight they are.  
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles

witness,  
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs;

And wherein Rome hath done you any  
scath,

Let him make treble satisfaction.  
*First Goth.* Brave slip, sprung from the

great Andronicus,  
Whose name was once our terror, now our

comfort; 10  
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds

Ingrateful Rome requites with foul con-  
tempt,

Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou  
lead'st,

Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day  
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,

And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.  
*Goths.* And, as he saith, so say we all

with him.

*Luc.* I humbly thank him, and I thank  
you all.

But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

*Enter a Goth, leading AARON, with his  
Child in his arms.*

*Second Goth.* Renowned Lucius, from  
our troops I stray'd 20

To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;  
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye

Upon the wasted building, suddenly  
I heard a child cry underneath a wall.

I made unto the noise; when soon I heard  
The crying babe controll'd with this dis-  
course:

'Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy  
dam!

Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou  
art,

Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,  
Villain, thou might'st have been an emperor:

But where the bull and cow are both milk-  
white, 31

They never do beget a coal-black calf.

Peace, villain, peace!' even thus he rates  
the babe,

'For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;  
Who, when he knows thou art the empress'  
babe,

Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.'  
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon  
him,

Surpris'd him suddenly, and brought him  
hither,

To use as you think needful of the man.

*Luc.* O worthy Goth, this is the incarnate  
devil <sup>40</sup>

That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand:  
This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress'  
eye,

And here's the base fruit of his burning  
lust.

Say, wall-eyed slave, whither would'st thou  
convey

This growing image of thy fiend-like face?  
Why dost not speak? What! deaf? not a  
word?

A halter, soldiers! hang him on this tree,  
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

*Aar.* Touch not the boy; he is of royal  
blood.

*Luc.* Too like the sire for ever being  
good. <sup>50</sup>

First hang the child, that he may see it  
sprawl;

A sight to vex the father's soul withal.

Get me a ladder!

*A ladder brought, which AARON is  
made to ascend.*

*Aar.* Lucius, save the child;  
And bear it from me to the empress.

If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous  
things

That highly may advantage thee to hear:  
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall.

I'll speak no more but 'Vengeance rot you  
all!'

*Luc.* Say on; an if it please me which  
thou speak'st,

Thy child shall live, and I will see it nour-  
ish'd. <sup>60</sup>

*Aar.* An if it please thee! why, assure  
thee, Lucius,

'T will vex thy soul to hear what I shall  
speak;

For I must talk of murders, rapes, and  
massacres,

Acts of black night, abominable deeds,  
Complots of mischief, treason, villainies

Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:  
And this shall all be buried in my death,

Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.

*Luc.* Tell on thy mind; I say thy child  
shall live.

*Aar.* Swear that he shall, and then I will  
begin. <sup>70</sup>

*Luc.* Who should I swear by? thou be-  
liev'st no god:

That granted, how canst thou believe an  
oath?

*Aar.* What if I do not? as, indeed, I do  
not;

Yet, for I know thou art religious,

And hast a thing within thee called con-  
science,

With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,  
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,

Therefore I urge thy oath; for that I  
know

An idiot holds his bauble for a god,  
And keeps the oath which by that god he  
swears, <sup>80</sup>

To that I'll urge him: therefore thou shalt  
vow

By that same god, what god soe'er it be,  
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,

To save my boy, to nourish and bring him  
up;

Or else I will discover nought to thee.

*Luc.* Even by my god I swear to thee I  
will.

*Aar.* First know thou, I begot him on the  
empress.

*Luc.* O most insatiate and luxurious  
woman!

*Aar.* Tut! Lucius, this was but a deed of  
charity.

To that which thou shalt hear of me anon. <sup>90</sup>  
'T was her two sons that murder'd Bas-  
sianus;

They cut thy sister's tongue and ravish'd  
her,

And cut her hands and trimm'd her as thou  
saw'st.

*Luc.* O detestable villain! call'st thou  
that trimming?

*Aar.* Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and  
trimm'd, and 't was

Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

*Luc.* O barbarous, beastly villains, like  
thyselves!

*Aar.* Indeed, I was their tutor to in-  
struct them.

That coddling spirit had they from their  
mother,

As sure a card as ever won the set; <sup>100</sup>  
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of  
me,

As true a dog as ever fought at head.

Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.

I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole  
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay;

I wrote the letter that thy father found,  
And hid the gold within the letter men-  
tion'd,

Confederate with the queen and her two  
sons:

And what not done, that thou hast cause  
to rue,

Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it? <sup>110</sup>  
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand.

And, when I had it, drew myself apart,  
And almost broke my heart with extreme  
laughter.

I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall  
When, for his hand, he had his two sons'  
heads;

Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,  
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:

And when I told the empress of this sport,  
She swoon'd almost at my pleasing tale,

And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

*First Goth.* What! canst thou say all this, and never blush? 121  
*Aar.* Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.  
*Luc.* Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?  
*Aar.* Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.  
 Even now I curse the day, and yet, I think,  
 Few come within the compass of my curse,  
 Wherein I did not some notorious ill:  
 As kill a man, or else devise his death;  
 Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;  
 Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;  
 Set deadly enmity between two friends; 131  
 Make poor men's cattle break their necks;  
 Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,  
 And bid the owners quench them with their tears.  
 Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,  
 And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,  
 Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;  
 And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,  
 Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,  
 'Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.'  
 Tut! I have done a thousand dreadful things 141  
 As willingly as one would kill a fly,  
 And nothing grieves me heartily indeed  
 But that I cannot do ten thousand more.  
*Luc.* Bring down the devil, for he must not die  
 So sweet a death as hanging presently.  
*Aar.* If there be devils, would I were a devil.  
 To live and burn in everlasting fire,  
 So I might have your company in hell,  
 But to torment you with my bitter tongue!  
*Luc.* Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more. 151

*Enter a Goth.*

*Goth.* My lord, there is a messenger from Rome  
 Desires to be admitted to your presence.  
*Luc.* Let him come near.

*Enter ÆMILIUS.*

Welcome, Æmilium! what's the news from Rome?

*Æmil.* Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,

The Roman emperor greets you all by me;  
 And, for he understands you are in arms,  
 He craves a parley at your father's house,  
 Willing you to demand your hostages, 160  
 And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

*First Goth.* What says our general?

*Luc.* Æmilium, let the emperor give his pledges

Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,  
 And we will come. March away. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Rome. Before TITUS'S House.*

*Enter TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, and CHIRON, disguised.*

*Tam.* Thus, in this strange and sad habili-  
 ment,  
 I will encounter with Andronicus,  
 And say I am Revenge, sent from below  
 To join with him and right his heinous  
 wrongs.  
 Knock at his study, where they say he  
 keeps,  
 To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;  
 Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,  
 And work confusion on his enemies.

*They knock.*

*Enter TITUS, above.*

*Tit.* Who doth molest my contemplation?  
 Is it your trick to make me ope the door, 10  
 That so my sad decrees may fly away,  
 And all my study be to no effect?  
 You are deceiv'd; for what I mean to do,  
 See here, in bloody lines I have set down;  
 And what is written shall be executed.

*Tam.* Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

*Tit.* No, not a word; how can I grace my talk,

Wanting a hand to give it action?

Thou hast the odds of me; therefore no more.

*Tam.* If thou didst know me, thou would'st talk with me. 20

*Tit.* I am not mad; I know thee well enough:

Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson lines;

Witness those trenches made by grief and care;

Witness the tiring day and heavy night;  
 Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well

For our proud empress, mighty Tamora.  
 Is not thy coming for my other hand?

*Tam.* Know, thou sad man, I am not Tamora;

She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:  
 I am Revenge, sent from the infernal king-  
 dom, 30

To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,  
 By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.  
 Come down and welcome me to this world's  
 light;

Confer with me of murder and of death.  
 There's not a hollow cave or lurking-place,  
 No vast obscurity or misty vale,

Where bloody murder or detested rape  
 Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;

And in their ears tell them my dreadful  
 name,

Revenge, which makes the foul offender  
 quake. 40

*Tit.* Art thou Revenge? and art thou  
 sent to me,

To be a torment to mine enemies?

*Tam.* I am; therefore come down, and  
 welcome me.

*Tit.* Do me some service ere I come to  
 thee.

Lo, by thy side where Rape and Murder stands;

Now give some surance that thou art Revenge:

Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels,

And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,  
And whirl along with thee about the globe.  
Provide two proper palfreys, black as jet, 50  
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,  
And find out murderers in their guilty caves:

And when thy car is loaden with their heads,  
I will dismount, and by the waggon-wheel  
Trot like a servile footman all day long,  
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east  
Until his very downfall in the sea:

And day by day I'll do this heavy task,  
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

*Tam.* These are my ministers, and come with me. 60

*Tit.* Are these thy ministers? what are they call'd?

*Tam.* Rapine and Murder; therefore called so.

'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

*Tit.* Good Lord, how like the empress' sons they are,

And you the empress! but we worldly men  
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.

O sweet Revenge! now do I come to thee;  
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,

I will embrace thee in it by and by.

*Exit above.*

*Tam.* This closing with him fits his lunacy. 70

Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,

Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,

For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;

And, being credulous in this mad thought,  
I'll make him send for Lucius his son;

And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,  
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand

To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,  
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.

See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme. 80

*Enter TITUS.*

*Tit.* Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:

Welcome, dread Fury, to my woeful house:  
Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too.

How like the empress and her sons you are!

Well are you fitted had you but a Moor:  
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?

For well I wot the empress never wags  
But in her company there is a Moor;

And would you represent our queen aright,  
It were convenient you had such a devil. 90

But welcome as you are. What shall we do?

*Tam.* What would'st thou have us do, Andronicus?

*Dem.* Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

*Chi.* Show me a villain that hath done a rape,

And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

*Tam.* Show me a thousand that have done thee wrong,

And I will be revenged on them all.

*Tit.* Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,

And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,

Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer. 100

Go thou with him; and when it is thy hap  
To find another that is like to thee,

Good Rapine, stab him; he's a ravisher.  
Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court

There is a queen attended by a Moor;  
Well may'st thou know her by thine own

proportion,  
For up and down she doth resemble thee:

I pray thee, do on them some violent death;  
They have been violent to me and mine.

*Tam.* Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do. 110

But would it please thee, good Andronicus,  
To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son,

Who leads towards Rome a band of war-like Goths,

And bid him come and banquet at thy house:

When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,  
I will bring in the empress and her sons,

The emperor himself, and all thy foes,  
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,

And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.

What says Andronicus to this device? 120

*Tit.* Marcus, my brother! 'tis sad Titus calls.

*Enter MARCUS.*

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;  
Thou shalt inquire him out among the

Goths:

Bid him repair to me, and bring with him  
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;

Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are:

Tell him, the emperor and the empress too  
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.

This do thou for my love; and so let him,  
As he regards his aged father's life. 130

*Marc.* This will I do, and soon return again. *Exit.*

*Tam.* Now will I hence about thy business,

And take my ministers along with me.

*Tit.* Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me;

Or else I'll call my brother back again,  
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

*Tam.* Aside to her sons. What say you, boys? will you abide with him,

Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor  
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?

Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him  
fair, 140

And tarry with him till I turn again.

*Tit. Aside.* I know them all, though they  
suppose me mad,  
And will o'erreach them in their own  
devices;

A pair of cursed hell-hounds and their dam.  
*Dem.* Madam, depart at pleasure; leave  
us here.

*Tam.* Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge  
now goes

To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

*Tit.* I know thou dost; and, sweet  
Revenge, farewell. *Exit TAMORA.*

*Chi.* Tell us, old man, how shall we be  
employ'd?

*Tit.* Tut! I have work enough for you  
to do. 150

Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valen-  
tine!

*Enter PUBLIUS and Others.*

*Pub.* What is your will?

*Tit.* Know you these two?

*Pub.* The empress' sons  
I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.

*Tit.* Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much  
deceiv'd;

The one is Murder, Rape is the other's  
name;

And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;

Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them.

Oft have you heard me wish for such an  
hour, 160

And now I find it: therefore bind them sure,  
And stop their mouths if they begin to cry.

*Exit.*  
PUBLIUS, etc., lay hold on CHIRON  
and DEMETRIUS.

*Chi.* Villains, forbear! we are the em-  
press' sons.

*Pub.* And therefore do we what we are  
commanded.

Stop close their mouths, let them not speak  
a word.

Is he sure bound? look that you bind them  
fast.

*Re-enter TITUS, with LAVINIA; she bear-  
ing a basin, and he a knife.*

*Tit.* Come, come, Lavina; look, thy  
foes are bound.

Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak  
to me,

But let them hear what fearful words I  
utter.

O villains, Chiron and Demetrius! 170

Here stands the spring whom you have  
stain'd with mud.

This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.  
You kill'd her husband, and for that vile  
fault

Two of her brothers were condemn'd to  
death,

My hand cut off and made a merry jest:  
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and  
that more dear

Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity.

Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and  
forc'd.

What would you say if I should let you  
speak?

Villains, for shame you could not beg for  
grace. 180

Hark! wretches, how I mean to martyr you.  
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,

Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth  
hold

The basin that receives your guilty blood.  
You know your mother means to feast with  
me,

And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me  
mad.

Hark! villains, I will grind your bones to  
dust,

And with your blood and it I'll make a  
paste;

And of the paste a coffin I will rear,  
And make two pasties of your shameful  
heads; 190

And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd  
dam,

Like to the earth swallow her own increase.  
This is the feast that I have bid her to.

And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;  
For worse than Philomel you us'd my  
daughter,

And worse than Procne I will be reveng'd.  
And now prepare your throats. Lavinia,  
come. *He cuts their throats.*

Receive the blood: and when that they are  
dead,

Let me go grind their bones to powder  
small,

And with this hateful liquor temper it; 200

And in that paste let their vile heads be  
bak'd.

Come, come, be every one officious  
To make this banquet, which I wish may  
prove

More stern and bloody than the Centaurs'  
feast.

So, now bring them in, for I'll play the  
cook,

And see them ready 'gainst their mother  
comes.

*Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. Court of TI-  
TUS'S House. A banquet set out.*

*Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and Goths; with  
AARON, prisoner.*

*Luc.* Uncle Marcus, since 't is my father's  
mind

That I repair to Rome, I am content.  
*First Goth.* And ours with thine, befall  
what fortune will.

*Luc.* Good uncle, take you in this bar-  
barous Moor,

This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;  
Let him receive no sustenance, fether him,

Till he be brought unto the empress' face,  
For testimony of her foul proceedings:

And see the ambush of our friends be  
strong;

I fear the emperor means no good to us. 10

*Aar.* Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,  
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth  
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!  
*Luc.* Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!

*Sirs,* help our uncle to convey him in.  
*Exeunt Goths, with AARON.*

*Trumpets sound.*  
The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

*Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with ÆMILIUS, Senators, Tribunes, and Others.*

*Sat.* What! hath the firmament more suns than one?

*Luc.* What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?

*Marc.* Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parole;

These quarrels must be quietly debated. 20  
The feast is ready which the careful Titus  
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,  
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:

Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

*Sat.* Marcus, we will. *Hautboys sound.*

*Enter TITUS, dressed like a cook, LAVINIA, veiled, young LUCIUS, and Others.*  
TITUS places the dishes on the table.

*Tit.* Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen;

Welcome, ye war-like Goths; welcome, Lucius;

And welcome, all. Although the cheer be poor,

'T will fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

*Sat.* Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus? 33

*Tit.* Because I would be sure to have all well,

To entertain your highness, and your empress.

*Tam.* We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.

*Tit.* An if your highness knew my heart, you were.

My lord the emperor, resolve me this:

Was it well done of rash Virginius

To slay his daughter with his own right hand,

Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflower'd?

*Sat.* It was, Andronicus.

*Tit.* Your reason, mighty lord? 40

*Sat.* Because the girl should not survive her shame,

And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

*Tit.* A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;  
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,

For me, most wretched, to perform the like.

Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;  
And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die!

*Kills LAVINIA.*

*Sat.* What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?

*Tit.* Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.

I am as woeful as Virginius was, 50  
And have a thousand times more cause than he

To do this outrage: and it now is done.

*Sat.* What! was she ravish'd? tell who did the deed.

*Tit.* Will 't please you eat? will 't please your highness feed?

*Tam.* Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

*Tit.* Not I; 't was Chiron and Demetrius:  
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue;  
And they, 't was they, that did her all this wrong.

*Sat.* Go fetch them hither to us presently.

*Tit.* Why, there they are both, baked in that pie; 60

Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,  
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.

'T is true, 't is true; witness my knife's sharp point. *Kills TAMORA.*

*Sat.* Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed! *Kills TITUS.*

*Luc.* Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?

There's need for meed, death for a deadly deed!

*Kills SATURNINUS. A great tumult.*

*The people in confusion disperse.*

*MARCUS, LUCIUS, and their partisans, go up into the balcony.*

*Marc.* You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,

By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl  
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,

O! let me teach you how to knit again 70  
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,

These broken limbs again into one body;  
Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself,

And she whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,  
Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,

Do shameful execution on herself.

But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,  
Grave witnesses of true experience,

Cannot induce you to attend my words,  
To LUCIUS. Speak, Rome's dear friend, as

erst our ancestor, 80  
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse

To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear  
The story of that baleful burning night

When subtle Greeks surpris'd King Priam's Troy;

Tell us what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,  
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in

That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.

My heart is not compact of flint nor steel,  
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,

But floods of tears will drown my oratory, 90  
And break my utterance, even in the time

When it should move you to attend me most,  
Lending your kind commiseration.

Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;  
Your hearts must throb and weep to hear him speak.

*Luc.* Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,

That cursed Chiron and Demetrius  
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother:

And they it was that ravished our sister.  
For their fell faults our brothers were be-headed,

Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd

Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out

And sent her enemies unto the grave:  
Lastly, myself unkindly banished,  
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,

To beg relief among Rome's enemies;  
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,  
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend:

I am the turn'd forth, be it known to you, 109  
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood,  
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,

Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.  
Alas! you know I am no vaunter, I;

My scars can witness, dumb although they are,

That my report is just and full of truth.  
But soft! methinks I do digress too much,  
Citing my worthless praise: O! pardon me;  
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

*Marc.* Now is my turn to speak. Behold this child:

Of this was Tamora delivered, 120

The issue of an irreligious Moor,  
Chief architect and plotter of these woes.

The villain is alive in Titus' house,  
Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.

Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge  
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,

Or more than any living man could bear.  
Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans?

Have we done aught amiss, show us wherein,  
And, from the place where you behold us now, 130

The poor remainder of Andronici  
Will hand in hand all headlong cast us down,

And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,

And make a mutual closure of our house.  
Speak, Romans, speak! and if you say we shall,

Lo! hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

*Æmil.* Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,

Bring our emperor gently in thy hand,  
Lucius our emperor; for well I know

The common voice do cry it shall be so. 140

*Marc.* Lucius, all hail! Rome's royal emperor!

To Attendants. Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house,

And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,

To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,

As punishment for his most wicked life.

*Exeunt Attendants.*

LUCIUS, MARCUS, and the Others descend.

All. Lucius, all hail! Rome's gracious governor!

*Luc.* Thanks, gentle Romans: may I govern so,

To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!

But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,  
For nature puts me to a heavy task. 150

Stand all aloof; but, uncle, draw you near,  
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.

O! take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,

The last true duties of thy noble son.

*Marc.* Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,

Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:  
O! were the sum of these that I should pay

Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them.

*Luc.* Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us 160

To melt in showers: thy grandsire lov'd thee well:

Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,  
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;

Many a matter hath he told to thee,  
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy;

In that respect, then, like a loving child,  
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,

Because kind nature doth require it so:  
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe.

Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;  
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him. 171

*Boy.* O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my heart

Would I were dead, so you did live again.

O Lord! I cannot speak to him for weeping;  
My tears will choke me if I ope my mouth.

*Re-enter Attendants, with AARON.*

*First Rom.* You sad Andronici, have done with woes:

Give sentence on this execrable wretch,  
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

*Luc.* Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;

There let him stand, and rave, and cry for food: 180

If any one relieves or pities him,  
For the offence he dies. This is our doom:

Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

*Aar.* O! why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?

I am no baby, I, that with base prayers  
I should repent the evils I have done.

Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did  
Would I perform, if I might have my will:

If one good deed in all my life I did,  
I do repent it from my very soul. 190

*Luc.* Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,  
And give him burial in his father's grave.  
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith  
Be closed in our household's monument.  
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,  
No funeral rite, nor man in mourning weeds,  
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;

But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey.

Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;  
And, being so, shall have like want of pity. 200  
See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,  
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:

Then, afterwards, to order well the state,  
That like events may ne'er it ruinate.

*Exeunt.*

## ROMEO AND JULIET

IT is customary to regard *Romeo and Juliet* as a tragedy of youthful love. To me it appears to be something rather more than that. It is a tragedy of the revolt to which love drives youth against a type of authority that is at variance with the fundamental facts of life. That this revolt results in the death of these young lovers is due not primarily to defects in their own natures—defects which in the judgment of maturity and age commonly characterize youth, but rather to a condition into which they are born and for which they are not responsible—the ancient enmity of their respective houses. To charge Romeo and Juliet with responsibility for their own catastrophe because of imprudence, passion, and impetuosity is practically equivalent to demanding that they shall exchange their youth for age; or to insisting that Nature shall adapt herself to man-made laws and the customs of society. The play itself warrants no such charge. Shakespeare here, as elsewhere, reveals his adherence to the principle which underlies the great utterance—“The Sabbath was made for man; not man for the Sabbath.”

As we view this play, Romeo and Juliet had the right to love, to live, and to taste even supream joy than that which came to them for one brief moment. Neither God, nor Fate, nor Destiny decreed their death. Their love was divine; in full conformity with a law of necessity imposed by Nature and universally recognized by man. Such love is of youth; it knows nothing of prudence. Prudence belongs to age, and in its name age has always been distrustful of the love of youth, always has sought to subject it to its own authority. The resulting clash, no matter which side has prevailed, has been the source of endless tragedies. *Romeo and Juliet* as a tragedy of youthful love in revolt against the authority of prudent age has universal application and affords to an unusual degree opportunity for moral inference.

Rarely has Shakespeare pointed his moral so clearly as in this play. It is found in those lines which follow the catastrophe—lines which in a modern stage presentation are almost invariably omitted. Standing within the tomb of the Capulets, the Prince summons the parents of these dead children:

“Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!  
See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,  
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love.”

Neither Montague nor Capulet demurs to this charge of full responsibility. They do not plead contributing causes, the part played by chance and accident, the imprudence of the lovers. Rather they acknowledge the justice of the charge by clasping hands in reconciliation over the dead bodies of these “Poor sacrifices of our enmity!” In the light of such acknowledgment, what can be said in justification of a prudence that failed to foresee the heritage of death that ancient enmities bequeath to youth?

To make our thought clearer, let us turn to the first meeting of these lovers. It is of the utmost importance to observe that their love comes to birth before either knows the other's name. In such ignorance how could they know that parental authority had decreed their enmity? When Romeo first learns from the Nurse who Juliet really is, he cries,

“Is she a Capulet?  
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.”

That is, he recognizes that his very life, which depends upon his having Juliet, is at the mercy of an enemy, her father, to whose authority she is subject. It does not occur to him to question that authority; rather he appears ready to submit to it even at the cost of life itself. Consciousness of the enmity of their houses carries with it to Romeo, now in love with Juliet, first of all the thought of death.

Likewise with Juliet on first learning Romeo's name:

"My only love sprung from my only hate!  
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!  
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,  
That I must love a loathed enemy."

Had she only known his name before she saw him, before their hands and lips touched, she might have fortified herself, nay, she would have been already fortified by that very knowledge, against him. Such is the power of parental authority in teaching prudence to children. But her knowledge comes too late. Love is already born in her. "I must love," she cries; and yet, with this new birth springs the thought that to love one whose very name she has been taught to loathe, is portentous. To Juliet in love, then, as to Romeo, the thought of the enmity of their houses raises the spectre of death. Instinctively they both acknowledge the imprudence of a love which runs counter to parental authority, submission to which has been with them hitherto a law of their being.

But strange is the power of love. It is not easily thwarted. It summons the powers of earth and heaven in its own behalf. When next we see Juliet she reveals to us the struggle through which she has passed and the decision she has reached:

"O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?  
Deny thy father and refuse thy name;  
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,  
And I'll no longer be a Capulet."

Here is the revolt sounded. It results from no mere wilfulness or perversity. Love has quickened her whole being. Her intellect responds; and her passion serves as a white light to guide her reason to the truth. For the first time in her life she has been questioning authority, and she has found its claims false:

"'T is but thy name that is my enemy;  
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.  
. . . . Romeo, doff thy name;  
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,  
Take all myself.  
Romeo. I take thee at thy word.  
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;  
Henceforth I never will be Romeo."

The revolt is complete. Through love they have made the astonishing discovery that the name which they have been taught to loathe "is no part of" the object which it designates. They have pierced the sham by which Authority, through a false conception of prudence, seeks to conceal from youth the fundamental facts of life and transmit to posterity its ancient enmities. The discovery is really Shakespeare's. No wonder that Authority blinks at him and drops the curtain at the catastrophe of *Romeo and Juliet*.

All the unlucky accidents that follow their revolt spring from their attempt to be true to themselves under the conditions imposed upon them by the enmity of their houses. But for that, Juliet, who had been already assured by her mother that she was of marriageable age, could have gone straight to her and announced her love for Romeo; but for that, the wise Friar Laurence would have refused to perform the secret marriage ceremony through which he hoped to bring about a reconciliation of their houses; but for that, Tybalt would not have fought with Mercutio. Mercutio would not have been killed "under Romeo's arm," and Romeo would not have suffered banishment for killing Tybalt; but for that, Juliet would not have drunk the potion and Romeo would not have ridden with such fatal speed to her tomb. It is easy enough for Age to point out the defects of Youth, but it would be a brave critic who would alter in any particular the characters of these lovers, lest he rob them of youth itself. It is the glory of youth that in being true to itself it laughs at death. It is for authority and age to make it possible for youth, to whom love is a necessity, to escape the forfeit of its life as a sacrifice to "ancient enmities."

# ROMEO AND JULIET

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ESCALUS, *Prince of Verona.*  
 PARIS, *a young Nobleman, Kinsman to the Prince.*  
 MONTAGUE, } *Heads of two Houses, at va-*  
 CAPULET, } *riance with each other.*  
*Uncle to Capulet.*  
 ROMEO, *Son to Montague.*  
 MERCUTIO, *Kinsman to the Prince, and Friend to Romeo.*  
 BENVOLIO, *Nephew to Montague, and Friend to Romeo.*  
 TYBALT, *Nephew to Lady Capulet.*  
 FRIAR LAURENCE, *a Franciscan.*

FRIAR JOHN, *of the same Order.*  
 BALTHASAR, *Servant to Romeo.*  
 SAMPSON, } *Servants to Capulet.*  
 GREGORY, }  
 PETER, *Servant to Juliet's nurse.*  
 ABRAHAM, *Servant to Montague.*  
*An Apothecary.*  
*Three Musicians.*  
*Page to Paris; another Page; an Officer.*  
 LADY MONTAGUE, *Wife to Montague.*  
 LADY CAPULET, *Wife to Capulet.*  
 JULIET, *Daughter to Capulet.*  
*Nurse to Juliet.*

*Citizens of Verona; Kinsfolk of both Houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.*

*Chorus.*

SCENE.—*During the greater Part of the Play in Verona: once, in the fifth Act, at Mantua.*

## PROLOGUE.

*Enter CHORUS.*

*Two households, both alike in dignity  
 In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,  
 From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,  
 Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.  
 From forth the fatal loins of these two foes  
 A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;  
 Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows  
 Do with their death bury their parents'  
 strife.  
 The fearful passage of their death-mark'd  
 love,  
 And the continuance of their parents' rage,  
 Which, but their children's end, nought could  
 remove,  
 Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;  
 The which if you with patient ears attend,  
 What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to  
 mend.* *Exit.*

## ACT I

SCENE I.—*Verona. A public Place.*

*Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, armed with swords and bucklers.*

*Samp. Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.*

*Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.*

*Samp. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.*

*Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' the collar.*

*Samp. I strike quickly, being moved.*

*Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.*

*Samp. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.* 10

*Gre. To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand; therefore, if thou art moved, thou runnest away.*

*Samp. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.*

*Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.*

*Samp. 'T is true; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.* 22

*Gre. The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.*

*Samp. 'T is all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids; I will cut off their heads.* 23

*Gre. The heads of the maids?*

*Samp. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt.*

*Gre. They must take it in sense that feel it.*

*Samp. Me they shall feel while I am able to stand; and 't is known I am a pretty piece of flesh.*

*Gre. 'T is well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.*

*Enter ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR.*

*Samp.* My naked weapon is out: quarrel;  
I will back thee. 40

*Gre.* How! turn thy back and run?

*Samp.* Fear me not.

*Gre.* No, marry; I fear thee!

*Samp.* Let us take the law of our sides;  
let them begin.

*Gre.* I will frown as I pass by, and let  
them take it as they list.

*Samp.* Nay, as they dare. I will bite my  
thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them,  
if they bear it. 50

*Abr.* Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

*Samp.* I do bite my thumb, sir.

*Abr.* Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

*Samp.* *Aside to GREGORY.* Is the law of  
our side if I say ay?

*Gre.* No.

*Samp.* No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at  
you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

*Gre.* Do you quarrel, sir?

*Abr.* Quarrel, sir! no, sir. 60

*Samp.* If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve  
as good a man as you.

*Abr.* No better.

*Samp.* Well, sir.

*Enter BENVOLIO.*

*Gre.* *Aside to SAMPSON.* Say 'better';  
here come one of my master's kinsmen.

*Samp.* Yes, better, sir.

*Abr.* You lie.

*Samp.* Draw, if you be men. Gregory, re-  
member thy swashing blow. *They fight.*

*Ben.* Part, fools! 71

Put up your swords; you know not what  
you do. *Beats down their swords.*

*Enter TYBALT.*

*Tyb.* What! art thou drawn among these  
heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

*Ben.* I do but keep the peace: put up thy  
sword,

Or manage it to part these men with me.

*Tyb.* What! drawn, and talk of peace; I  
hate the word,

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.

Have at thee, coward! *They fight.*

*Enter several of both houses, who join the  
fray; then enter Citizens, with clubs.*

*First Cit.* Clubs, bills, and partisans!  
strike! beat them down! 80

Down with the Capulets! down with the  
Montagues!

*Enter CAPULET in his gown; and Lady  
CAPULET.*

*Cap.* What noise is this? Give me my  
long sword, ho!

*Lady Cap.* A crutch, a crutch! Why call  
you for a sword?

*Cap.* My sword, I say! Old Montague is  
come,

And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

*Enter MONTAGUE and Lady MONTAGUE.*

*Mon.* Thou villain Capulet! Hold me  
not; let me go.

*Lady Mon.* Thou shalt not stir one foot  
to seek a foe.

*Enter PRINCE, with his Train.*

*Prince.* Rebellious subjects, enemies to  
peace,

Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—  
Will they not hear? What ho! you men, you  
beasts, 90

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage  
With purple fountains issuing from your  
veins,

On pain of torture, from those bloody hands  
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the  
ground,

And hear the sentence of your moved prince.  
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,

By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,  
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our  
streets,

And made Verona's ancient citizens  
Cast by their grave beseeeming ornaments, 100

To wield old partisans, in hands as old,  
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd  
hate.

If ever you disturb our streets again  
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.

For this time, all the rest depart away:  
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;

And, Montague, come you this afternoon  
To know our further pleasure in this case,

To old Free-town, our common judgment-  
place. 109

Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

*Exeunt all but MONTAGUE, Lady  
MONTAGUE, and BENVOLIO.*

*Mon.* Who set this ancient quarrel new  
abroach?

Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

*Ben.* Here were the servants of your ad-  
versary

And yours close fighting ere I did approach:  
I drew to part them; in the instant came

The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd,  
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,

He swung about his head, and cut the winds,  
Who nothing hurt withal hiss'd him in scorn.

While we were interchanging thrusts and  
blows, 120

Came more and more, and fought on part  
and part,

Till the prince came, who parted either part.

*Lady Mon.* O! where is Romeo? saw you  
him to-day?

Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

*Ben.* Madam, an hour before the wor-  
shipp'd sun

Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,  
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;

Where, underneath the grove of sycamore  
That westward rooteth from the city's side,

So early walking did I see your son: 130  
Towards him I made; but he was ware of  
me,

And stole into the covert of the wood:

I, measuring his affections by my own,  
That most are busied when they're most  
alone,

Pursu'd my humour not pursuing his,  
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

*Mon.* Many a morning hath he there been  
seen,

With tears augmenting the fresh morning's  
dew,

Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep  
sighs:

But all so soon as the all-cheering sun <sup>140</sup>  
Should in the furthest east begin to draw

The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,  
Away from light steals home my heavy son,

And private in his chamber pens himself,  
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight

out,  
And makes himself an artificial night.

Black and portentous must this humour  
prove

Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

*Ben.* My noble uncle, do you know the  
cause?

*Mon.* I neither know it nor can learn of  
him. <sup>150</sup>

*Ben.* Have you importun'd him by any  
means?

*Mon.* Both by myself and many other  
friends:

But he, his own affections' counsellor,  
Is to himself, I will not say how true,

But to himself so secret and so close,  
So far from sounding and discovery,

As is the bud bit with an envious worm,  
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the

air,  
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.

Could we but learn from whence his sor-  
rows grow, <sup>160</sup>

We would as willingly give cure as know.

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Ben.* See where he comes: so please you,  
step aside;

I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

*Mon.* I would thou wert so happy by thy  
stay,

To hear true shrift. Come, madam, let's  
away. *Exeunt MONTAGUE and Lady.*

*Ben.* Good Morrow, cousin.

*Rom.* Is the day so young?

*Ben.* But new struck nine.

*Rom.* Ay me! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

*Ben.* It was. What sadness lengthens  
Romeo's hours?

*Rom.* Not having that, which, having,  
makes them short. <sup>170</sup>

*Ben.* In love?

*Rom.* Out—

*Ben.* Of love?

*Rom.* Out of her favour, where I am in  
love.

*Ben.* Alas! that love, so gentle in his  
view,

Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof.

*Rom.* Alas! that love, whose view is muf-  
fled still,

Should, without eyes, see pathways to his  
will.

Where shall we dine? O me! What fray  
was here?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all. <sup>180</sup>

Here's much to do with hate, but more with  
love:

Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!  
O any thing! of nothing first created.

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!  
Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms!

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire,  
sick health!

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!  
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

Dost thou not laugh?

*Ben.* No, coz, I rather weep.

*Rom.* Good heart, at what?

*Ben.* At thy good heart's oppression.

*Rom.* Why, such is love's transgres-  
sion. <sup>191</sup>

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,  
Which thou wilt propagate to have it press'd

With more of thine: this love that thou hast  
shown

Doth add more grief to too much of mine  
own.

Love is a smoke made with the fume of  
sighs;

Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;  
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers'

tears:  
What is it else? a madness most discreet,

A choking gall, and a preserving sweet. <sup>200</sup>

Farewell, my coz.

*Ben.* Soft, I will go along;  
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

*Rom.* Tut! I have lost myself; I am not  
here;

This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

*Ben.* Tell me in sadness, who is that you  
love.

*Rom.* What! shall I groan and tell thee?

*Ben.* Groan! why, no;  
But sadly tell me who.

*Rom.* Bid a sick man in sadness make  
his will;

Ah! word ill urg'd to one that is so ill.

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman. <sup>210</sup>

*Ben.* I aim'd so near when I suppos'd you  
lov'd.

*Rom.* A right good mark-man! And she's  
fair I love.

*Ben.* A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest  
hit.

*Rom.* Well, in that hit you miss: she'll  
not be hit

With Cupid's arrow; she hath Dian's wit;  
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,

From love's weak childish bow she lives  
unharm'd.

She will not stay the siege of loving terms,  
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,

Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold: <sup>220</sup>

O! she is rich in beauty; only poor  
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her  
store.

*Ben.* Then she hath sworn that she will  
still live chaste?

*Rom.* She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;  
For beauty starv'd with her severity  
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.  
She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,  
To merit bliss by making me despair:  
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow  
Do I live dead that live to tell it now. 230  
*Ben.* Be rul'd by me; forget to think of her.

*Rom.* O! teach me how I should forget to think.  
*Ben.* By giving liberty unto thine eyes:  
Examine other beauties.

*Rom.* 'T is the way  
To call hers exquisite, in question more.  
These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows  
Being black put us in mind they hide the fair;  
He that is stricken blind cannot forget  
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:  
Show me a mistress that is passing fair, 240  
What doth her beauty serve but as a note  
Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?  
*Farewell:* thou canst not teach me to forget.

*Ben.* I 'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.  
*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Street.*

*Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant.*

*Cap.* But Montague is bound as well as I,  
In penalty alike; and 't is not hard, I think,  
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

*Par.* Of honourable reckoning are you both;  
And pity 't is you liv'd at odds so long.  
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

*Cap.* But saying o'er what I have said before:  
My child is yet a stranger in the world,  
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;

Let two more summers wither in their pride  
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride. 11

*Par.* Younger than she are happy mothers made.

*Cap.* And too soon marr'd are those so early made.

The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,

She is the hopeful lady of my earth:  
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,

My will to her consent is but a part;  
An she agree, within her scope of choice  
Lies my consent and fair according voice.

This night I hold an old accustom'd feast, 20  
Whereto I have invited many a guest  
Such as I love; and you, among the store,  
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.

At my poor house look to behold this night  
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven  
light:

Such comfort as do lusty young men feel  
When well-apparell'd April on the heel  
Of limping winter treads, even such delight

Among fresh female buds shall you this night  
Inherit at my house; hear all, all see, 30  
And like her most whose merit most shall be:  
Which one more view, of many mine being one  
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.  
Come, go with me.

*To Servant, giving a paper.*  
Go, sirrah, trudge about  
Through fair Verona; find those persons out  
Whose names are written there, and to them say,  
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay. *Exeunt CAPULET and PARIS.* 37

*Serv.* Find them out whose names are written here! It is written that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned. In good time. 45

*Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.*  
*Ben.* Tut! man, one fire burns out another's burning,  
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;  
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;  
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:  
Take thou some new infection to thy eye, 50  
And the rank poison of the old will die.  
*Rom.* Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.  
*Ben.* For what, I pray thee?  
*Rom.* For your broken shin.  
*Ben.* Why, Romeo, art thou mad?  
*Rom.* Not mad, but bound more than a madman is;  
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,  
Whipp'd and tormented, and—Good den, good fellow.  
*Serv.* God gi' good den. I pray, sir, can you read?  
*Rom.* Ay, mine own fortune in my misery. 60  
*Serv.* Perhaps you have learned it without book: but, I pray, can you read any thing you see?  
*Rom.* Ay, if I know the letters and the language.  
*Serv.* Ye say honestly; rest you merry!  
*Rom.* Stay, fellow; I can read.

*Signior Martino and his wife and daughters; County Anselme and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces; Mercutio and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters; my fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio and the lively Helena.* 74

A fair assembly; whither should they come?

*Serv.* Up.*Rom.* Whither?*Serv.* To supper; to our house.*Rom.* Whose house?*Serv.* My master's.*Rom.* Indeed, I should have asked you that before.*Serv.* Now I'll tell you without asking. My master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry!

80

*Exit.**Ben.* At this same ancient feast of Capulet's

Supps the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st, With all the admired beauties of Verona:

Go thither; and with unattainted eye 90 Compare her face with some that I shall show,

And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

*Rom.* When the devout religion of mine eye

Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires!

And these, who often drown'd could never die,

Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars! One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

*Ben.* Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,

Herself pois'd with herself in either eye; 100 But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd Your lady's love against some other maid That I will show you shining at this feast, And she shall scant show well that now shows best.

*Rom.* I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,

But to rejoice in splendor of mine own.

*Exeunt.*SCENE III.—*The Same.* A Room in CAPULET'S House.*Enter Lady CAPULET and Nurse.**Lady Cap.* Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.*Nurse.* Now, by my maidenhead, at twelve years old,

I bade her come. What, lamb! what, ladybird!

God forbid! Where's this girl? What, Juliet!

*Enter JULIET.**Jul.* How now! who calls?*Nurse.* Your mother.*Jul.* Madam, I am here. What is your will?*Lady Cap.* This is the matter. Nurse, give leave awhile,

We must talk in secret: nurse, come back again;

I have remember'd me, thou's hear our counsel.

Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

*Nurse.* Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.*Lady Cap.* She's not fourteen.*Nurse.* I'll lay fourteen of my teeth, And, yet to my teen be it spoken, I have but four,

She is not fourteen. How long is it now To Lammas-tide?

*Lady Cap.* A fortnight and odd days.*Nurse.* Even or odd, of all days in the year,

Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.

Susan and she—God rest all Christian souls!—

Were of an age. Well, Susan is with God; She was too good for me. But, as I said, 20 On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;

That shall she, marry; I remember it well. 'T is since the earthquake now eleven years; And she was wean'd, I never shall forget it;

Of all the days of the year, upon that day; For I had then laid wormwood to my dug, Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall;

My lord and you were then at Mantua.

Nay, I do bear a brain:—but, as I said, When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple 30

Of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty fool!

To see it tetchy and fall out with the dug.

'Shake,' quoth the dove-house: 't was no need, I trow,

To bid me trudge:

And since that time it is eleven years;

For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,

She could have run and waddled all about;

For even the day before she broke her brow:

And then my husband, God be with his soul!

A' was a merry man, took up the child: 40

'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face?

Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit;

Wilt thou not, Jule?' and, by my halidom,

The pretty wretch left crying, and said 'Ay.'

To see now how a jest shall come about!

I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,

I never should forget it: 'Wilt thou not,

Jule?' quoth he;

And, pretty fool, it stinted and said 'Ay.'

*Lady Cap.* Enough of this; I pray thee,

hold thy peace.

*Nurse.* Yes, madam. Yet I cannot choose

but laugh, 50

To think it should leave crying, and say

'Ay':

And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow

A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone;

A perilous knock; and it cried bitterly:

'Yea,' quoth my husband, 'fall'st upon thy

face?

Thou wilt fall backward when thou com'st

to age;

Wilt thou not, Jule?' it stinted and said 'Ay.'

*Jul.* And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse,

say I.

*Nurse.* Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!  
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd:  
An I might live to see thee married once,  
I have my wish.

*Lady Cap.* Marry, that 'marry' is the very theme

I come to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,  
How stands your disposition to be married?

*Jul.* It is an honour that I dream not of.

*Nurse.* An honour! were not I thine only nurse,

I would say thou had suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

*Lady Cap.* Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,

Are made already mothers: by my count, I was your mother much upon these years That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief,

The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

*Nurse.* A man, young lady! lady, such a man

As all the world—why, he's a man of wax.

*Lady Cap.* Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

*Nurse.* Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

*Lady Cap.* What say you? can you love the gentleman?

This night you shall behold him at our feast; Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;

Examine every several lineament, And see how one another lends content;

And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies Find written in the margin of his eyes.

This precious book of love, this unbound lover,

To beautify him, only lacks a cover: The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis much pride

For fair without the fair within to hide: That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,

That in gold clasps locks in the golden story: So shall you share all that he doth possess,

By having him making yourself no less.

*Nurse.* No less! nay, bigger; women grow by men.

*Lady Cap.* Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

*Jul.* I'll look to like, if looking liking move;

But no more deep will I endart mine eye Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

*Lady Cap.* We follow thee. Juliet, the county stays.

*Nurse.* Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

*Exeunt.* 108

SCENE IV.—*The Same. A Street.*

*Enter* ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with five or six Maskers, Torch-bearers, and Others.

*Rom.* What! shall this speech be spoke for our excuse,

Or shall we on without apology?

*Ben.* The date is out of such prolixity: We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf,

Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath, Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;

Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke After the prompter, for our entrance:

But let them measure us by what they will, We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

*Rom.* Give me a torch: I am not for this ambling;

Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

*Mer.* Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

*Rom.* Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes

With nimble soles; I have a soul of lead So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

*Mer.* You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,

And soar with them above a common bound.

*Rom.* I am too sore enpierced with his shaft

To soar with his light feathers; and so bound

I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe: Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

*Mer.* And, to sink in it, should you burden love;

Too great oppression for a tender thing.

*Rom.* Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,

Too rude, too boisterous; and it pricks like thorn.

*Mer.* If love be rough with you, be rough with love;

Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.

Give me a case to put my visage in: *Putting on a mask.*

A visor for a visor! what care I What curious eye doth quote deformities?

Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me.

*Ben.* Come, knock and enter; and no sooner in

But every man betake him to his legs.

*Rom.* A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart,

Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels, For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase: I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

*Mer.* Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word:

If thou art Dun, we'll draw thee from the mire,

Or—save your reverence—love, wherein  
thou stick'st  
Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight,  
ho!

*Rom.* Nay, that's not so.

*Mer.* I mean, sir, in delay  
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by  
day.

Take our good meaning, for our judgment  
sits

Five times in that ere once in our five wits.

*Rom.* And we mean well in going to this  
mask;

But 't is no wit to go.

*Mer.* Why, may one ask?

*Rom.* I dream'd a dream to-night.

*Mer.* And so did I.

*Rom.* Well, what was yours?

*Mer.* That dreamers often lie.

*Rom.* In bed asleep, while they do dream  
things true. 52

*Mer.* O! then I see Queen Mab hath  
been with you.

She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes  
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone

On the forefinger of an alderman,

Drawn with a team of little atomies

Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:

Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners'  
legs;

The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers; 60

The traces, of the smallest spider's web;

The collars, of the moonshine's watery  
beams;

Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of  
film;

Her wagoner, a small grey-coated gnat,

Not half so big as a round little worm

Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid;

Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,

Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,

Time out o' mind the fairies' coach-makers.

And in this state she gallops night by night

Through lovers' brains, and then they  
dream of love; 71

O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court-  
sies straight;

O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream  
on fees;

O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses  
dream;

Which oft the angry Mab with blisters  
plagues,

Because their breaths with sweetmeats  
tainted are.

Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,  
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;

And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's  
tail,

Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep, 70

Then dreams he of another benefice;

Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,  
And then dreams he of cutting foreign

throats,  
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,  
Of healths five fathom deep; and then

Drums in his ear, at which he starts and  
wakes;

And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer  
or two,

And sleeps again. This is that very Mab

That plats the manes of horses in the night;  
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish

hairs, 80  
Which once entangled much misfortune  
bodes;

This is the hag, when maids lie on their  
backs,

That presses them and learns them first to  
bear,

Making them women of good carriage;  
This is she—

*Rom.* Peace, peace! Mercutio, peace!  
Thou talk'st of nothing.

*Mer.* True, I talk of dreams,  
Which are the children of an idle brain,

Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;  
Which is as thin of substances as the air,

And more inconstant than the wind, who  
woos 100

Even now the frozen bosom of the north,  
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,

Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

*Ben.* This wind you talk of blows us  
from ourselves;

Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

*Rom.* I fear, too early; for my mind  
misgives

Some consequence yet hanging in the stars  
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date

With this night's revels, and expire the  
term

Of a despised life clos'd in my breast 110  
By some vile forfeit of untimely death.

But he, that hath the steerage of my course,  
Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen.

*Ben.* Strike, drum. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Same. A hall in CAPULET'S  
House.*

*Musicians waiting. Enter Servingmen.*

*First Serv.* Where's Potpan, that he  
helps not to take away? He shift a trencher!

he scrape a trencher!

*Second Serv.* When good manners shal  
lie all in one or two men's hands, and they  
unwashed too, 't is a foul thing.

*First Serv.* Away with the joint-stools,  
remove the court-cupboard, look to the

plate. Good thou, save me a piece of  
marchpane; and, as thou lovest me, let the

porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell.  
Antony! and Potpan! 11

*Second Serv.* Ay, boy; ready.

*First Serv.* You are looked for and called  
for, asked for and sought for, in the great  
chamber.

*Third Serv.* We cannot be here and there  
too. Cheerly, boys; be brisk awhile, and  
the longer liver take all. *They retire behind.*

*Enter CAPULET, with JULIET and others of  
his house, meeting the Guests and  
Masks.*

*Cap.* Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that  
have their toes

Unplagu'd with corns will have a bout with you.

Ah ha! my mistresses, which of you all 20  
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she,

I'll swear, hath corns; am I come near ye now?

Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day  
That I have worn a visor, and could tell  
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear  
Such as would please; 't is gone, 't is gone, 't is gone.

You are welcome, gentlemen! Come, musicians, play.

A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.  
*Music plays, and they dance.*

More light, you knaves! and turn the tables up,

And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot. 30

Ah! sirrah, this unlook'd for sport comes well.

Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet,  
For you and I are past our dancing days;  
How long is 't now since last yourself and I  
Were in a mask?

*Second Cap.* By 'r Lady, thirty years.

*Cap.* What! man; 't is not so much, 't is not so much:

'T is since the nuptial of Lucentio,  
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,  
Some five-and-twenty years; and then we mask'd.

*Second Cap.* 'T is more, 't is more: his son is elder, sir; 40

His son is thirty.

*Cap.* Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

*Rom.* What lady's that which doth enrich the hand  
Of yonder knight?

*Serv.* I know not, sir.

*Rom.* O! she doth teach the torches to burn bright.

It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night  
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;

Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!  
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,

As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows. 51  
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,

And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.

Did my heart love till now! forswear it, sight!

For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

*Tyb.* This, by his voice, should be a Montague.

Fetch me my rapier, boy. What! dares the slave

Come hither, cover'd with an antick face,  
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?

Now, by the stock and honour of my kin, 60  
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

*Cap.* Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore storm you so?

*Tyb.* Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;  
A villain that is hither come in spite,

To scorn at our solemnity this night.

*Cap.* Young Romeo is it?

*Tyb.* 'T is he, that villain Romeo.

*Cap.* Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone:

He bears him like a portly gentleman;  
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him

To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth. 70  
I would not for the wealth of all the town

Here in my house do him disparagement;  
Therefore be patient, take no note of him:

It is my will; the which if thou respect,  
Show a fair presence and put off these

frowns,  
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

*Tyb.* It fits, when such a villain is a guest:

I'll not endure him.

*Cap.* He shall be endur'd:

What! Goodman boy; I say he shall, go to;

Am I the master here, or you? go to. 80  
You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul!

You'll make a mutiny among my guests!  
You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

*Tyb.* Why, uncle, 't is a shame.

*Cap.* Go to, go to;

You are a saucy boy.—Is 't so, indeed?—  
This trick may chance to scathe you—I

know what.

You must contrary me! marry, 't is time.

Well said, my hearts! You are a princ Cox; 90

Be quiet, or—More light, more light!—For shame!

I'll make you quiet. What! cheerly, my hearts! 90

*Tyb.* Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting  
Makes my flesh tremble in their different

greeting.  
I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall  
Now seeming sweet convert to bitter gall. *Exit.*

*Rom.* To JULIET. If I profane with my unwortheist hand

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this;  
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand

To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

*Jul.* Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,

Which mannerly devotion shows in this;  
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands

do touch. 101  
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

*Rom.* Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

*Jul.* Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

*Rom.* O! then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

*Jul.* Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

*Rom.* Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.

Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purg'd. *Kissing her.*

*Jul.* Then have my lips the sin that they have took. 110

*Rom.* Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!

Give me my sin again.

*Jul.* You kiss by the book.

*Nurse.* Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

*Rom.* What is her mother?

*Nurse.* Marry, bachelor,

Her mother is the lady of the house,  
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous;

I nurs'd her daughter that you talk'd withal;  
I tell you he that can lay hold of her  
Shall have the chinks.

*Rom.* Is she a Capulet?  
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt. 120

*Ben.* Away, be gone; the sport is at the best.

*Rom.* Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

*Cap.* Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;

We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.  
Is it e'en so? Why then, I thank you all;  
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.  
More torches here! Come on then, let's to bed.

*Ah!* sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late;  
I'll to my rest.

*Exeunt all but JULIET and Nurse.*

*Jul.* Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman? 150

*Nurse.* The son and heir of old Tiberio.  
*Jul.* What's he that now is going out of door?

*Nurse.* Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

*Jul.* What's he that follows there, that would not dance?

*Nurse.* I know not,

*Jul.* Go, ask his name.—If he be married,  
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

*Nurse.* His name is Romeo, and a Montague;

The only son of your great enemy.

*Jul.* My only love sprung from my only hate! 140

Too early seen unknown, and known too late!

Prodigious birth of love it is to me,

That I must love a loathed enemy.

*Nurse.* What's this? what's this?

*Jul.* A rime I learn'd even now  
Of one I danc'd withal.

*Nurse.* One calls within, 'JULIET.'  
Anon, anon!

Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.  
*Exeunt.*

## PROLOGUE.

*Enter CHORUS.*

*Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,  
And young affection gapes to be his heir;  
That fair for which love groan'd for and would die,*

*With tender Juliet match'd, is now no fair.*

*Now Romeo is belov'd and loves again,  
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks,  
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,  
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:*

*Being held a foe, he may not have access  
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear; 10*

*And she as much in love, her means much less*

*To meet her new-beloved any where:  
But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,*

*Tempering extremities with extreme sweet.*  
*Exit.*

## ACT II

SCENE I.—*Verona. A Lane by the wall of CAPULET'S Orchard.*

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Rom.* Can I go forward when my heart is here?  
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.

*He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.*

*Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.*

*Ben.* Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

*Mer.* He is wise; And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.

*Ben.* He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:

Call, good Mercutio.

*Mer.* Nay, I'll conjure too.  
Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh;  
Speak but one rime and I am satisfied;

Cry but 'Ay me!' pronounce but 'love' and 'dove';

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,  
One nickname for her purblind son and heir,

Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim  
When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.

He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;

The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.  
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,

By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,  
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,

And the demesnes that there adjacent lie, 20  
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

*Ben.* An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

*Mer.* This cannot anger him: 't would anger him

To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle  
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand

Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;  
That were some spite: my invocation

Is fair and honest, and in his mistress' name

I conjure only but to raise up him.

*Ben.* Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,  
To be consorted with the humorous night:  
Blind is his love and best befits the dark.

*Mer.* If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.

Now will he sit under a medlar tree,  
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit

As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.

O Romeo! that she were, O! that she were  
An open et cetera, thou a poperin pear.  
Romeo, good night: I'll to my truckie-bed;  
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep; 40  
Come, shall we go?

*Ben.* Go, then; for 't is in vain  
To seek him here that means not to be found.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same.* CAPULET'S Orchard.

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Rom.* He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

*JULIET appears above at a window.*  
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!  
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,  
Who is already sick and pale with grief,  
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:

Be not her maid, since she is envious;  
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,  
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.  
It is my lady; O! it is my love: 10  
O! that she knew she were.

She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?

Her eye discourses; I will answer it.  
I am too bold, 't is not to me she speaks:  
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,  
Having some business, do entreat her eyes  
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.  
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars

As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven  
Would through the airy region stream so bright

That birds would sing and think it were not night.

See! how she leans her cheek upon her hand:

O! that I were a glove upon that hand  
That I might touch that cheek.

*Jul.* Ay me!  
*Rom.* She speaks;

O! speak again, bright angel; for thou art  
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,

As is a winged messenger of heaven  
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes  
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him 30  
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,  
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

*Jul.* O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?

Deny thy father, and refuse thy name;  
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,  
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

*Rom. Aside.* Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

*Jul.* 'T is but thy name that is my enemy;  
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.

What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,  
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part, 41  
Belonging to a man. O! be some other name:

What's in a name? that which we call a rose  
By any other name would smell as sweet;

So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,  
Retain that dear perfection which he owes  
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name;

And for thy name, which is no part of thee,  
Take all myself.

*Rom.* I take thee at thy word.  
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd; 50  
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

*Jul.* What man art thou, that thus bescreen'd in night

So stumblest on my counsel?

*Rom.* By a name  
I know not how to tell thee who I am:

My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,  
Because it is an enemy to thee:

Had I it written, I would tear the word.

*Jul.* My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words

Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound:

Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague? 60

*Rom.* Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.

*Jul.* How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?

The orchard walls are high and hard to climb;

And the place death, considering who thou art,

If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

*Rom.* With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls;

For stony limits cannot hold love out,  
And what love can do that dares love attempt;

Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

*Jul.* If they do see thee they will murder thee.

*Rom.* Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye

Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,

And I am proof against their enmity.

*Jul.* I would not for the world they saw thee here.

*Rom.* I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes;

And but thou love me, let them find me here:

My life were better ended by their hate,  
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

*Jul.* By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

*Rom.* By love, that first did prompt me to inquire;  
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.  
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far  
As that vast shore wash'd with the furthest sea,  
I would adventure for such merchandise.

*Jul.* Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,  
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek  
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny  
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!

Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say  
'Ay,'

And I will take thy word; yet, if thou swear'st,  
Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries,

They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo!  
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:  
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,  
I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,  
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.  
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,  
And therefore thou may'st think my haviour light:

But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true  
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.

I should have been more strange, I must confess,  
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,  
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me,

And not impute this yielding to light love,  
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

*Rom.* Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear  
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—

*Jul.* O! swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,

That monthly changes in her circled orb, 110  
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

*Rom.* What shall I swear by?

*Jul.* Do not swear at all;  
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,  
Which is the god of my idolatry,  
And I'll believe thee.

*Rom.* If my heart's dear love—

*Jul.* Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,

I have no joy of this contract to-night:  
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;  
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be  
Ere one can say it lightens. Sweet, good night! 120

This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,

May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.

Good night! good night! as sweet repose and rest

Come to thy heart as that within my breast!

*Rom.* O! wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

*Jul.* What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

*Rom.* The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

*Jul.* I gave thee mine before thou didst request it;

And yet I would it were to give again.

*Rom.* Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love? 130

*Jul.* But to be frank, and give it thee again.

And yet I wish but for the thing I have:

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,

My love as deep; the more I give to thee,

The more I have, for both are infinite.

*Nurse calls within.*

I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!

Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.

Stay but a little, I will come again.

*Exit above.*

*Rom.* O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,

Being in night, all this is but a dream, 140

Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

*Re-enter JULIET, above.*

*Jul.* Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable,

Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,

By one that I'll procure to come to thee,

Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;

And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,

And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

*Nurse. Within.* Madam!

*Jul.* I come, anon.—But if thou mean'st not well, 150

I do beseech thee—

*Nurse. Within.* Madam!

*Jul.* By and by; I come:—

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:

To-morrow will I send.

*Rom.* So thrive my soul,—

*Jul.* A thousand times good night!

*Exit above.*

*Rom.* A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.

Love goes toward love as school-boys from their books;

But love from love toward school with heavy looks. *Retiring.*

*Re-enter JULIET, above.*

*Jul.* Hist! Romeo, hist! O! for a falconer's voice,

To lure this tassel-gentle back again. 160

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud,

Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,

And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,

With repetition of my Romeo's name.

*Rom.* It is my soul that calls upon my name:

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,

Like softest music to attending ears!

*Jul.* Romeo!

*Rom.* My dear!

*Jul.* At what o'clock to-morrow Shall I send to thee?

*Rom.* At the hour of nine.

*Jul.* I will not fail; 't is twenty years till then. 170

I have forgot why I did call thee back.

*Rom.* Let me stand here till thou remember it.

*Jul.* I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,

Remembering how I love thy company.

*Rom.* And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,

Forgetting any other home but this.

*Jul.* 'T is almost morning; I would have thee gone;

And yet no further than a wanton's bird, Who lets it hop a little from her hand,

Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves, 180

And with a silk thread plucks it back again, So loving-jealous of his liberty.

*Rom.* I would I were thy bird.

*Jul.* Sweet, so would I:

Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing. Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow

That I shall say good night till it be morrow. *Exit.*

*Rom.* Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!

Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!

Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell, His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. 190

*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Same.* Friar LAURENCE'S Cell.

*Enter* Friar LAURENCE, *with a basket.*

*Fri.* The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,

Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light,

And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels:

Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,

I must up-fill this osier cage of ours With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.

The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb;

What is her burying grave that is her womb, 200

And from her womb children of divers kind We sucking on her natural bosom find,

Many for many virtues excellent, None but for some, and yet all different.

O! mickle is the powerful grace that lies

In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:

For nought so vile that on the earth doth live But to the earth some special good doth give,

Nor aught so good but strain'd from that fair use

Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse; 20

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied, And vice sometime's by action dignified.

Within the infant rind of this weak flower Poison hath residence and medicine power:

For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;

Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart. Two such opposed kings encamp them still

In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will; And where the worser is predominant,

Full soon the canker death eats up that plant. 30

*Enter* ROMEO.

*Rom.* Good morrow, father!

*Fri.* *Benedicite!*

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me? Young son, it argues a distemper'd head

So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed: Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,

And where care lodges, sleep will never lie; But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain

Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:

Therefore thy earliness doth me assure Thou art up-rous'd by some distempera- 40

ture;

Or if not so, then here I hit it right, Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

*Rom.* That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.

*Fri.* God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

*Rom.* With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;

I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

*Fri.* That's my good son; but where hast thou been, then?

*Rom.* I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.

I have been feasting with mine enemy, Where on a sudden one hath wounded me, 50

That's by me wounded: both our remedies Within thy help and holy physic lies:

I bear no hatred, blessed man; for, lo! My intercession likewise steads my foe.

*Fri.* Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;

Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift. *Rom.* Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set

On the fair daughter of rich Capulet; As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;

And all combin'd, save what thou must combine 60

By holy marriage: when and where and how

We met, we woo'd and made exchange of vow.

I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,  
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

*Fri.* Holy Saint Francis! what a change is  
here;

Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,  
So soon forsaken? young men's love then  
lies

Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.  
*Jesu Maria!* what a deal of brine <sup>69</sup>

Hath wash'd thy fallow cheeks for Rosaline;  
How much salt water thrown away in waste,  
To season love, that of it doth not taste!

The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,  
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;  
Lo! here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit  
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet.

If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes  
thine,

Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline;  
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sen-  
tence then:

Women may fall, when there's no strength  
in men. <sup>80</sup>

*Rom.* Thou chidd'st me oft for loving  
Rosaline.

*Fri.* For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

*Rom.* And bad'st me bury love.

*Fri.* Not in a grave,  
To lay one in, another out to have.

*Rom.* I pray thee, chide not; she whom I  
love now

Doth grace for grace and love for love allow;  
The other did not so.

*Fri.* O! she knew well  
Thy love did read by rote and could not  
spell.

But come, young waverer, come, go with me,  
In one respect I'll thy assistant be; <sup>80</sup>

For this alliance may so happy prove,  
To turn your households' rancour to pure  
love.

*Rom.* O! let us hence; I stand on sudden  
haste.

*Fri.* Wisely and slow; they stumble that  
run fast. *Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.—The Same. A Street.

*Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.*

*Mer.* Where the devil should this Romeo  
be?

Came he not home to-night?

*Ben.* Not to his father's; I spoke with  
his man.

*Mer.* Why, that same pale hard-hearted  
wench, that Rosaline,

Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

*Ben.* Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet,  
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

*Mer.* A challenge, on my life,

*Ben.* Romeo will answer it.

*Mer.* Any man that can write may answer  
a letter. <sup>10</sup>

*Ben.* Nay, he will answer the letter's  
master, how he dares, being dared.

*Mer.* Alas! poor Romeo, he is already  
dead; stabbed with a white wench's black  
eye; shot through the ear with a love-song;  
the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind

bow-boy's butt-shaft; and is he a man to  
encounter Tybalt? <sup>17</sup>

*Ben.* Why, what is Tybalt?

*Mer.* More than prince of cats, I can tell  
you. O! he is the courageous captain of  
compliments. He fights as you sing prick-  
song, keeps time, distance, and proportion;  
rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the  
third in your bosom; the very butcher of a  
silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentle-  
man of the very first house, of the first and  
second cause. Ah! the immortal passado!  
the punto reverso! the hay!

*Ben.* The what? <sup>28</sup>

*Mer.* The pox of such antick, lisp-  
ing, affecting fantasticsoes, these new tuners of  
accents! 'By Jesu, a very good blade! a  
very tall man! a very good whore!' Why,  
is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire,  
that we should be thus afflicted with these  
strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these  
*pardonnez-mois*, who stand so much on the  
new form that they cannot sit at ease on the  
old bench? O! their *bons*, their *bons*. <sup>37</sup>

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Ben.* Here comes Romeo, here comes  
Romeo.

*Mer.* Without his roe, like a dried her-  
ring. O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!  
Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch  
flowed in; Laura to his lady was a kitchen-  
wench; marry, she had a better love to  
be-rime her; Dido a dowdy; Cleopatra a  
gypsy; Helen and Hero hildings and  
harlots; Thisbe a grey eye or so, but not  
to the purpose. Signior Romeo, *bon jour!*  
there's a French salutation to your French  
slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly  
last night.

*Rom.* Good morrow to you both. What  
counterfeit did I give you? <sup>50</sup>

*Mer.* The slip, sir, the slip; can you not  
conceive?

*Rom.* Pardon, good Mercutio, my busi-  
ness was great; and in such a case as mine  
a man may strain courtesy.

*Mer.* That's as much as to say, such a  
case as yours constrains a man to bow in  
the hams. <sup>60</sup>

*Rom.* Meaning, to court'sy.

*Mer.* Thou hast most kindly hit it.

*Rom.* A most courteous exposition.

*Mer.* Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

*Rom.* Pink for flower.

*Mer.* Right.

*Rom.* Why, then is my pump well  
flowered.

*Mer.* Well said; follow me this jest now  
till thou hast worn out thy pump, that when  
the single sole of it is worn, the jest may  
remain after the wearing sole singular.

*Rom.* O single-soled jest! solely singular  
for the singleness. <sup>70</sup>

*Mer.* Come between us, good Benvolio;  
my wit faints.

*Rom.* Switch and spurs, switch and  
spurs; or I'll cry a match.

*Mer.* Nay, if our wits run the wild-geese

chase, I am done, for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose? 80

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O! here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad.

Rom. I stretch it out for that word 'broad'; which added to the goose proves thee far and wide a broad goose. 91

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole. 97

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou would'st else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O! thou art deceived; I would have made it short; for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupy the argument no longer. 106

Rom. Here's goodly gear!

Enter Nurse and PETER.

Mer. A sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

Nurse. Peter! 110

Peter. Anon!

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you! 120

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made for himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said; 'for himself to mar,' quoth a? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well. 130

Mer. Yea! is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent. 140

An old hare hoar, and an old hare hoar.

Is very good meat in Lent:

But a hare that is hoar, is too much for a score,

When it hoars ere it be spent.

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell. 150

Lady, lady, lady.

Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.

Nurse. Marry, farewell! I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month. 157

Nurse. An a' speak any thing against me, I'll take him down, an a' were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skeins-mates. To PETER. And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure? 164

Peter. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side. 169

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave! Pray you, sir, a word; and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bid me say I will keep to myself; but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is younger; and therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing. 181

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

Nurse. Good heart! and, i' faith, I will tell her as much. Lord, Lord! she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise 191  
Some means to come to shrift this afternoon;

And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell  
Be shriv'd and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say you shall.

*Nurse.* This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

*Rom.* And stay, good nurse; behind the abbey-wall

Within this hour my man shall be with thee,  
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;

Which to the high top-gallant of my joy  
Must be my convoy in the secret night.  
Farewell! Be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.  
Farewell! Commend me to thy mistress.

*Nurse.* Now God in heaven bless thee!  
Hark you, sir.

*Rom.* What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

*Nurse.* Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say,

Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

*Rom.* I warrant thee my man's as true as steel.

*Nurse.* Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, Lord! when 't was a little prating thing,—O! there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lief see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the versal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

*Rom.* Ay, nurse; what of that? both with an R.

*Nurse.* Ah! mocker; that's the dog's name. R is for the—No; I know it begins with some other letter; and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

*Rom.* Commend me to thy lady.

*Nurse.* Ay, a thousand times. *Exit*

ROMEO. Peter!

*Peter.* Anon!

*Nurse.* Before, and apace. *Exeunt.*

# SCENE V.—The Same. CAPULET'S Orchard.

*Enter JULIET.*

*Jul.* The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;

In half an hour she promis'd to return.  
Perchance she cannot meet him: that's not so.

O! she is lame: love's heralds should be thoughts,

Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams

Driving back shadows over lowering hills:  
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw Love,

And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Now is the sun upon the highmost hill  
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve

Is three long hours, yet she is not come.  
Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,

She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;

My words would bandy her to my sweet love,

And his to me:

But old folks many feign as they were dead;  
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

*Enter Nurse and PETER.*

O God! she comes. O honey nurse! what news?

Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

*Nurse.* Peter, stay at the gate.

*Exit PETER.*

*Jul.* Now, good sweet nurse; O Lord! why look'st thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;  
If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news

By playing it to me with so sour a face.

*Nurse.* I am aweary, give me leave awhile:

Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!

*Jul.* I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news.

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good nurse, speak.

*Nurse.* Jesu! what haste; can you not stay awhile?

Do you not see that I am out of breath?

*Jul.* How art thou out of breath when thou hast breath

To say to me that thou art out of breath?  
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay

Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.  
Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:  
Let me be satisfied, is 't good or bad?

*Nurse.* Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man:

Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body, though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare. He is not the flower of courtesy, but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench; serve God. What! have you dined at home?

*Jul.* No, no: but all this did I know before. What says he of our marriage? what of that?

*Nurse.* Lord! how my head aches; what a head have I!

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back o' t' other side; O! my back, my back.

Beshrew your heart for sending me about,  
To catch my death with jaunting up and down.

*Jul.* I faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

*Nurse.* Your love says, like an honest gentleman, and a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and, I warrant, a virtuous,—

Where is your mother?

*Jul.* Where is my mother? why, she is within;  
Where should she be? How oddly thou reli-  
piest:

'Your love says, like an honest gentleman,  
Where is your mother?'  
*Nurse.* O! God's lady dear.

Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow;  
Is this the poultrice for my aching bones?  
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

*Jul.* Here's such a coil! come, what  
says Romeo?

*Nurse.* Have you got leave to go to shrift  
to-day?

*Jul.* I have.  
*Nurse.* Then hie you hence to Friar Lau-  
rence' cell; 70

There stays a husband to make you a wife;  
Now comes the wanton blood up in your  
cheeks,

They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.  
Hie you to church; I must another way,  
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love  
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is  
dark;

I am the drudge and toil in your delight,  
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.  
Go; I'll to dinner: hie you to the cell.

*Jul.* Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse,  
farewell. *Exeunt.* 80

SCENE VI.—*The Same.* Friar LAURENCE'S  
Cell.

*Enter Friar LAURENCE and Romeo.*

*Fri.* So smile the heavens upon this holy  
act,

That after hours with sorrow chide us not!  
*Rom.* Amen, amen! but come what sor-  
row can,

It cannot countervail the exchange of joy  
That one short minute gives me in her sight:  
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,  
Then love-devouring death do what he dare;  
It is enough I may but call her mine.

*Fri.* These violent delights have violent  
ends,

And in their triumph die, like fire and pow-  
der, 13

Which as they kiss consume: the sweetest  
honey

Is loathsome in his own deliciousness  
And in the taste confounds the appetite:  
Therefore love moderately; long love doth

so;  
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

*Enter JULIET.*

Here comes the lady: O! so light a foot  
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:  
A lover may bestride the gossamer

That idles in the wanton summer air,  
And yet not fall; so light is vanity. 20

*Jul.* Good even to my ghostly confessor.  
*Fri.* Romeo shall thank thee, daughter,  
for us both.

*Jul.* As much to him, else is his thanks  
too much.

*Rom.* Ah! Juliet, if the measure of thy  
joy

Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be  
more

To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath  
This neighbour air, and let rich music's  
tongue

Unfold the imagin'd happiness that ooth  
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

*Jul.* Conceit, more rich in matter than in  
words, 30

Braggs of his substance, not of ornament:  
They are but beggars that can count their  
worth;

But my true love is grown to such excess  
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

*Fri.* Come, come with me, and we will  
make short work;

For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone  
Till holy church incorporate two in one.

*Exeunt.*

### ACT III

SCENE I.—*Verona. A public Place.*

*Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and  
Servants.*

*Ben.* I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's  
retire:

The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,  
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a  
brawl;

For now, these hot days, is the mad blood  
stirring.

*Mer.* Thou art like one of those fellows  
that when he enters the confines of a tavern  
claps me his sword upon the table and says,  
'God send me no need of thee!' and by  
the operation of the second cup draws it on  
the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

*Ben.* Am I like such a fellow? 11

*Mer.* Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack  
in thy mood as any in Italy, and as soon  
moved to be moody, and as soon moody to  
be moved.

*Ben.* And what to? 15

*Mer.* Nay, an there were two such, we  
should have none shortly, for one would kill  
the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel  
with a man that hath a hair more or a hair  
less in his beard than thou hast. Thou wilt  
quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having  
no other reason but because thou hast hazel  
eyes. What eye, but such an eye, would  
spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full  
of quarrels as an egg is full of meat, and yet  
thy head hath been beaten as addle as an  
egg for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled  
with a man for coughing in the street, be-  
cause he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain  
asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out  
with a tailor for wearing his new doublet  
before Easter? with another, for tying his  
new shoes with old riband? and yet thou  
wilt tutor me from quarrelling! 33

*Ben.* An I were so apt to quarrel as thou  
art, any man should buy the fee-simple of  
my life for an hour and a quarter.

*Mer.* The fee-simple! O simple!

*Ben.* By my head, here come the Capulets.

*Mer.* By my heel, I care not.

*Enter TYBALT and Others.*

*Tyb.* Follow me close, for I will speak to them. Gentlemen, good den! a word with one of you. 41

*Mer.* And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

*Tyb.* You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you will give me occasion.

*Mer.* Could you not take some occasion without giving?

*Tyb.* Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,—

*Mer.* Consort! what! dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddle-stick; here's that shall make you dance. Zounds! consort! 52

*Ben.* We talk here in the public haunt of men:

Either withdraw unto some private place,  
Or reason coldly of your grievances,  
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

*Mer.* Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;

I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Tyb.* Well, peace be with you, sir. Here comes my man.

*Mer.* But I'll be hang'd, sir, if I wear your livery: 60

Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;

Your worship in that sense may call him 'man.'

*Tyb.* Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford

No better term than this,—thou art a villain.

*Rom.* Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee

Doth much excuse the appertaining rage

To such a greeting; villain am I none,  
Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

*Tyb.* Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries

That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw. 70

*Rom.* I do protest, I never injur'd thee  
But love thee better than thou canst devise,  
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:  
And so, good Capulet, which name I tender  
As dearly as mine own, be satisfied.

*Mer.* O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!

*Alla stoccata carries it away. Draws.*  
*Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?* 78

*Tyb.* What would'st thou have with me?

*Mer.* Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the

ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

*Tyb.* I am for you.

*Drawing.*

*Rom.* Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

*Mer.* Come, sir, your passado. *They fight.*

*Rom.* Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.

Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage! 80

*Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath Forbidden bandying in Verona streets.*

Hold, Tybalt! good, Mercutio!

*Exeunt TYBALT and his Partisans.*

*Mer.*

I am hurt.

A plague o' both the houses! I am sped.

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

*Ben.*

What! art thou hurt?

*Mer.* Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 't is enough. 96

Where is my page? Go, villain, fetch a surgeon. *Exit Page.*

*Rom.* Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

*Mer.* No, 't is not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 't is enough, 't will serve; ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o' both your houses! Zounds! a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic! Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm. 108

*Rom.* I thought all for the best.

*Mer.* Help me into some house, Benvolio,

Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses!

They have made worms' meat of me: I have it,

And soundly too: your houses!

*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*

*Rom.* This gentleman, the prince's near ally,

My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt

In my behalf; my reputation stain'd

With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour

Hath been my cousin. O sweet Juliet!

Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,

And in my temper soften'd valour's steel. 120

*Re-enter BENVOLIO.*

*Ben.* O Romeo, Romeo! brave Mercutio's dead;

That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,  
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

*Rom.* This day's black fate on more days doth depend;

This but begins the woe others must end.

*Re-enter TYBALT.*

*Ben.* Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

*Rom.* Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!

Away to heaven, respective lenity,

And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!

Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again 130

That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul

Is but a little way above our heads,  
Staying for thine to keep him company:  
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

*Tyb.* Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,  
Shalt with him hence.

*Rom.* This shall determine that,  
*They fight; TYBALT falls.*

*Ben.* Romeo, away! be gone!  
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.  
Stand not amaz'd: the prince will doom thee death <sup>139</sup>

If thou art taken: hence! be gone! away!  
*Rom.* O! I am fortune's fool.

*Ben.* Why dost thou stay?  
*Exit ROMEO.*

*Enter Citizens, etc.*

*First Cit.* Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?

Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?  
*Ben.* There lies that Tybalt.

*First Cit.* Up, sir; go with me;  
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

*Enter PRINCE, attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET, their Wives, and Others.*

*Prince.* Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

*Ben.* O noble prince! I can discover all  
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl;  
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,  
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio. <sup>150</sup>

*Lady Cap.* Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!

O prince! O cousin! husband! O! the blood is spill'd

Of my dear kinsman. Prince, as thou art true,

For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.  
O cousin, cousin!

*Prince.* Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

*Beh.* Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay:

Romeo, that spoke him fair, bade him be-  
think

How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal  
Your high displeasure: all this uttered <sup>160</sup>  
With gentle breath, calm look, knees hum-  
bly bow'd,

Could not take truce with the unruly spleen  
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts  
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's  
breast,

Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,  
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand  
beats

Cold death aside, and with the other sends  
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity

Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,  
'Hold, friends! friends, part!' and, swifter  
than his tongue, <sup>170</sup>

His agile arm beats down their fatal points,  
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose

*arm*  
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life

Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;  
But by and by comes back to Romeo,  
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,  
And to 't they go like lightning, for, ere I  
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt  
slain,

And as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.  
This is the truth or let Benvolio die. <sup>180</sup>

*Lady Cap.* He is a kinsman to the Mon-  
tague;

Affection makes him false, he speaks not  
true:

Some twenty of them fought in this black  
strife,

And all those twenty could but kill one life.  
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must  
give:

Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.  
*Prince.* Romeo slew him, he slew Mer-  
cutio;

Who now the price of his dear blood doth  
owe?

*Mon.* Not Romeo, prince, he was Mer-  
cutio's friend;

His fault concludes but what the law should  
end, <sup>190</sup>

The life of Tybalt.

*Prince.* And for that offence  
Immediately we do exile him hence:

I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,  
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie  
a-bleeding;

But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine  
That you shall all repent the loss of mine.  
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;

Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out  
abuses;

Therefore use none; let Romeo hence in  
haste, <sup>199</sup>

Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.  
Bear hence this body and attend our will:

Mercy but murders, pardoning those that  
kill. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. CAPULET'S  
Orchard.

*Enter JULIET.*

*Jul.* Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,  
Towards Phoebus' lodging; such a waggoner

As Phaethon would whip you to the west,  
And bring in cloudy night immediately.

Spread thy close curtain, love-performing  
night!

That runaway's eyes may wink, and Romeo  
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen!

Lovers can see to do their amorous rites  
By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,

It best agrees with night. Come, civil  
night, <sup>10</sup>

Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,  
And learn me how to lose a winning match,

Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:  
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my  
cheeks,

With thy black mantle; till strange love,  
grown bold,

Think true love acted simple modesty.  
Come, night! come, Romeo! come, thou  
day in night!

For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night  
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.  
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-  
brow'd night, 20  
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,  
Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
And he will make the face of heaven so fine  
That all the world will be in love with night,  
And pay no worship to the garish sun.  
O! I have bought the mansion of a love,  
But not possess'd it, and though I am sold,  
Not yet enjoy'd. So tedious is this day  
As is the night before some festival  
To an impatient child that hath new robes 30  
And may not wear them. O! here comes  
my nurse.

*Enter Nurse, with cords.*

And she brings news; and every tongue  
that speaks  
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly elo-  
quence.

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou  
there? the cords  
That Romeo bid thee fetch?

*Nurse.* Ay, ay, the cords.  
*Throws them down.*

*Jul.* Ay me! what news? why dost thou  
wring thy hands?

*Nurse.* Ah! well-a-day! he's dead, he's  
dead, he's dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone!  
Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's  
dead!

*Jul.* Can heaven be so envious?

*Nurse.* Romeo can,  
Though heaven cannot. O! Romeo, Ro-  
meo; 41

Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!

*Jul.* What devil art thou that dost torment  
me thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.  
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but 'I,'  
And that bare vowel 'I' shall poison more  
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:  
I am not I, if there be such an I;  
Or those eyes shut that makes thee answer  
'I.'

If he be slain say 'I'; or if not, no: 50  
Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

*Nurse.* I saw the wound, I saw it with  
mine eyes,  
God save the mark! here on his manly  
breast:

A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;  
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,  
All in gore blood; I swoonded at the sight.

*Jul.* O! break, my heart; poor bankrupt,  
break at once!

To prison, eyes; ne'er look on liberty!  
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion  
here; 59

And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier!  
*Nurse.* O Tybalt, Tybalt! the best friend  
I had:

O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!  
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

*Jul.* What storm is this that blows so  
contrary?

Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead?  
My dearest cousin, and my dearer lord?  
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general  
doom!

For who is living if those two are gone?

*Nurse.* Tybalt is gone, and Romeo ban-  
ished;

Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished. 70

*Jul.* O God! did Romeo's hand shed  
Tybalt's blood?

*Nurse.* It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

*Jul.* O serpent heart, hid with a flowering  
face!

Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?

Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!

Dove-feather'd raven! wolfish-ravens-  
lamb!

Despised substance of divinest show!

Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st;

A damned saint, an honourable villain!

O nature! what hadst thou to do in hell 80

When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend

In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?

Was ever book containing such vile matter

So fairly bound? O! that deceit should  
dwell

In such a gorgeous palace.

*Nurse.* There's no trust,

No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,

All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.

Ah! where's my man? give me some *aqua*

*vitæ*:

These griefs, these woes, these sorrows

make me old.

Shame come to Romeo!

*Jul.* Blister'd be thy tongue

For such a wish! he was not born to shame:

Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit; 92

For 't is a throne where honour may be  
crown'd

Sole monarch of the universal earth.

O! what a beast was I to chide at him.

*Nurse.* Will you speak well of him that  
kill'd your cousin?

*Jul.* Shall I speak ill of him that is my  
husband?

Ah! poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth  
thy name,

When I, thy three-hours' wife, have man-  
gled it?

But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my  
cousin? 100

That villain cousin would have kill'd my  
husband:

Back, foolish tears, back to your native  
spring;

Your tributary drops belong to woe,

Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.

My husband lives, that Tybalt would have  
slain;

And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain  
my husband:

All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?

Some word there was, worse than Tybalt's  
death,

That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;

But, O! it presses to my memory. 110

Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds.

'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished!'

That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,'  
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's  
death

Was woe enough, if it had ended there:  
Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship,  
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,  
Why follow'd not, when she said 'Tybalt's  
death,'

Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,  
Which modern lamentation might have  
mov'd?

But with a rearward following Tybalt's  
death,

'Romeo is banished!' to speak that word,  
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,  
All slain, all dead: 'Romeo is banished!'  
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,  
In that word's death; no words can that  
woe sound.

Where is my father and my mother, nurse?  
Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Ty-  
balt's corse:

Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.  
Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears:  
mine shall be spent.

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banish-  
ment.

Take up those cords. Poor ropes, you are  
beguil'd,

Both you and I, for Romeo is exil'd:  
He made you for a highway to my bed,  
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.  
Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wed-  
ding-bed;

And death, not Romeo, take my maiden-  
head!

Nurse. Hie to your chamber; I'll find  
Romeo

To comfort you: I wot well where he is.  
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night:  
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

Jul. O! find him; give this ring to my  
true knight,  
And bid him come to take his last farewell.  
*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same.* Friar LAURENCE'S  
Cell.

*Enter* Friar LAURENCE.

Fri. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou  
fearful man:

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,  
And thou art wedded to calamity.

*Enter* ROMEO.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the  
prince's doom?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my  
hand,

That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar  
Is my dear son with such sour company:  
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than doomsday is the  
prince's doom?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from  
his lips,

Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha! banishment! be merciful, say  
'death';

For exile hath more terror in his look,  
Much more than death: do not say 'banish-  
ment.'

Fri. Hence from Verona art thou ban-  
ished.

Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona  
walls,

But purgatory, torture, hell itself.  
Hence banished is banish'd from the world,  
And the world's exile is death; then 'ban-  
ished'

Is death mis-term'd. Calling death 'ban-  
ished,'

Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,  
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders  
me.

Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankful-  
ness!

Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind  
prince,

Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the  
law,

And turn'd that black word death to banish-  
ment:

This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'T is torture, and not mercy:  
heaven is here,

Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog  
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,

Live here in heaven and may look on her;  
But Romeo may not: more validity,  
More honourable state, more courtship lives  
In carrion flies than Romeo: they may  
seize

On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,  
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,

Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,  
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;  
But Romeo may not; he is banished.

Flies may do this, but I from this must fly:  
They are free men, but I am banished.

And say'st thou yet that exile is not death?  
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-  
ground knife,

No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so  
mean,

But 'banished' to kill me? 'Banished'!  
O friar! the damned use that word in hell;

Howlings attend it: how hast thou the  
heart,

Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,  
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd, 50  
To mangle me with that word 'banished'?

Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me but  
speak a word.

Rom. O! thou wilt speak again of banish-  
ment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that  
word;

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,  
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet 'banished'! Hang up philo-  
sophy!

Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,  
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,

It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more. 60

*Fri.* O! then I see that madmen have no ears.

*Rom.* How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

*Fri.* Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

*Rom.* Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel.

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,  
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,  
Doting like me, and like me banished,  
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st  
thou tear thy hair,  
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,  
Taking the measure of an unmade grave. 70

*Knocking within.*

*Fri.* Arise; one knocks: good Romeo, hide thyself.

*Rom.* Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,

Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.

*Knocking.*

*Fri.* Hark! how they knock. Who's there? Romeo, arise;

Thou wilt be taken. Stay awhile! Stand up;

*Knocking.*

Run to my study. By and by! God's will!  
What simpleness is this! I come, I come!

*Knocking.*

Who knocks so hard? whence come you?  
what's your will?

*Nurse.* *Within.* Let me come in, and you shall know my errand:

I come from Lady Juliet.

*Fri.* Welcome then. 80

*Enter Nurse.*

*Nurse.* O holy friar! O! tell me, holy friar,

Where is my lady's lord? where's Romeo?

*Fri.* There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

*Nurse.* O! he is even in my mistress' case,

Just in her case. O woeful sympathy!  
Piteous predicament! Even so lies she,

Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.

Stand up, stand up: stand, an you be a man:  
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;

Why should you fall into so deep an O? 80

*Rom.* Nurse!  
*Nurse.* Ah sir! ah sir! Well, death's the end of all.

*Rom.* Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?

Doth she not think me an old murderer,  
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy

With blood remov'd but little from her own?  
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says

My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

*Nurse.* O! she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;

And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,

And Tybalt calls, and then on Romeo cries,  
And then down falls again. 103

*Rom.* As if that name,  
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,  
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand

Murder'd her kinsman.. O! tell me, friar, tell me,

In what vile part of this anatomy  
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack

The hateful mansion. *Drawing his sword.*

*Fri.* Hold thy desperate hand:  
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art:

Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote 110

The unreasonable fury of a beast:  
Unseemly woman in a seeming man;

And ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!  
Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,

I thought thy disposition better temper'd.  
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?

And slay thy lady that in thy life lives,  
By doing damned hate upon thyself?

Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven,  
and earth?

Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three  
do meet 120

In thee at once, which thou at once would'st lose.

Fie, fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love,  
thy wit;

Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,  
And uses none in that true use indeed

Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love,  
thy wit.

Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,  
Digressing from the valour of a man;

Thy dear love sworn, but hollow perjury,  
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish;

Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love, 130  
Misshapen in the conduct of them both,  
Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask,

Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance,  
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.

What! rouse thee, man; thy Juliet is alive,  
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;

There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,

But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too:

The law that threaten'd death becomes thy friend,

And turns it to exile; there art thou happy: 140

A pack of blessings light upon thy back;  
Happiness courts thee in her best array;

But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,  
Thou pou'st upon thy fortune and thy love.

Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.

Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,  
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her;

But look thou stay not till the watch be set,

For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;

Where thou shalt live, till we can find a  
time 150  
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your  
friends,  
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back  
With twenty hundred thousand times more  
joy  
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.  
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;  
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,  
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:  
Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord! I could have stay'd here  
all the night  
To hear good counsel: O! what learning  
is. 160

My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.  
Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare  
to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give  
you, sir.  
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

Exit.  
Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by  
this!

Fri. Go hence. Good night; and here  
stands all your state:  
Either be gone before the watch be set,  
Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence:  
Sojourn in Mantua: I'll find out your man,  
And he shall signify from time to time 170  
Every good hap to you that chances here.  
Give me thy hand; 't is late: farewell;  
good night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out  
on me,  
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:  
Farewell. Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*The Same. A Room in CAPULET'S House.*

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and  
PARIS.

Cap. Things have fall'n out, sir, so un-  
luckily,  
That we have had no time to move our  
daughter:  
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt  
dearly,  
And so did I: well, we were born to die.  
'T is very late, she'll not come down to-  
night:

I promise you, but for your company,  
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time  
to woo.  
Madam, good night: commend me to your  
daughter.

Lady Cap. I will, and know her mind  
early to-morrow; 10  
To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate  
tender

Of my child's love: I think she will be rul'd  
In all respects by me; nay, more, I doubt  
it not.

Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;  
Ascend her here of my son Paris' love,

And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday  
next—

But, soft! what day is this?  
Par. Monday, my lord.  
Cap. Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednes-  
day is too soon;

O' Thursday let it be: o' Thursday, tell  
her, 20

She shall be married to this noble earl.  
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?  
We'll keep no great ado; a friend or two;  
For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,  
It may be thought we held him carelessly,  
Being our kinsman, if we revel much.  
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen

friends,  
And there an end. But what say you to  
Thursday?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday  
were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone: o' Thursday  
be it then. 30

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,  
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.  
Farewell, my lord. Light to my chamber,  
ho!

Afore me! it is so very very late,  
That we may call it early by and by.  
Good night. Exeunt.

SCENE V.—*The Same. JULIET'S Chamber.*

Enter ROMEO and JULIET.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near  
day:

It was the nightingale, and not the lark,  
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear:  
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:  
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the  
morn,  
No nightingale: look, love, what envious  
streaks

Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:  
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund  
day

Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops: 10  
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not daylight, I know it, I:  
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,  
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,  
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:  
Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be  
gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to  
death;

I am content, so thou wilt have it so.  
I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,  
'T is but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow; 20  
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat  
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:  
I have more care to stay than will to go:  
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it  
so.

How is 't, my soul? let's talk; it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is; hie hence, be gone, away!  
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,  
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing  
sharps.

Some say the lark makes sweet division;  
This doth not so, for she divideth us: 30  
Some say the lark and loathed toad change  
eyes;

O! now I now they had chang'd voices too,  
Since arm from arm that voice doth us  
affray,  
Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up to the  
day.

O! now be gone; more light and light it  
grows.

Rom. More light and light; more dark  
and dark our woes.

*Enter Nurse.*

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse!

Nurse. Your lady mother is coming to  
your chamber:

The day is broke; be wary, look about. 40

*Exit.*

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let  
life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and  
I'll descend. *Descends.*

Jul. Art thou gone so? my lord, my love,  
my friend!

I must hear from thee every day in the hour,  
For in a minute there are many days:

O! by this count I shall be much in years  
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewell!

I will omit no opportunity

That may convey my greetings, love, to  
thee. 50

Jul. O! think'st thou we shall ever meet  
again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes  
shall serve

For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul:  
Methinks I see thee, now thou art so low,

As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:  
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st  
pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so  
do you:

Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu!  
adieu! *Exit.*

Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee  
fickle: 60

If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him  
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle,  
fortune;

For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,  
But send him back.

Lady Cap. Within. Ho, daughter! are  
you up?

Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady  
mother?

Is she not down so late, or up so early?  
What unaccustom'd cause procures her  
hither?

*Enter Lady CAPULET.*

Lady Cap. Why, how now, Juliet!

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

Lady Cap. Evermore weeping for your  
cousin's death? 70

What! wilt thou wash him from his grave  
with tears?

An if thou could'st, thou could'st not make  
him live;

Therefore, have done: some grief shows  
much of love;

But much of grief shows still some want of  
wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling  
loss.

Lady Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but  
not the friend

Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,

I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

Lady Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so  
much for his death

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd  
him. 80

Jul. What villain, madam?

Lady Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. Aside. Villain and he be many miles  
asunder.

God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;  
And yet no man like he doth grieve my  
heart.

Lady Cap. That is because the traitor  
murderer lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these  
my hands.

Would none but I might venge my cousin's  
death!

Lady Cap. We will have vengeance for  
it, fear thou not:

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in  
Mantua,

Where that same banish'd runagate doth  
live, 90

Shall give him such an unaccustom'd  
dram

That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:

And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied  
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—

Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd;  
Madam, if you could find out but a man

To bear a poison, I would temper it,  
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,  
Soon sleep in quiet. O! how my heart ab-  
hors 100

To hear him nam'd, and cannot come to  
him,

To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt  
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him.

Lady Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll  
find such a man.

But now, I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needy  
time.

What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

Lady Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful  
father, child;

One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,  
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy, 110

That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is  
that?

Lady Cap. Marry, my child, early next  
Thursday morn,

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,  
The County Paris, at Saint Peter's church,  
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

*Jul.* Now, by Saint Peter's church, and  
Peter too,

He shall not make me there a joyful bride.  
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed  
Ere he that should be husband comes to  
woo. 120

I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,  
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I  
swear

It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,  
Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!

*Lady Cap.* Here comes your father; tell  
him so yourself.

And see how he will take it at your hands.

*Enter CAPULET and Nurse.*

*Cap.* When the sun sets, the air doth  
drizzle dew;

But for the sunset of my brother's son  
It rains downright.

How now! a conduit, girl? what! still in  
tears? 130

Evermore showering? In one little body  
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind;  
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,  
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy  
body is,

Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy  
sighs;

Who, raging with thy tears, and they with  
them,

Without a sudden calm, will overset  
Thy tempest-tossed body. How now, wife!

Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

*Lady Cap.* Ay, sir; but she will none, she  
gives you thanks. 140

I would the fool were married to her grave!  
*Cap.* Soft! take me with you, take me  
with you, wife.

How! will she none? doth she not give us  
thanks?

Is she not proud? doth she not count her  
bless'd,

Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought  
So worthy a gentleman to be her bride-  
groom?

*Jul.* Not proud, you have; but thankful,  
that you have:

Proud can I never be of what I hate;  
But thankful even for hate, that is meant  
love.

*Cap.* How now! how now, chop-logic!  
What is this? 150

'Proud,' and 'I thank you,' and 'I thank you  
not';

And yet 'not proud'; mistress minion, you,  
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no  
prouds,

But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday  
next,

To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church,  
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you  
baggage!

You tallow-face!

*Lady Cap.* Fie, fie! what! are you mad?

*Jul.* Good father, I beseech you on my  
knees,

Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

*Cap.* Hang thee, young baggage! dis-  
obedient wretch! 161

I tell thee what: get thee to church o'  
Thursday,

Or never after look me in the face.  
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;

My fingers itch—Wife, we scarce thought us  
bless'd

That God had lent us but this only child;  
But now I see this one is one too much,

And that we have a curse in having her.  
Out on her, hiding!

*Nurse.* God in heaven bless her!  
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

*Cap.* And why, my lady wisdom? hold  
your tongue. 171

Good prudence; smatter with your gossips;  
go.

*Nurse.* I speak no treason.  
*Cap.* O! God ye good den.

*Nurse.* May not one speak?  
*Cap.* Peace, you mumbling fool!

Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,  
For here we need it not.

*Lady Cap.* You are too hot.  
*Cap.* God's bread! it makes me mad.

Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,  
Alone, in company, still my care hath been  
To have her match'd; and having now pro-  
vided 180

A gentleman of noble parentage,  
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly  
train'd,

Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts,  
Proportion'd as one's thoughts would wish  
a man;

And then to have a wretched puling fool,  
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,

To answer 'I'll not wed,' 'I cannot love,'  
'I am too young,' 'I pray you, pardon me.'

But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you!  
Graze where you will, you shall not house  
with me: 190

Look to 't, think on 't, I do not use to jest.  
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise.

An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;  
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the  
streets,

For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,  
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.

Trust to 't, bethink you; I'll not be for-  
sworn. *Exit.*

*Jul.* Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,  
That sees into the bottom of my grief?

O! sweet my mother, cast me not away: 200  
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;

Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed  
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

*Lady Cap.* Talk not to me, for I'll not  
speak a word.

Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.  
*Exit.*

*Jul.* O God! O nurse! how shall this be  
prevented?

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;  
How shall that faith return again to earth,

Unless that husband send it me from heaven  
By leaving earth? comfort me, counsel me.  
Alack, alack! that heaven should practise  
stratagems 211  
Upon so soft a subject as myself!  
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of  
joy?

Some comfort, *Nurse*.

*Nurse.* Faith, here 't is. Romeo  
Is banished; and all the world to nothing,  
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge  
you;

Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.  
Then, since the case so stands as now it  
doth,

I think it best you married with the county.  
O! he's a lovely gentleman; 220  
Romeo's a dishclout to him: an eagle,  
madam,

Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye  
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,  
I think you are happy in this second match,  
For it excels your first: or if it did not,  
Your first is dead; or 't were as good he  
were,

As living here and you no use of him.

*Jul.* Speakest thou from thy heart?  
*Nurse.* And from my soul too;  
Or else beshrew them both.

*Jul.* Amen!

*Nurse.* What?  
*Jul.* Well, thou hast comforted me mar-  
vellous much. 230

Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,  
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence's  
cell,

To make confession and to be absolv'd.

*Nurse.* Marry, I will; and this is wisely  
done. *Exit.*

*Jul.* Ancient damnation! O most wicked  
fiend!

Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,  
Or to dispraise my lord with that same  
tongue

Which she hath prais'd him with above com-  
pare

So many thousand times? Go, counsellor;  
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be  
twain. 240

I'll to the friar, to know his remedy:  
If all else fail, myself have power to die.

*Exit.*

#### ACT IV

SCENE I.—*Verona.* Friar LAURENCE'S Cell.

*Enter* Friar LAURENCE and PARIS.

*Fri.* On Thursday, sir? the time is very  
short.

*Par.* My father Capulet will have it so;  
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

*Fri.* You say you do not know the lady's  
mind:

Uneven is the course, I like it not.

*Par.* Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's  
death,

And therefore have I little talk'd of love;  
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.  
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous

That she doth give her sorrow so much sway,  
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage 11  
To stop the inundation of her tears;  
Which, too much minded by herself alone,  
May be put from her by society.

Now do you know the reason of this haste.  
*Fri. Aside.* I would I knew not why it  
should be slow'd.

Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my  
cell.

*Enter* JULIET.

*Par.* Happily met, my lady and my wife!

*Jul.* That may be, sir, when I may be a  
wife.

*Par.* That may be must be, love, on  
Thursday next. 20

*Jul.* What must be shall be.

*Fri.* That's a certain text.

*Par.* Come you to make confession to  
this father?

*Jul.* To answer that, I should confess to  
you.

*Par.* Do not deny to him that you love me.

*Jul.* I will confess to you that I love him.

*Par.* So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.

*Jul.* If I do so, it will be of more price,

Being spoke behind your back, than to your  
face.

*Par.* Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd  
with tears.

*Jul.* The tears have got small victory by  
that; 30

For it was bad enough before their spite.

*Par.* Thou wrong'st it, more than tears,  
with that report.

*Jul.* That is no slander, sir, which is a  
truth;

And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

*Par.* Thy face is mine, and thou hast  
slander'd it.

*Jul.* It may be so, for it is not mine own.

Are you at leisure, holy father, now;  
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

*Fri.* My leisure serves me, pensive  
daughter, now.

My lord, we must entreat the time alone. 40

*Par.* God shield I should disturb devo-  
tion!

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you:  
Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss.

*Exit.*

*Jul.* O! shut the door; and when thou  
hast done so,

Come weep with me; past hope, past cure,  
past help!

*Fri.* Ah! Juliet, I already know thy grief;  
It strains me past the compass of my wits:  
I hear thou must, and nothing may proroque  
it.

On Thursday next be married to this county.

*Jul.* Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st  
of this, 50

Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it;  
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,

Do thou but call my resolution wise,  
And with this knife I'll help it presently.

God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our  
hands;

And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,  
Shall be the label to another deed,  
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt  
Turn to another, this shall slay them both.  
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd  
time, 60

Give me some present counsel; or, behold,  
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody  
knife

Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that  
Which the commission of thy years and  
art

Could to no issue of true honour bring.  
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,  
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

*Fri.* Hold, daughter; I do spy a kind of  
hope, -

Which craves as desperate an execution  
As that is desperate which we would prevent.  
If, rather than to marry County Paris, 71  
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,

Then is it likely thou wilt undertake  
A thing like death to chide away this shame,  
That cop'st with death himself to 'scape  
from it;

And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

*Jul.* O! bid me leap, rather than marry  
Paris,

From off the battlements of yonder tower;  
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk  
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring  
bears; 80

Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,  
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling  
bones,

With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless  
skulls;

Or bid me go into a new-made grave  
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;  
Things that, to hear them told, have made  
me tremble;

And I will do it without fear or doubt,  
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

*Fri.* Hold, then; go home, be merry,  
give consent 89

To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow;  
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,  
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:

Take thou this vial, being then in bed,  
And this distilled liquor drink thou off;  
When presently through all thy veins shall  
run

A cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse  
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease;  
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou  
livest;

The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade  
To pale ashes; thy eyes' windows fall, 110  
Like death, when he shuts up the day of  
life;

Each part, depriv'd of supple government,  
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like  
death;

And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk  
death

Thou shalt continue two-and-forty hours,  
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.

Now, when the bridegroom in the morning  
comes

To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou  
dead:

Then, as the manner of our country is,  
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier, 110  
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient  
vault

Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.  
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,  
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,  
And hither shall he come; and he and I  
Will watch thy waking, and that very night  
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.  
And this shall free thee from this present  
shame;

If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,  
Abate thy valour in the acting it. 120

*Jul.* Give me, give me! O! tell not me  
of fear.

*Fri.* Hold; get you gone: be strong and  
prosperous

In this resolve. I'll send a friar with speed  
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

*Jul.* Love help me strength! and strength  
shall help afford.

Farewell, dear father. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. Hall in CAPULET'S  
House.*

*Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, Nurse,  
and Servingmen.*

*Cap.* So many guests invite as here are  
writ. *Exit Servant.*

*Sirrah,* go hire me twenty cunning cooks.  
*Second Serv.* You shall have none ill, sir;  
for I'll try if they can lick their fingers

*Cap.* How canst thou try them so?

*Second Serv.* Marry, sir, 't is an ill cook  
that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore  
he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with  
me.

*Cap.* Go, be gone. *Exit Second Servant.*  
We shall be much unfurnish'd for this  
time. 10

What! is my daughter gone to Friar Lau-  
rence?

*Nurse.* Ay, forsooth.

*Cap.* Well, he may chance to do some  
good on her;  
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

*Enter JULIET.*

*Nurse.* See where she comes from shrift  
with merry look.

*Cap.* How now, my headstrong! where  
have you been gadding?

*Jul.* Where I have learn'd me to repent  
the sin

Of disobedient opposition  
To you and your behests; and am enjoin'd

By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here, 20  
And beg your pardon. Pardon, I beseech  
you!

Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you,  
*Cap.* Send for the county; go tell him of  
this:

I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morn-  
ing.

*Jul.* I met the youthful lord at Laurence's cell;  
And gave him what becomed love I might,  
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

*Cap.* Why, I am glad on 't; this is well:  
stand up:

This is as 't should be. Let me see the county;

Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither. 30  
Now, afore God! this reverend holy friar,  
All our whole city is much bound to him.

*Jul.* Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,

To help me sort such needful ornaments  
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

*Lady Cap.* No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

*Cap.* Go, nurse, go with her. We'll to church to-morrow.

*Exeunt JULIET and Nurse.*  
*Lady Cap.* We shall be short in our provision:

'T is now near night.

*Cap.* Tush! I will stir about,  
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, 40  
wife.

Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;  
I'll not to bed to-night; let me alone;  
I'll play the housewife for this once. What, ho!

They are all forth: well, I will walk myself  
To County Paris, to prepare him up  
Against to-morrow. My heart is wondrous  
light,

Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.  
*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.—*The Same.* JULIET'S Chamber.

*Enter JULIET and Nurse.*

*Jul.* Ay, those attires are best; but, gentle nurse,  
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;  
For I have need of many orisons  
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,  
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full  
of sin.

*Enter Lady CAPULET.*

*Lady Cap.* What! are you busy, ho?  
need you my help?

*Jul.* No, madam; we have cull'd such necessities

As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:  
So please you, let me now be left alone,  
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;  
For I am sure you have your hands full all 11  
in this so sudden business.

*Lady Cap.* Good-night:  
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

*Exeunt Lady CAPULET and Nurse.*  
*Jul.* Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,

That almost freezes up the heat of life:  
I'll call them back again to comfort me:

Nurse? What should she do here?  
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.  
Come, vial. 20  
What if this mixture do not work at all?  
Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?  
No, no; this shall forbid it: lie thou there.

*Laying down a dagger.*  
What if it be a poison, which the friar  
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,  
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd

Because he married me before to Romeo?  
I fear it is; and yet, methinks, it should not,  
For he hath still been tried a holy man.

How, if, when I am laid into the tomb, 30  
I wake before the time that Romeo  
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!

Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,  
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air  
breathes in,  
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?

Or, if I live, is it not very like,  
The horrible conceit of death and night,  
Together with the terror of the place,  
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,  
Where, for this many hundred years, the 40  
bones

Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;  
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,  
Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,

At some hours in the night spirits resort:  
Alack, alack! is it not like that I,  
So early waking, what with loathsome  
smells,

And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,

That living mortals, hearing them, run mad:  
O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,  
Environed with all these hideous fears, 50  
And madly play with my forefathers' joints,  
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?

And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,  
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?

O! look, methinks I see my cousin's ghost  
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body  
Upon a rapier's point. Stay, Tybalt, stay!  
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

*She falls upon her bed within the curtains.*

### SCENE IV.—*The Same.* Hall in CAPULET'S House.

*Enter Lady CAPULET and Nurse.*

*Lady Cap.* Hold, take these keys, and  
fetch more spices, nurse.

*Nurse.* They call for dates and quinces  
in the pastry.

*Enter CAPULET.*

*Cap.* Come, stir, stir, stir! the second  
cock hath crow'd,  
The curfew bell hath rung, 't is three  
o'clock:

Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:  
Spare not for cost.

*Nurse.* Go, you cot-quean, go.  
Get you to bed; faith, you'll be sick to-  
morrow  
For this night's watching.

*Cap.* No, not a whit: what! I have  
watch'd ere now  
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been  
sick. 10

*Lady Cap.* Ay, you have been a mouse-  
hunt in your time;  
But I will watch you from such watching  
now.

*Exeunt Lady CAPULET and Nurse.*  
*Cap.* A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!

*Enter three or four Servingmen, with spits,  
logs, and baskets.*

Now, fellow,

What's there!  
*First Serv.* Things for the cook, sir; but I  
know not what.

*Cap.* Make haste, make haste.  
*Exit First Servant.*  
Sirrah, fetch drier logs;

Call Peter, he will show thee where they  
are.

*Second Serv.* I have a head, sir, that will  
find out logs,

And never trouble Peter for the matter.

*Cap.* Mass, and well said; a merry  
whoreson, ah!  
Thou shalt be logger-head. Good faith!  
't is day: 20

The county will be here with music straight,  
For so he said he would. *Music within.*

*I hear him near.*  
*Nurse!* Wife! What, ho! What, nurse, I say!

*Re-enter Nurse.*

Go waken Juliet, go, and trim her up;  
I'll go and chat with Paris. Hie, make  
haste,

Make haste; the bridegroom he is come  
already:

Make haste, I say,

SCENE V.—*The Same.* JULIET'S Chamber.

*Enter Nurse.*

*Nurse.* Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet!  
fast, I warrant her, she:

Why, lamb! why, lady! fie, you slug-a-bed!  
Why, love, I say! madam! sweet-heart!  
why, bride!

What! not a word? you take your penny-  
worths now:

Sleep for a week; for the next night, I  
warrant,

The County Paris hath set up his rest,  
That you shall rest but little. God forgive  
me,

Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep!  
I must needs wake her. Madam, madam,  
madam!

Ay, let the county take you in your bed; 10  
He'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be?

What, dress'd! and in your clothes! and  
down again!

I must needs wake you. Lady! lady! lady!  
Alas! alas! Help! help! my lady's dead!  
O! well-a-day, that ever I was born.  
Some aqua vitæ, ho! My lord, my lady!

*Enter Lady CAPULET.*

*Lady Cap.* What noise is here?

*Nurse.* O lamentable day!

*Lady Cap.* What is the matter?

*Nurse.* Look, look! O heavy day!

*Lady Cap.* O me! O me! my child! my  
only life,

Revive, look up, or I will die with thee! 20  
Help! help! Call help.

*Enter CAPULET.*

*Cap.* For shame! bring Juliet forth; her  
lord is come.

*Nurse.* She's dead, deceas'd, she's  
dead; alack the day!

*Lady Cap.* Alack the day! she's dead,  
she's dead, she's dead.

*Cap.* Ha! let me see her. Out, alas!  
she's cold;

Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;  
Life and these lips have long been separated:  
Death lies on her like an untimely frost  
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

*Nurse.* O lamentable day!

*Lady Cap.* O woeful time!

*Cap.* Death, that hath ta'en her hence to  
make me wail, 31

Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

*Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS, with  
Musicians.*

*Fri.* Come, is the bride ready to go to  
church?

*Cap.* Ready to go, but never to return.  
O son! the night before thy wedding-day  
Hath death lain with thy wife. There she  
lies,

Flower as she was, deflowered by him.  
Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir;

My daughter he hath wedded: I will die,  
And leave him all; life, living, all is Death's!

*Par.* Have I thought long to see this  
morning's face, 41

And doth it give me such a sight as this?

*Lady Cap.* Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched,  
hateful day!

Most miserable hour that e'er time saw  
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!

But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,  
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,

And cruel Death hath catch'd it from my  
sight!

*Nurse.* O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful  
day!

Most lamentable day, most woeful day, 50  
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!

O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!  
Never was seen so black a day as this:

O woeful day, O woeful day!  
*Par.* Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited,  
slain!

Most detestable Death, by thee beguil'd,

By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!  
O love! O life! not life, but love in death!  
*Cap.* Despis'd, distressed, hated, marty'd,  
kill'd!

Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now 60  
To murder, murder our solemnity?  
O child! O child! my soul, and not my child!  
Dead art thou! alack! my child is dead;  
And with my child my joys are buried.

*Fri.* Peace, ho! for shame! confusion's  
cure lives not  
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself  
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven  
hath all.

And all the better is it for the maid:  
Your part in her you could not keep from  
death,

But heaven keeps his part in eternal life. 70  
The most you sought was her promotion,  
For 't was your heaven she should be advanc'd;

And weep we now, seeing she is advanc'd  
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?  
O! in this love, you love your child so ill,  
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:  
She's not well married that lives married  
long;

But she's best married that dies married  
young.

Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary  
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is, 80  
In all her best array bear her to church;  
For though fond nature bids us all lament,  
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

*Cap.* All things that we ordained festival,  
Turn from their office to black funeral;  
Our instruments to melancholy bells,  
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast,  
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change,  
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,  
And all things change them to the contrary.

*Fri.* Sir, go you in; and, madam, go with  
him; 91

And go, Sir Paris; every one prepare  
To follow this fair corse unto her grave.  
The heavens do lower upon you for some ill;  
Move them no more by crossing their high  
will. *Exeunt* CAPULET, Lady CAPULET,  
PARIS, and *Friar*.

*First Mus.* Faith, we may put up our  
pipes, and be gone.

*Nurse.* Honest good fellows, ah! put up,  
put up;

For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. *Exit.*

*First Mus.* Ay, by my troth, the case may  
be amended. 101

*Enter* PETER.

*Peter.* Musicians, O! musicians; 'Heart's  
ease, Heart's ease': O! an you will have  
me live, play 'Heart's ease.'

*First Mus.* Why 'Heart's ease'?

*Peter.* O! musicians, because my heart  
itself plays 'My heart is full of woe.' O!  
play me some merry dump, to comfort  
me.

*First Mus.* Not a dump we; 't is no time  
to play now. 110

*Peter.* You will not then?

*First Mus.* No.

*Peter.* I will then give it you soundly.

*First Mus.* What will you give us?

*Peter.* No money, on my faith! but the  
gleek; I will give you the minstrel.

*First Mus.* Then will I give you the serv-  
ing-creature.

*Peter.* Then will I lay the serving-crea-  
ture's dagger on your pate. I will carry no  
crotchets: I 'll re you, I 'll fa you. Do you  
note me? 121

*First Mus.* An you re us and fa us, you  
note us.

*Second Mus.* Pray you, put up your dag-  
ger, and put out your wit.

*Peter.* Then have at you with my wit! I  
will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put  
up my iron dagger. Answer me like men: 127

*When gripping grief the heart doth wound,  
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,  
Then music with her silver sound—*

why 'silver sound'? why 'music with her  
silver sound'? What say you, Simon Cat-  
ling?

*First Mus.* Marry, sir, because silver hath  
a sweet sound.

*Peter.* Pretty! What say you, Hugh Re-  
beck?

*Second Mus.* I say 'silver sound,' because  
musicians sound for silver.

*Peter.* Pretty too! What say you, James  
Soundpost? 129

*Third Mus.* Faith, I know not what to say.

*Peter.* O! I cry you mercy; you are the  
singer; I will say for you. It is 'music with  
her silver sound,' because musicians have  
no gold for sounding:

*Then music with her silver sound  
With speedy help doth lend redress.*

*Exit.*

*First Mus.* What a pestilent knave is this  
same!

*Second Mus.* Hang him, Jack! Come,  
we 'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and  
stay dinner. *Exeunt.*

## ACT V

### SCENE I.—Mantua. A Street.

*Enter* ROMEO.

*Rom.* If I may trust the flattering truth of  
sleep,

My dreams presage some joyful news at  
hand:

My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;  
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit  
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful  
thoughts.

I dreamt my lady came and found me dead;  
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave  
to think!

And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,  
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.

Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd, 10  
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

*Enter BALTHASAR, booted.*

News from Verona! How now, Balthasar!  
Dost thou not bring me letters from the  
friar?

How doth my lady? Is my father well?  
How fares my Juliet? that I ask again;  
For nothing can be ill if she be well.

*Bal.* Then she is well, and nothing can  
be ill.

Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,  
And her immortal part with angels lives.  
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault, 20  
And presently took post to tell it you.

O! pardon me for bringing these ill news,  
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

*Rom.* Is it e'en so? then I deny you, stars!  
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and  
paper,

And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

*Bal.* I do beseech you, sir, have patience:  
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import  
Some misadventure.

*Rom.* Tush! thou art deceiv'd;  
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do. 30  
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

*Bal.* No, my good lord.

*Rom.* No matter; get thee gone,  
And hire those horses: I'll be with thee  
straight. *Exit BALTHASAR.*

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.  
Let's see for means: O mischief! thou art  
swift

To enter in the thoughts of desperate men.  
I do remember an apothecary,

And hereabouts he dwells, which late I  
noted

In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,  
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks, 40  
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:  
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,  
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins  
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves  
A beggarly account of empty boxes,  
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty  
seeds,

Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of  
roses,

Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show.  
Noting this penury, to myself I said

An if a man did need a poison now, 50  
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,  
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.

O! this same thought did but forerun my  
need,

And this same needy man must sell it me.  
As I remember, this should be the house:

Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.  
What, ho! apothecary!

*Enter Apothecary.*

*Ap.* Who calls so loud?  
*Rom.* Come hither, man. I see that thou  
art poor;

Hold, there is forty ducats; let me have  
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding

gear 60  
As will disperse itself through all the veins  
That the life-weary talker may fall dead,

And that the trunk may be discharg'd of  
breath.

As violently as hasty powder fir'd  
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

*Ap.* Such mortal drugs I have; but Man-  
tua's law

Is death to any he that utters them.

*Rom.* Art thou so bare, and full of  
wretchedness,

And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,  
Need and oppression starveth in thine  
eyes, 70

Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back;  
The world is not thy friend nor the world's  
law:

The world affords no law to make thee rich;  
Then be not poor, but break it, and take  
this.

*Ap.* My poverty, but not my will, consents.  
*Rom.* I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

*Ap.* Put this in any liquid thing you will,  
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength  
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you  
straight.

*Rom.* There is thy gold, worse poison to  
men's souls, 80  
Doing more murders in this loathsome  
world

Than these poor compounds that thou  
may'st not sell:

I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.  
Farewell: buy food, and get thyself in flesh.

Come, cordial and not poison, go with me  
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.  
*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Verona. Friar LAURENCE'S  
Cell.*

*Enter Friar JOHN.*

*Fri. John.* Holy Franciscan friar! brother!  
ho!

*Enter Friar LAURENCE.*

*Fri. Lau.* This same should be the voice  
of Friar John.

Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo?  
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

*Fri. John.* Going to find a bare-foot  
brother out,

One of our order, to associate me,  
Here in this city visiting the sick,

And finding him, the searchers of the town,  
Suspecting that we both were in a house

Where the infectious pestilence did reign, 10  
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us  
forth;

So that my speed to Mantua there was  
stay'd.

*Fri. Lau.* Who bare my letter then to  
Romeo?

*Fri. John.* I could not send it, here it is  
again,

Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,  
So fearful were they of infection.

*Fri. Lau.* Unhappy fortune! by my broth-  
erhood,

The letter was not nice, but full of charge  
Of dear import; and the neglecting it

May do much danger. Friar John, go  
hence;  
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight  
Unto my cell.

*Fri. John.* Brother, I'll go and bring it  
thee. *Exit.*

*Fri. Lau.* Now must I to the monument  
alone;

Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake;  
She will beshrew me much that Romeo  
Hath had no notice of these accidents;  
But I will write again to Mantua,  
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come:  
Poor living cerse, clos'd in a dead man's  
tomb! *Exit.* 30

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Churchyard; in  
it a tomb belonging to the CAPULETS.*

*Enter PARIS, and his Page bearing flowers  
and a torch.*

*Par.* Give me that torch, boy: hence, and  
stand aloof;

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.  
Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,  
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground:  
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,  
Being loose, unfirm with digging up of  
graves.

But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,  
As signal that thou hear'st something  
approach.

Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee;  
go.

*Page.* I am almost afraid to stand alone 10  
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.  
*Retires.*

*Par.* Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal  
bed I strew,

O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones;  
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,  
Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by  
moans:

The obsequies that I for thee will keep  
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

*The Page whistles.*  
The boy gives warning something doth  
approach.

What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,  
To cross my obsequies and true love's rite? 20  
What! with a torch? muffle me, night,  
awhile. *Retires.*

*Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR, with a  
torch, mattock, etc.*

*Rom.* Give me that mattock and the  
wrenching iron.

Hold, take this letter; early in the morning  
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.

Give me the light: upon thy life I charge  
thee,

Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all  
aloof,

And do not interrupt me in my course.  
Why I descend into this bed of death

Is partly to behold my lady's face,  
But chiefly to take thence from her dead  
finger 30

A precious ring, a ring that I must use

In dear employment: therefore hence, be  
gone:

But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry  
In what I further shall intend to do,  
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,  
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy  
limbs.

The time and my intents are savage-wild,  
More fierce and more inexorable far  
Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

*Bal.* I will be gone, sir, and not trouble  
you. 40

*Rom.* So shalt thou show me friendship.  
Take thou that:

Live, and be prosperous; and farewell,  
good fellow.

*Bal. Aside.* For all this same, I'll hide  
me hereabout:

His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.  
*Retires.*

*Rom.* Thou detestable maw, thou womb  
of death,

Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,  
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

*Opens the tomb.*  
And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more  
food!

*Par.* This is that banish'd haughty Mon-  
tague,

That murder'd my love's cousin, with which  
grief 50

It is supposed the fair creature died;  
And here is come to do some villanous  
shame

To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.  
*Comes forward.*

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague,  
Can vengeance be pursu'd further than

death?

Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:  
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

*Rom.* I must indeed; and therefore came  
I hither.

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate  
man;

Fly hence and leave me: think upon these  
gone; 60

Let them affright thee. I beseech thee,  
youth,

Put not another sin upon my head  
By urging me to fury: O! be gone:

By heaven, I love thee better than myself,  
For I come hither arm'd against myself:

Stay not, be gone; live, and hereafter say  
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

*Par.* I do defy thy conjurations,  
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

*Rom.* Wilt thou provoke me? then have  
at thee, boy! *They fight.* 70

*Page.* O Lord! they fight: I will go call  
the watch. *Exit.*

*Par.* O! I am slain. *Falls.*  
If thou be merciful,

Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. *Dies.*

*Rom.* In faith, I will. Let me peruse  
this face:

Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!  
What said my man when my betossed soul  
Did not attend him as we rode? I think

He told me Paris should have married Juliet:

Said he not so? or did I dream it so?  
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet, 80  
To think it was so? O! give me thy hand,  
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book:  
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave;  
A grave? O, no! a lantern, slaughter'd youth,

For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes  
This vault a feasting presence full of light.  
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man  
inter'd. *Laying PARIS in the tomb.*

How oft when men are at the point of death  
Have they been merry! which their keepers  
call

A lightning before death: O! how may I 90  
Call this a lightning? O my love! my wife!  
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy  
breath,

Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:  
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign  
yet

Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,  
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.  
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?  
O! what more favour can I do to thee,  
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in  
twain

To sunder his that was thine enemy? 100

Forgive me, cousin! Ah! dear Juliet,  
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe  
That unsubstantial Death is amorous,  
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps  
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?  
For fear of that I still will stay with thee,  
And never from this palace of dim night  
Depart again; here, here will I remain  
With worms that are thy chambermaids;

O! here  
Will I set up my everlasting rest, 110  
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars  
From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look  
your last!

Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O  
you,

The doors of breath, seal with a righteous  
kiss

A dateless bargain to engrossing death!  
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury  
guide!

Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on  
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!  
Here's to my love! *Drinks.*

O true apothecary!  
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die. *Dies.*

*Enter, at the other end of the churchyard,  
Friar LAURENCE, with a lantern, crow,  
and spade.*

*Fri.* Saint Francis be my speed! how oft  
to-night 121

Have my old feet stumbled at graves!  
Who's there?

*Bal.* Here's one, a friend, and one that  
knows you well.

*Fri.* Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my  
friend,

What torch is yond, that vainly lends his  
light

To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,  
It burneth in the Capel's monument.

*Bal.* It doth so, holy sir; and there's my  
master,

One that you love. Who is it?

*Fri.* Romeo.  
*Bal.* How long hath he been there?

*Bal.* Full half an hour. 130  
*Fri.* Go with me to the vault.

*Bal.* I dare not, sir.  
My master knows not but I am gone hence;  
And fearfully did menace me with death  
If I did stay to look on his intents.

*Fri.* Stay then, I'll go alone. Fear comes  
upon me;

O! much I fear some ill unlucky thing.  
*Bal.* As I did sleep under this yew tree  
here,

I dreamt my master and another fought,  
And that my master slew him.

*Fri.* Romeo! *Advances.*  
Alack, alack! what blood is this which stains  
The stony entrance of this sepulchre? 141

What mean these masterless and gory  
swords  
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

*Enters the tomb.*  
Romeo! O! pale. Who else? what! Paris  
too?

And steep'd in blood? Ah! what an unkind  
hour

Is guilty of this lamentable chance.  
The lady stirs. *JULIET wakes.*

*Jul.* O comfortable friar! where is my  
lord?

I do remember well where I should be,  
And there I am. Where is my Romeo? 150

*Noise within.*  
*Fri.* I hear some noise. Lady, come from  
that nest

Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep:  
A greater power than we can contradict  
Hath thwarted our intents: come, come  
away.

Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;  
And Paris too: come, I'll dispose of thee  
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns.

Stay not to question, for the watch is com-  
ing;

Come, go, good Juliet. *Noise again.*

I dare no longer stay.  
*Jul.* Go, get thee hence, for I will not  
away. *Exit Friar LAURENCE.*

What's here? a cup clos'd in my true love's  
hand? 161

Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.  
O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly  
drop

To help me after! I will kiss thy lips;  
Haply some poison yet doth hang on  
them,

To make me die with a restorative.  
*Kisses him.*

Thy lips are warm!  
*First Watch. Within.* Lead, boy: which  
way?

Jul. Yea, noise? then I'll be brief. O happy dagger!

*Snatching ROMEO'S dagger.*

This is thy sheath; *Stabs herself.*  
There rest, and let me die. *Dies.*

*Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS.*

*Page.* This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn. 171

*First Watch.* The ground is bloody; search about the churchyard.

Go, some of you; whoe'er you find, attach. *Exeunt some.*

Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain, And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead, Who here hath lain this two days buried.

Go, tell the prince, run to the Capulets, Raise up the Montagues, some others search: *Exeunt other Watchmen.*

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;

But the true ground of all these piteous woes We cannot without circumstance descry. 181

*Re-enter some of the Watch, with BAL-THASAR.*

*Second Watch.* Here's Romeo's man; we found him in the churchyard.

*First Watch.* Hold him in safety till the prince come hither.

*Re-enter others of the Watch, with Friar LAURENCE.*

*Third Watch.* Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps:

We took this mattock and this spade from him,

As he was coming from this churchyard side.

*First Watch.* A great suspicion: stay the friar too.

*Enter the PRINCE and Attendants.*

*Prince.* What misadventure is so early up, That calls our person from our morning's rest?

*Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and Others.*

*Cap.* What should it be that they so shriek abroad? 190

*Lady Cap.* The people in the street cry Romeo,

Some Juliet, and some Paris; and all run With open outcry toward our monument.

*Prince.* What fear is this which startles in our ears?

*First Watch.* Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain;

And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before, Warm and new kill'd.

*Prince.* Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

*First Watch.* Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man,

With instruments upon them fit to open 200 These dead men's tombs.

*Cap.* O heaven! O wife! look how our daughter bleeds.

This dagger hath mista'en, for, lo! his house

Is empty on the back of Montague, And it mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

*Lady Cap.* O me! this sight of death is as a bell,

That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

*Enter MONTAGUE and Others.*

*Prince.* Come, Montague; for thou art early up,

To see thy son and heir more early down. *Mon.* Alas! my liege, my wife is dead to-night; 210

Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath.

What further woe conspires against mine age?

*Prince.* Look, and thou shalt see.

*Mon.* O thou untaught! what manners is in this,

To press before thy father to a grave? *Prince.* Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,

Till we can clear these ambiguities, And know their spring, their head, their true descent;

And then I will be general of your woes, And lead you even to death: meantime forbear, 220

And let mischance be slave to patience. Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

*Fri.* I am the greatest, able to do least, Yet most suspected, as the time and place Doth make against me, of this direful murder;

And here I stand, both to impeach and purge Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

*Prince.* Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

*Fri.* I will be brief, for my short date of breath

Is not so long as is a tedious tale. 230 *Romeo,* there dead, was husband to that Juliet;

And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:

I married them; and their stol'n marriage-day

Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death

Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;

For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.

You, to remove that siege of grief from her, Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,

To County Paris; then comes she to me, And with wild looks bid me devise some mean 240

To rid her from this second marriage, Or in my cell there would she kill herself.

Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art, A sleeping potion; which so took effect

As I intended, for it wrought on her The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo

That he should hither come as this dire night,

To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,  
Being the time the potion's force should cease.

But he which bore my letter, Friar John, 250  
Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight  
Return'd my letter back. Then, all alone,  
At the prefixed hour of her waking,  
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault,  
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,  
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:  
But when I came, some minute ere the time  
Of her awakening, here untimely lay  
The noble Paris and true Romeo dead. 259  
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth  
And bear this work of heaven with patience;  
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,  
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,

But, as it seems, did violence on herself.  
All this I know; and to the marriage  
Her nurse is privy: and, if aught in this  
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life  
Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time,  
Unto the rigour of severest law.

*Prince.* We still have known thee for a holy man. 270

Where 's Romeo's man? what can he say to this?

*Bal.* I brought my master news of Juliet's death;

And then in post he came from Mantua  
To this same place, to this same monument.  
This letter he early bid me give his father,  
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,

If I departed not and left him there.

*Prince.* Give me the letter; I will look on it.

Where is the county's page that rais'd the watch?

Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

*Page.* He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave, 281

And bid me stand aloof, and so I did;  
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb;

And by and by my master drew on him;  
And then I ran away to call the watch.

*Prince.* This letter doth make good the friar's words,

Their course of love, the tidings of her death;

And here he writes that he did buy a poison

Of a poor pothecary, and therewithal 289

Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.  
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!

See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,  
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love;

And I, for winking at your discords too,  
Have lost a brace of kinsmen: all are punish'd.

*Cap.* O brother Montague! give me thy hand;

This is my daughter's jointure, for no more  
Can I demand.

*Mon.* But I can give thee more;

For I will raise her statue in pure gold; 299  
That while Verona by that name is known,  
There shall no figure at such rate be set  
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

*Cap.* As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;  
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

*Prince.* A glooming peace this morning  
with it brings;

The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head;  
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;

Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:

For never was a story of more woe 307  
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. *Exeunt.*

## TIMON OF ATHENS

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IT is not likely that *Timon of Athens* was ever acted during Shakespeare's lifetime, and it is even less likely that it will in time to come find favor either on the stage or with the general reader. Its weakness is due even more to its conception than to its execution, although the conception is doubtless Shakespeare's and the execution, in part at least, by some other hand than his. The probability is that Shakespeare, after having sketched it and after having exhausted his powers to make of Timon a great dramatic figure, finally abandoned it as inherently undramatic, and that it was later expanded by some other writer for insertion in the First Folio, where it was first printed. Bad as the play is, there are in it some speeches of Timon's that the world could ill afford to lose, if for no other reason than that they constitute what Schlegel calls a "dictionary of imprecations" which will always be needed as a vent for those who, without them, might do the world real injury.

It is common to regard *Timon* as a "painful play." Whether it is or not will depend, of course, on how seriously we take it. If we really feel that Timon is at any time justified even in part in his railings against humanity, we shall hardly escape a painful impression from our reading. If, on the other hand, his misanthropy appears to us, as it does to Apemantus, only an affectation, an exaggeration of his own importance, we shall accept the play as a somewhat pleasant satire.

What, for instance, could be more provocative of a smile than to see this hater of mankind preparing his

"everlasting mansion  
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood,  
Who once a day with his embossed froth  
The turbulent surge shall cover,"

that it may carry an epitaph designed to keep alive among men the name of one who would be nameless, or stay the gait of those whom he would have pass with curses? Surely here is a strange clinging to his kind even in death, for one whose misanthropy is to be taken seriously.

If this play is to affect us as "painful" then, somewhere in it we must get into sympathy with Timon; and that, for my part, I find it impossible to do. My reason for this can best be shown by a brief contrast of the characters of Timon and Lear, between whom there are certain superficial resemblances. I do not for a moment believe with some critics that "Timon is cast in the mould of Lear," and yet he suggests Lear inasmuch as both suffer from ingratitude, both indulge in frightful imprecations against "ingrateful man"; both are in large measure responsible for the evils under which they suffer, and both at last repudiate the power they enjoyed in their days of prosperity. In spirit and conception, however, few characters could be more unlike.

There is, for instance, a greatness in Lear's tragic fault that commands our admiration at the same time that it forfeits our sympathy. If his giving away his kingdom and abdicating his power seem to be folly, yet his trust in his own children, and his desire to shake off the cares and business of state is justified by the way he has borne them throughout a long lifetime. There is no suggestion of prodigality in his nature or of failure to make due provision for the future. His is the fault of pride, not vanity; and his character shows within itself a strength which gives promise of recovery.

I can feel none of this in Timon. His weakness is revealed by his environment even before we see him. If his friendships include such men as the Poet, the Painter, the Jeweler and the Merchant, then he has neglected one of his highest obligations to himself and to society—the obligation to scrutinize his friends. To entertain such men is

not generosity, but prodigality; to seek their favor, not pride but vanity. Even his wealth suggests no cares or burdens on his part either in its accumulation or its conservation; it is something attached to, but not a part of him. He has no sense of stewardship. His appointed steward, the only thoroughly admirable character in the play, he ignores and defeats. Indiscriminate in his gifts, he looks upon all recipients of his favors as bound in the duties of friendship. Not knowing what friendship really is, he rails against the world when he wakes to the discovery that he lacks it.

It would be sadly uncritical, then, to say that his friends desert him in his poverty. With the exception of his servants, who, by the way, are the recipients not of his bounty but of his recompense, he has no friends; by working for what they have received from him they have retained their own self-respect and along with it their respect for their master; the self-respect of all others about him Timon has himself destroyed by his prodigality in giving, and thus incapacitated them for friendship.

I find it difficult to discover, as many critics do, even the elements of nobility in Timon's character. To use his own expression, there is "nothing level" in his nature; all is "oblique." Contrast, for instance, Lear's directness in his challenge to the elements, with the obliquity of Timon's curse on Athens. Lear would have these wild forces of nature "all germens spill at once that make ingrateful man." That's direct; there is no suggestion that in such destruction anything of good will perish; no appeal to Nature to warp, or distort, or transform the good into the evil. Timon's curse, however, reveals a characteristic obliquity in his mind; it assumes the predominant goodness of the city which he would doom for its wickedness. There were no point, for instance, in his bidding matrons to turn incontinent, were they not continent; virginity to convert to general filth, were there not virginity; bankrupts to hold fast, did not bankrupts render back; servants to steal, were not servants honest. This hater of mankind professes to think mankind worthy of his hate; and yet, his very curse testifies to the prevalence of human virtues. Where are we to look for the elements of nobility in a mind like that?

Lear's indictment, broadly speaking, is against society rather than against humanity; and it is therefore especially significant that he makes but one incidental reference to the corrupting power of gold, strong evidence that his own life has escaped it. His experience has been with the deeper things of the heart, and it is with the heart that his imprecations have most to do. "Let them anatomize Regan, see what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts?" To Timon, gold is the chief corrupting influence in the world; strong evidence that it is there that his affections have chiefly centered. The power of human love he has never felt; it would have been not merely incongruous, it would have been impossible for Shakespeare to give him a wife and children. Instead, he gave him gold and taught him its futility as a source of happiness. Had he revealed to him its real source he must have cured him of his misanthropy; and it was evidently in Shakespeare's scheme to show that hatred of mankind is not only impossible, but that even its affectation breeds impotence or destruction and springs not from the world, but from faults within ourselves.

I cannot believe that there is any deep biographical significance in either *Timon of Athens* or *King Lear*; that is, that Shakespeare had himself passed through some experience that had shaken his belief in the fundamental soundness of human nature. Lear discovers, even when past eighty, what he had actually known all his life, but what through pride he had failed to acknowledge, that love is after all the one supreme and dominant power of the world. This discovery not even Shakespeare could have made possible for Timon without transforming the character and changing the whole course of Timon's life. He did not cast Timon in the mould of Lear.

# TIMON OF ATHENS

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

TIMON, a noble Athenian.

LUCIUS,  
LUCULLUS, } flattering Lords.  
SEMPRONIUS,

VENTIDIUS, one of Timon's false Friends.

ALCIBIADES, an Athenian Captain.

APEMANTUS, a churlish Philosopher.

FLAVIUS, Steward to Timon.

FLAMINIUS,  
LUCILIUS, } Servants to Timon.  
SERVILIUS,

CAPHIS,  
PHILOTUS, } Servants to Timon's Creditors.

TITUS,  
LUCIUS, } Servants to Timon's Creditors.  
HORTENSIUS,

Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.

An old Athenian.

Servants to Varro and Isidore, two of  
Timon's Creditors.

Three Strangers.

A Page.

A Fool.

PHRYNIA,  
TIMANDRA, } Mistresses to Alcibiades.

Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves, and Attendants.

Cupid and Amazons in the Masque.

SCENE.—Athens, and the neighbouring Woods.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Athens. A Hall in TIMON'S  
House.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant,  
and Others, at several doors.

Poet. Good day, sir.

Pain. I am glad you 're well.

Poet. I have not seen you long. How  
goes the world?

Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known;

But what particular rarity? what strange,  
Which manifold record not matches? See,  
Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power  
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the mer-  
chant.

Pain. I know them both; th' other's a  
jeweller.

Mer. O! 't is a worthy lord.

Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.

Mer. A most incomparable man, breath'd,  
as it were, <sup>10</sup>

To an untirable and continue goodness:  
He passes.

Jew. I have a jewel here—

Mer. O! pray, let's see 't: for the Lord  
Timon, sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate: but,  
for that—

Poet. When we for recompense have  
prais'd the vile,

It stains the glory in that happy verse

Which aptly sings the good.

Mer. Looking at the jewel. 'T is a good  
form.

Jew. And rich: here is a water, look  
ye.

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work,  
some dedication  
To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me.  
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes <sup>21</sup>  
From whence 't is nourish'd: the fire i' the  
flint

Shows not till it be struck; our gentle flame  
Provokes itself, and like the current flies  
Each bound it chafes. What have you there?

Pain. A picture, sir. When comes your  
book forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment,  
sir.

Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'T is a good piece.

Poet. So 't is: this comes off well and  
excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable! How this grace  
Speaks his own standing! what a mental  
power <sup>31</sup>

This eye shoots forth! how big imagination  
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the  
gesture

One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.

Here is a touch; is 't good?

Poet. I'll say of it,  
It tutors nature: artificial strife  
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, who pass over the  
stage.

Pain. How this lord is followed!

Poet. The senators of Athens: happy  
man! <sup>40</sup>

Pain. Look, more!

Poet. You see this confluence, this great  
flood of visitors.

I have, in this rough work, shaped out a man,  
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug

With amplest entertainment: my free drift  
Halts not particularly, but moves itself  
In a wide sea of wax: no levell'd malice  
Infects one comma in the course I hold;  
But flies an eagle flight, bold and forth on,  
Leaving no tract behind. 50

*Pain.* How shall I understand you?

*Poet.* I will unbolt to you.

You see how all conditions, how all minds,  
As well of glib and slippery creatures as  
Of grave and austere quality, tender down  
Their services to Lord Timon: his large fortune,

Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,  
Subdues and properties to his love and tend-  
ance

All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd  
flatterer

To Apemantus, that few things loves better  
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down  
The knee before him and returns in peace 61  
Most rich in Timon's nod.

*Pain.* I saw them speak together.

*Poet.* Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant  
hill

Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: the base o'  
the mount

Is rank'd with all deserts, all kinds of na-  
tures,

That labour on the bosom of this sphere  
To propagate their states: amongst them  
all,

Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,  
One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame,  
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts  
to her; 70

Whose present grace to present slaves and  
servants

Translates his rivals.

*Pain.* 'T is conceiv'd to scope.

This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, me-  
thinks,

With one man beckon'd from the rest below,  
Bowing his head against the steepy mount  
To climb his happiness, would be well ex-  
press'd

In our condition.

*Poet.* Nay, sir, but hear me on.

All those which were his fellows but of late,  
Some better than his value, on the moment  
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tend-  
ance, 80

Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,  
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through  
him

Drink the free air.

*Pain.* Ay, marry, what of these?

*Poet.* When Fortune in her shift and  
change of mood

Spurns down her late belov'd, all his de-  
pendants

Which labour'd after him to the mountain's  
top

Even on their knees and hands, let him slip  
down,

Not one accompanying his declining foot.

*Pain.* 'T is common:

A thousand moral paintings I can show 90  
That shall demonstrate these quick blows  
of Fortune's

More pregnantly than words. Yet you do  
well

To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have  
seen

The foot above the head.

*Trumpets sound.* Enter Lord TIMON, ad-  
dressing himself courteously to every  
suitor; a Messenger from VENTIDIUS  
talking with him. LUCILIUS and other  
servants following.

*Tim.* Imprison'd is he, say you?

*Mess.* Ay, my good lord: five talents is  
his debt,

His means most short, his creditors most  
strait:

Your honourable letter he desires

To those have shut him up; which failing,  
Periods his comfort.

*Tim.* Noble Ventidius! Well;

I am not of that feather to shake off 100  
My friend when he must need me. I do  
know him

A gentleman that well deserves a help,  
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt and  
free him.

*Mess.* Your lordship ever binds him.

*Tim.* Commend me to him: I will send  
his ransom;

And being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me.

'T is not enough to help the feeble up,

But to support him after. Fare you well.

*Mess.* All happiness to your honour!

*Exit.*

*Enter an old Athenian.*

*Old Ath.* Lord Timon, hear me speak.

*Tim.* Freely, good father.

*Old Ath.* Thou hast a servant nam'd Lu-  
cilius. 111

*Tim.* I have so: what of him?

*Old Ath.* Most noble Timon, call the man  
before thee.

*Tim.* Attends he here or no? Lucilius!

*Luc.* Here, at your lordship's service.

*Old Ath.* This fellow here, Lord Timon,  
this thy creature.

By night frequents my house. I am a man  
That from my first have been inclin'd to  
thrift,

And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd  
Than one which holds a trencher.

*Tim.* Well; what further?

*Old Ath.* One only daughter have I, no  
kin else, 121

On whom I may confer what I have got:

The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,  
And I have bred her at my dearest cost

In qualities of the best. This man of  
thine

Attempts her love: I prithee, noble lord,  
Join with me to forbid him her resort;

Myself have spoke in vain.

*Tim.* The man is honest.

*Old Ath.* Therefore he will be, Timon:  
His honesty rewards him in itself; 130  
It must not bear my daughter.

*Tim.* Does she love him?

*Old Ath.* She is young and apt:  
Our own precedent passions do instruct us  
What levity's in youth.

*Tim.* To LUCILIUS. Love you the maid?

*Luc.* Ay, my good lord, and she accepts  
of it.

*Old Ath.* If in her marriage my consent  
be missing,

I call the gods to witness, I will choose  
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the  
world,

And dispossess her all.

*Tim.* How shall she be endow'd  
If she be mated with an equal husband? 140

*Old Ath.* Three talents on the present; in  
future, all.

*Tim.* This gentleman of mine hath serv'd  
me long:

To build his fortune I will strain a little,  
For 't is a bond in men. Give him thy  
daughter;

What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,  
And make him weigh with her.

*Old Ath.* Most noble lord,  
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

*Tim.* My hand to thee; mine honour on  
my promise.

*Luc.* Humbly I thank your lordship:  
never may

That state or fortune fall into my keeping 150  
Which is not ow'd to you!

*Exeunt LUCILIUS and Old Athenian.*

*Poet.* Vouchsafe my labour, and long  
live your lordship!

*Tim.* I thank you; you shall hear from  
me anon:

Go not away. What have you there, my  
friend?

*Pain.* A piece of painting, which I do be-  
seech

Your lordship to accept.

*Tim.* Painting is welcome.  
The painting is almost the natural man;

For since dishonour traffics with man's na-  
ture,

He is but outside: these pencill'd figures  
are

Even such as they give out. I like your  
work; 160

And you shall find I like it: wait attendance  
Till you hear further from me.

*Pain.* The gods preserve you!

*Tim.* Well fare you, gentleman: give me  
your hand;

We must needs dine together. Sir, your  
jewel

Hath suffer'd under praise.

*Jew.* What, my lord! dispraise!

*Tim.* A mere satiety of commendations.  
If I should pay you for 't as 't is extoll'd,

It would unclew me quite.

*Jew.* My lord, 't is rated  
As those which sell would give: but you  
well know, 169

Things of like value, differing in the owners,

Are prized by their masters. Believe 't, dear  
lord,

You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

*Tim.* Well mock'd.

*Mer.* No, my good lord; he speaks the  
common tongue,

Which all men speak with him.

*Tim.* Look, who comes here. Will you  
be chid?

*Enter APEMANTUS.*

*Jew.* We'll bear, with your lordship.

*Mer.* He'll spare none.

*Tim.* Good morrow to thee, gentle Ape-  
mantus!

*Apem.* Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy  
good morrow;

When thou art Timon's dog, and these  
knaves honest. 180

*Tim.* Why dost thou call them knaves?  
thou know'st them not.

*Apem.* Are they not Athenians?

*Tim.* Yes.

*Apem.* Then I repent not.

*Jew.* You know me, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Thou know'st I do; I call'd thee  
by thy name.

*Tim.* Thou art proud, Apemantus.

*Apem.* Of nothing so much as that I am  
not like Timon. 190

*Tim.* Whither art going?

*Apem.* To knock out an honest Athenian's  
brains.

*Tim.* That's a deed thou 'lt die for.

*Apem.* Right, if doing nothing be death  
by the law.

*Tim.* How likest thou this picture, Ape-  
mantus?

*Apem.* The best, for the innocence. 199

*Tim.* Wrought he not well that painted it?

*Apem.* He wrought better that made the  
painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of  
work.

*Pain.* You're a dog.

*Apem.* Thy mother's of my generation:  
what's she, if I be a dog?

*Tim.* Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

*Apem.* No; I eat not lords.

*Tim.* An thou should'st, thou 'dst anger  
ladies.

*Apem.* O! they eat lords; so they come  
by great bellies. 210

*Tim.* That's a lascivious apprehension.

*Apem.* So thou apprehendest it, take it  
for thy labour.

*Tim.* How dost thou like this jewel, Ape-  
mantus?

*Apem.* Not so well as plain-dealing, which  
will not cost a man a doit.

*Tim.* What dost thou think 't is worth?

*Apem.* Not worth my thinking. How  
now, poet! 220

*Poet.* How now, philosopher!

*Apem.* Thou liest.

*Poet.* Art not one?

*Apem.* Yes.

*Poet.* Then I lie not.

*Apem.* Art not a poet?

*Poet.* Yes.

*Apem.* Then thou best: look in thy last work, where thou hast feigned him a worthy fellow.

*Peet.* That's not feigned; he is so. 130

*Apem.* Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour; he that loves to be flattered is worthy of the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

*Tim.* What would'st do then, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Even as Apemantus does now; hate a lord with my heart.

*Tim.* What, thyself?

*Apem.* Ay.

*Tim.* Wherefore? 240

*Apem.* That I had no angry wit to be a lord. Art thou a merchant?

*Mer.* Ay, Apemantus.

*Apem.* Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!

*Mer.* If traffic do it, the gods do it.

*Apem.* Traffic's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

*Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.*

*Tim.* What trumpet's that? 249

*Serv.* 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,

All of companionship.

*Tim.* Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us. *Exeunt some Attendants.* You must needs dine with me. Go not you hence

*Tim.* I have thank'd you; and, when dinner's done,

Show me this piece. I am joyful of your sights.

*Enter ALCIBIADES, with his Company.*

Most welcome, sir!

*Apem.* So, so; there!

Adhes contract and starve your supple joints! That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,

And all this courtesy! The strain of man's bred out

Into baboon and monkey. 250

*Alcib.* Sir, you have sav'd my longings, and I feed

Most hungrily on your sight.

*Tim.* Right welcome, sir! Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous

dine

In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in. *Exeunt all but APEMANTUS.*

*Enter two Lords.*

*First Lord.* What time o' day is't, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Time to be honest.

*First Lord.* That time serves still.

*Apem.* The more accursed thou, that still omit'st it.

*Second Lord.* Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast? 250

*Apem.* Ay; to see meat fill knaves and wine heat fools.

*Second Lord.* Fare thee well, fare thee well.

*Apem.* Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

*Second Lord.* Why, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Should'st have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

*First Lord.* Hang thyself!

*Apem.* No, I will do nothing at thy bidding; make thy requests to thy friend.

*Second Lord.* Away, unpeaceable dog! or I'll spurn thee hence. 251

*Apem.* I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' the ass. *Exit.*

*First Lord.* He's opposite to humanity.

Come, shall we in

And taste Lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes The very heart of kindness.

*Second Lord.* He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,

Is but his steward; no meed but he repays Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him

But breeds the giver a return exceeding 250 All use of quittance.

*First Lord.* The noblest mind he carries That ever govern'd man.

*Second Lord.* Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

*First Lord.* I'll keep you company.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Room of State in TIMON'S House.*

*Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in; FLAVIUS and Others attending: then enter Lord TIMON, ALCIBIADES, Lords, Senators, and VENTIDIUS. Then comes, dropping after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly, like himself.*

*Ven.* Most honour'd Timon,

It hath pleas'd the gods to remember my father's age,

And call him to long peace.

He is gone happy, and has left me rich:

Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound

To your free heart, I do return those talents, Doubled with thanks and service, from

whose help

I deriv'd liberty.

*Tim.* O! by no means,

Honest Ventidius; you mistake my love; I gave it freely ever; and there's none 10

Can truly say he gives, if he receives: If our betters play at that game, we must

not dare

To imitate them; faults that are rich are fair.

*Ven.* A noble spirit!

*They all stand ceremoniously looking on TIMON.*

*Tim.* Nay, my lords, ceremony was but devis'd at first

To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,

Recanting goodness, sorry ere't is shown; But where there is true friendship, there

needs none.

Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes

Than my fortunes to me.

*They sit. 20*

*First Lord.* My lord, we always have confess'd it.

*Apem.* Ho, ho! confess'd it; hang'd it, have you not?

*Tim.* O! Apemantus, you are welcome.

*Apem.* No;

You shall not make me welcome:

I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

*Tim.* Fie! thou'rt a churl; ye've got a humour there

Does not become a man; 't is much to blame.

They say, my lords, *Ira furor brevis est*,

But yond man is ever angry.

Go, let him have a table by himself,

For he does neither affect company,

Nor is he fit for it, indeed. 31

*Apem.* Let me stay at thine apperil.  
*Timon:* I come to observe; I give thee warning on 't.

*Tim.* I take no heed of thee; thou'rt an Athenian; therefore welcome. I myself would have no power; prithee, let my meat make thee silent.

*Apem.* I scorn thy meat; 't would choke me, for I should

Ne'er flatter thee. O you gods! what a number

Of men eat Timon, and he sees 'em not.

It gives me to see so many dip their meat In one man's blood; and all the madness is, He cheers them up too. 43

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men:

Methinks they should invite them without knives;

Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.

There's much example for 't; the fellow that Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges

The bread of him in a divided draught, Is the readiest man to kill him: it has been proved.

If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals, 51

Lest they should spy my wind-pipe's dangerous notes:

Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

*Tim.* My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

*Second Lord.* Let it flow this way, my good lord.

*Apem.* Flow this way! A brave fellow! he keeps his tides well. Those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, Timon.

Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner, Honest water which ne'er left man i' the mire: 55

This and thy food are equals, there's no odds.

Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;

I pray for no man but myself:

Grant I may never prove so fond,

To trust man on his oath or bond;

Or a harlot for her weeping;

Or a dog that seems a-sleeping;

Or a keeper with my freedom;

Or my friends, if I should need 'em. 70

Amen. So fall to 't:

Rich men sin, and I eat root.

*Eats and drinks.*

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

*Tim.* Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

*Alcib.* My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

*Tim.* You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies than a dinner of friends. 79

*Alcib.* So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no meat like 'em: I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

*Apem.* Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then, that then thou might'st kill 'em and bid me to 'em.

*First Lord.* Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect. 90

*Tim.* O! no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: how had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O you gods! think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of 'em? they were the most needless creatures living should we ne'er have use for 'em, and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits; and what better or proper can we call our own than the riches of our friends? O! what a precious comfort 't is, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes. O joy! e'en made away ere 't can be born. Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you. 111

*Apem.* Thou weepest to make them drink, Timon.

*Second Lord.* Joy had the like conception in our eyes,

And, at that instant, like a babe, sprung up.

*Apem.* Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

*Third Lord.* I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

*Apem.* Much! *Tucket sounded.*

*Tim.* What means that trumpet?

*Enter a Servant.*

How now! 120

*Serv.* Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

*Tim.* Ladies! What are their wills?

*Serv.* There comes with them a fore-

runner, my lord, which bears that office to signify their pleasures.

*Tim.* I pray, let them be admitted.

*Enter CUPID.*

*Cup.* Hail to thee, worthy Timon; and to all

That of his bounties taste! The five best senses

Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely 130

To gratulate thy plenteous bosom. Th' ear, Taste, touch, and smell, pleas'd from thy table rise;

They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

*Tim.* They're welcome all; let 'em have kind admittance:

*Music.* make their welcome! *Exit CUPID.*

*First Lord.* You see, my lord, how ample you're belov'd.

*Music.* *Re-enter CUPID, with a masque of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.*

*Apem.* Hey-day! what a sweep of vanity comes this way:

They dance! they are mad women. Like madness is the glory of this life,

As this pomp shows to a little oil and root. 140

We make ourselves fools to disport ourselves;

And spend our flatteries to drink those men Upon whose age we void it up again,

With poisonous spite and envy.

Who lives that's not depraved or depraves? Who dies that bears not one spurn to their graves

Of their friends' gift?

I should fear those that dance before me now

Would one day stamp upon me: 't has been done;

Men shut their doors against a setting sun. 150

*The Lords rise from table, with much adorning of TIMON; and to show their loves*

*each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.*

*Tim.* You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment, Which was not half so beautiful and kind;

You have added worth unto 't and lustre, And entertain'd me with mine own device;

I am to thank you for 't.

*First Lady.* My lord, you take us even at the best.

*Apem.* Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

*Tim.* Ladies, there is an idle banquet 160

Attends you: please you to dispose yourselves.

*All Ladies.* Most thankfully, my lord.

*Exeunt CUPID and Ladies.*

*Tim.* Flavius!

*Flav.* My lord!

*Tim.* The little casket bring me hither.

*Flav.* Yes, my lord. *Aside.* More jewels yet!

There is no crossing him in 's humour; Else I should tell him, well, i' faith, I should,

When all 's spent, he'd be cross'd then, and he could.

'T is pity bounty had not eyes behind, That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind. Exit. 170

*First Lord.* Where be our men?

*Serv.* Here, my lord, in readiness.

*Second Lord.* Our horses!

*Re-enter FLAVIUS, with the casket.*

*Tim.* O my friends! I have one word to say to you.

Look you, my good lord,

I must entreat you, honour me so much

As to advance this jewel; accept it and wear it.

Kind my lord.

*First Lord.* I am so far already in your gifts—

*All.* So are we all.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate 180

Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

*Tim.* They are fairly welcome.

*Flav.* I beseech your honour, Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

*Tim.* Near! why, then another time I'll hear thee.

I prithee, let's be provided to show them entertainment.

*Flav.* *Aside.* I scarce know how.

*Enter another Servant.*

*Second Serv.* May it please your honour, Lord Lucius,

Out of his free love, hath presented to you Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

*Tim.* I shall accept them fairly; let the presents 190

Be worthily entertain'd.

*Enter a third Servant.*

How now! what news?

*Third Serv.* Please, you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, Lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him, and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

*Tim.* I'll hunt with him; and let them be receiv'd,

Not without fair reward.

*Flav.* *Aside.* What will this come to? He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,

And all out of an empty coffer: 199

Nor will he know his purse, or yield me this, To show him what a beggar his heart is,

Being of no power to make his wishes good. His promises fly so beyond his state

That what he speaks is all in debt; he owes For every word: he is so kind that he now

Pays interest for 't; his land's put to their books.

Well, would I were gently put out of office  
Before I were forc'd out!  
Happier is he that has no friend to feed  
Than such that do e'en enemies exceed. 210  
I bled inwardly for my lord. *Exit.*

*Tim.* You do yourselves  
Much wrong, you bate too much of your  
own merits:

Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

*Second Lord.* With more than common  
thanks I will receive it.

*Third Lord.* O! he's the very soul of  
bounty.

*Tim.* And now I remember, my lord, you  
gave

Good words the other day of a bay courser  
I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it.

*Third Lord.* O! I beseech you, pardon  
me, my lord, in that.

*Tim.* You may take my word, my lord: I  
know no man 220

Can justly praise but what he does affect:  
I weigh my friend's affection with mine  
own;

I'll tell you true. I'll call to you.

*All Lords.* O! none so welcome.

*Tim.* I take all and your several visitations  
So kind to heart, 't is not enough to give;

Methinks I could deal kingdoms to my  
friends,

And ne'er be weary. Alcibiades,

Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich;  
It comes in charity to thee; for all thy  
living

Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou  
hast 230

Lie in a pitch'd field.

*Alcib.* Ay, defil'd land, my lord.

*First Lord.* We are so virtuously bound—

*Tim.* And so

Am I to you.

*Second Lord.* So infinitely endear'd—

*Tim.* All to you. Lights, more lights!

*First Lord.* The best of happiness,  
Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, Lord  
Timon!

*Tim.* Ready for his friends.

*Exeunt ALCIBIADES, Lords, etc.*

*Apem.* What a coil 's here!

Serving of becks and jutting-out of bums!  
I doubt whether their legs be worth the  
sums

That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of  
dregs:

Methinks, false hearts should never have  
sound legs. 240

Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on  
court'sies.

*Tim.* Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not  
sullen,

I would be good to thee.

*Apem.* No, I'll nothing; for if I should be  
bribed too, there would be none left to rail  
upon thee, and then thou would'st sin the  
faster. Thou givest so long, Timon, I fear  
me thou wilt give away thyself in paper  
shortly: what need these feasts, pomps, and  
vain-glories?

*Tim.* Nay, an you begin to rail on society

once, I am sworn not to give regard to you.  
Farewell; and come with better music. *Exit.*

*Apem.* So:

Thou wilt not hear me now; thou shalt not  
then;

I'll lock thy heaven from thee.

O! that men's ears should be

To counsel deaf, but not to flattery. *Exit.*

## ACT II

SCENE I.—*Athens. A Room in a Senator's  
House.*

*Enter Senator, with papers in his hand.*

*Sen.* And late, five thousand: to Varro  
and to Isidore

He owes nine thousand; besides my former  
sum,

Which makes it five-and-twenty. Still in  
motion

Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.  
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog

And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold;  
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty  
more

Better than he, why, give my horse to  
Timon,

Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,  
And able horses. No porter at his gate, 10

But rather one that smiles and still invites  
All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason

Can sound his state in safety. Caphis, ho!  
Caphis, I say!

*Enter CAPHIS.*

*Caph.* Here, sir; what is your pleasure?

*Sen.* Get on your cloak, and haste you to  
Lord Timon;

Importune him for my moneys; be not  
ceas'd

With slight denial, nor then silenc'd when—  
'Commend me to your master'—and the  
cap

Plays in the right hand, thus; but tell him,  
My uses cry to me; I must serve my turn 20

Out of mine own; his days and times are  
past,

And my reliances on his fracted dates  
Have smit my credit: I love and honour  
him,

But must not break my back to heal his  
finger;

Immediate are my needs, and my relief  
Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in  
words,

But find supply immediate. Get you gone:  
Put on a most importunate aspect,

A visage of demand; for I do fear,  
When every feather sticks in his own  
wing, 30

Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,  
Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you  
gone.

*Caph.* I go, sir.

*Sen.* 'I go, sir!' Take the bonds along  
with you,

And have the dates in compt.

*Caph.  
Sen.*

I will, sir.  
Go.  
*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Hall in  
TIMON'S House.*

*Enter FLAVIUS, with many bills in his hand.*

*Flav.* No care, no stop! so senseless of  
expense,  
That he will neither know how to maintain  
it,  
Nor cease his flow of riot: takes no account  
How things go from him, nor resumes no  
care  
Of what is to continue: never mind  
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.  
What shall be done? He will not hear, till  
feel.

I must be round with him, now he comes  
from hunting.  
Fie, fie, fie, fie!

*Enter CAPHIS, and the Servants of ISIDORE  
and VARRO.*

*Caph.* Good even, Varro. What!  
You come for money?  
*Var. Serv.* Is 't not your business too? 10  
*Caph.* It is: and yours too, Isidore?  
*Isid. Serv.* It is so.  
*Caph.* Would we were all discharg'd!  
*Var. Serv.* I fear it.  
*Caph.* Here comes the lord.

*Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, and Lords, etc.*

*Tim.* So soon as dinner's done we'll  
forth again,  
My Alcibiades. With me? what is your  
will?

*Caph.* My lord, here is a note of certain  
dues.

*Tim.* Dues! Whence are you?  
*Caph.* Of Athens here, my lord.  
*Tim.* Go to my steward.

*Caph.* Please it your lordship, he hath  
put me off

To the succession of new days this month: 20  
My master is awak'd by great occasion  
To call upon his own; and humbly prays  
you

That with your other noble parts you 'll  
suit,

In giving him his right.

*Tim.* Mine honest friend,  
I prithee, but repair to me next morning.

*Caph.* Nay, good my lord,—

*Tim.* Contain thyself, good friend.

*Var. Serv.* One Varro's servant, my good  
lord,—

*Isid. Serv.* From Isidore;

He humbly prays your speedy payment.

*Caph.* If you did know, my lord, my  
master's wants,—

*Var. Serv.* 'T was due on forfeiture, my  
lord, six weeks 30

And past.

*Isid. Serv.* Your steward puts me off, my  
lord;

And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

*Tim.* Give me breath.  
I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;  
I'll wait upon you instantly,

*Exeunt ALCIBIADES and Lords.*  
To FLAVIUS. Come hither: pray you,  
How goes the world, that I am thus encount-  
ter'd

With clamorous demands of date-broke  
bonds,

And the detention of long-since-due debts,  
Against my honour?

*Flav.* Please you, gentlemen,  
The time is unagreeable to this business. 41  
Your importunacy cease till after dinner,  
That I may make his lordship understand  
Wherefore you are not paid.

*Tim.* Do so, my friends.  
See them well entertained. *Exit.*

*Flav.* Pray, draw near. *Exit.*

*Enter APEMANTUS and Fool.*

*Caph.* Stay, stay; here comes the fool  
with Apemantus: let's ha' some sport with  
'em.

*Var. Serv.* Hang him, he'll abuse us.

*Isid. Serv.* A plague upon him, dog! 50

*Var. Serv.* How dost, fool?

*Apem.* Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

*Var. Serv.* I speak not to thee.

*Apem.* No; 't is to thyself. To the Fool.

Come away.

*Isid. Serv.* There 's the fool hangs on  
your back already.

*Apem.* No, thou standest single; thou 'rt  
not on him yet.

*Caph.* Where 's the fool now? 59

*Apem.* He last asked the question. Poor  
rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between  
gold and want!

*All Serv.* What are we, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Asses.

*All Serv.* Why?

*Apem.* That you ask me what you are, and  
do not know yourselves. Speak to 'em, fool.

*Fool.* How do you, gentlemen?

*All Serv.* Gramercies, good fool. How  
does your mistress? 70

*Fool.* She 's e'en setting on water to scald  
such chickens as you are. Would we could  
see you at Corinth!

*Apem.* Good! gramercy.

*Enter Page.*

*Fool.* Look you, here comes my mistress'  
page.

*Page.* To the Fool. Why, how now, cap-  
tain! what do you in this wise company?

How dost thou, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Would I had a rod in my mouth,  
that I might answer thee profitably. 80

*Page.* Prithee, Apemantus, read me the  
superscription of these letters: I know not  
which is which.

*Apem.* Canst not read?

*Page.* No.

*Apem.* There will little learning die then  
that day thou art hanged. This is to Lord

Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast  
born a bastard, and thou 'lt die a bawd. 89

*Page.* Thou wast whelped a dog, and thou shalt witness a dog's death. Answer not; I am gone. *Exit.*

*Apem.* E'en so thou outrunnest grace. Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's.

*Fool.* Will you leave me there?

*Apem.* If Timon stay at home. You three serve three usurers?

*All Serv.* Ay; would they served us!

*Apem.* So would I, as good a trick as ever hangman served thief. 100

*Fool.* Are you three usurers' men?

*All Serv.* Ay, fool.

*Fool.* I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant: my mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly: the reason of this?

*Var. Serv.* I could render one. 109

*Apem.* Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

*Var. Serv.* What is a whoremaster, fool?

*Fool.* A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'T is a spirit: sometime 't appears like a lord; sometime like a lawyer; sometime like a philosopher, with two stones more than 's artificial one. He is very often like a knight; and generally in all shapes that man goes up and down in from four-score to thirteen, this spirit walks in. 121

*Var. Serv.* Thou art not altogether a fool.

*Fool.* Nor thou altogether a wise man; as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

*Apem.* That answer might have become Apemantus.

*All Serv.* Aside, aside; here comes Lord Timon.

*Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.*

*Apem.* Come with me, fool, come.

*Fool.* I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime the philosopher. *Exeunt APEMANTUS and Fool.* 131

*Flav.* Pray you, walk near: I'll speak with you anon. *Exeunt Servants.*

*Tim.* You make me marvel: wherefore ere this time

Had you not fully laid my state before me, That I might so have rated my expense As I had leave of means?

*Flav.* You would not hear me, As many leisures I propos'd.

*Tim.* Go to: Perchance some single vantages you took, When my indisposition put you back; And that unaptness made your minister 140 Thus to excuse yourself.

*Flav.* O my good lord! At many times I brought in my accounts, Laid them before you; you would throw them off,

And say you found them in mine honesty. When for some trifling present you have bid me

Return so much, I have shook my head and wept;

Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you

To hold your hand more close: I did endure Not seldom, nor no slight checks, when I have

Prompted you in the ebb of your estate 150 And your great flow of debts. My loved lord,

Though you hear now, too late, yet now 's a time,

The greatest of your having lacks a half To pay your present debts.

*Tim.* Let all my land be sold.

*Flav.* 'T is all engag'd, some forfeited and gone;

And what remains will hardly stop the mouth

Of present dues; the future comes apace; What shall defend the interim? and at length

How goes our reckoning?

*Tim.* To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

*Flav.* O my good lord! the world is but a word; 161

Were it all yours to give it in a breath, How quickly were it gone!

*Tim.* You tell me true.

*Flav.* If you suspect my husbandry or falsehood,

Call me before the exactest auditors, And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,

When all our offices have been oppress'd With riotous feeders, when our vaults have wept

With drunken spilth of wine, when every room

Hath blaz'd with lights and bray'd with minstrelsy, 170

I have retir'd me to a wakeful couch, And set mine eyes at flow.

*Tim.* Prithee, no more.

*Flav.* Heavens! have I said, the bounty of this lord.

How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants

This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?

What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is Lord Timon's?

Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!

Ah! when the means are gone that buy this praise,

The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:

Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers, 180

These flies are couch'd.

*Tim.* Come, sermon me no further:

No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;

Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.

Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack,

To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;

If I would broach the vessels of my love, And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,

Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use  
As I can bid thee speak.

*Flav.* Assurance bless your thoughts!  
*Tim.* And, in some sort, these wants of  
mine are crown'd, 190

That I account them blessings; for by these  
Shall I try friends. You shall perceive how you  
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my  
friends.

Within there! Flaminius! Servilius!

*Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other  
Servants.*

*Servants.* My lord! my lord!

*Tim.* I will dispatch you severally: you  
to Lord Lucius; to Lord Lucullus you; I  
hunted with his honour to-day; you, to  
Sempronius. Commend me to their loves;  
and, I am proud, say, that my occasions have  
found time to use 'em toward a supply of  
money: let the request be fifty talents. 202

*Flam.* As you have said, my lord.

*Flav. Aside.* Lord Lucius? and Lucullus?  
hum!

*Tim.* To another Servant. Go you, sir, to  
the senators,

Of whom, even to the state's best health, I  
have

Deserv'd this hearing, bid 'em send o' the  
instant

A thousand talents to me.

*Flav.* I have been bold,  
For that I knew it the most general way, 209  
To them to use your signet and your name;  
But they do shake their heads, and I am here  
No richer in return.

*Tim.* Is 't true? can 't be?  
*Flav.* They answer, in a joint and corpo-  
rate voice,

That now they are at fall, want treasure,  
cannot

Do what they would; are sorry; you are  
honourable;

But yet they could have wish'd; they know  
not;

Something hath been amiss; a noble nature  
May catch a wrench; would all were well;  
't is pity;

And so, intending other serious matters,  
After distasteful looks and these hard frac-  
tions, 220

With certain half-caps and cold-moving nods  
They froze me into silence.

*Tim.* You gods, reward them!  
Prithee, man, look cheerly. These old  
fellows

Have their ingratitude in them hereditary;  
Their blood is cak'd, 't is cold, it seldom  
flows;

'T is lack of kindly warmth they are not  
kind;

And nature, as it grows again toward earth,  
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.  
*To a Servant.* Go to Ventidius. *To FLA-*  
*VIUS.* Prithee, be not sad,

Thou art true and honest; ingeniously I  
speak, 230

No blame belongs to thee. *To Servant.*  
Ventidius lately

Buried his father; by whose death he 's  
stepp'd

Into a great estate; when he was poor,  
Imprison'd and in scarcity of friends,  
I clear'd him with five talents; greet him  
from me;

Bid him suppose some good necessity  
Touches his friend, which craves to be  
remember'd

With those five talents. *Exit Servant.*

*To FLAVIUS.* That had, give 't these  
fellows

To whom 't is instant due. Ne'er speak or  
think

That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can  
sink.

*Flav.* I would I could not think it: that  
thought is bounty's foe; 241

Being free itself, it thinks all others so.  
*Exeunt.*

## ACT III

SCENE I.—*Athens. A Room in LUCUL-*  
*LUS'S House.*

FLAMINIUS waiting. *Enter a Servant to  
him.*

*Serv.* I have told my lord of you; he is  
coming down to you.

*Flam.* I thank you, sir.

*Enter LUCULLUS.*

*Serv.* Here 's my lord.

*Lucul. Aside.* One of Lord Timon's men!  
a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I  
dreamt of a silver basin and ewer to-night.  
Flaminius, honest Flaminius, you are very  
respectfully welcome, sir. Fill me some  
wine. *Exit Servant.*

And how does that honourable, complete,  
free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very  
bountiful good lord and master? 11

*Flam.* His health is well, sir.

*Lucul.* I am right glad that his health is  
well, sir. And what hast thou there under  
thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

*Flam.* Faith, nothing but an empty box,  
sir, which, in my lord's behalf, I come to  
entreat your honour to supply; who, having  
great and instant occasion to use fifty talents,  
hath sent to your lordship to furnish him,  
nothing doubting your present assistance  
therein. 21

*Lucul.* La, la, la, la! 'nothing doubting,'  
says he? Alas! good lord; a noble gentle-  
man 't is, if he would not keep so good a  
house. Many a time and often I ha' dined  
with him, and told him on 't; and come  
again to supper to him, of purpose to have  
him spend less; and yet he would embrace  
no counsel, take no warning by my coming.  
Every man has his fault, and honesty is his;  
I ha' told him on 't, but I could ne'er get  
him from it. 21

*Re-enter Servant, with wine.*

*Serv.* Please your lordship, here is the  
wine.

*Lucul.* Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise.

Here 's to thee.

*Flam.* Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

*Lucul.* I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit, give thee thy due, and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee. *To the Servant.* Get you gone, sirrah. 40

*Exit Servant.*

Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord 's a bountiful gentleman; but thou art wise, and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here 's three solidares for thee; good boy, wink at me, and say thou sawest me not. Fare thee well.

*Flam.* Is 't possible the world should so much differ,

And we alive that liv'd? Fly, damned baseness, 50

To him that worships thee!

*Throwing the money away.*

*Lucul.* Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. *Exit.*

*Flam.* May these add to the number that may scald thee!

Let molten coin be thy damnation, Thou disease of a friend, and not himself! Has friendship such a faint and milky heart It turns in less than two nights? O you gods! I feel my master's passion. This slave, unto his honour,

Has my lord's meat in him: 60

Why should it thrive and turn to nutriment When he is turn'd to poison?

O! may diseases only work upon 't,

And when he's sick to death, let not that part of nature

Which my lord paid for, be of any power

To expel sickness, but prolong his hour.

*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A public Place.*

*Enter LUCIUS, with three Strangers.*

*Luc.* Who? the Lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

*First Stran.* We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours: now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

*Luc.* Fie, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money. 10

*Second Stran.* But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus to borrow so many talents, nay, urged extremely for 't, and showed what necessity belonged to 't, and yet was denied.

*Luc.* How!

*Second Stran.* I tell you, denied, my lord.

*Luc.* What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am ashamed on 't. De-

nied that honourable man! there was very little honour showed in 't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents. 26

*Enter SERVILIUS.*

*Ser.* See, by good hap, yonder 's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour. *To LUCIUS.* My honoured lord!

*Luc.* Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well: commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend. 32

*Ser.* May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

*Luc.* Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending: how shall I thank him, thinkest thou? And what has he sent now?

*Ser.* He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents. 41

*Luc.* I know his lordship is but merry with me; he cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

*Ser.* But in the meantime he wants less, my lord.

If his occasion were not virtuous, I should not urge it half so faithfully.

*Luc.* Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

*Ser.* Upon my soul, 't is true, sir.

*Luc.* What a wicked beast was I to disfigure myself against such a good time, when I might ha' shown myself honourable! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour! Servilius, now, before the gods, I am not able to do; the more beast, I say; I was sending to use Lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done 't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind: and tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far as to use mine own words to him? 65

*Ser.* Yes, sir, I shall.

*Luc.* I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius. *Exit SERVILIUS.*

True as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed; And he that 's once denied will hardly speed. *Exit.*

*First Stran.* Do you observe this, Hostilius?

*Second Stran.* Ay, too well.

*First Stran.* Why, this is the world's soul; and just of the same piece 71  
Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him His friend that dips in the same dish? for, in

My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,  
And kept his credit with his purse,  
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money  
Has paid his men their wages: he ne'er drinks

But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;  
And yet, O! see the monstrousness of man,  
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape,  
He does deny him, in respect of his, 81  
What charitable men afford to beggars.

*Third Stran.* Religion groans at it.

*First Stran.* For mine own part,  
I never tasted Timon in my life,  
Nor came any of his bounties over me,  
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,  
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,  
And honourable carriage,  
Had his necessity made use of me, 89  
I would have put my wealth into donation,  
And the best half should have return'd to him,

So much I love his heart. But, I perceive,  
Men must learn how with pity to dispense;  
For policy sits above conscience. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Room in SEMPRONIUS'S House.*

*Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a Servant of TIMON'S.*

*Sem.* Must he needs trouble me in 't?  
Hum! 'bove all others?  
He might have tried Lord Lucius, or Lucullus;

And now Ventidius is wealthy too,  
Whom he redeem'd from prison: all these  
Owe their estates unto him.

*Serv.* My lord,  
They have all been touch'd and found base metal, for  
They have all denied him.

*Sem.* How! have they denied him?  
Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?  
And does he send to me? Three? hum!  
It shows but little love or judgment in him: 10  
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,

Thrice give him over; must I take the cure upon me?

He has much disgrac'd me in 't; I'm angry at him,

That might have known my place. I see no sense for 't,

But his occasions might have woo'd me first;  
For, in my conscience, I was the first man  
That e'er received gift from him:

And does he think so backwardly of me now,  
That I'll requite it last? No:

So it may prove an argument of laughter 20  
To the rest, and I 'mongst lords be thought a fool.

I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum,  
He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;

I'd such a courage to do him good. But now return,

And with their faint reply this answer join; 25  
Who bates mine honour shall not know my coin.  
*Exit.*

*Serv.* Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what he did when he made man politic; he crossed himself by 't: and I cannot think but in the end the villainies of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to be wicked, like those that under hot ardent zeal would set whole realms on fire: 34

Of such a nature is his politic love.  
This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled

Save the gods only. Now his friends are dead,  
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards

Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd  
Now to guard sure their master: 40

And this is all a liberal course allows;  
Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house. *Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The Same. A Hall in TIMON'S House.*

*Enter two Servants of VARRO, and the Servant of LUCIUS, meeting TITUS, HORTENSIVS, and other Servants to TIMON'S Creditors, waiting his coming out.*

*First Var. Serv.* Well met; good morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

*Tit.* The like to you, kind Varro. *Lucius!*

*Hor.* What! do we meet together?

*Luc. Serv.* Ay, and I think One business does command us all; for mine

Is money. *Tit.* So is theirs and ours.

*Enter PHILOTUS.*

*Luc. Serv.* And Sir Philotus too!

*Phi.* Good day at once.

*Luc. Serv.* Welcome, good brother.

What do you think the hour?

*Phi.* Labouring for nine.

*Luc. Serv.* So much?

*Phi.* Is not my lord seen yet?

*Luc. Serv.* Not yet.

*Phi.* I wonder on 't; he was wont to shine at seven. 10

*Luc. Serv.* Ay, but the days are wax'd shorter with him:

You must consider that a prodigal course Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.

I fear 'T is deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse;

That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet

Find little. *Phi.* I am of your fear for that.

*Tit.* I'll show you how to observe a strange event.

Your lord sends now for money. *Hor.* Most true, he does.

*Tit.* And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,

For which I wait for money. 20  
*Hor.* It is against my heart.

*Luc. Serv.* Mark, how strange it shows,  
Timon in this should pay more than he  
owes:

And e'en as if your lord should wear rich  
jewels,

And send for money for 'em.

*Hor.* I'm weary for this charge, the gods  
can witness:

I know my lord hath spent of Timon's  
wealth,

And now ingratitude makes it worse than  
stealth.

*First Var. Serv.* Yes, mine's three thou-  
sand crowns; what's yours?

*Luc. Serv.* Five thousand mine.

*First Var. Serv.* 'T is much deep: and it  
should seem by the sum,

Your master's confidence was above mine;  
Else, surely, his had equal'd.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

*Tit.* One of Lord Timon's men.

*Luc. Serv.* Flaminius! Sir, a word. Pray,  
is my lord ready to come forth?

*Flam.* No, indeed, he is not.

*Tit.* We attend his lordship; pray, sig-  
nify so much.

*Flam.* I need not tell him that; he knows  
you are too diligent. Exit. 40

Enter FLAVIUS in a cloak, muffled.

*Luc. Serv.* Ha! is not that his steward  
muffled so?

He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

*Tit.* Do you hear, sir?

*Second Var. Serv.* By your leave, sir,—

*Flav.* What do ye ask of me, my friend?

*Tit.* We wait for certain money here, sir.

*Flav.* Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting,

'T were sure enough.

Why then prefer'd you not your sums and  
bills

When your false masters eat of my lord's  
meat?

Then they could smile and fawn upon his  
debts, 50

And take down the interest into their glut-  
tonous maws.

You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up;

Let me pass quietly:

Believe 't, my lord and I have made an end;

I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

*Luc. Serv.* Ay, but this answer will not  
serve.

*Flav.* If 't will not serve, 't is not so base  
as you;

For you serve knaves. Exit.

*First Var. Serv.* How! what does his cash-  
iered worship mutter? 61

*Second Var. Serv.* No matter what; he's  
poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can  
speak broader than he that has no house to  
put his head in? such may rail against great  
buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS.

*Tit.* O! here's Servilius; now we shall  
know some answer.

*Ser.* If I might beseech you, gentlemen,  
to repair some other hour, I should derive  
much from 't; for, take 't on my soul, my  
lord leans wondrously to discontent. His  
comfortable temper has forsook him; he's  
much out of health, and keeps his cham-  
ber. 73

*Luc. Serv.* Many do keep their chambers  
are not sick:

An if it be so far beyond his health,  
Methinks he should the sooner pay his  
debts,

And make a clear way to the gods.

*Ser.* Good gods!

*Tit.* We cannot take this for answer, sir.

*Flam. Within.* Servilius, help! my lord!

my lord!

Enter TIMON, in a rage; FLAMINIUS  
following.

*Tim.* What! are my doors oppos'd against  
my passage? 80

Have I been ever free, and must my house

Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?

The place which I have feasted, does it now,

Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

*Luc. Serv.* Put in now, Titus.

*Tit.* My lord, here is my bill.

*Luc. Serv.* Here's mine.

*Hor.* And mine, my lord.

*Both Var. Serv.* And ours, my lord.

*Phi.* All our bills. 90

*Tim.* Knock me down with 'em: cleave

me to the girdle.

*Luc. Serv.* Alas! my lord,—

*Tim.* Cut my heart in sums.

*Tit.* Mine, fifty talents.

*Tim.* Tell out my blood.

*Luc. Serv.* Five thousand crowns, my

lord.

*Tim.* Five thousand drops pays that.

What yours? and yours?

*First Var. Serv.* My lord,—

*Second Var. Serv.* My lord,—

*Tim.* Tear me, take me; and the gods

fall upon you! Exit. 100

*Hor.* Faith, I perceive our masters may

throw their caps at their money: these

debts may well be called desperate ones,

for a madman owes 'em. Exeunt.

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

*Tim.* They have e'en put my breath from  
me, the slaves:

Creditors! devils!

*Flav.* My dear lord,—

*Tim.* What if it should be so?

*Flav.* My lord,—

*Tim.* I'll have it so. My steward!

*Flav.* Here, my lord. 110

*Tim.* So fitly! Go, bid all my friends

again,

Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all:

I'll once more feast the rascals.

*Flav.* O my lord!

You only speak from your distracted soul;

There is not so much left to furnish out

A moderate table.

*Tit.* Be 't not in thy care; go,  
I charge thee, invite them all: let in the tide  
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll  
provide. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Same. The Senate-house.*  
*The Senate sitting.*

*First Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to  
it; the fault's  
Bloody; 't is necessary he should die;  
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.  
*Second Sen.* Most true; the law shall  
bruise him.

*Enter ALCIBIADES, attended.*

*Alcib.* Honour, health, and compassion  
to the senate!  
*First Sen.* Now, captain?  
*Alcib.* I am an humble suitor to your vir-  
tues;

For pity is the virtue of the law.  
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.  
It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy 10  
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,  
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past  
depth

To those that without heed do plunge into 't.  
He is a man, setting his fate aside,  
Of comely virtues;  
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice,  
An honour in him which buys out his fault,  
But with a noble fury and fair spirit,  
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,  
He did oppose his foe;  
And with such sober and unnoted passion  
He did behave his anger, ere 't was spent,  
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

*First Sen.* You undergo too strict a para-  
dox,  
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:  
Your words have took such pains as if they  
labour'd

To bring manslaughter into form, and set  
quarrelling

Upon the head of valour; which indeed  
Is valour misbegot, and came into the world  
When sects and factions were newly born. 30  
He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer  
The worst that man can breathe, and make  
his wrongs

His outsides, to wear them like his raiment,  
carelessly,

And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,  
To bring it into danger.

If wrongs be evils and enforce us kill,  
What folly 't is to hazard life for ill!

*Alcib.* My lord,—

*First Sen.* You cannot make gross sins  
look clear;

To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

*Alcib.* My lords, then, under favour, par-  
don me, 40

If I speak like a captain.

Why do fond men expose themselves to bat-  
tle,

And not endure all threats? sleep upon 't,  
And let the foes quietly cut their throats  
Without repugnancy? If there be

Such valour in the bearing, what make we  
Abroad? why then, women are more valiant  
That stay at home, if bearing carry it,  
And the ass more captain than the lion, the  
felon

Loaden with irons wiser than the judge, 50  
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords!  
As you are great, be pitifully good:  
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold  
blood?

To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;  
But in deference, by mercy, 't is most just.  
To be in anger is impiety;  
But who is man that is not angry?  
Weigh but the crime with this.

*Second Sen.* You breathe in vain.

*Alcib.* In vain! his service done  
At Lacedæmon and Byzantium 60  
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

*First Sen.* What's that?

*Alcib.* I say, my lords, he has done fair  
service,

And slain in fight many of your enemies.  
How full of valour did he bear himself  
In the last conflict, and made plenteous  
wounds!

*Second Sen.* He has made too much  
plenty with 'em;

He's a sworn rioter; he has a sin that often  
Drowns him and takes his valour prisoner;  
If there were no foes, that were enough 70  
To overcome him; in that beastly fury  
He has been known to commit outrages  
And cherish factions; 't is infer'd to us,  
His days are foul and his drink dangerous.

*First Sen.* He dies.

*Alcib.* Hard fate! he might have died in  
war.

My lords, if not for any parts in him,  
Though his right arm might purchase his  
own time,  
And be in debt to none, yet, more to move  
you,

Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both;  
And, for I know your reverend ages love 80  
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all  
My honour to you, upon his good returns.  
If by this crime he owes the law his life,  
Why, let the war receive 't in valiant gore;  
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

*First Sen.* We are for law; he dies: urge  
it no more,

On height of our displeasure. Friend or  
brother,

He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

*Alcib.* Must it be so? it must not be. My  
lords, 90

I do beseech you, know me.

*Second Sen.* How!

*Alcib.* Call me to your remembrances:  
*Third Sen.* What!

*Alcib.* I cannot think but your age has  
forgot me;

It could not else be I should prove so base.  
To sue, and be denied such common grace.

My wounds ache at you.

*First Sen.* Do you dare our anger?  
'T is in few words, but spacious in effect;

We banish thee for ever.

*Alcib.* Banish me!  
 Banish your dotage; banish usury,  
 That makes the senate ugly. 100  
*First Sen.* If, after two days' shine,  
 Athens contain thee,  
 Attend our weightier judgment. And, not  
 to swell our spirit,  
 He shall be executed presently.

*Exeunt Senators.*  
*Alcib.* Now the gods keep you old enough;  
 that you may live  
 Only in bone, that none may look on you!  
 I'm worse than mad: I have kept back  
 their foes,  
 While they have told their money and let out  
 Their coin upon large interest; I myself  
 Rich only in large hurts. All those for this?  
 Is this the balsam that the usuring senate 110  
 Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment!  
 It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;  
 It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,  
 That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up  
 My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.  
 'T is honour with most lands to be at odds;  
 Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as  
 gods. *Exit.*

SCENE VI.—*The Same. Room of State  
 in TIMON'S House.*

*Music.* Tables set out: Servants attending.  
*Enter divers Lords, Senators, and  
 Others, at several doors.*

*First-Lord.* The good time of day to you,  
 sir.

*Second Lord.* I also wish it to you. I  
 think this honourable lord did but try us  
 this other day.

*First Lord.* Upon that were my thoughts  
 tiring when we encountered: I hope it is not  
 so low with him as he made it seem in the  
 trial of his several friends. 7

*Second Lord.* It should not be, by the  
 persuasion of his new feasting.

*First Lord.* I should think so: he hath  
 sent me an earnest inviting, which many my  
 near occasions did urge me to put off; but  
 he hath conjured me beyond them, and I  
 must needs appear. 14

*Second Lord.* In like manner was I in  
 debt to my importunate business, but he  
 would not hear my excuse. I am sorry,  
 when he sent to borrow of me, that my pro-  
 vision was out.

*First Lord.* I am sick of that grief too, as  
 I understand how all things go. 50

*Second Lord.* Every man here 's so. What  
 would he have borrowed of you?

*First Lord.* A thousand pieces.

*Second Lord.* A thousand pieces!

*First Lord.* What of you?

*Second Lord.* He sent to me, sir,—Here  
 he comes.

*Enter TIMON and Attendants.*

*Tim.* With all my heart, gentlemen both;  
 and how fare you?

*First Lord.* Ever at the best, hearing well  
 of your lordship. 30

*Second Lord.* The swallow follows not  
 summer more willing than we your lordship.

*Tim. Aside.* Nor more willingly leaves  
 winter; such summer-birds are men. Gen-  
 tlemen, our dinner will not recompense this  
 long stay: feast your ears with the music  
 awhile, if they will fare so harshly o' the  
 trumpet's sound; we shall to 't presently.

*First Lord.* I hope it remains not unkindly  
 with your lordship that I returned you an  
 empty messenger. 41

*Tim.* O! sir, let it not trouble you.

*Second Lord.* My noble lord,—

*Tim.* Ah! my good friend, what cheer?

*Second Lord.* My most honourable lord,  
 I am e'en sick of shame, that when your  
 lordship this other day sent to me I was so  
 unfortunate a beggar.

*Tim.* Think not on 't, sir.

*Second Lord.* If you had sent but two  
 hours before,— 51

*Tim.* Let it not cumber your better re-  
 membrance. *The banquet brought in.*

Come, bring in all together.

*Second Lord.* All covered dishes!

*First Lord.* Royal cheer, I warrant you.

*Third Lord.* Doubt not that, if money and  
 the season can yield it.

*First Lord.* How do you do? What's the  
 news?

*Third Lord.* Alcibiades is banished: hear  
 you of it? 61

*First and Second Lord.* Alcibiades ban-  
 ished!

*Third Lord.* 'T is so, be sure of it.

*First Lord.* How? how?

*Second Lord.* I pray you, upon what?

*Tim.* My worthy friends, will you draw  
 near?

*Third Lord.* I'll tell you more anon.  
 Here's a noble feast toward.

*Second Lord.* This is the old man still.

*Third Lord.* Will 't hold? will 't hold? 70

*Second Lord.* It does; but time will—  
 and so—

*Third Lord.* I do conceive.

*Tim.* Each man to his stool, with that  
 spur as he would to the lip of his mistress;  
 your diet shall be in all places alike. Make  
 not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere  
 we can agree upon the first place: sit, sit.  
 The gods require our thanks. 80

You great benefactors, sprinkle our so-  
 ciety with thankfulness. For your own gifts  
 make yourselves praised: but reserve still  
 to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend  
 to each man enough, that one need not lend  
 to another; for were your godheads to bor-  
 row of men, men would forsake the gods.  
 Make the meat be beloved more than the  
 man that gives it. Let no assembly of  
 twenty be without a score of villains: if  
 there sit twelve women at the table, let a  
 dozen of them be—as they are. The rest  
 of your fees, O gods! the senators of Athens,  
 together with the common lag of people,  
 what is amiss in them, you gods, make suit-  
 able for destruction. For these my present

friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome. 94

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

*The dishes are uncovered and seen to be full of warm water.*

*Some speak.* What does his lordship mean?

*Some other.* I know not.

*Tim.* May you a better feast never behold,

You knot of mouth-friends! smoke and luke-warm water

Is your perfection. This is Timon's last; 100  
Who, stuck and spangled with your flat-teries,

Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

*Throwing the water in their faces.*

Your reeking villany. Live loath'd, and long,  
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,  
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,

You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,

Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!

Of man and beast the infinite malady  
Crust you quite o'er! What! dost thou go?  
Soft! take thy physic first,—thou too,—and thou:— 110

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.  
*Throws the dishes at them.*

What! all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,

Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.  
Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be

Of Timon man and all humanity! *Exit.*

*Re-enter the Lords, Senators, etc.*

*First Lord.* How now, my lords!

*Second Lord.* Know you the quality of Lord Timon's fury?

*Third Lord.* Push! did you see my cap?

*Fourth Lord.* I have lost my gown. 120

*Third Lord.* He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel th' other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat: did you see my jewel?

*Fourth Lord.* Did you see my cap?

*Second Lord.* Here 't is.

*Fourth Lord.* Here lies my gown.

*First Lord.* Let's make no stay.

*Second Lord.* Lord Timon's mad. 129

*Third Lord.* I feel 't upon my bones.

*Fourth Lord.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones. *Exeunt.*

## ACT IV

### SCENE I.—Without the Walls of Athens.

*Enter TIMON.*

*Tim.* Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall,

That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the earth,

And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn in-continent!

Obedience fail in children! Slaves and fools,

Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,

And minister in their steads! To general filths

Convert, o' the instant, green virginity! Do 't in your parents' eyes! Bankrupts, hold fast;

Rather than render back, out with your knives,

And cut your trusters' throats! Bound servants, steal! 10

Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,

And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed; Thy mistress is o' the brothel! Son of sixteen,

Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire,

With it beat out his brains! Piety, and fear, Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,

Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbour-hood,

Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades, Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,

Decline to your confounding contraries, 20 And let confusion live! Plagues, incident to men,

Your potent and infectious fevers heap On Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou cold sciatica,

Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt

As lamely as their manners! Lust and liberty

Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,

That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,

And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains,

Sow all the Athenian bosoms, and their crop Be general leprosy! Breath infect breath, 30

That their society, as their friendship, may

Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee

But nakedness, thou detestable town! Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!

Timon will to the woods; where he shall find

The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.

The gods confound—hear me, you good gods all—

The Athenians both within and out that wall!

And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow 39

To the whole race of mankind, high and low! Amen. *Exit.*

### SCENE II.—Athens. A Room in TIMON'S House.

*Enter FLAVIUS, with two or three Servants.*

*First Serv.* Hear you, master steward! where's our master?

Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

*Flav.* Alack! my fellows, what should I say to you?

Let me be recorded by the righteous gods, I am as poor as you.

*First Serv.* Such a house broke! So noble a master fall'n! All gone, and not One friend to take his fortune by the arm, And go along with him!

*Second Serv.* As we do turn our backs From our companion thrown into his grave, So his familiars to his buried fortunes 10 Slink all away, leave their false vows with him,

Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self, A dedicated beggar to the air, With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty, Walks, like contempts, alone. More of our fellows.

*Enter other Servants.*

*Flav.* All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

*Third Serv.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,

That see I by our faces; we are fellows still, Serving alike in sorrow. Leak'd is our bark, And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck, 20

Hearing the surges threat: we must all part into this sea of air.

*Flav.* Good fellows all, The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.

Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,

As 't were a knell unto our master's fortunes,

'We have seen better days.' Let each take some; *Giving them money.*

Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:

Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

*They embrace, and part several ways.* O! the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us, 30

Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,

Since riches point to misery and contempt? Who 'd be so mock'd with glory? or so live But in a dream of friendship?

To have his pomp and all that state compounds

But only painted, like his varnish'd friends? Poor honest lord! brought low by his own heart,

Undone by goodness. Strange, unusual blood,

When man's worst sin is he does too much good!

Who then dares to be half so kind again? 40 For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.

My dearest lord, bless'd, to be most accurs'd,

Rich, only to be wretched, thy great fortunes

Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas! kind lord;

He's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat Of monstrous friends;

Nor has he with him to supply his life, Or that which can command it.

I'll follow and inquire him out: I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;

Whilst I have gold I'll be his steward still. 50 *Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Woods and Cave, near the Sea-shore.*

*Enter TIMON from the Cave.*

*Tim.* O blessed breeding sun! draw from the earth

Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,

Whose procreation, residence, and birth, Scarce is dividant, touch them with several fortunes,

The greater scorns the lesser; not nature, To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,

But by contempt of nature. Raise me this beggar, and deny 't that lord;

The senator shall bear contempt hereditary, 10

The beggar native honour. It is the pasture lards the rother's sides,

The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,

In purity of manhood stand upright, And say 'This man's a flatterer'? If one be,

So are they all; for every grize of fortune Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate

Ducks to the golden fool: all is oblique; There's nothing level in our curs'd natures

But direct villany. Therefore, be abhorr'd 20 All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!

His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:

Destruction fang mankind! Earth, yield me roots! *Digging.*

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate

With thy most operant poison! What is here?

Gold! yellow, glittering, precious gold! No, gods,

I am no idle votarist. Roots, you clear heavens!

Thus much of this will make black white, foul fair,

Wrong right, base noble, old young, coward valiant.

Ha! you gods, why this? What this, you gods? Why, this 30

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides,

Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:

This yellow slave Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;

Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves, And give them title, knee, and approbation

With senators on the bench; this is it  
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;  
She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous  
sores  
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and  
spices  
To the April day again. Come, damned  
earth,

Thou common whore of mankind, that  
putt'st odds  
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee  
Do thy right nature. *March afar off.*  
Ha! a drum? Thou 'rt quick,  
But yet I'll bury thee: thou 'lt go, strong  
thief,  
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:  
Nay, stay thou out for earnest.

*Keeping some gold.*

*Enter* ALCIBIADES, *with drum and fife, in  
warlike manner;* PHRYNIA and TIMAN-  
DRA.

*Alcib.* What art thou there? speak.

*Tim.* A beast, as thou art. The canker  
gnaw thy heart.

For showing me again the eyes of man! 50

*Alcib.* What is thy name? Is man so  
hateful to thee

That art thyself a man?

*Tim.* I am *Misanthropos*, and hate man-  
kind.

For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog.

That I might love thee something.

*Alcib.* I know thee well;  
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and  
strange.

*Tim.* I know thee too; and more than  
that I know thee

I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;  
With man's blood paint the ground, gules,  
gules;

Religious canons, civil laws are cruel; 60  
Then what should war be? This fell whore  
of thine

Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,  
For all her cherubim look.

*Phry.* Thy lips rot off!

*Tim.* I will not kiss thee; then the rot  
returns

To thine own lips again.

*Alcib.* How came the noble Timon to  
this change?

*Tim.* As the moon does, by wanting light  
to give:

But then renew I could not like the moon;  
There were no suns to borrow of.

*Alcib.* Noble Timon, what friendship may  
I do thee?

*Tim.* None, but to maintain my opinion. 70

*Alcib.* What is it, Timon?

*Tim.* Promise me friendship, but perform  
none: if thou wilt not promise, the gods  
plague thee, for thou art a man! if thou  
dost perform, confound thee, for thou art a  
man!

*Alcib.* I have heard in some sort of thy  
miseries.

*Tim.* Thou saw'st them, when I had  
prosperity.

*Alcib.* I see them now; then was a  
blessed time.

*Tim.* As thine is now, held with a brace  
of harlots.

*Timan.* Is this the Athenian minion whom  
the world 80

Voic'd so regardfully?

*Tim.* Art thou Timandra?

*Timan.* Yes.

*Tim.* Be a whore still; they love thee not  
that use thee;

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their  
lust.

Make use of thy salt hours; season the  
slaves

For tubs and baths; bring down rose-  
cheeked youth

To the tub-fast and the diet.

*Timan.* Hang thee, monster!

*Alcib.* Pardon him, sweet Timandra, for  
his wits

Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.

I have but little gold of late, brave Timon, 90

The want whereof doth daily make revolt

In my penurious band: I have heard and  
griev'd

How curs'd Athens, mindless of thy worth,  
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour

states,  
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon  
them,—

*Tim.* I prithee, beat thy drum, and get  
thee gone.

*Alcib.* I am thy friend, and pity thee,  
dear Timon.

*Tim.* How dost thou pity him whom thou  
dost trouble?

I had rather be alone.

*Alcib.* Why, fare thee well:  
Here is some gold for thee.

*Tim.* Keep it, I cannot eat it.

*Alcib.* When I have laid proud Athens on  
a heap,— 101

*Tim.* Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

*Alcib.* Ay, Timon, and have cause.

*Tim.* The gods confound them all in thy  
conquest; and

Thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

*Alcib.* Why me, Timon?

*Tim.* That by killing of villains thou wast  
born to conquer

My country.

Put up thy gold: go on,—here 's gold,—go  
on;

Be as a planetary plague, when Jove  
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his  
poison

In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one.  
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard; 111

He is an usurer. Strike me the counterfeit  
matron;

It is her habit only that is honest,  
Herself 's a bawd. Let not the virgin's  
cheek

Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those  
milk-paps,

That through the window-bars bore at men's  
eyes,

Are not within the leaf of pity writ,

But set them down horrible traitors. Spare  
not the babe,  
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust  
their mercy;  
Think it a bastard, whom the oracle 120  
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall  
cut,  
And mince it sans remorse. Swear against  
objects;  
Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes,  
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids,  
nor babes,  
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments  
bleeding,  
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy  
soldiers:  
Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,  
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be  
gone.  
*Alcib.* Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the  
gold thou giv'st me,  
Not all thy counsel. 130  
*Tim.* Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's  
curse upon thee!  
*Phr., Timan.* Give us some gold, good  
Timon: hast thou more?  
*Tim.* Enough to make a whore forswear  
her trade,  
And to make whores a bawd. Hold up, you  
sluts,  
Your aprons mountant: you are not oath-  
able,—  
Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly  
swear  
Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues  
The immortal gods that hear you,—spare  
your oaths,  
I'll trust to your conditions; be whores still;  
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert  
you, 140  
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;  
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,  
And be no turncoats: yet may your pains,  
six months,  
Be quite contrary: and thatch your poor  
thin roofs  
With burdens of the dead; some that were  
hang'd,  
No matter; wear them, betray with them:  
whore still;  
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face:  
A pox of wrinkles!  
*Phr., Timan.* Well, more gold. What  
then?  
Believe't, that we'll do any thing for gold.  
*Tim.* Consumptions sow 151  
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp  
shins,  
And mar men's spurring. Crack the law-  
yer's voice,  
That he may never more false title plead,  
Nor sound his quilllets shrilly: hoar the  
flamen,  
That scolds against the quality of flesh,  
And not believes himself: down with the  
nose,  
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite  
away  
Of him that, his particular to forsee,

Smells from the general weal: make  
curl'd-pate ruffians bald; 150  
And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war  
Derive some pain from you: plague all,  
That your activity may defeat and quell  
The source of all erection. There's more  
gold;  
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,  
And ditches grave you all!  
*Phr., Timan.* More counsel with more  
money, bounteous Timon.  
*Tim.* More whore, more mischief first;  
I have given you earnest.  
*Alcib.* Strike up the drum towards  
Athens! Farewell, Timon:  
If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again. 170  
*Tim.* If I hope well, I'll never see thee  
more.  
*Alcib.* I never did thee harm.  
*Tim.* Yes, thou spok'st well of me.  
*Alcib.* Call'st thou that harm?  
*Tim.* Men daily find it. Get thee away,  
and take  
Thy beagles with thee.  
*Alcib.* We but offend him. Strike!  
*Drum beats. Exeunt ALCIBIADES,  
PHRYNIA, and TIMANDRA.*  
*Tim.* That nature, being sick of man's  
unkindness,  
Should yet be hungry! Common mother,  
thou, *Digging.*  
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite  
breast,  
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same  
mettle,  
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is  
puff'd, 180  
Engenders the black toad and adder blue,  
The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd  
worm,  
With all the abhorred births below crisp  
heaven  
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth  
shine;  
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth  
hate,  
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor  
root!  
Ensear thy fertile and conceptionous womb,  
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!  
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and  
bears;  
Teem with new monsters, whom thy up-  
ward face 190  
Hath to the marbled mansion all above  
Never presented! O! a root; dear thanks:  
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn  
leas;  
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish  
draughts  
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure  
mind,  
That from it all consideration slips!

*Enter APEMANTUS.*

More man! Plague! plague!  
*Apem.* I was directed hither: men report  
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use  
them.

*Tim.* 'T is then because thou dost not keep a dog 200  
 Whom I would imitate: consumption catch thee!  
*Apem.* This is in thee a nature but infected;  
 A poor unmanly melancholy sprung From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?  
 This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?  
 Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft,  
 Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot  
 That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods  
 By putting on the cunning of a carper.  
 Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive  
 By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee, 211  
 And let his very breath, whom thou 'lt observe,  
 Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,  
 And call it excellent. Thou wast told thus;  
 Thou gay'st thine ears, like tapsters that bid welcome,  
 To knaves and all approachers: 't is most just  
 That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,  
 Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my likeness.  
*Tim.* Were I like thee I'd throw away myself.  
*Apem.* Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself; 220  
 A madman so long, now a fool. What! think'st  
 That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,  
 Will put thy shirt on warm? will these moss'd trees,  
 That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels  
 And skip when thou point'st out! will the cold brook,  
 Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste  
 To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures  
 Whose naked natures live in all the spite  
 Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhouised trunks,  
 To the conflicting elements expos'd 230  
 Answer mere nature; bid them flatter thee;  
 O! thou shalt find—  
*Tim.* A fool of thee. Depart.  
*Apem.* I love thee better now than e'er I did.  
*Tim.* I hate thee worse.  
*Apem.* Why?  
*Tim.* Thou flatter'st misery.  
*Apem.* I flatter not, but say thou art a caittiff.  
*Tim.* Why dost thou seek me out?  
*Apem.* To vex thee.

*Tim.* Always a villain's office, or a fool's.  
 Dost please thyself in 't?  
*Apem.* Ay.  
*Tim.* What! a knave too?  
*Apem.* If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on  
 To castigate thy pride, 't were well; but thou 240  
 Dost it enforcedly; thou 'dst courtier be again  
 Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery  
 Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before:  
 The one is filling still, never complete;  
 The other, at high wish: best state, contentless,  
 Hath a distracted and most wretched being,  
 Worse than the worst, content.  
 Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable.  
*Tim.* Not by his breath that is more miserable.  
 Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm 250  
 With favour never clasp'd, but bred a dog.  
 Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath, proceed  
 The sweet degrees that this brief world affords  
 To such as may the passive drudges of it  
 Freely command, thou would'st have plung'd thyself  
 In general riot; melted down thy youth  
 In different beds of lust; and never learn'd  
 The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd  
 The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,  
 Who had the world as my confectionary, 260  
 The mouths, the tongues, the eyes and hearts of men  
 At duty, more than I could frame employment,  
 That numberless upon me stuck as leaves  
 Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush  
 Fell from their boughs and left me open, bare  
 For every storm that blows; I, to bear this,  
 That never knew but better, is some burden:  
 Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time  
 Hath made thee hard in 't. Why should'st thou hate men?  
 They never flatter'd thee: what hast thou given? 270  
 If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,  
 Must be thy subject, who in spite put stuff  
 To some she beggar and compounded thee  
 Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone!  
 If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,  
 Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.  
*Apem.* Art thou proud yet?  
*Tim.* Ay, that I am not thee.  
*Apem.* I, that I was  
 No prodigal.  
*Tim.* I, that I am one now;  
 Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,  
 I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone. 280  
 That the whole life of Athens were in this!  
 Thus would I eat it. *Eating a root.*  
*Apem.* Here; I will mend thy feast.

*Tim.* First mend my company, take away thyself.

*Apem.* So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

*Tim.* 'T is not well mended so, it is but botch'd;

If not, I would it were.

*Apem.* What would'st thou have to Athens?

*Tim.* Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt, 288

Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

*Apem.* Here is no use for gold.

*Tim.* The best and truest;

For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

*Apem.* Where liest o' nights, Timon?

*Tim.* Under that's above me.

Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Where my stomach finds meat:

or, rather, where I eat it.

*Tim.* Would poison were obedient and

knew my mind!

*Apem.* Where would'st thou send it?

*Tim.* To sauce thy dishes. 299

*Apem.* The middle of humanity thou

never knewest, but the extremity of both

ends. When thou wast in thy gilt and thy

perfume, they mocked thee for too much

curiosity; in thy rags thou knowest none,

but art despised for the contrary. There's

a medlar for thee; eat it.

*Tim.* On what I hate I feed not.

*Apem.* Dost hate a medlar?

*Tim.* Ay, though it look like thee.

*Apem.* An thou hadst hated meddlers

sooner, thou should'st have loved thyself

better now. What man didst thou ever

know unthrift that was beloved after his

means? 312

*Tim.* Who, without those means thou

talkest of, didst thou ever know beloved?

*Apem.* Myself.

*Tim.* I understand thee; thou hadst

some means to keep a dog.

*Apem.* What things in the world canst

thou nearest compare to thy flatterers? 319

*Tim.* Women nearest; but men, men

are the things themselves. What would'st

thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay

in thy power?

*Apem.* Give it the beasts, to be rid of the

men.

*Tim.* Would'st thou have thyself fall in

the confusion of men, and remain a beast

with the beasts?

*Apem.* Ay, Timon. 328

*Tim.* A beastly ambition, which the gods

grant thee t' attain to. If thou wert the lion,

the fox would beguile thee; if thou wert

the lamb, the fox would eat thee; if thou

wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee,

when peradventure thou wert accused by

the ass; if thou wert the ass, thy dulness

would torment thee, and still thou livedst

but as a breakfast to the wolf; if thou wert

the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee,

and oft thou should'st hazard thy life for

thy dinner; wert thou the unicorn, pride

and wrath would confound thee and make

thine own self the conquest of thy fury; wert thou a bear, thou would'st be killed by the horse; wert thou a horse, thou would'st be seized by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life; all thy safety were remotion, and thy defence absence. What beast could'st thou be that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation! 340

*Apem.* If thou could'st please me with speaking to me, thou might'st have hit upon it here; the commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

*Tim.* How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

*Apem.* Yonder comes a poet and a painter: the plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way. When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again. 359

*Tim.* When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog than Apemantus.

*Apem.* Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

*Tim.* Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon!

*Apem.* A plague on thee! thou art too bad to curse.

*Tim.* All villains that do stand by thee are pure.

*Apem.* There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

*Tim.* If I name thee.

I'll beat thee, but I should infect my hands.

*Apem.* I would my tongue could rot them off! 370

*Tim.* Away, thou issue of a mangy dog! Choler does kill me that thou art alive;

I swoon to see thee.

*Apem.* Would thou would'st burst!

*Tim.* Away.

Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry I shall lose

A stone by thee. *Throws a stone at him.*

*Apem.* Beast!

*Tim.* Slave!

*Apem.* Toad!

*Tim.* Rogue, rogue, rogue!

I am sick of this false world, and will love nought

But even the mere necessities upon 't.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;

Lie where the light foam of the sea may

beat

Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epi-

taph, 380

That death in me at others' lives may laugh.

*Looking on the gold.* O thou sweet king-

killer, and dear divorce

'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright

defiler

Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!

Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate

wooer,

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated

snow

That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,

That sould'er'st close impossibilities,  
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with  
every tongue, 389  
To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!  
Think, thy slave man rebels, and by thy  
virtue  
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts  
May have the world in empire.

*Apem.* Would 't were so;  
But not till I am dead: I'll say thou'st gold:  
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

*Tim.* Throng'd to?  
*Apem.* Ay.

*Tim.* Thy back, I prithee.

*Apem.* Live, and love thy misery!

*Tim.* Long live so, and so die!

*Exit APEMANTUS.*

*I am quit.*

More things like men! Eat, Timon, and  
abhor them.

*Enter Thieves.*

*First Thief.* Where should he have this  
gold! It is some fragment, some slender  
ort of his remainder. The mere want of  
gold, and the falling-from of his friends,  
drove him into this melancholy.

*Second Thief.* It is noised he hath a mass  
of treasure. 405

*Third Thief.* Let us make the assay upon  
him; if he care not for 't, he will supply us  
easily; if he covetously reserve it, how  
shall 's get it?

*Second Thief.* True; for he bears it not  
about him. 't is hid.

*First Thief.* Is not this he? 410

*All.* Where?

*Second Thief.* 'T is his description.

*Third Thief.* He; I know him.

*All.* Save thee, Timon.

*Tim.* Now, thieves?

*All.* Soldiers, not thieves.

*Tim.* Both too; and women's sons.

*All.* We are not thieves, but men that  
much do want.

*Tim.* Your greatest want is, you want  
much of men.

Why should you want? Behold, the earth  
hath roots: 420

Within this mile break forth a hundred  
springs;

The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet  
hips;

The bounteous housewife, nature, on each  
bush

Lays her full mess before you. Want! why  
want?

*First Thief.* We cannot live on grass, on  
berries, water,

As beasts and birds and fishes.

*Tim.* Nor on the beasts themselves, the  
birds and fishes;

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you  
con

That you are thieves profess'd, that you  
work not

In holier shapes; for there is boundless  
theft 430

In limited professions. Rascal thieves,

Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o'  
the grape,  
Till the high fever seethe your blood to  
froth,

And so 'scape hanging: trust not the phy-  
sician;

His antidotes are poison, and he slays  
More than you rob: take wealth and lives  
together;

Do villany, do, since you protest to do 't,  
Like workmen. I'll example you with  
thievery:

The sun's a thief, and with his great attrac-  
tion

Robs the vast sea; the moon's an arrant  
thief, 440

And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:  
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge re-  
solves

The moon into salt tears; the earth's a  
thief,

That feeds and breeds by a composture  
stolen

From general excrement; each thing's a  
thief;

The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough  
power

Have uncheck'd theft. Love not your-  
selves; away!

Rob one another. There's more gold: cut  
throats;

All that you meet are thieves. To Athens go.  
Break open shops; nothing can you steal 450

But thieves do lose it: steal no less for this  
I give you; and gold confound you how-  
soe'er!

*Amen.*

*Third Thief.* He has almost charmed me  
from my profession, by persuading me to it.

*First Thief.* 'T is in the malice of man-  
kind that he thus advises us; not to have us  
thrive in our mystery.

*Second Thief.* I'll believe him as an  
enemy, and give over my trade. 460

*First Thief.* Let us first see peace in  
Athens; there is no time so miserable but  
a man may be true. *Exeunt Thieves.*

*Enter FLAVIUS.*

*Flav.* O you gods!

Is yond despis'd and ruinous man my lord?  
Full of decay and failing? O monument

And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!  
What an alteration of honour

Has desperate want made! 469  
What viler thing upon the earth than friends  
Who can bring noblest minds to basest  
ends!

How rarely does it meet with this time's  
guise,

When man was wish'd to love his enemies!  
Grant I may ever love, and rather woo

Those that would mischief me than those  
that do!

Has caught me in his eye: I will present  
My honest grief unto him; and, as my  
lord,

Still serve him with my life. My dearest  
master!

*TIMON comes forward.*

*Tim.* Away! what art thou?

*Flav.* Have you forgot me, sir?

*Tim.* Why dost ask that? I have forgot  
all men; 480

Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt a man, I have  
forgot thee.

*Flav.* An honest poor servant of yours.

*Tim.* Then I know thee not:  
I never had honest man about me; ay, all  
I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to  
villains.

*Flav.* The gods are witness,  
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief  
For his undone lord than mine eyes for  
you.

*Tim.* What! dost thou weep? Come  
nearer. Then I love thee,  
Because thou art a woman, and dis-  
claim'st 490

Flinty mankind, whose eyes do never give,  
But thorough lust and laughter. Pity's  
sleeping;

Strange times, that weep with laughing, not  
with weeping!

*Flav.* I beg of you to know me, good my  
lord,

To accept my grief and whilst this poor  
wealth lasts

To entertain me as your steward still.

*Tim.* Had I a steward  
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?  
It almost turns my dangerous nature mild.  
Let me behold thy face. Surely, this man  
Was born of woman. 501

Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,  
You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim  
One honest man, mistake me not, but  
one;

No more, I pray, and he's a steward.  
How fain would I have hated all mankind!  
And thou redeem'st thyself: but all, save  
thee,

I fell with curses.

Methinks thou art more honest now than  
wise;

For, by oppressing and betraying me 510  
Thou might'st have sooner got another  
service:

For many so arrive at second masters  
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me  
true,

For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,  
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,

If not a usuring kindness, and, as rich men  
deal gifts,

Expecting in return twenty for one?

*Flav.* No, my most worthy master; in  
whose breast

Doubt and suspect, alas! are plac'd too late.

You should have fear'd false times when  
you did feast; 520

Suspect still comes where an estate is least.

That which I show, heaven knows, is merely  
love,

Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,  
Care of your food and living; and, believe it,  
My most honoured lord,

For any benefit that points to me,

Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange  
For this one wish, that you had power and  
wealth

To require me by making rich yourself.

*Tim.* Look thee, 'tis so. Thou singly  
honest man, 530

Here take: the gods out of my misery  
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and  
happy;

But thus condition'd: thou shalt build from  
men;

Hate all, curse all, show charity to none,  
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the  
bone,

Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs  
What thou deny'st to men; let prisons  
swallow 'em,

Debts wither 'em to nothing; be men like  
blasted woods,

And may diseases lick up their false bloods!  
And so farewell and thrive.

*Flav.* O! let me stay 540  
And comfort you, my master.

*Tim.* If thou hatest  
Curses, stay not; fly, whilst thou art bless'd  
and free:

Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see  
thee. *Exeunt severally.*

## ACT V

### SCENE I.—*The Woods.* Before TIMON'S Cave.

*Enter Poet and Painter.*

*Pain.* As I took note of the place, it can-  
not be far where he abides.

*Poet.* What's to be thought of him? Does  
the rumour hold for true that he's so full of  
gold?

*Pain.* Certain: Alcibiades reports it;  
Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him:  
he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers  
with great quantity. 'Tis said he gave  
unto his steward a mighty sum.

*Poet.* Then this breaking of his has been  
but a try for his friends. 11

*Pain.* Nothing else; you shall see him a  
palm in Athens again, and flourish with the  
highest. Therefore, 'tis not amiss we  
tender our loves to him, in this supposed  
distress of his: it will show honestly in us,  
and is very likely to load our purposes with  
what they travel for, if it be a just and true  
report that goes of his having.

*Poet.* What have you now to present unto  
him?

*Pain.* Nothing at this time but my visi-  
tation; only I will promise him an excellent  
piece. 21

*Poet.* I must serve him so too; tell him  
of an intent that's coming toward him.

*Pain.* Good as the best. Promising is  
the very air o' the time; it opens the eyes  
of expectation; performance is ever the  
duller for his act; and, but in the plainer  
and simpler kind of people, the deed of  
saying is quite out of use. To promise is  
most courtly and fashionable; performance

is a kind of will or testament which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

*Enter TIMON, from his cave.*

*Tim. Aside.* Excellent workman! thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

*Poet.* I am thinking what I shall say I have provided for him: it must be a personating of himself; a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

*Tim. Aside.* Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

*Poet.* Nay, let's seek him;  
Then do we sin against our own estate,  
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

*Pain.* True;  
When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,  
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.

Come.

*Tim. Aside.* I'll meet you at the turn.  
What a god's gold,  
That he is worship'd in a baser temple  
Than where swine feed!  
'T is thou that rigg'st the bark and plough'st the foam,  
Settlest admired reverence in a slave:  
To thee be worship; and thy saints for aye  
Be crown'd with plagues that thee alone obey.

Fit I meet them.

*Poet.* Hail, worthy Timon!

*Pain.* Our late noble master!

*Tim.* Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

*Poet.* Sir,  
Having often of your open bounty tasted,  
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,

Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!

Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—

What! to you,  
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence

To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot cover

The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude  
With any size of words.

*Tim.* Let it go naked, men may see't the better;

You that are honest, by being what you are,  
Make them best seen and known.

*Pain.* He and myself  
Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,

And sweetly felt it.

*Tim.* Ay, you are honest men.  
*Pain.* We are hither come to offer you our service.

*Tim.* Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?

Can you eat roots and drink cold water?

*Both.* What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

*Tim.* Ye're honest men. Ye've heard that I have gold;

I am sure you have: speak truth; ye're honest men.

*Pain.* So it is said, my noble lord; but therefore

Came not my friend nor I.

*Tim.* Good honest men! Thou draw'st a counterfeit

Best in all Athens: thou 'rt, indeed, the best;

Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

*Pain.* So, so, my lord.

*Tim.* E'en so, sir, as I say. And, for thy fiction,

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth

That thou art even natural in thine art.

But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,  
I must needs say you have a little fault:

Marry, 't is not monstrous in you, neither wish I

You take much pains to mend.

*Both.* Beseech your honour  
To make it known to us.

*Tim.* You'll take it ill.

*Both.* Most thankfully, my lord.

*Tim.* Will you indeed?

*Both.* Doubt it not, worthy lord.

*Tim.* There's never a one of you but trusts a knave,

That mightily deceives you.

*Both.* Do we, my lord?

*Tim.* Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble.

Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,

Keep in your bosom; yet remain assur'd 100  
That he's a made-up villain.

*Pain.* I know none such, my lord.

*Poet.* Nor I.

*Tim.* Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,

Rid me these villains from your companies:  
Hang them or stab them, drown them in a draught,

Confound them by some course, and come to me,

I'll give you gold enough.

*Both.* Name them, my lord; let's know them.

*Tim.* You that way and you this, but two in company;

Each man apart, all single and alone, 110  
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.

If, where thou art two villains shall not be,  
Come not near him. If thou would'st not reside

But where one villain is, then him abandon.  
Hence! pack! there's gold; you came for gold, ye slaves:

You have work'd for me, there's payment: hence!

You are an alchemist, make gold of that.  
Out, rascal dogs! *Beats them out and then  
retires to his cave.*

*Enter FLAVIUS and two Senators.*

*Flav.* It is in vain that you would speak  
with Timon;

For he is set so only to himself, 120  
That nothing but himself, which looks like  
man,

Is friendly with him.

*First Sen.* Bring us to his cave:  
It is our part and promise to the Athenians  
To speak with Timon.

*Second Sen.* At all times alike  
Men are not still the same: 't was time and  
griefs

That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer  
hand,

Offering the fortunes of his former days,  
The former man may make him. Bring us  
to him,

And chance it as it may.

*Flav.* Here is his cave.  
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon!  
Timon! 130

Look out, and speak to friends. The Athe-  
nians,

By two of their most reverend senate, greet  
thee:

Speak to them, noble Timon.

*Re-enter TIMON from his cave.*

*Tim.* Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!  
Speak, and be hang'd:

For each true word, a blister! and each false  
Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue,  
Consuming it with speaking!

*First Sen.* Worthy Timon,—  
*Tim.* Of none but such as you, and you of  
Timon.

*Second Sen.* The senators of Athens greet  
thee, Timon.

*Tim.* I thank them; and would send  
them back the plague, 140

Could I but catch it for them.

*First Sen.* O! forget  
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.  
The senators with one consent of love  
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have  
thought

On special dignities, which vacant lie  
For thy best use and wearing.

*Second Sen.* They confess  
Toward thee forgetfulness too general, gross;  
Which now the public body, which doth  
seldom

Play the recanter, feeling in itself  
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal 150  
Of its own fail, restraining aid to Timon;  
And send forth us, to make their sorrow'd  
render,

Together with a recompense more fruitful  
Than their offence can weigh down by the  
dram;

Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and  
wealth

As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were  
theirs,

And write in thee the figures of their love,  
Ever to read them thine.

*Tim.* You witch me in it;  
Surprise me to the very brink of tears: 159  
Lend me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes,  
And I'll beweepe these comforts, worthy  
senators.

*First Sen.* Therefore so please thee to  
return with us,

And of our Athens, thine and ours, to take  
The captainship, thou shalt be met with  
thanks,

Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good  
name

Live with authority: so soon we shall drive  
back

Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;

Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up  
His country's peace.

*Second Sen.* And shakes his threat'ning  
sword

Against the walls of Athens.

*First Sen.* Therefore, Timon—  
*Tim.* Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will,  
sir, thus: 171

If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,

Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,

That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair  
Athens,

And take our goodly aged men by the beards,  
Giving our holy virgins to the stain  
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war,  
Then let him know, and tell him Timon  
speaks it,

In pity of our aged and our youth 179  
I cannot choose but tell him, that I care  
not,

And let him take't at worst; for their knives  
care not

While you have throats to answer: for my-  
self,

There's not a whittle in the unruly camp

But I do prize it at my love before

The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave  
you

To the protection of the prosperous gods,  
As thieves to keepers.

*Flav.* Stay not; all's in vain.  
*Tim.* Why, I was writing of my epitaph;  
It will be seen to-morrow. My long sick-  
ness

Of health and living now begins to mend, 190  
And nothing brings me all things. Go; live  
still:

Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,

And last so long enough!

*First Sen.* We speak in vain.  
*Tim.* But yet I love my country, and am  
not

One that rejoices in the common wreck,  
As common bruit doth put it.

*First Sen.* That's well spoke.  
*Tim.* Commend me to my loving country-  
men,—

*First Sen.* These words become your lips  
as they pass through them.

*Second Sen.* And enter in our ears like  
great triumphers 199

In their applauding gates,

*Tim.* Commend me to them;  
And tell them that, to ease them of their  
griefs,  
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches,  
losses,  
Their pangs of love, with other incident  
throes

That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain  
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kind-  
ness do them:

I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

*Second Sen.* I like this well, he will return again.

*Tim.* I have a tree which grows here in my close,

That mine own use invites me to cut down,  
And shortly must I fell it; tell my friends,  
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree, 211  
From high to low throughout, that whoso  
please

To stop affliction, let him take his haste,  
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,  
And hang himself. I pray you, do my greet-  
ing.

*Flav.* Trouble him no further; thus you still shall find him.

*Tim.* Come not to me again; but say to Athens,

Timon hath made his everlasting mansion  
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;  
Who once a day with his embossed froth 220  
The turbulent surge shall cover: thither  
come,

And let my grave-stone be your oracle.  
Lips, let sour words go by and language end:  
What is amiss plague and infection mend!  
Graves only be men's works and death  
their gain!

Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his  
reign. *Exit.*

*First Sen.* His discontents are unre-  
moveably  
Coupled to nature.

*Second Sen.* Our hope in him is dead:  
let us return,

And strain what other means is left unto us  
in our dear peril. 231

*First Sen.* It requires swift foot. *Exeunt.*

#### SCENE II.—Before the Walls of Athens.

*Enter two Senators and a Messenger.*

*First Sen.* Thou hast painfully discover'd:  
are his files

As full as thy report?

*Mess.* I have spoke the least;  
Besides, his expedition promises  
Present approach.

*Second Sen.* We stand much hazard if  
they bring not Timon.

*Mess.* I met a courier, one mine ancient  
friend,

Whom, though in general part we were  
oppos'd,

Yet our old love made a particular force,  
And made us speak like friends: this man  
was riding

From Alcibiades to Timon's cave, 10  
With letters of entreaty, which imported  
His fellowship i' the cause against your city.  
In part for his sake mov'd.

*Enter the Senators from TIMON.*

*First Sen.* Here come our brothers.  
*Third Sen.* No talk of Timon, nothing of  
him expect.

The enemy's drum is heard, and fearful  
scouring

Doth choke the air with dust. In, and pre-  
pare:

Ours is the fall, I fear; our foes the snare.  
*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE III.—The Woods. TIMON'S Cave, and a rude tomb seen.

*Enter a Soldier, seeking TIMON.*

*Sold.* By all description this should be the  
place.

Who's here? speak, ho! No answer!  
what is this?

Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his  
span:

Some beast rear'd this; here does not live  
a man.

Dead, sure; and this his grave. What's on  
this tomb

I cannot read; the character I'll take with  
wax:

Our captain hath in every figure skill;  
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days.  
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,  
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is.

*Exit.*

#### SCENE IV.—Before the Walls of Athens.

*Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES with  
his Powers.*

*Alcib.* Sound to this coward and lasciv-  
ious town

Our terrible approach. *A parley sounded.*

*Enter Senators on the walls.*

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the  
time

With all licentious measure, making your  
wills

The scope of justice; till now myself and  
such

As slept within the shadow of your power  
Have wander'd with our traver's'd arms, and  
breath'd

Our sufferance vainly. Now the time is  
flush,

When crouching marrow, in the bearer  
strong,

Cries of itself, 'No more': now breathless  
wrong 10

Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of  
ease,

And pury insolence shall break his wind  
With fear and horrid flight.

*First Sen.* Noble and young,  
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,

Ere thou hadst power or we had cause of fear,

We sent to thee, to give thy rages balm,  
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves  
Above their quantity.

*Second Sen.* So did we woo  
Transformed Timon to our city's love  
By humble message and by promis'd means:  
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve 21  
The common stroke of war.

*First Sen.* These walls of ours  
Were not erected by their hands from  
whom

You have receiv'd your grief; nor are they  
such

That these great towers, trophies, and  
schools should fall

For private faults in them.

*Second Sen.* Nor are they living  
Who were the motives that you first went  
out;

Shame that they wanted cunning in excess  
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,  
Into our city with thy banners spread: 30  
By decimation, and a tithed death,  
If thy revenges hunger for that food  
Which nature loathes, take thou the destin'd  
tenth.

And by the hazard of the spotted die  
Let die the spotted.

*First Sen.* All have not offended;  
For those that were, it is not square to take  
On those that are, revenges: crimes, like  
lands,

Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,  
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy  
rage:

Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin 40  
Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall  
With those that have offended: like a shep-  
herd,

Approach the fold and cull the infected forth,  
But kill not all together.

*Second Sen.* What thou wilt,  
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile  
Than hew to 't with thy sword.

*First Sen.* Set but thy foot  
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall  
ope,

So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,  
To say thou 'lt enter friendly.

*Second Sen.* Throw thy glove,  
Or any token of thine honour else, 50

That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress  
And not as our confusion, all thy powers  
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we  
Have seal'd thy full desire.

*Alcib.* Then there's my glove;  
Descend, and open your uncharged ports:  
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,  
Whom you yourself shall set out for reproof,  
Fall, and no more; and, to atone your  
fears

With my more noble meaning, not a man  
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream  
Of regular justice in your city's bounds, 61  
But shall be render'd to your public laws  
At heaviest answer.

*Both.* 'T is most nobly spoken.

*Alcib.* Descend, and keep your words.

*The Senators descend, and open  
the gates.*

*Enter a Soldier.*

*Sold.* My noble general, Timon is dead;  
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea:  
And on his grave-stone this insculpture,  
which

With wax I brought away, whose soft  
impression  
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

*Alcib.* Here lies a wretched corse, of  
wretched soul bereft: 70  
Seek not my name: a plague consume you  
wicked caitiffs left!

Here lie I, Timon; who, alive, all living men  
did hate:

Pass by and curse thy fill; but pass and  
stay not here thy gait.

These well express in thee thy latter spirits:  
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human  
griefs,

Scorn'dst our brain's flow and those our  
droplets which

From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit  
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for  
aye

On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead  
Is noble Timon; of whose memory 80

Hereafter more. Bring me into your city,  
And I will use the olive with my sword;

Make war breed peace; make peace stint  
war; make each

Prescribe to other as each other's leech.

Let our drums strike. *Exeunt.*

## JULIUS CÆSAR

WHATEVER Shakespeare might have thought of the people's judgment, he never loses sight of the fact that public opinion is "a sovereign mistress of effects." In his tragedy of *Julius Cæsar* the ultimate failure of the conspiracy is foreshadowed in the opening scene when the people "make holiday to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph." It is as a safeguard against the possible wrath of the people that Cassius seeks the leadership of Brutus, who "sits high in all the people's hearts" and whose "countenance" will turn to "virtue and to worthiness" what otherwise would appear "offence in us." Cassius protests against Antony's speaking in Cæsar's funeral lest he may move the people; and when after Antony's speech, Brutus and Cassius ride "like madmen through the gates of Rome" Antony observes: "Belike they had some notice of the people, how I had moved them." This tragedy involves no mere individual or group of individuals, but the state, the ultimate power of which lies in the people; and the problem with which Shakespeare grapples in this play is a problem affecting primarily the state and the people—the problem of political leadership. Failure to recognize this problem as the unifying thought of the play has been largely responsible for the confusion of opinions which has attended its discussion. The tendency has been to estimate the principal characters in the tragedy on the basis of private rather than public virtues, but all such attempts are idle. Cæsar was the embodiment of the state, and living or dead his spirit inspired it. The tragedy is therefore rightly named for him. Shakespeare has but slightly sketched him and has disposed of him early in the play to pit his spirit against the political leadership of the living Brutus. Shakespeare's interest in Brutus as a man is subordinated throughout to his interest in Brutus as a political leader. To analyze the character of Brutus from this point of view is to analyze the play.

It is easy to see why Brutus sits high in the people's hearts. His popularity rests, so far as is revealed in the play, not upon any meritorious public service, but rather upon his eminent respectability, his acknowledged morality and his manifest virtues in private and domestic life. To the people it seemed antecedently probable that such a man would lend himself to no enterprise that could not be morally justified. The moral soundness of the people leads them to take such men to their hearts. But with respect to Brutus' fitness for leadership their judgment is superficial. By making it possible that ours need not be, Shakespeare has performed an eternal service to the cause of democracy. He has revealed the fact that without the capacity for intellectual honesty private morality becomes in public life a public menace. In the simple affairs of private and domestic life one may, even without that capacity, luxuriate in morality without great risk of serious consequences; but in the complex affairs of public life the man who drives his moral sense with a free rein in the dim light of a dull intellect drives to ruin. Witness Brutus' insistence upon sparing Antony lest their course should "seem too bloody." Mere intellectual honesty demanded that Brutus, having once determined that he must kill Caesar for the "general good," should make every provision that "the redress [should] follow." By sparing Antony he jeopardizes the general good for no other purpose than to satisfy his private moral sense. Granted that he is engaged in an honorable and unselfish enterprise for "the good of Rome," the highest morality demands that he shall pursue it to the end with pitiless honesty. But of such honesty Brutus is incapable.

It would almost seem that it is his very incapacity for pitiless intellectual honesty that has led so many readers and critics to regard Brutus as "one of the most admirable of the poet's creations" and one for whom Shakespeare felt a "peculiar paternal affection." To accept such a view is to wrong both ourselves and Shakespeare—ourselves, because with that view we shall continue to imperil democracy by our sentimentality in choosing

and judging political leaders; Shakespeare, by assuming that he failed to recognize the full significance of a character to the portrayal of which he summoned his highest powers. The very fact that Brutus has been so widely accepted as noble and honorable; that "the one great error of his life" has been extenuated on the ground that it was inspired by the "highest patriotism," testifies to the difficulty of the task which Shakespeare set himself in drawing the character as well as to the importance of the task itself. If wise men and scholars, with the character of Brutus under their eye for microscopic examination, can be deceived by it, how much more danger that the people will continue to take such "moral fools" to their hearts and to entrust them with the perilous task of political leadership. If we are to profit by a study of this play we shall see to it that men like Brutus shall "play the fool nowhere but in their own house."

Antony's eulogy pronounced over the dead body of Brutus, doubtful compliment though it is, must not be accepted as voicing Shakespeare's own opinion of the man. Shakespeare wastes no sympathy on men who "love the name of honor" and who then, acting "only in a general honest thought," join in a conspiracy against the life of their "best lover"; he is not deceived into admiration for a man who, when put to the test, abandons his philosophy because "he bears too great a mind" to live and die by it; he is not an apologist for well-intentioned assassins whose morality is vitiated by their stupidity. With respect to such men it seems clear that his judgment coincides in one instance at least with that of the people:

"They were traitors! Honorable men!"

# JULIUS CÆSAR

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JULIUS CÆSAR.		METELLUS CIMBER, } <i>Conspirators against</i>
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR.		CINNA, } <i>Julius Cæsar.</i>
MARCUS ANTONIUS,	} <i>Triumvirs after</i>	FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, } <i>Tribunes.</i>
M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS,		ARTEMIDORUS, } <i>a Sophist of Cnidos.</i>
CICERO,		A Soothsayer.
PUBLIUS,	} <i>Senators.</i>	CINNA, a Poet. Another Poet.
POPILIUS LENA,		LUCILIUS, } <i>Titinius, Messala, Young</i>
MARCUS BRUTUS,		CATO, and VOLUMNIUS, } <i>Friends to</i>
CASSIUS,		Brutus and Cassius.
CASCA,	} <i>Conspirators against</i>	VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCI-
TREBONIUS,		US, DARDANIUS, } <i>Servants to Brutus.</i>
LIGARIUS,		PINDARUS, } <i>Servant to Cassius.</i>
DECIUS BRUTUS,		CALPURNIA, } <i>Wife to Cæsar.</i>
		PORTIA, } <i>Wife to Brutus.</i>

*Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, etc.*

**SCENE.**—During a great part of the Play, at Rome: afterwards at Sardis and near Philippi.

## ACT I

### SCENE I.—Rome. A Street.

*Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and certain Commoners.*

*Flav.* Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home:

Is this a holiday? What! know you not, Being mechanical, you ought not walk Upon a labouring day without the sign Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

*First Com.* Why, sir, a carpenter.

*Mar.* Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?

What dost thou with thy best apparel on? You, sir, what trade are you?

*Second Com.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

*Mar.* But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

*Second Com.* A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

*Mar.* What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

*Second Com.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

*Mar.* What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow!

*Second Com.* Why, sir, cobble you.

*Flav.* Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

*Second Com.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but

withal I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's-leather have gone upon my handiwork.

*Flav.* But wherefore art not in thy shop today?

Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

*Second Com.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday to see Cæsar and to rejoice in his triumph.

*Mar.* Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?

You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome, Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft

Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,

To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,

Your infants in your arms, and there have sat

The livelong day, with patient expectation, To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:

And when you saw his chariot but appear, Have you not made an universal shout,

That Tiber trembled underneath her banks, To hear the replication of your sounds

Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire? And do you now cull out a holiday?

And do you now strew flowers in his way,  
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?  
Be gone!

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,  
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague  
That needs must light on this ingratitude. 60  
*Flav.* Go, go, good countrymen, and for  
this fault

Assemble all the poor men of your sort;  
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your  
tears

Into the channel, till the lowest stream  
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

*Exeunt all the Commoners.*  
See whe'r their basest metal be not mov'd;  
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.  
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;  
This way will I. Disrobe the images  
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

*Mar.* May we do so? 71  
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

*Flav.* It is no matter; let no images  
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about  
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:  
So do you too where you perceive them  
thick.

These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's  
wing  
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,  
Who else would soar above the view of  
men

And keep us all in servile fearfulness. 80  
*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A public Place.*

*Enter, in procession, with music, CÆSAR;  
ANTONY, for the course; CALPURNIA,  
PORTIA, DECIVS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CAS-  
SIUS, and CASCA; a great crowd following,  
among them a Soothsayer.*

*Cæs.* Calpurnia!  
*Casca.* Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

*Cæs.* Calpurnia!  
*Cal.* Here, my lord.

*Cæs.* Stand you directly in Antonius' way  
When he doth run his course. Antonius!  
*Ant.* Cæsar, my lord.

*Cæs.* Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,  
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,  
The barren, touched in this holy chase,  
Shake off their sterile curse.

*Ant.* I shall remember:  
When Cæsar says 'Do this,' it is perform'd. 10  
*Cæs.* Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

*Sooth.* Cæsar!  
*Cæs.* Ha! Who calls?

*Casca.* Bid every noise be still: peace  
yet again! *Music ceases.*

*Cæs.* Who is it in the press that calls on  
me?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,  
Cry 'Cæsar!' Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to  
hear.

*Sooth.* Beware the ides of March.  
*Cæs.* What man is that?  
*Bru.* A soothsayer bids you beware the  
ides of March.

*Cæs.* Set him before me; let me see his  
face. 20

*Cas.* Fellow, come from the throng; look  
upon Cæsar.

*Cæs.* What say'st thou to me now? Speak  
once again.

*Sooth.* Beware the ides of March.

*Cæs.* He is a dreamer; let us leave him:  
pass. *Sennet.*

*Exeunt all but BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*

*Cas.* Will you go see the order of the  
course?

*Bru.* Not I.

*Cas.* I pray you, do.

*Bru.* I am not gamesome: I do lack  
some part

Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.  
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires; 30  
I'll leave you.

*Cas.* Brutus, I do observe you now of late;  
I have not from your eyes that gentleness  
And show of love as I was wont to have:  
You bear too stubborn and too strange a  
hand

Over your friend that loves you.

*Bru.* Cassius,  
Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,  
I turn the trouble of my countenance  
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am  
Of late with passions of some difference, 40  
Conceptions only proper to myself,  
Which give some soil perhaps to my behav-  
iours:

But let not therefore my good friends be  
griev'd,

Among which number, Cassius, be you one,  
Nor construe any further my neglect,  
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,  
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

*Cas.* Then, Brutus, I have much mistook  
your passion;  
By means whereof this breast of mine hath  
buried 49

Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.  
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

*Bru.* No, Cassius; for the eye sees not  
itself.

But by reflection, by some other things.

*Cas.* 'T is just:

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,  
That you have no such mirrors as will turn  
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,  
That you might see your shadow. I have  
heard,

Where many of the best respect in Rome,  
Except immortal Cæsar, speaking of Bru-  
tus, 60

And groaning underneath this age's yoke,  
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

*Bru.* Into what dangers would you lead  
me, Cassius,

That you would have me seek into myself  
For that which is not in me?

*Cas.* Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd  
to hear;

And since you know you cannot see yourself  
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,

Will modestly discover to yourself  
That of yourself which you yet know not of.

And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus: 71  
Were I a common laughèr, or did use  
To stale with ordinary oaths my love  
To every new protester; if you know  
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard,  
And after scandal them; or if you know  
That I profess myself in banqueting  
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

*Flourish and shout.*

*Bru.* What means this shouting? I do  
fear the people 79  
Choose Cæsar for their king.

*Cas.* Ay, do you fear it?  
Then must I think you would not have it so.

*Bru.* I would not, Cassius; yet I love him  
well.

But wherefore do you hold me here so  
long?

What is it that you would impart to me?  
If it be aught toward the general good,  
Set honour in one eye and death i' the other,  
And I will look on both indifferently;  
For let the gods so speed me as I love  
The name of honour more than I fear death.

*Cas.* I know that virtue to be in you, Bru-  
tus, 90

As well as I do know your outward favour.  
Well, honour is the subject of my story.  
I cannot tell what you and other men  
Think of this life; but for my single self,  
I had as lief not be as live to be  
In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:  
We both have fed as well, and we can both  
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:  
For once, upon a raw and gusty day, 100  
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,  
Cæsar said to me, 'Dar'st thou, Cassius,  
now

Leap in with me into this angry flood,  
And swim to yonder point?' Upon the  
word,

Accounted as I was, I plunged in  
And bade him follow; so indeed he did.  
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it  
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside  
And stemming it with hearts of contro-  
versy;

But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,  
Cæsar cried 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink.' 111  
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,  
Did from the flames of Troy upon his  
shoulder

The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of  
Tiber

Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man  
Is now become a god, and Cassius is  
A wretched creature and must bend his body  
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.  
He had a fever when he was in Spain,  
And when the fit was on him, I did mark 120  
How he did shake; 't is true, this god did  
shake;

His coward lips did from their colour fly,  
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the  
world

Did lose his lustre; I did hear him groan;  
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the  
Romans

Mark him and write his speeches in their  
books,

Alas! it cried 'Give me some drink, Titin-  
ius,'

As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me  
A man of such a feeble temper should  
So get the start of the majestic world, 130  
And bear the palm alone. *Shout. Flourish.*

*Bru.* Another general shout!  
I do believe that these applauses are  
For some new honours that are heap'd on  
Cæsar.

*Cas.* Why, man, he doth bestride the  
narrow world

Like a Colossus; and we petty men  
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about  
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.  
Men at some time are masters of their fates:  
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
But in ourselves, that we are underlings. 141  
Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that  
'Cæsar'?

Why should that name be sounded more  
than yours?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name;  
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as  
well;

Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with  
'em,

'Brutus' will start a spirit as soon as 'Cæsar.'  
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,  
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,  
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art  
sham'd! 150

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble  
bloods!

When wert there by an age, since the great  
flood,

But it was fam'd with more than with one  
man?

When could they say, till now, that talk'd of  
Rome,

That her wide walks encompass'd but one  
man?

Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,  
When there is in it but one only man.

O! you and I have heard our fathers say,  
There was a Brutus once that would have  
brook'd

The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,  
As easily as a king. 161

*Bru.* That you do love me, I am nothing  
jealous;

What you would work me to, I have some  
aim;

How I have thought of this and of these  
times,

I shall recount hereafter; for this present,  
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,  
Be any further mov'd. What you have said  
I will consider; what you have to say  
I will with patience hear, and find a time  
Both meet to hear and answer such high  
things. 170

Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:  
Brutus had rather be a villager

Than to repute himself a son of Rome  
Under these hard conditions as this time  
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad  
That my weak words have struck but thus  
much show  
Of fire from Brutus.

Bru. The games are done and Cæsar is  
returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the  
sleeve,  
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you  
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day. 181

*Re-enter CÆSAR and his Train.*

Bru. I will do so. But, look you, Cassius,  
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,  
And all the rest look like a chidden train:  
Calpurnia's cheek is pale, and Cicero  
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes  
As we have seen him in the Capitol,  
Being cross'd in conference by some sena-  
tors.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter  
is.

Cæs. Antonius! 190  
Ant. Cæsar.

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are  
fat;

Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o'  
nights.

Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;  
He thinks too much: such men are danger-  
ous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dan-  
gerous;

He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. Would he were fatter! But I fear  
him not:

Yet if my name were liable to fear,  
I do not know the man I should avoid 200  
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads  
much;

He is a great observer, and he looks  
Quite through the deeds of men; he loves  
no plays,

As thou dost, Anthony; he hears no music;  
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort  
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his  
spirit

That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.  
Such men as he be never at heart's ease  
Whiles they behold a greater than them-  
selves,

And therefore are they very dangerous. 210  
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd

Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.  
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,  
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

*Sennet. Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train.*

*CASCA stays behind.*

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; would  
you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanced  
to-day,

That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you  
not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what  
had chanced. 219

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered  
him; and, being offered him, he put it by

with the back of his hand, thus; and then  
the people fell a-shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: what was the  
last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offered him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was 't, and he put it by  
thrice, every time gentler than other; and at  
every putting-by mine honest neighbours  
shouted. 231

Cas. Who offered him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle  
Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged as tell the  
manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not  
mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a  
crown; yet 't was not a crown neither, 't  
was one of these coronets; and, as I told  
you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to  
my thinking, he would fain have had it.  
Then he offered it to him again; then he  
put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was  
very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then  
he offered it the third time; he put it the  
third time by; and still as he refused it, the  
rabblement shouted, and clapped their  
chopped hands, and threw up their sweaty  
nightcaps, and uttered such a deal of stinking  
breath because Cæsar refused the crown,  
that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he  
swounded and fell down at it. And for mine  
own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of open-  
ing my lips and receiving the bad air. 252

Cas. But soft, I pray you: what! did  
Cæsar swoond?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place,  
and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'T is very like: he hath the falling-  
sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I,  
And honest Casca, we have the falling-sick-  
ness. 258

Casca. I know not what you mean by  
that; but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If  
the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss  
him, according as he pleased and displeased  
them, as they use to do the players in the  
theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he when he came unto  
himself? 264

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when  
he perceived the common herd was glad he  
refused the crown, he plucked me ope his  
doublet and offered them his throat to cut.  
An I had been a man of any occupation, if I  
would not have taken him at a word, I  
would I might go to hell among the rogues.  
And so he fell. When he came to himself  
again, he said, if he had done or said any  
thing amiss, he desired their worshipps to  
think it was his infirmity. Three or four  
wenches, where I stood, cried 'Alas! good  
soul,' and forgave him with all their hearts;  
but there 's no heed to be taken of them: if  
Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they  
would have done no less.

*Bru.* And after that, he came, thus sad,  
away?

*Casca.* Ay. 280

*Cas.* Did Cicero say any thing?

*Casca.* Ay, he spoke Greek.

*Cas.* To what effect?

*Casca.* Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er  
look you i' the face again; but those that  
understood him smiled at one another and  
shook their heads; but, for mine own part,  
it was Greek to me. I could tell you more  
news too; Marullus and Flavius, for pulling  
scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence.  
Fare you well. There was more foolery yet,  
if I could remember it. 291

*Cas.* Will you sup with me to-night,  
*Casca?*

*Casca.* No, I am promised forth.

*Cas.* Will you dine with me to-morrow?

*Casca.* Ay, if I be alive, and your mind  
hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

*Cas.* Good; I will expect you.

*Casca.* Do so. Farewell, both. *Exit.*

*Bru.* What a blunt fellow is this grown to  
be!

He was quick mettle when he went to  
school.

*Cas.* So is he now in execution 301  
Of any bold or noble enterprise,  
However he puts on this tardy form.  
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,  
Which gives men stomach to digest his  
words

With better appetite.

*Bru.* And so it is. For this time I will  
leave you:

To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,  
I will come home to you; or, if you will,  
Come home to me, and I will wait for you. 310

*Cas.* I will do so: till then, think of the  
world. *Exit BRUTUS.*

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,  
Thy honourable metal may be wrought  
From that it is dispos'd: therefore 't is meet  
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;  
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?  
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves  
Brutus:

If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,  
He should not humour me. I will this night,  
In several hands, in at his windows throw, 320  
As if they came from several citizens,  
Writings all tending to the great opinion  
That Rome holds of his name; wherein ob-  
scurely

Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:  
And after this let Cæsar seat him sure;  
For we will shake him, or worse days en-  
dure. *Exit.*

### SCENE III.—The Same. A Street.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter, from oppo-  
site sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn,  
and CICERO.*

*Cic.* Good even, Casca: brought you  
Cæsar home?

Why are you breathless? and why stare  
you so?

*Casca.* Are not you mov'd, when all the  
sway of earth

Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero!  
I have seen tempests, when the scolding  
winds

Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen  
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and  
foam,

To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds:  
But never till to-night, never till now,  
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. 10  
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,  
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,  
Incenses them to send destruction.

*Cic.* Why, saw you anything more won-  
derful?

*Casca.* A common slave, you know him  
well by sight,  
Held up his left hand, which did flame and  
burn

Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his  
hand,

Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.  
Besides, I have not since put up my sword,  
Against the Capitol I met a lion, 20

Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,  
Without annoying me; and there were  
drawn

Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,  
Transformed with their fear, who swore  
they saw

Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.  
And yesterday the bird of night did sit,  
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,  
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodig-  
ies

Do so conjointly meet, let not men say  
'These are their reasons, they are nat-  
ural'; 30

For, I believe, they are portentous things  
Unto the climate that they point upon.

*Cic.* Indeed, it is a strange-disposed  
time:

But men may construe things after their  
fashion,

Clean from the purpose of the things them-  
selves.

Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

*Casca.* He doth; for he did bid Antonius  
Send word to you he would be there to-mor-  
row.

*Cic.* Good night then, Casca: this dis-  
turbed sky

Is not to walk in.

*Casca.* Farewell, Cicero. 40  
*Exit CICERO.*

*Enter CASSIUS.*

*Cas.* Who's there?

*Casca.* A Roman.

*Cas.* Casca, by your voice.

*Casca.* Your ear is good. Cassius, what  
night is this?

*Cas.* A very pleasing night to honest men.

*Casca.* Whoever knew the heavens men-  
ace so?

*Cas.* Those that have known the earth so  
full of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,

Submitting me unto the perilous night,  
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,  
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone;  
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd  
to open 50

The breast of heaven, I did present myself  
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

*Casca.* But wherefore did you so much  
tempt the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble  
When the most mighty gods by tokens send  
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

*Cas.* You are dull, Casca, and those  
sparks of life

That should be in a Roman you do want,  
Or else you use not. You look pale, and  
gaze,

And put on fear, and cast yourself in won-  
der, 60

To see the strange impatience of the heav-  
ens;

But if you would consider the true cause  
Why all these fires, why all these gliding  
ghosts,

Why birds and beasts, from quality and  
kind;

Why old men fool, and children calculate;  
Why all these things change from their ordi-  
nance,

Their natures, and preformed faculties,  
To monstrous quality, why, you shall find  
That heaven hath infus'd them with these  
spirits

To make them instruments of fear and  
warning 70

Unto some monstrous state.  
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man

Most like this dreadful night,  
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and  
roars

As doth the lion in the Capitol,  
A man no mightier than thyself or me  
In personal action, yet prodigious grown  
And fearful as these strange eruptions are.

*Casca.* 'T is Cæsar that you mean; is it  
not, Cassius?

*Cas.* Let it be who it is: for Romans  
now 80

Have thews and limbs like to their ances-  
tors;

But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are  
dead,

And we are govern'd with our mothers'  
spirits;

Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.  
*Casca.* Indeed, they say the senators to-  
morrow

Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;  
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,

In every place, save here in Italy.  
*Cas.* I know where I will wear this dagger  
then;

Cassius from bondage will deliver Cas-  
sius: 90

Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most  
strong;

Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:  
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,

Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,  
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;  
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,  
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.  
If I know this, know all the world besides,  
That part of tyranny that I do bear  
I can shake off at pleasure. *Thunder still.*  
*Casca.* So can I: 100

So every bondman in his own hand bears  
The power to cancel his captivity.

*Cas.* And why should Cæsar be a tyrant  
then?

Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf  
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep;  
He were no lion were not Romans hinds.

Those that with haste will make a mighty  
fire

Begin it with weak straws; what trash is  
Rome,

What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves  
For the base matter to illuminate 110

So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O grief!  
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak  
this

Before a willing bondman; then I know  
My answer must be made: but I am arm'd,  
And dangers are to me indifferent.

*Casca.* You speak to Casca, and to such  
a man

That is no fleeing tell-tale. Hold, my hand:  
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,  
And I will set this foot of mine as far 119

As who goes furthest.

*Cas.* There's a bargain made.  
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already  
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans  
To undergo with me an enterprise  
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;  
And I do know, by this they stay for me  
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful  
night,

There is no stir or walking in the streets;  
And the complexion of the element  
In favour's like the work we have in hand,  
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible. 130

*Casca.* Stand close awhile, for here comes  
one in haste.

*Cas.* 'T is Cinna; I do know him by his  
gait:

He is a friend.

*Enter CINNA.*

Cinna, where haste you so?

*Cin.* To find out you. Who's that? Me-  
tellus Cimber?

*Cas.* No, it is Casca; one incorporate  
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

*Cin.* I am glad on't. What a fearful  
night is this!

There's two or three of us have seen strange  
sights.

*Cas.* Am I not stay'd for? Tell me.

*Cin.* Yes, you are.  
O Cassius! if you could 140

But win the noble Brutus to our party—  
*Cas.* Be you content. Good Cinna, take  
this paper,

And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,  
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw  
this

In at his window; set this up with wax  
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,  
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall  
find us.

Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there? 148  
*Cin.* All but Metellus Cimber, and he's  
gone

To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,  
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

*Cas.* That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.  
*Exit CINNA.*

Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day  
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him  
Is our already, and the man entire  
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

*Casca.* O! he sits high in all the people's  
hearts:

And that which would appear offence in us,  
His countenance, like richest alchemy,  
Will change to virtue and to worthiness. 160

*Cas.* Him and his worth and our great  
need of him

You have right well conceited. Let us go,  
For it is after midnight; and ere day  
We will awake him and be sure of him.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT II

### SCENE I.—Rome. BRUTUS'S Orchard.

*Enter BRUTUS.*

*Bru.* What, Lucius! ho!  
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,  
Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say!  
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.  
When, Lucius, when! Awake, I say! What,  
Lucius!

*Enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Call'd you, my lord?

*Bru.* Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:  
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

*Luc.* I will, my lord. *Exit.*

*Bru.* It must be by his death: and for my  
part, 10

I know no personal cause to spurn at him,  
But for the general. He would be crown'd:  
How that might change his nature, there's  
the question.

It is the bright day that brings forth the  
adder;

And that craves wary walking. Crown him?  
that!

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,  
That at his will he may do danger with.  
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins  
Remorse from power; and, to speak truth  
of Cæsar, 19

I have not known when his affections sway'd  
More than his reason. But 't is a common  
proof,

That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,  
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;  
But when he once attains the upmost round,  
He then unto the ladder turns his back,  
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base de-  
greess

By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may:  
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the  
quarrel

Will bear no colour for the thing he is, 29  
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,  
Would run to these and these extremities;  
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg  
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow  
mischievous,  
And kill him in the shell.

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* The taper burneth in your closet, sir.  
Searching the window for a flint, I found  
This paper, thus seal'd up; and I am sure  
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

*Gives him a letter.*

*Bru.* Get you to bed again; it is not day.  
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March? 40

*Luc.* I know not, sir.

*Bru.* Look in the calendar, and bring me  
word.

*Luc.* I will, sir.

*Exit.*

*Bru.* The exhalations whizzing in the air  
Give so much light that I may read by them.  
*Opens the letter.*

*Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake, and see thy-  
self.*

*Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!*

'Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!  
Such instigations have been often dropp'd  
Where I have took them up. 50  
'Shall Rome, etc.' Thus must I piece it out:  
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe?  
What! Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome  
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a  
king.

'Speak, strike, redress!' Am I entreated  
To speak and strike? O Rome! I make thee  
promise;

If the redress will follow, thou receiv'st  
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.

*Knocking within.*

*Bru.* 'T is good. Go to the gate; some-  
body knocks. *Exit LUCIUS.* 60

Since Cassius first did whet me against  
Cæsar,

I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing  
And the first motion, all the interim is  
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream;  
The genius and the mortal instruments  
Are then in council; and the state of man,  
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then  
The nature of an insurrection.

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Sir, 't is your brother Cassius at the  
door, 70  
Who doth desire to see you.

*Bru.* Is he alone?

*Luc.* No sir, there are moe with him,

*Bru.* Do you know them?

*Luc.* No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about  
their ears,

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,  
That by no means I may discover them  
By any mark of favour.

*Bru.* Let 'em enter. *Exit LUCIUS.*  
They are the faction. O conspiracy!  
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow  
by night.

When evils are most free? O! then by day  
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough  
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none,  
conspiracy; 81

Hide it in smiles and affability:  
For if thou path thy native semblance on,  
Not Erebus itself were dim enough  
To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter the Conspirators, CASSIUS, CASCA,  
DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, and  
TREBONIUS.*

*Cas.* I think we are too bold upon your  
rest:

Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?  
*Bru.* I have been up this hour, awake all  
night.

Know I these men that come along with you?

*Cas.* Yes, every man of them; and no  
man here 93

But honour you; and every one doth wish  
You had but that opinion of yourself  
Which every noble Roman bears of you.  
This is Trebonius.

*Bru.* He is welcome hither.

*Cas.* This, Decius Brutus.

*Bru.* He is welcome too.

*Cas.* This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this,  
Metellus Cimber.

*Bru.* They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose them-  
selves

Betwixt your eyes and night?  
*Cas.* Shall I entreat a word? 100

*BRUTUS and CASSIUS whisper.*  
*Dec.* Here lies the east: doth not the day  
break here?

*Casca.* No.

*Cin.* O! pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey  
lines

That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

*Casca.* You shall confess that you are both  
deceiv'd.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises,  
Which is a great way growing on the south,  
Weighing the youthful season of the year.  
Some two months hence up higher toward  
the north

He first presents his fire; and the high east  
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here. 111

*Bru.* Give me your hands all over, one by  
one.

*Cas.* And let us swear our resolution.  
*Bru.* No, not an oath: if not the face of  
men,

The sufferance of our souls, the time's  
abuse,

If these be motives weak, break off betimes,  
And every man hence to his idle bed;

So let high-sighted tyranny range on,  
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,

As I am sure they do, bear fire enough 120

To kindle cowards and to steel with valour  
The melting spirits of women, then, country-  
men,

What need we any spur but our own cause  
To prick us to redress? what other bond  
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the  
word

And will not palter? and what other oath  
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,  
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?

Swear priests and cowards and men caute-  
lous, 129

Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls  
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes

swear

Such creatures as men doubt; but do not  
stain

The even virtue of our enterprise,  
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,

To think that or our cause or our perform-  
ance

Did need an oath; when every drop of blood  
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,

Is guilty of a several bastardy,  
If he do break the smallest particle

Of any promise that hath pass'd from  
him. 140

*Cas.* But what of Cicero? Shall we sound  
him?

I think he will stand very strong with us.

*Casca.* Let us not leave him out.

*Cin.* No, by no means.

*Met.* O! let us have him, for his silver  
hairs

Will purchase us a good opinion  
And buy men's voices to commend our  
deeds:

It shall be said his judgment rul'd our  
hands;

Our youths and wildness shall no whit ap-  
pear,

But all be buried in his gravity.

*Bru.* O! name him not; let us not break  
with him; 150

For he will never follow any thing  
That other men begin.

*Cas.* Then leave him out.

*Casca.* Indeed he is not fit.

*Dec.* Shall no man else be touch'd but  
only Cæsar?

*Cas.* Decius, well urg'd. I think it is not  
meet,

Mark Antony, so well lov'd of Cæsar,  
Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find of him

A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his  
means,

If he improve them, may well stretch so far  
As to annoy us all; which to prevent, 160

Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

*Bru.* Our course will seem too bloody,  
Caius Cassius,

To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,  
Like wrath in death and envy afterwards;

For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.

Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers,  
Caius.

We all stand up against the spirit of  
Cæsar;

And in the spirit of men there is no blood:

O! that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,  
And not dismember Cæsar. But, alas! 170  
Cæsar must bleed for it. And, gentle friends,

Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;  
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,  
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:  
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,  
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,  
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make

Our purpose necessary and not envious;  
Which so appearing to the common eyes,  
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers. 190

And for Mark Antony, think not of him;  
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm  
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him;  
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar—  
Bru. Alas! good Cassius, do not think of him:

If he love Cæsar, all that he can do  
Is to himself, take thought and die for Cæsar:

And that were much he should; for he is given

To sports, to wildness, and much company.  
Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die; 190

For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.  
*Clock strikes.*

Bru. Peace! count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet  
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day or no;  
For he is superstitious grown of late,  
Quite from the main opinion he held once  
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.  
It may be, these apparent prodigies,  
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,  
And the persuasion of his augurers, 200  
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: if he be so resolv'd,

I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear  
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,  
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,

Lions with toils, and men with flatterers;  
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,  
He says he does, being then most flattered.  
Let me work;

For I can give his humour the true bent, 210  
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,

Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:  
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:

He loves me well, and I have given him reasons; 219

Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon 's: we'll leave you, Brutus.

And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember

What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;

Let not our looks put on our purposes,  
But bear it as our Roman actors do,

With untir'd spirits and formal constancy:  
And so good morrow to you every one.

*Exeunt all but BRUTUS.*

Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no matter;  
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber: 230

Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies  
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;

Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

*Enter PORTIA.*

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?

It is not for your health thus to commit  
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,

Stole from my bed; and yesternight at supper

You suddenly arose, and walk'd about, 239  
Musing and sighing, with your arms across,

And when I ask'd you what the matter was,  
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks.

I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,

And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot;  
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,

But with an angry wafure of your hand,  
Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did,

Fearing to strengthen that impatience  
Which seem'd too much enkindled, and

withal

Hoping it was but an effect of humour, 250  
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.

It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,  
And could it work so much upon your shape

As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,  
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,

Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,

He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed. 260

Por. Is Brutus sick, and is it physical  
To walk unbraced and suck up the humours

Of the dank morning? What! is Brutus sick,

And will he steal out of his wholesome bed

To dare the vile contagion of the night,  
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air  
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;  
You have some sick offence within your  
mind,

Which, by the right and virtue of my place,  
I ought to know of; and, upon my knees, 270  
I charm you, by my once-commended  
beauty,

By all your vows of love, and that great vow  
Which did incorporate and make us one,  
That you unfold to me, your self, your half,  
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night  
Have had resort to you; for here have  
been

Some six or seven, who did hide their faces  
Even from darkness.

*Bru.* Kneel not, gentle Portia.

*Por.* I should not need, if you were gentle  
Brutus.

Within the bonds of marriage, tell me, Bru-  
tus, 283

Is it excepted I should know no secrets  
That appertain to you? Am I yourself  
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,  
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,  
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in  
the suburbs

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,  
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

*Bru.* You are my true and honourable  
wife,

As dear to me as are the ruddy drops  
That visit my sad heart. 290

*Por.* If this were true then should I know  
this secret.

I grant I am a woman, but withal  
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife;  
I grant I am a woman, but withal  
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.  
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,  
Being so father'd and so husbanded?  
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose  
'em.

I have made strong proof of my constancy,  
Giving myself a voluntary wound 300  
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with  
patience,

And not my husband's secrets?

*Bru.* O ye gods!  
Render me worthy of this noble wife.

*Knocking within.*  
Hark, hark! one knocks. Portia, go in  
awhile;

And by and by thy bosom shall partake  
The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to thee,  
All the charactery of my sad brows.  
Leave me with haste. *Exit PORTIA.*

Lucius, who's that knocks?

*Re-enter LUCIUS with LIGARIUS.*

*Luc.* Here is a sick man that would speak  
with you. 310

*Bru.* Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake  
of.

Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how?

*Lig.* Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble  
tongue.

*Bru.* O! what a time have you chose out,  
brave Caius,

To wear a kerchief. Would you were not  
sick!

*Lig.* I am not sick if Brutus have in hand  
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

*Bru.* Such an exploit have I in hand, Li-  
garius,

Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

*Lig.* By all the gods that Romans bow  
before, 320

I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!  
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!

Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up  
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,

And I will strive with things impossible;  
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

*Bru.* A piece of work that will make sick  
men whole.

*Lig.* But are not some whole that we must  
make sick?

*Bru.* That must we also. What it is, my  
Caius,

I shall unfold to thee as we are going 330  
To whom it must be done.

*Lig.* Set on your foot,  
And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,

To do I know not what; but it sufficeth  
That Brutus leads me on.

*Bru.* Follow me then. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same: CÆSAR'S House.*

*Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in  
his night-gown.*

*Cæs.* Nor heaven nor earth have been at  
peace to-night:

Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,  
'Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!' Who's  
within?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord!

*Cæs.* Go bid the priests do present sacri-  
fice,

And bring me their opinions of success.

*Serv.* I will, my lord. *Exit.*

*Enter CALPURNIA.*

*Cal.* What mean you, Cæsar? Think you  
to walk forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

*Cæs.* Cæsar shall forth: the things that  
threaten'd me 10

Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they  
shall see

The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

*Cal.* Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,  
Yet now they fright me. There is one with-  
in,

Besides the things that we have heard and  
seen,

Recounts most horrid sights seen by the  
watch.

A lioness hath whelped in the streets;  
And graves have yawn'd and yielded up  
their dead;

Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,  
In ranks and squadrons and right form of  
war, 20

Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;  
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,  
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,  
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.

O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,  
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided  
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?  
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predic-  
tions

Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die there are no  
comets seen; 30

The heavens themselves blaze forth the  
death of princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before  
their deaths;

The valiant never taste of death but once.  
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
It seems to me most strange that men should  
fear;

Seeing that death, a necessary end,  
Will come when it will come.

*Re-enter Servant.*

What say the augurers?  
*Serv.* They would not have you to stir  
forth to-day.

Plucking the entrails of an offering forth, 39  
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cow-  
ardice:

Cæsar should be a beast without a heart  
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.  
No, Cæsar shall not; Danger knows full well  
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he:  
We are two lions litter'd in one day,  
And I the elder and more terrible;  
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas! my lord.  
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.  
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear 50  
That keeps you in the house, and not your  
own.

We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-  
house,

And he shall say you are not well to-day:  
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not  
well;

And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

*Enter DECIVS.*

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow,  
worthy Cæsar:

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy  
time 61

To bear my greeting to the senators,  
And tell them that I will not come to-day:  
Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, false;  
I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?  
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so  
far

To be afraid to tell greybeards the truth?  
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know  
some cause,

Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so. 70  
Cæs. The cause is in my will: I will not  
come;

That is enough to satisfy the senate:  
But for your private satisfaction,

Because I love you, I will let you know:  
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:

She dream'd to-night she saw my statua,  
Which, like a fountain with an hundred

spouts,

Did run pure blood; and many lusty Ro-  
mans

Came smiling, and did bathe their hands  
in it.

And these does she apply for warnings and  
portents, 80

And evils imminent; and on her knee  
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;  
It was a vision fair and fortunate:

Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,  
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,

Signifies that from you great Rome shall  
suck

Reviving blood, and that great men shall  
press

For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.  
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified. 90

Cæs. And this way have you well ex-  
pounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what  
I can say:

And know it now: the senate have con-  
cluded

To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.  
If you shall send them word you will not  
come,

Their minds may change. Besides, it were  
a mock

Apt to be render'd, for some one to say  
'Break up the senate till another time,

When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better  
dreams.'

If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper  
'Lo! Cæsar is afraid?' 101

Pardon me, Cæsar: for my dear dear love  
To your proceeding bids me tell you this,

And reason to my love is liable.  
Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem  
now, Calpurnia!

I am ashamed I did yield to them.  
Give me my robe, for I will go:

*Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, ME-  
TELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, and CINNA.*

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.  
Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.

What! Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?  
Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius, 111

Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy  
As that same ague which hath made you

lean.  
What is 't o'clock?

Br. Cæsar, 't is stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

*Enter ANTONY.*

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,  
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:  
I am to blame to be thus waited for.

Now, Cinna; now, Metellus; what, Trebonius! 120

I have an hour's talk in store for you;

Remember that you call on me to-day:

Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will.—*Aside.* And so near will I be,

That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. *Aside.* That every like is not the same, O Cæsar!

The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Street near the Capitol.*

*Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.*

Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou be'st not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,

ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along, 11  
And as a suitor will I give him this.

My heart laments that virtue cannot live  
Out of the teeth of emulation.

If thou read this, O Cæsar! thou may'st live;

If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive. *Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The Same. Another Part of the same Street, before the House of BRUTUS.*

*Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.*

Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;

Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.  
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,

Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there.

O constancy! be strong upon my side;

Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue;

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.  
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!  
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?  
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else? 11

And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,

For he went sickly forth; and take good note

What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.  
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Prithee, listen well;  
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,

And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing. 20

*Enter the Soothsayer.*

Por. Come hither, fellow: which way hast thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is 't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand.

To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar

To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,

I shall beseech him to befriend himself. 30

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:

The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,  
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,

Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:

I'll get me to a place more void, and there  
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. *Exit.*

Por. I must go in. Ay me! how weak a thing

The heart of woman is. O Brutus! 40

The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise.  
Sure, the boy heard me: Brutus hath a suit

That Cæsar will not grant. O! I grow faint.  
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;

Say I am merry: come to me again,  
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

*Exeunt severally.*

## ACT III

SCENE I.—*Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above.*

*A crowd of People; among them ARTEMIDORUS and the Soothsayer. Flourish.*

*Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIVS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and Others.*

Cæs. To the Soothsayer. The ides of March are come.

*Sooth.* Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.  
*Art.* Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.  
*Dec.* Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read.

At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

*Art.* O Cæsar! read mine first; for mine's a suit

That touches Cæsar nearer. Read it, great Cæsar.

*Cæs.* What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd.

*Art.* Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

*Cæs.* What! is the fellow mad?

*Pub.* Sirrah, give place.

*Cæs.* What! urge you your petitions in the street? 11

Come to the Capitol.

*CÆSAR goes up to the Senate-House, the rest following. All the Senators rise.*

*Pop.* I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

*Cæs.* What enterprise, Popilius?

*Pop.* Fare you well.

*Advances to CÆSAR.*

*Bru.* What said Popilius Lena?

*Cæs.* He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.

I fear our purpose is discovered.

*Bru.* Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.

*Cæs.* Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known, 20

Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,

For I will slay myself.

*Bru.* Cassius, be constant: Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;

For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

*Cæs.* Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

*Exeunt ANTONY and TREBONIUS.*

*CÆSAR and the Senators take their seats.*

*Dec.* Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,

And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

*Bru.* He is address'd; press near and second him.

*Cin.* Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

*Cæs.* Are we all ready? What is now miss 30

That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

*Met.* Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

An humble heart,— *Kneeling.*

*Cæs.* I must prevent thee, Cimber. These couchings and these lowly courtesies,

Might fire the blood of ordinary men,

And turn pre-ordinance and first decree

Into the law of children. Be not fond,

To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood 40

That will be thaw'd from the true quality

With that which melteth fools; I mean sweet words,

Low-crook'd court'sies, and base spaniel fawning.

Thy brother by decree is banished:

If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,

I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause

Will he be satisfied.

*Met.* Is there no voice more worthy than my own

To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear 50

For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

*Bru.* I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery Cæsar;

Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

*Cæs.* What, Brutus!

*Cæs.* Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon: As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,

To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

*Cæs.* I could be well mov'd if I were as you:

If I could pray to move, prayers would move me;

But I am constant as the northern star, 60

Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality

There is no follow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,

They are all fire and every one doth shine, But there's but one in all doth hold his place:

So in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with men,

And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;

Yet in the number I do know but one That unassailable holds on his rank,

Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he, 70

Let me a little show it, even in this, That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,

And constant do remain to keep him so.

*Cin.* O Cæsar,—

*Cæs.* Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

*Dec.* Great Cæsar,—

*Cæs.* Doth not Brutus bootless kneel? *Casca.* Speak, hands, for me!

*They stab CÆSAR.*

*Cæs.* *Et tu, Brute!* Then fall, Cæsar! *Dies.*

*Cin.* Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

*Cæs.* Some to the common pulpits, and cry out 80

'Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!'

*Bru.* People and senators, be not affrighted;

Fly not; stand still; ambition's debt is paid. *Casca.* Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

*Dec.* And Cassius too.

*Bru.* Where's Publius?

*Cin.* Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

*Met.* Stand fast together, lest some friend  
of Cæsar's  
Should chance—

*Bru.* Talk not of standing. Publius, good  
cheer;

There is no harm intended to your person, 90  
Nor to no Roman else; so tell them, Pub-  
lius.

*Cas.* And leave us, Publius; lest that the  
people,  
Rushing on us, should do your age some  
mischief.

*Bru.* Do so; and let no man abide this  
deed  
But we the doers.

*Re-enter TREBONIUS.*

*Cas.* Where's Antony?

*Tre.* Fled to his house amaz'd.  
Men, wives and children stare, cry out and  
run  
As it were doomsday.

*Bru.* Fates, we will know your pleasures.  
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the  
time

And drawing days out, that men stand upon.  
*Cas.* Why, he that cuts off twenty years  
of life 101

Cuts off so many years of fearing death.  
*Bru.* Grant that, and then is death a  
benefit:

So are we Cæsar's friends, that have  
abridg'd  
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans,  
stoop,

And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood  
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:  
Then walk we forth, even to the market-  
place;

And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,  
Let's all cry 'Peace, freedom, and liberty!'

*Cas.* Stoop then, and wash. How many  
ages hence 111

Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,  
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

*Bru.* How many times shall Cæsar bleed  
in sport,

That now on Pompey's basis lies along  
No worthier than the dust!

*Cas.* So oft as that shall be,  
So often shall the knot of us be call'd

The men that gave their country liberty.  
*Dec.* What! shall we forth?

*Cas.* Ay, every man away:  
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his  
heels 123

With the most boldest and best hearts of  
Rome.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Bru.* Soft! who comes here? A friend of  
Antony's.

*Serv.* Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me  
kneel;

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;  
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:  
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;  
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:  
Say I love Brutus, and I honour him;

Say I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd  
him.

If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony 130  
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd

How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,  
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead

So well as Brutus living; but will follow  
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus

Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,  
With all true faith. So says my master

Antony.  
*Bru.* Thy master is a wise and valiant  
Roman;

I never thought him worse.  
Tell him, so please him come unto this  
place, 140

He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,  
Depart untouch'd.

*Serv.* I'll fetch him presently. *Exit.*  
*Bru.* I know that we shall have him well  
to friend.

*Cas.* I wish we may: but yet have I a  
mind

That fears him much; and my misgiving  
still

Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

*Re-enter ANTONY.*

*Bru.* But here comes Antony. Welcome,  
Mark Antony.

*Ant.* O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so  
low?

Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs,  
spoils,

Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee  
well. 150

I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,  
Who else must be let blood, who else is  
rank:

If I myself, there is no hour so fit  
As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instru-  
ment

Of half that worth as those your swords,  
made rich

With the most noble blood of all this world.  
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,

Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and  
smoke,

Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand  
years,

I shall not find myself so apt to die: 160  
No place will please me so, no mean of  
death,

As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,  
The choice and master spirits of this age.

*Bru.* O Antony! beg not your death of us.  
Though now we must appear bloody and  
cruel,

As, by our hands and this our present act,  
You see we do, yet see you but our hands

And this the bleeding business they have  
done:

Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;  
And pity to the general wrong of Rome, 170

As fire drives out fire, so pity pity,  
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your  
part,

To you our swords have leaden points,  
Mark Antony:

Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts  
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in  
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

*Cas.* Your voice shall be as strong as any man's  
In the disposing of new dignities.

*Bru.* Only be patient till we have appeas'd  
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,  
And then we will deliver you the cause. 181  
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,  
Have thus proceeded.

*Ant.* I doubt not of your wisdom.  
Let each man render me his bloody hand:  
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;  
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;  
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours,  
Metellus;

Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca,  
yours;  
Though last, not least in love, yours, good  
Trebolius.

Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say? 190  
My credit now stands on such slippery  
ground,

That one of two bad ways you must conceit  
me,  
Either a coward or a flatterer.

That I did love thee, Cæsar, O! 't is true:  
If then thy spirit look upon us now,  
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy  
death,

To see thy Antony making his peace,  
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,  
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?  
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds, 200  
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy  
blood,

It would become me better than to close  
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.  
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd,  
brave hart;

Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters  
stand,

Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy  
lethe.

O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;  
And this, indeed, O world! the heart of thee.  
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,  
Dost thou here lie! 210

*Cas.* Mark Antony,—  
*Ant.* Pardon me, Caius Cassius:

The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;  
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

*Cas.* I blame you not for praising Cæsar  
so;

But what compact mean you to have with us?  
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,  
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

*Ant.* Therefore I took your hands, but  
was indeed

Sway'd from the point by looking down on  
Cæsar.

Friends am I with you all, and love you all,  
Upon this hope, that you shall give me rea-  
sons 221

Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

*Bru.* Or else were this a savage spectacle.  
Our reasons are so full of good regard  
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,  
You should be satisfied.

*Ant.* That's all I seek:  
And am moreover suitor that I may  
Produce his body to the market-place;  
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,  
Speak in the order of his funeral. 233

*Bru.* You shall, Mark Antony.  
*Cas.* Brutus, a word with you.  
*Aside to BRUTUS.* You know not what you  
do; do not consent

That Antony speak in his funeral:  
Know you how much the people may be  
mov'd

By that which he will utter?  
*Bru.* By your pardon:

I will myself into the pulpit first,  
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:  
What Antony shall speak, I will protest  
He speaks by leave and by permission,  
And that we are contented Cæsar shall 240  
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.  
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

*Cas.* I know not what may fall; I like it  
not.

*Bru.* Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's  
body.

You shall not in your funeral speech blame  
us,

But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,  
And say you do 't by our permission;  
Else shall you not have any hand at all  
About his funeral; and you shall speak  
In the same pulpit whereto I am going, 250  
After my speech is ended.

*Ant.* Be it so;  
I do desire no more.

*Bru.* Prepare the body then, and follow  
us. *Exeunt all but ANTONY.*

*Ant.* O! pardon me, thou bleeding piece  
of earth,

That I am meek and gentle with these  
butchers;

Thou art the ruins of the noblest man  
That ever lived in the tide of times.

Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!  
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,

Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby  
lips, 260

To beg the voice and utterance of my ton-  
gue,

A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;  
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife

Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;  
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,

And dreadful objects so familiar,  
That mothers shall but smile when they  
behold

Their infants quarter'd with the hands of  
war;

All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds:  
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge, 270

With Ate by his side come hot from hell,  
Shall in these confines with a monarch's  
voice

Cry 'Havoc!' and let slip the dogs of  
war;

That this foul deed shall smell above the  
earth

With carrion men, groaning for burial.

*Enter a Servant.*

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

*Serv.* I do Mark Antony.

*Ant.* Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

*Serv.* He did receive his letters, and is coming; 280

And bid me say to you by word of mouth—  
O Cæsar!— *Seeing the body.*

*Ant.* Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.

Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,  
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,  
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

*Serv.* He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

*Ant.* Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd;

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,

No Rome of safety for Octavius yet; 289  
Hie hence and tell him so. Yet stay awhile;  
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this

corpse  
Into the market-place; there shall I try,  
In my oration, how the people take

The cruel issue of these bloody men;  
According to the which thou shalt discourse  
To young Octavius of the state of things.

Lend me your hand.

*Exeunt, with CÆSAR'S body.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. The Forum.*

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.*

*Citizens.* We will be satisfied: let us be satisfied.

*Bru.* Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.

Cassius, go you into the other street,  
And part the numbers.

Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here:

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;  
And public reasons shall be rendered

Of Cæsar's death.

*First Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

*Second Cit.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered. 10  
*Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens.*

*BRUTUS goes into the pulpit.*

*Third Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

*Bru.* Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his.

if then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it: as he was valiant, I honour him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply. 37

*Citizens.* None, Brutus, none.

*Bru.* Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death. 44

*Enter ANTONY and Others, with CÆSAR'S body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart; that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death. 52

*Citizens.* Live, Brutus! live! live!

*First Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

*Second Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

*Third Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

*Fourth Cit.* Cæsar's better parts shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

*First Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

*Bru.* My countrymen,—

*Second Cit.* Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

*First Cit.* Peace, ho!

*Bru.* Good countrymen, let me depart alone, 60

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony. Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech

Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony,

By our permission, is allow'd to make. I do entreat you, not a man depart.

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. *Exit.*

*First Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

*Third Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair;

We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.  
*Ant.* For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you. 70

*Fourth Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?  
*Third Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,  
 He finds himself beholding to us all.

*Fourth Cit.* 'T were best he speak no  
 harm of Brutus here.

*First Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

*Third Cit.* Nay, that's certain:  
 We are bless'd that Rome is rid of him.

*Second Cit.* Peace! let us hear what  
 Antony can say.

*Ant.* You gentle Romans,—

*Citizens.* Peace, ho! let us hear him.

*Ant.* Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend  
 me your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them, 80

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious;

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,

For Brutus is an honourable man;

So are they all, all honourable men;

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says he was ambitious; 91

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to  
 Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:  
 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath  
 wept;

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see that on the Lupercal 100

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse: was this am-  
 bition?

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And, sure, he is an honourable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,  
 But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without  
 cause:

What cause withholds you then to mourn for  
 him?

O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
 And men have lost their reason. Bear with  
 me; 110

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,

And I must pause till it come back to me.

*First Cit.* Methinks there is much reason  
 in his sayings.

*Second Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the  
 matter,

Cæsar has had great wrong.

*Third Cit.* Has he, masters?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

*Fourth Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? He  
 would not take the crown;

Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambi-  
 tious.

*First Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear  
 abide it.

*Second Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as  
 fire with weeping. 120

*Third Cit.* There's not a nobler man in  
 Rome than Antony.

*Fourth Cit.* Now mark him; he begins  
 again to speak.

*Ant.* But yesterday the word of Cæsar  
 might

Have stood against the world; now lies he  
 there,

And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius  
 wrong,

Who, you all know, are honourable men. 125

I will not do them wrong; I rather choose  
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and

you,

Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here's a parchment with the seal of  
 Cæsar;

I found it in his closet, 't is his will.

Let but the commons hear this testament,

Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,

And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's  
 wounds,

And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,

And, dying, mention it within their wills, 140

Bequeathing it as a rich legacy  
 Unto their issue.

*Fourth Cit.* We'll hear the will: read it,  
 Mark Antony.

*Citizens.* The will, the will! we will hear  
 Cæsar's will.

*Ant.* Have patience, gentle friends; I  
 must not read it:

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd  
 you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but  
 men;

And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,  
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad.

'T is good you know not that you are his  
 heirs; 150

For if you should, O! what would come of it.

*Fourth Cit.* Read the will! we'll hear it,  
 Antony:

You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

*Ant.* Will you be patient? will you stay  
 awhile?

I have o'er-shot myself to tell you of it.

I fear I wrong the honourable men

Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do  
 fear it.

*Fourth Cit.* They were traitors: honour-  
 able men!

*Citizens.* The will! the testament!

*Second Cit.* They were villains, mur-  
 derers.

The will! read the will! 160

*Ant.* You will compel me then to read the  
 will?

Then make a ring about the corpse of  
 Cæsar,

And let me show you him that made the will.  
 Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

*Citizens.* Come down.

*Second Cit.* Descend.

ANTONY comes down.

*Third Cit.* You shall have leave.

*Fourth Cit.* A ring; stand round.

*First Cit.* Stand from the hearse; stand from the body. 170

*Second Cit.* Room for Antony; most noble Antony.

*Ant.* Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

*Citizens.* Stand back! room! bear back!

*Ant.* If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle; I remember  
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;  
'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent,  
That day he overcame the Nervii.  
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger  
through:

See what a rent the envious Casca made;  
Through this the well-beloved Brutus  
stab'd; 180

And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away  
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,  
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd  
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd or no;  
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's  
angel;

Judge, O you gods! how dearly Cæsar  
lov'd him.

This was the most unkindest cut of all;  
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,  
Ingratitude more strong than traitor's arms,  
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his  
mighty heart; 190

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,  
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,  
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar  
fell.

O! what a fall was there, my countrymen;  
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,  
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.  
O! now you weep, and I perceive you feel  
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.  
Kind souls, what! weep you when you but  
behold

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you  
here, 200

Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with  
traitors.

*First Cit.* O piteous spectacle!

*Second Cit.* O noble Cæsar!

*Third Cit.* O woeful day!

*Fourth Cit.* O traitors! villains!

*First Cit.* O most bloody sight!

*Second Cit.* We will be revenged.

*Citizens.* Revenge!—About!—Seek!—  
Burn!—Fire!—Kill!—Slay!—Let not a traitor  
live.

*Ant.* Stay, countrymen. 210

*First Cit.* Peace there! Hear the noble  
Antony.

*Second Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow  
him, we'll die with him.

*Ant.* Good friends, sweet friends, let me  
not stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.  
They that have done this deed are honour-  
able:

What private griefs they have, alas! I know  
not,

That made them do it; they are wise and  
honourable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer  
you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your  
hearts: 220

I am no orator, as Brutus is;  
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,  
That love my friend; and that they know  
full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him.  
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,  
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of  
speech

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;  
I tell you that which you yourselves do  
know,

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor  
dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me: but were I  
Brutus, 230

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a  
tongue

In every wound of Cæsar, that should move  
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

*Citizens.* We'll mutiny.

*First Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

*Third Cit.* Away then! come, seek the  
conspirators.

*Ant.* Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear  
me speak.

*Citizens.* Peace, ho!—Hear Antony—  
Most noble Antony.

*Ant.* Why, friends, you go to do you know  
not what. 240

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your  
loves?

Alas! you know not: I must tell you then.  
You have forgot the will I told you of.

*Citizens.* Most true. The will! Let's  
stay and hear the will.

*Ant.* Here is the will, and under Cæsar's  
seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drach-  
mas.

*Second Cit.* Most noble Cæsar! We'll  
revenge his death.

*Third Cit.* O royal Cæsar!

*Ant.* Hear me with patience. 250

*Citizens.* Peace, ho!

*Ant.* Moreover, he hath left you all his  
walks,

His private arbours, and new-planted  
orchards,

On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,  
And to your heirs for ever; common pleas-  
ures,

To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.  
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such  
another?

*First Cit.* Never, never! Come, away,  
away!

We'll burn his body in the holy place,  
And with the brands fire the traitors'  
houses. 260

Take up the body.

*Second Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

*Third Cit.* Pluck down benches.

*Fourth Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

*Exeunt Citizens, with the body.*

*Ant.* Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,

Take thou what course thou wilt!

*Enter a Servant.*

How now, fellow!

*Serv.* Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

*Ant.* Where is he?

*Serv.* He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

*Ant.* And thither will I straight to visit him. 270

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry, And in this mood will give us any thing.

*Serv.* I heard him say Brutus and Cassius Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

*Ant.* Belike they had some notice of the people,

How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Street*

*Enter CINNA, the Poet.*

*Cin.* I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,

And things unlucky charge my fantasy: I have no will to wander forth of doors, Yet something leads me forth.

*Enter Citizens.*

*First Cit.* What is your name?

*Second Cit.* Whither are you going?

*Third Cit.* Where do you dwell?

*Fourth Cit.* Are you a married man or a bachelor?

*Second Cit.* Answer every man directly. 10

*First Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

*Fourth Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

*Third Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

*Cin.* What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly; wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

*Second Cit.* That's as much as to say they are fools that marry; you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly. 21

*Cin.* Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

*First Cit.* As a friend or an enemy?

*Cin.* As a friend.

*Second Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

*Fourth Cit.* For your dwelling, briefly.

*Cin.* Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

*Third Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

*Cin.* Truly, my name is Cinna.

*First Cit.* Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator. 31

*Cin.* I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

*Fourth Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

*Cin.* I am not Cinna the conspirator.

*Second Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going. 39

*Third Cit.* Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! firebrands! To Brutus, to Cassius; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius'. Away! go! *Exeunt.*

## ACT IV

SCENE I.—*Rome. A Room in ANTONY'S House.*

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table.

*Ant.* These many then shall die; their names are prick'd.

*Oct.* Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

*Lep.* I do consent.

*Oct.* Prick him down, Antony.

*Lep.* Upon condition Publius shall not live,

Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house; Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine

How to cut off some charge in legacies.

*Lep.* What! shall I find you here? 10

*Oct.* Or here or at the Capitol.

*Exit LEPIDUS.*

*Ant.* This is a slight unmeritable man, Meet to be sent on errands; is it fit, The three-fold world divided, he should stand

One of the three to share it?

*Oct.* So you thought him; And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,

In our black sentence and proscription.

*Ant.* Octavius, I have seen more days than you:

And though we lay these honours on this man,

To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads, 20

He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,

To groan and sweat under the business, Either led or driven, as we point the way;

And having brought our treasure where we will,

Then take we down his load, and turn him off,

Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears, And graze in commons.

*Oct.* You may do your will; But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

*Ant.* So is my horse, Octavius: and for that

I do appoint him store of provender. 30

It is a creature that I teach to fight, To wind, to stop, to run directly on,

His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.

And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;  
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth;

A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds  
On objects, arts, and imitations,  
Which, out of use and stal'd by other men,  
Begin his fashion: do not talk of him  
But as a property. And now, Octavius, 40  
Listen great things: Brutus and Cassius  
Are levying powers; we must straight make  
head;

Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,  
Our best friends made, and our best means  
stretch'd out;

And let us presently go sit in council,  
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,  
And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so; for we are at the stake,  
And bay'd about with many enemies;  
And some that smile have in their hearts,  
I fear, 50  
Millions of mischiefs. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Camp near Sardis. Before  
BRUTUS'S Tent.*

*Drum.* Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS,  
and Soldiers; TITINIUS and PINDARUS  
meet them.

*Bru.* Stand, ho!

*Lucil.* Give the word, ho! and stand.

*Bru.* What now, Lucilius! is Cassius  
near?

*Lucil.* He is at hand; and Pindarus is  
come

To do you salutation from his master.

*Bru.* He greets me well. Your master  
Pindarus,

In his own change, or by ill officers,  
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish  
Things done undone; but, if he be at hand,  
I shall be satisfied.

*Pin.* I do not doubt 10

But that my noble master will appear  
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

*Bru.* He is not doubted. A word, Lu-  
cilius;

How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

*Lucil.* With courtesy and with respect  
enough;

But not with such familiar instances,  
Nor with such free and friendly conference,  
As he hath us'd of old.

*Bru.* Thou hast describ'd

A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,  
When love begins to sicken and decay, 20  
It useth an enforced ceremony.

There are no tricks in plain and simple  
faith;

But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,  
Make gallant show and promise of their  
mettle;

But when they should endure the bloody  
spur,

They fall their crests, and, like deceitful  
jades,

Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

*Lucil.* They mean this night in Sardis to be  
quarter'd;

The greater part, the horse in general,  
Are come with Cassius. *Low march within.*

*Bru.* Hark! he is arriv'd.

March gently on to meet him. 31

*Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.*

*Cas.* Stand, ho!

*Bru.* Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

*First Sold.* Stand!

*Second Sold.* Stand!

*Third Sold.* Stand!

*Cas.* Most noble brother, you have done  
me wrong.

*Bru.* Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine  
enemies?

And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

*Cas.* Brutus, this sober form of yours  
hides wrongs; 40

And when you do them—

*Bru.* Cassius, be content;

Speak your griefs softly: I do know you  
well.

Before the eyes of both our armies here,  
Which should perceive nothing but love  
from us,

Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;  
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your  
griefs,

And I will give you audience.

*Cas.*

*Pindarus,*

Bid our commanders lead their charges off  
A little from this ground.

*Bru.* Lucilius, do you the like; and let no  
man 50

Come to our tent till we have done our con-  
ference.

Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Within the Tent of BRUTUS.*

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*

*Cas.* That you have wrong'd me doth  
appear in this:

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella  
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;  
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,  
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

*Bru.* You wrong'd yourself to write in  
such a case.

*Cas.* In such a time as this it is not meet  
That every nice offence should bear his  
comment.

*Bru.* Let me tell you, Cassius, you your-  
self

Are much condemned to have an itching  
palm; 10

To sell and mart your offices for gold

To undeservers.

*Cas.* I an itching palm!

You know that you are Brutus that speak  
this,

Or, by the gods, this speech were else your  
last.

*Bru.* The name of Cassius honours this  
corruption,

And chastisement doth therefore hide his  
head.

*Cas.* Chastisement!

*Bru.* Remember March, the ides of March remember:

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?  
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab, 20

And not for justice? What! shall one of us,  
That struck the foremost man of all this world

But for supporting robbers, shall we now  
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,  
And sell the mighty space of our large honours

For so much trash as may be grasped thus?  
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
Than such a Roman.

*Cas.* Brutus, bay not me;  
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,  
To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I, 30  
Older in practice, abler than yourself  
To make conditions.

*Bru.* Go to; you are not, Cassius.  
*Cas.* I am.

*Bru.* I say you are not.

*Cas.* Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;

Have mind upon your health; tempt me no further.

*Bru.* Away, slight man!

*Cas.* Is't possible?

*Bru.* Hear me, for I will speak.  
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?

Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

*Cas.* O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this? 41

*Bru.* All this! ay, more: fret till your proud heart break;

Go show your slaves how choleric you are,  
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?

Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch

Under your testy humour? By the gods,  
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,  
Though it do split you; for from this day forth

I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,

When you are waspish.

*Cas.* Is it come to this?

*Bru.* You say you are a better soldier: 51  
Let it appear so: make your vaunting true,  
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,

I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

*Cas.* You wrong me every way: you wrong me, Brutus;

I said, an elder soldier, not a better:

Did I say 'better'?

*Bru.* If you did, I care not.

*Cas.* When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.

*Bru.* Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

*Cas.* I durst not!

*Bru.* No.

*Cas.* What! durst not tempt him!

*Bru.* For your life you durst not.

*Cas.* Do not presume too much upon my love;

I may do that I shall be sorry for.

*Bru.* You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,  
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty  
That they pass by me as the idle wind,  
Which I respect not. I did send to you  
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me; 70

For I can raise no money by vile means:  
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,  
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash

By any indirection. I did send  
To you for gold to pay my legions,  
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?

Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?  
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,

To lock such rascal counters from his friends, 80

Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts;  
Dash him to pieces!

*Cas.* I denied you not.

*Bru.* You did.

*Cas.* I did not; he was but a fool  
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath riv'd my heart:

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,  
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

*Bru.* I do not, till you practise them on me.

*Cas.* You love me not.

*Bru.* I do not like your faults.

*Cas.* A friendly eye could never see such faults. 90

*Bru.* A flatterer's would not, though they do appear

As huge as high Olympus.

*Cas.* Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,

Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,  
For Cassius is weary of the world;

Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;

Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,

Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,

To cast into my teeth. O! I could weep  
My spirit from mine eyes. There is my dagger, 100

And here my naked breast; within, a heart  
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:

If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;  
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:

Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,  
When thou didst hate him worst, thou

lov'dst him better

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

*Bru.* Sheathe your dagger:

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;  
Do what you will, dishonour shall be

humour.

O Cassius! you are yoked with a lamb 110

That carries anger as the flint bears fire,  
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,  
And straight is cold again.

*Cas.* Hath Cassius liv'd  
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,  
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth  
him?

*Bru.* When I spoke that I was ill-temper'd too.

*Cas.* Do you confess so much? Give me  
your hand.

*Bru.* And my heart too.

*Cas.* O Brutus!

*Bru.* What's the matter?

*Cas.* Have you not love enough to bear  
with me,  
When that rash humour which my mother  
gave me

Makes me forgetful?

*Bru.* Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth  
When you are over-earnest with your  
Brutus,

He'll think your mother chides, and leave  
you so.

*Poet. Within.* Let me go in to see the  
generals;

There is some grudge between em, 't is not  
meet

They be alone.

*Lucil. Within.* You shall not come to  
them.

*Poet. Within.* Nothing but death shall  
stay me.

*Enter Poet, followed by LUCILIUS, TITINIUS,  
and LUCIUS.*

*Cas.* How now! What's the matter?

*Poet.* For shame, you generals! What  
do you mean?

Love, and be friends, as two such men  
should be;

For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than  
ye.

*Cas.* Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic  
rime!

*Bru.* Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow,  
hence!

*Cas.* Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his  
fashion.

*Bru.* I'll know his humour, when he  
knows his time;

What should the wars do with these jiggling  
fools?

Companion, hence!

*Cas.* Away, away! be gone. *Exit Poet.*

*Bru.* Lucilius and Titinius, bid the com-  
manders

Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

*Cas.* And come yourselves, and bring  
Messala with you

Immediately to us.

*Exeunt LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.*

*Bru.* Lucius, a bowl of wine.

*Exit LUCIUS.*  
*Cas.* I did not think you could have been  
so angry.

*Bru.* O Cassius! I am sick of many griefs.

*Cas.* Of your philosophy you make no use  
If you give place to accidental evils.

*Bru.* No man bears sorrow better: Por-  
tia is dead.

*Cas.* Ha! Portia!

*Bru.* She is dead.

*Cas.* How 'scap'd I killing when I cross'd  
you so?

O insupportable and touching loss!

Upon what sickness?

*Bru.* Impatient of my absence,  
And grief that young Octavius with Mark

Antony

Have made themselves so strong; for with  
her death

That tidings came; with this she fell dis-  
tract,

And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

*Cas.* And died so?

*Bru.* Even so.

*Cas.* O ye immortal gods!

*Re-enter LUCIUS, with wine and tapers.*

*Bru.* Speak no more of her. Give me a  
bowl of wine:

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.

*Cas.* My heart is thirsty for that noble  
pledge.

Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;  
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

*Bru.* Come in, Titinius. *Exit LUCIUS.*

*Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.*

Welcome, good Messala.  
Now sit we close about this taper here,

And call in question our necessities.

*Cas.* Portia, art thou gone?

*Bru.* No more, I pray you.  
Messala, I have here received letters,

That young Octavius and Mark Antony  
Come down upon us with a mighty power,

Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

*Mes.* Myself have letters of the self-  
same tenour.

*Bru.* With what addition?

*Mes.* That by proscription and bills of  
outlawry,

Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus

Have put to death an hundred senators.

*Bru.* Therein our letters do not well agree;  
Mine speak of seventy senators that died

By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

*Cas.* Cicero one!

*Mes.* Cicero is dead,  
And by that order of proscription.

*Bru.* No, Messala.  
*Mes.* Nor nothing in your letters writ of  
her?

*Bru.* Nothing, Messala.

*Mes.* That, methinks, is strange.  
*Bru.* Why ask you? Hear you aught of  
her in yours?

*Mes.* No, my lord.

*Bru.* Now, as you are a Roman, tell me  
true.

*Mes.* Then like a Roman bear the truth  
I tell:

For certain she is dead, and by strange  
manner,

*Bru.* Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala: 190

With meditating that she must die once, I have the patience to endure it now.

*Mess.* Even so great men great losses should endure.

*Cas.* I have as much of this in art as you. But yet my nature could not bear it so.

*Bru.* Well, to our work alive. What do you think

Of marching to Philippi presently?

*Cas.* I do not think it good.

*Bru.* Your reason? This it is:

'T is better that the enemy seek us: So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers, 200

Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still, Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

*Bru.* Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.

The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground Do stand but in a forc'd affection;

For they have grudg'd us contribution:

The enemy, marching along by them, By them shall make a fuller number up,

Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encouraged;

From which advantage shall we cut him off, If at Philippi we do face him there, 211

These people at our back.

*Cas.* Hear me, good brother. *Bru.* Under your pardon. You must note beside,

That we have tried the utmost of our friends, Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:

The enemy increaseth every day;

We, at the height, are ready to decline.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,

Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;

Omitted, all the voyage of their life 220

Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

On such a full sea are we now afloat;

And we must take the current when it serves,

Or lose our ventures.

*Cas.* Then, with your will, go on;

We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

*Bru.* The deep of night is crept upon our talk,

And nature must obey necessity,

Which we will niggard with a little rest.

There is no more to say?

*Cas.* No more. Good night:

Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence. 230

*Bru.* Lucius! *Re-enter LUCIUS.*

My gown. *Exit LUCIUS.*

Farewell, good Messala:

Good night, Titinius. Noble, noble Cassius,

Good night, and good repose.

*Cas.* O my dear brother!

This was an ill beginning of the night:

Never come such division 'tween our souls!

Let it not, Brutus.

*Bru.* Every thing is well.

*Cas.* Good night, my lord.

*Bru.* Good night, good brother.

*Tit., Mes.* Good night, Lord Brutus.

*Bru.* Farewell, every one.

*Exeunt CASSIUS, TITINIUS, and MESSALA.*

*Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown.*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

*Luc.* Here in the tent.

*Bru.* What! thou speak'st drowsily?

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatch'd. 241

Call Claudius and some other of my men;

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

*Luc.* Varro! and Claudius!

*Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.*

*Var.* Calls my lord?

*Bru.* I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep:

It may be I shall raise you by and by

On business to my brother Cassius.

*Var.* So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.

*Bru.* I will not have it so; lie down, good sirs; 250

It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;

I put it in the pocket of my gown.

*VARRO and CLAUDIUS lie down.*

*Luc.* I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

*Bru.* Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile, And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

*Luc.* Ay, my lord, an't please you.

*Bru.* It does, my boy.

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

*Luc.* It is my duty, sir. 260

*Bru.* I should not urge thy duty past thy might;

I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

*Luc.* I have slept, my lord, already.

*Bru.* It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again;

I will not hold thee long: if I do live,

I will be good to thee. *Music, and a Song.*

This is a sleepy tune: O murderous slumber!

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,

That plays thee music? Gentle knave,

good night;

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee. 270

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;

I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.

Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn'd down

Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

*Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.*

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?

I think it is the weakness of mine eyes

That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me. Art thou any thing?  
Art thou some god, some angel, or some  
devil,

That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to  
stare? 280

Speak to me what thou art.

*Ghost.* Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

*Bru.* Why com'st thou?

*Ghost.* To tell thee thou shalt see me at  
Philippi.

*Bru.* Well; then I shall see thee again?

*Ghost.* Ay, at Philippi.

*Bru.* Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.

*Ghost vanishes.*

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:  
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.  
Boy! Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!  
Claudius! 291

*Luc.* The strings, my lord, are false.

*Bru.* He thinks he still is at his instru-  
ment.

Lucius, awake!

*Luc.* My lord!

*Bru.* Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou  
so criedst out?

*Luc.* My lord, I do not know that I did  
cry.

*Bru.* Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou  
see any thing?

*Luc.* Nothing, my lord.

*Bru.* Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah, Clau-  
dius! 300

To VARRO. Fellow thou! awake!

*Var.* My lord!

*Clau.* My lord!

*Bru.* Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your  
sleep?

*Var., Clau.* Did we, my lord?

*Bru.* Ay: saw you any thing?

*Var.* No, my lord, I saw nothing.

*Clau.* Nor I, my lord.

*Bru.* Go and commend me to my brother  
Cassius;

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,

And we will follow.

*Var., Clau.* It shall be done, my lord.  
*Exeunt.*

## ACT V

### SCENE I.—The Plains of Philippi.

*Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*

*Oct.* Now, Antony, our hopes are an-  
swered:

You said the enemy would not come down,  
But keep the hills and upper regions;  
It proves not so; their battles are at hand;  
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,  
Answering before we do demand of them.

*Ant.* Tut! I am in their bosoms, and I  
know

Wherefore they do it: they could be content  
To visit other places; and come down 9  
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face  
To fasten in our thoughts that they have  
courage;

But 't is not so.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.*

Prepare you, generals:

The enemy comes on in gallant show;

Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,

And something to be done immediately.

*Ant.* Octavius, lead your battle softly on,

Upon the left hand of the even field.

*Oct.* Upon the right hand I; keep thou  
the left.

*Ant.* Why do you cross me in this exigent?

*Oct.* I do not cross you; but I will do  
so. *March.* 20

*Drum.* *Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their  
Army; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA,  
and Others.*

*Bru.* They stand, and would have parley.

*Cas.* Stand fast, Titinius: we must out  
and talk.

*Oct.* Mark Antony, shall we give sign of  
battle?

*Ant.* No, Cæsar, we will answer on their  
charge.

Make forth; the generals would have some  
words.

*Oct.* Stir not until the signal.

*Bru.* Words before blows: is it so, coun-  
trymen?

*Oct.* Not that we love words better, as you  
do.

*Bru.* Good words are better than bad  
strokes, Octavius.

*Ant.* In your bad strokes, Brutus, you  
give good words: 30

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,  
'Crying 'Long live! hail, Cæsar!'

*Cas.* Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown:  
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,

And leave them honeyless.

*Ant.* Not stingless too.

*Bru.* O! yes, and soundless too;

For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,

And very wisely threat before you sting.

*Ant.* Villains! you did not so when your  
vile daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar: 40  
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd  
like hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's  
feet;

Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,  
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!

*Cas.* Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank  
yourself;

This tongue had not offended so to-day,  
If Cassius might have rul'd.

*Oct.* Come, come, the cause: if arguing  
make us sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.  
Look; 50

I draw a sword against conspirators;  
When think you that the sword goes up  
again?

Never, till Cæsar's three-and-thirty wounds  
Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar

Have added slaughter to the sword of trai-  
tors.

*Bru.* Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,

Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

*Oct.* So I hope; I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

*Bru.* O! if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,

Young man, thou could'st not die more honourable.

*Cas.* A peevish school-boy, worthless of such honour,

Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

*Ant.* Old Cassius still!

*Oct.* Come, Antony; away! Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.

If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;

If not, when you have stomachs.

*Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*

*Cas.* Why now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

*Bru.* Ho!

Lucilius, hark, a word with you.

*Lucil.* My lord! *BRUTUS and LUCILIUS talk apart.*

*Cas.* Messala!

*Mes.* What says my general? *70*

*Cas.* Messala, This is my birth-day; as this very day

Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:

Be thou my witness that against my will,

As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set

Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know that I held Epicurus strong,

And his opinion; now I change my mind,

And partly credit things that do presage.

Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign *80*

Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,

Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;

Who to Philippi here consorted us:

This morning are they fled away and gone,

And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites

Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,

As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem

A canopy most fatal, under which

Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

*Mes.* Believe not so.

*Cas.* I but believe it partly, For I am fresh of spirit and resolv'd *91*

To meet all perils very constantly.

*Bru.* Even so, Lucilius.

*Cas.* Now, most noble Brutus, The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,

Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!

But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,

Let's reason with the worst that may befall. If we do lose this battle, then is this

The very last time we shall speak together: What are you then determined to do? *100*

*Bru.* Even by the rule of that philosophy By which I did blame Cato for the death

Which he did give himself; I know not how, But I do find it cowardly and vile,

For fear of what might fall, so to prevent

The time of life: arming myself with patience,

To stay the providence of some high powers That govern us below.

*Cas.* Then, if we lose this battle, You are contented to be led in triumph

Thorough the streets of Rome? *110*

*Bru.* No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,

That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome; He bears too great a mind: but this same

day Must end that work the ides of March begun;

And whether we shall meet again I know not.

Therefore our everlasting farewell take: For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!

If we do meet again, why, we shall smile; If not, why then, this parting was well made.

*Cas.* For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus! *120*

If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed; If not, 't is true this parting was well made.

*Bru.* Why then, lead on. O! that a man might know

The end of this day's business ere it come; But it sufficeth that the day will end,

And then the end is known. Come, ho! away!

*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. The Field of Battle.*

*Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.*

*Bru.* Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills

Unto the legions on the other side. *Loud alarum.*

Let them set on at once, for I perceive But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,

And sudden push gives them the overthrow. Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come

down. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarum. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.*

*Cas.* O! look, Titinius, look, the villains fly:

Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy; This ensign here of mine was turning back;

I slew the coward, and did take it from him. *Tit.* O Cassius! Brutus gave the word

too early;

Who, having some advantage on Octavius, Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,

Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

*Enter PINDARUS.*

*Pin.* Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;

Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord! *10* Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

*Cas.* This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius!

Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

*Tit.* They are, my lord.

*Cas.* Titinius, if thou lov'st me,  
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs  
in him,  
Till he have brought thee up to yonder  
troops

And here again; that I may rest assur'd  
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

*Tit.* I will be here again, even with a  
thought. *Exit.*

*Cas.* Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;  
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius, 21  
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.

*PINDARUS ascends the hill.*

This day I breathed first; time is come  
round,

And where I did begin, there shall I end;  
My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what  
news?

*Pin. Above.* O my lord!

*Cas.* What news?

*Pin.* Titinius is enclosed round about  
With horsemen, that make to him on the  
spur;

Yet he spurs on: now they are almost on  
him. 30

Now, Titinius! now some light: O! he  
lights too:

He's ta'en! *Shout.*

And, hark! they shout for joy.

*Cas.* Come down; behold no more.

O! coward that I am, to live so long,  
To see my best friend ta'en before my face.

*PINDARUS descends.*

Come hither, sirrah.

In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;

And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,

That whatsoever I did bid thee do,

Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep  
thine oath; 40

Now be a freeman; and with this good  
sword,

That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search  
this bosom.

Stand not to answer; here, take thou the  
hilt;

And, when my face is cover'd, as 't is now,  
Guide thou the sword. Cæsar, thou art  
reveng'd,

Even with the sword that kill'd thee. *Dies.*

*Pin.* So, I am free; yet would not so  
have been

Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!  
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,

Where never Roman shall take note of  
him. *Exit.* 50

*Re-enter TITINIUS with MESSALA.*

*Mes.* It is but change, Titinius; for  
Octavius

Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,  
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

*Tit.* These tidings will well comfort Cas-  
sius.

*Mes.* Where did you leave him?

*Tit.* All disconsolate

With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

*Mes.* Is not that he that lies upon the  
ground?

*Tit.* He lies not like the living. O my  
heart!

*Mes.* Is not that he?

*Tit.* No, this was he, Messala,  
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun! 60  
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,  
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;  
The sun of Rome is set. Our day is gone;  
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds  
are done.

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

*Mes.* Mistrust of good success hath done  
this deed.

O hateful error, melancholy's child!

Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of  
men

The things that are not? O error! soon  
conceiv'd,

Thou never com'st unto a happy birth, 70

But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

*Tit.* What, Pindarus! Where art thou,  
Pindarus?

*Mes.* Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to  
meet

The noble Brutus, thrusting this report  
into his ears; I may say, thrusting it;

For piercing steel and darts envenomed

Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus

As tidings of this sight.

*Tit.* Hie you, Messala,

And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

*Exit MESSALA.*

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cas-  
sius? 80

Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they

Put on my brows this wreath of victory,

And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not

hear their shouts?

Alas! thou hast misconstrued every thing.

But hold thee, take this garland on thy  
brow;

Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I

Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,

And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.

By your leave, gods: this is a Roman's

part:

Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius'

heart. *Kills himself.*

*Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, with BRU-  
TUS, CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and  
LUCILIUS.*

*Bru.* Where, where, Messala, doth his  
body lie? 91

*Mes.* Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourn-  
ing it.

*Bru.* Titinius' face is upward.

*Cato.* He is slain.

*Bru.* O Julius Cæsar! thou art mighty  
yet:

Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our

swords

In our own proper entrails. *Low alarums.*

*Cato.* Brave Titinius!

Look! whe'r he have not crown'd dead

Cassius.

*Bru.* Are yet two Romans living such as

these?

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!

It is impossible that ever Rome  
Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe  
more tears  
To this dead man than you shall see me  
pay.  
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.  
Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his  
body:  
His funerals shall not be in our camp,  
Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come;  
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.  
Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on:  
'T is three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere  
night  
We shall try fortune in a second fight. 110  
*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarum. Enter fighting, Soldiers of both Armies; then BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and Others.*

*Bru.* Yet, countrymen, O! yet hold up  
your heads.

*Cato.* What bastard doth not? Who will  
go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field:

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

*Bru.* And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I:  
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for  
Brutus. *Exit.*

*Lucil.* O young and noble Cato! art thou  
down?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius, 10  
And may'st be honour'd, being Cato's son.

*First Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

*Lucil.*

Only I yield to die:

There is so much that thou wilt kill me  
straight. *Offering money.*

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

*First Sold.* We must not. A noble pris-  
oner!

*Second Sold.* Room, ho! Tell Antony,  
Brutus is ta'en.

*First Sold.* I'll tell the news. Here comes  
the general.

*Enter ANTONY.*

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

*Ant.* Where is he?

*Lucil.* Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe  
enough. 20

I dare assure thee that no enemy  
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus;  
The gods defend him from so great a shame!  
When you do find him, or alive or dead,  
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

*Ant.* This is not Brutus, friend; but, I  
assure you,

A prize no less in worth. Keep this man  
safe;

Give him all kindness; I had rather have  
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,  
And see whe'r Brutus be alive or dead; 30  
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent  
How every thing is chanc'd. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS.*

*Bru.* Come, poor remains of friends, rest  
on this rock.

*Cl.* Statilius show'd the torch-light, but,  
my lord,

He came not back; he is or ta'en or slain.

*Bru.* Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the  
word;

It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.  
*Whispers.*

*Cl.* What I, my lord? No, not for all the  
world.

*Bru.* Peace then! no words.

*Cl.* I'll rather kill myself.

*Bru.* Hark thee, Dardanius. *Whispers.*

*Cl.* Shall I do such a deed?

*Cl.* O Dardanius!

*Dar.* O Clitus! 10

*Cl.* What ill request did Brutus make to  
thee?

*Dar.* To kill him, Clitus. Look, he medi-  
tates.

*Cii.* Now is that noble vessel full of grief,  
That it runs over even at his eyes.

*Bru.* Come hither, good Volumnius: list  
a word.

*Vol.* What says my lord?

*Bru.* Why, this, Volumnius:

The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me  
Two several times by night; at Sardis once,

And, this last night, here in Philippi fields.

I know my hour is come.

*Vol.* Not so, my lord.

*Bru.* Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius. 21

Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it  
goes;

Our enemies have beat us to the pit:  
*Low alarums.*

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves  
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volum-  
nius,

Thou know'st that we two went to school  
together;

Even for that our love of old, I prithee,  
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on  
it.

*Vol.* That's not an office for a friend, my  
lord. *Alarum still.*

*Cl.* Fly, fly, my lord! there is no tarrying  
here. 30

*Bru.* Farewell to you; and you; and you,  
Volumnius.

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;  
Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen,

My heart doth joy that yet in all my life  
I found no man but he was true to me.

I shall have glory by this losing day,  
More than Octavius and Mark Antony

By this vile conquest shall attain unto.  
So fare you well at once; for Brutus'

tongue  
Hath almost ended his life's history. 40

Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones  
would rest,

That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

*Alarum. Cry within, 'Fly, fly, fly!'*

*Cl.* Fly, my lord, fly!

*Bru.* Hence! I will follow.

*Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS.*

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;

Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

*Stra.* Give me your hand first: fare you well, my lord.

*Bru.* Farewell, good Strato. Cæsar, now be still: 50

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

*He runs on his sword, and dies.*

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and their Army.*

*Oct.* What man is that?

*Mes.* My master's man. Strato, where is thy master?

*Stra.* Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;

The conquerors can but make a fire of him;

For Brutus only overcame himself,

And no man else hath honour by his death.

*Lucil.* So Brutus should be found. I thank thee, Brutus,

That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

*Oct.* All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them. 60

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

*Stra.* Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

*Oct.* Do so, good Messala.

*Mes.* How died my master, Strato?

*Stra.* I held the sword, and he did run on it.

*Mes.* Octavius, then take him to follow thee,

That did the latest service to my master.

*Ant.* This was the noblest Roman of them all:

All the conspirators save only he Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar; 70

He, only in a general honest thought

And common good to all, made one of them.

His life was gentle, and the elements

So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up

And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'

*Oct.* According to his virtue let us use

him,

With all respect and rites of burial.

Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,

Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.

So call the field to rest; and let's away, 80

To part the glories of this happy day.

*Exeunt.*

## THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

**N**OWHERE is Shakespeare at greater pains not to be misunderstood than in the opening scenes of his greatest plays. And yet, it is just here that most misconceptions arise, even in the minds of scholars and critics. To grasp the full significance of the exposition in the tragedy of Macbeth, it may be helpful to consider how completely the entire structure of the play would collapse had Macbeth suffered defeat in the battle referred to in Scenes I and II. As a defeated man he never would have been sought out by the Witches, never would have heard their suggestion of "King hereafter," never would have yielded to the thought of murder. As a defeated man he might have lived the "lease of nature," paid his breath to "time and mortal custom," and preserved undimmed his "eternal jewel." The tragedy centers in the fact that the Witches met him in "the day of success."

The Witches, or as they are otherwise called, the "weird sisters," clearly suggest, if they do not actually represent, Fate. In their parting words in the first scene they sound the keynote of the tragedy—"Fair is foul, and foul is fair." These words are so important, and apply so clearly to their proposed meeting with Macbeth, that Shakespeare makes Macbeth echo them in the first words we hear him utter, "So foul and fair a day I have not seen." Macbeth is, of course, wholly unconscious of any relation with these supernatural agents of evil. He means merely that this day of foulest weather is at the same time the day of his greatest victory. The audience, however, which in Shakespeare's plays is always omniscient so far as Shakespeare can make them so, is already in the secret. It knows that the charm is wound up, and that the Witches are ready for the meeting; and it recalls instantly their words, "Fair is foul." It now grasps instantly their meaning. Experience has ever taught that to good men the day of greatest achievement proves too often the day of fate; that few natures can withstand the evil promptings to greater glory which come in the day of success. This truth is almost too commonplace to require statement, and yet it is one of which humanity needs constantly to be reminded. Shakespeare has put it here in so white a light that it has blinded many scholars and critics and sent them groping afield in an attempt at metaphysical explanations of what Shakespeare meant to be obvious to the groundlings.

It has been urged, for instance, that Macbeth was not an innocent man prior to his meeting with the Witches; that he had already dallied with the thought of murdering Duncan, if indeed he had not actually sworn to do it; and that the Witches merely bring to the surface what was already submerged in Macbeth's soul. There can be no harm in such explanation if we choose to read the play as metaphysics rather than as drama. Much depends on what is meant by "innocent." We could all, with Hamlet, accuse us of such things that it had been better our mother had not borne us. We all pray that we be led not into temptation. The thought of murder sprang not alone from Macbeth's mind, not alone from the prophecy of the Witches, but from a combination of the two with the fatal moment of success. The temptation, as always, springs from the fatal combination of character and circumstance, from which no man, however good, is immune. The story of Macbeth as drama involves clearly a fall in the character of the hero, and the fall is almost negligible if we conceive of Macbeth as any other than a "good" man at the opening of the play. To conceive him otherwise is to make the Witches superfluous, for Shakespeare could not have been so unskillful as to introduce supernatural forces of evil to insure the destruction of a soul already committed to their purposes.

One strongly contributing element in Macbeth's fall is his poetic nature. The effect of the Witches' prophecy upon him is strikingly in contrast with its effect upon Banquo chiefly because of the different temperaments of the two men. Macbeth's imagination leaps instantly into the future and strives to make it the present. It seems probable that here is the source of the thought of murder that so shakes him. Murder

is the one way of hastening the "hereafter." His imagination becomes, then, a contributing factor in his fate. Yet in the struggle which follows it almost saves him. It foresees the consequences of the deed. "If it were done when 't is done," he cries, "then 't were well it were done quickly." But in these cases judgment follows, even in this life. In contrast with Macbeth's poetic and imaginative nature stands the prosaic and practical nature of his wife. She admits no consequences that she cannot defeat. In her philosophy "What 's done is done." To agonize over voices crying "Sleep no more" is to her to think brainsickly. But there is something in human nature that is at enmity with her philosophy. Human nature involves not only the conscious, but also the unconscious, self. The ravelled sleeve of care must be knit up. Nature orders a death of each day's life. Sleep, sleep is chief nourisher in life's feast. In sleep at last her unconscious self testifies to the falseness of her "What 's done is done." The spot is still upon her hand; again she hears the strokes of the little bell with which she signalled to Macbeth that all was ready for the murder; the smell of blood persists beyond the power of all the perfumes of Arabia; again she hears the knocking at the gate. "Come, come, come, come," she cries, "give me your hand. What 's done cannot be undone."

Consequences are inevitable. Macbeth, who jumped the life to come, is the only one of Shakespeare's great heroes for whose future felicity at death we have no hope. His story is that of the damnation of a great soul.

# MACBETH

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUNCAN, *King of Scotland.*  
 MALCOLM, } *his Sons.*  
 DONALBAIN, }  
 MACBETH, } *Generals of the King's Army.*  
 BANQUO, }  
 MACDUFF, }  
 LENNOX, } *Noblemen of Scotland.*  
 ROSS, }  
 MENTEITH, }  
 ANGUS, }  
 CAITHNESS, }  
 FLEANCE, *Son to Banquo.*  
 SIWARD, *Earl of Northumberland, General*  
*of the English Forces.*  
 Young SIWARD, *his Son.*

SEYTON, *an Officer attending on Macbeth.*  
 Boy, *Son to Macduff.*  
 An *English Doctor.*  
 A *Scotch Doctor.*  
 A *Sergeant.*  
 A *Porter.*  
 An *old Man.*  
 LADY MACBETH.  
 LADY MACDUFF.  
 Gentlewoman *attending on Lady Mac-*  
*beth.*  
 HECATE, *and Three Witches.*  
 Lords, *Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers,*  
*Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.*

*The Ghost of Banquo, and other Apparitions.*

SCENE.—*Scotland: England.*

### ACT I

SCENE I.—*A desert Place.*

*Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.*

*First Witch.* When shall we three meet again  
 In thunder, lightning, or in rain?  
*Second Witch.* When the hurlyburly 's done,  
 When the battle 's lost and won.  
*Third Witch.* That will be ere the set of sun.  
*First Witch.* Where the place?  
*Second Witch.* Upon the heath.  
*Third Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.  
*First Witch.* I come, Graymalkin!  
*Second Witch.* Paddock calls.  
*Third Witch.* Anon.  
*All.* Fair is foul, and foul is fair:  
 Hover through the fog and filthy air.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Camp near Forres.*

*Alarum within. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Sergeant.*

*Dun.* What bloody man is that? He can report,  
 As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt  
 The newest state.  
*Mal.* This is the sergeant  
 Who like a good and hardy soldier fought  
 'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!

Say to the king the knowledge of the broil  
 As thou didst leave it.  
*Ser.* Doubtful it stood;  
 As two spent swimmers, that do cling together  
 And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald,  
 Worthy to be a rebel, for to that  
 The multiplying villanies of nature  
 Do swarm upon him, from the western isles  
 Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;  
 And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,  
 Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak;  
 For brave Macbeth, well he deserves that name,  
 Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,  
 Which smok'd with bloody execution,  
 Like valour's minion carv'd out his passage  
 Till he fac'd the slave;  
 Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,  
 Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,  
 And fix'd his head upon our battlements.  
*Dun.* O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!  
*Ser.* As whence the sun 'gins his reflection  
 Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,  
 So from that spring whence comfort seem'd  
 To come  
 Discomfort swells. Mark, King of Scotland, mark:  
 No sooner justice had with valour arm'd

Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust  
 their heels,<sup>30</sup>  
 But the Norweyan lord surveying vantage,  
 With furbish'd arms and new supplies of  
 men  
 Began a fresh assault.

*Dun.* Dismay'd not this  
 Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

*Ser.* Yes;  
 As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.  
 If I say sooth, I must report they were  
 As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;  
 So they  
 Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:  
 Except they meant to bathe in reeking  
 wounds,

Or memorize another Golgotha,<sup>40</sup>  
 I cannot tell—  
 But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

*Dun.* So well thy words become thee as  
 thy wounds;  
 They smack of honour both. Go get him  
 surgeons. *Exit Sergeant, attended.*

*Enter Ross.*

Who comes here?

*Mal.* The worthy Thane of Ross.  
*Len.* What a haste looks through his eyes!  
 So should he look  
 That seems to speak things strange.

*Ross.* God save the king!  
*Dun.* Whence cam'st thou, worthythane?

*Ross.* From Fife, great king;  
 Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky  
 And fan our people cold. Norway himself,  
 With terrible numbers,<sup>51</sup>  
 Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,  
 The Thane of Cawdor, began a dismal con-  
 flict;

Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in  
 proof,  
 Confronted him with self-comparisons,  
 Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst  
 arm,

Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,  
 The victory fell on us.

*Dun.* Great happiness!

*Ross.* That now  
 Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composi-  
 tion;

Nor would we deign him burial of his men<sup>60</sup>  
 Till he disbursed at Saint Colme's Inch  
 Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

*Dun.* No more that Thane of Cawdor  
 shall deceive  
 Our bosom interest. Go pronounce his  
 present death,

And with his former title greet Macbeth.

*Ross.* I'll see it done.

*Dun.* What he hath lost noble Macbeth  
 hath won. *Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.—A Heath.

*Thunder.* *Enter the three Witches.*

*First Witch.* Where hast thou been, sis-  
 ter?

*Second Witch.* Killing swine.

*Third Witch.* Sister, where thou?

*First Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts  
 in her lap,  
 And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd:  
 'Give me,' quoth I:  
 'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon  
 cries.

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o'  
 the Tiger:

But in a sieve I'll thither sail,  
 And, like a rat without a tail,  
 I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.<sup>10</sup>

*Second Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

*First Witch.* Thou'rt kind.

*Third Witch.* And I another.

*First Witch.* I myself have all the other;

And the very ports they blow,  
 All the quarters that they know  
 I' the shipman's card.

I will drain him dry as hay:  
 Sleep shall neither night nor day  
 Hang upon his pent-house lid;<sup>20</sup>

He shall live a man forbid.  
 Weary se'nights nine times nine  
 Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:  
 Though his bark cannot be lost,  
 Yet it shall be tempest-tost.  
 Look what I have.

*Second Witch.* Show me, show me.

*First Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,  
 Wreck'd as homeward he did come.

*Drum within.*  
*Third Witch.* A drum! a drum!<sup>30</sup>  
 Macbeth doth come.

*All.* The weird sisters, hand in hand,  
 Posters of the sea and land,  
 Thus do go about, about:  
 Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,  
 And thrice again, to make up nine.  
 Peace! the charm's wound up.

*Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.*

*Macb.* So foul and fair a day I have not  
 seen.

*Ban.* How far is 't call'd to Forres? What  
 are these,

So wither'd and so wild in their attire,<sup>40</sup>  
 That look not like th' inhabitants o' the  
 earth,

And yet are on 't? Live you? or are you  
 aught

That man may question? You seem to un-  
 derstand me,

By each at once her choppy finger laying  
 Upon her skinny lips: you should be  
 women,

And yet your beards forbid me to interpret  
 That you are so.

*Macb.* Speak, if you can: what are you?

*First Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to  
 thee, Thane of Glamis!

*Second Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to  
 thee, Thane of Cawdor!

*Third Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that  
 shalt be king hereafter.

*Ban.* Good sir, why do you start, and  
 seem to fear

Things that do sound so fair? I' the name  
 of truth,

Are ye fantastical, or that indeed

Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner  
You greet with present grace and great prediction  
Of noble having and of royal hope,  
That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not.

If you can look into the seeds of time,  
And say which grain will grow and which will not,

Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear  
Your favours nor your hate. 61

*First Witch. Hail!*

*Second Witch. Hail!*

*Third Witch. Hail!*

*First Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.*

*Second Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.*

*Third Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:*

So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

*First Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!*

*Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more: 70*

By Sinel's death I know I am Thane of Glamis;

But how of Cawdor? the Thane of Cawdor lives,

A prosperous gentleman: and to be king  
Stands not within the prospect of belief

No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence

You owe this strange intelligence? or why  
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way

With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you. *Witches vanish.*

*Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,*

And these are of them. Whither are they vanish'd? 80

*Macb. Into the air, and what seem'd corporal melted*

As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!

*Ban. Were such things here as we do speak about?*

Or have we eaten on the insane root  
That takes the reason prisoner?

*Macb. Your children shall be kings.*

*Ban. You shall be king.*

*Macb. And Thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?*

*Ban. To the self-same tune and words. Who's here?*

*Enter ROSS and ANGUS.*

*Ross. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,*

The news of thy success; and when he reads 80

Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,  
His wonders and his praises do contend

Which should be thine or his. Silent'd with that,

In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,

He finds thee in the stout Norwegian ranks,

Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make,  
Strange images of death. As thick as tale  
Came post with post, and every one did bear  
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,  
And pour'd them down before him.

*Ang. We are sent*

To give thee from our royal master thanks;  
Only to herald thee into his sight, 102

Not pay thee.

*Ross. And for an earnest of a greater honour,*

He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor:

In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!  
For it is thine.

*Ban. What! can the devil speak true?*

*Macb. The Thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me*

*In borrow'd robes?*

*Ang. Who was the thane lives yet; But under heavy judgment bears that life 110*

*Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was comb'd*

*With those of Norway, or did line the rebel With hidden help and vantage, or that with*

*both He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;*

But treasons capital, confess'd and prov'd,  
Have overthrown him.

*Macb. Aside. Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor:*

The greatest is behind. To ROSS and ANGUS. Thanks for your pains.

To BANQUO. Do you not hope your children shall be kings,

When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me

Promis'd no less to them?

*Ban. That, trusted home, Might yet enkindle you unto the crown, 121*

Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 't is strange:

And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,  
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,

Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's In deepest consequence.

Cousins, a word, I pray you.

*Macb. Aside. Two truths are told, As happy prologues to the swelling act*

*Of the imperial theme. I thank you, gentlemen.*

*Aside. This supernatural soliciting 150*

Cannot be ill, cannot be good; if ill,  
Why hath it given me earnest of success,

Commencing in a truth? I am Thane of Cawdor:

If good, why do I yield to that suggestion  
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair

And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,  
Against the use of nature? Present fears

Are less than horrible imaginings;  
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,

Shakes so my single state of man that function 140

Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is  
But what is not.

*Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.*

*Macb. Aside.* If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me, Without my stir.

*Ban.* New honours come upon him, Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould But with the aid of use.

*Macb. Aside.* Come what come may, Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

*Ban.* Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

*Macb.* Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains 150

Are register'd where every day I turn The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.

*Aside to BANQUO.* Think upon what hath chanc'd; and at more time, The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak Our free hearts each to other.

*Ban.* Very gladly.

*Macb.* Till then, enough. Come, friends. Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*Forres. A Room in the Palace.*  
*Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, and Attendants.*

*Dun.* Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not Those in commission yet return'd?

*Mal.* My liege, They are not yet come back; but I have spoke

With one that saw him die; who did report That very frankly he confess'd his treasons, Implor'd your highness' pardon and set forth

A deep repentance. Nothing in his life Became him like the leaving it; he died As one that had been studied in his death To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd 10 As 't were a careless trifle.

*Dun.* There's no art To find the mind's construction in the face: He was a gentleman on whom I built An absolute trust.

*Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, and ANGUS.*

O worthiest cousin! The sin of my ingratitude even now Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before, That swiftest wing of recompense is slow To overtake thee; would thou hadst less

deserv'd, That the proportion both of thanks and payment

Might have been mine! only I have left to say, 20

More is thy due than more than all can pay.

*Macb.* The service and the loyalty I owe, In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part Is to receive our duties; and our duties Are to your throne and state, children and servants;

Which do but what they should, by doing every thing

Safe toward your love and honour.

*Dun.* Welcome hither: I have begun to plant thee, and will labour To make thee full of growing. Noble

*Banquo,* That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known 30

No less to have done so, let me infold thee And hold thee to my heart.

*Ban.* There if I grow, The harvest is your own.

*Dun.* My plenteous joys, Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes, And you whose places are the nearest, know We will establish our estate upon Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name here-after

The Prince of Cumberland; which honour must

Not unaccompanied invest him only, 40 But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine On all deservers. From hence to Inverness, And bind us further to you.

*Macb.* The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you:

I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful

The hearing of my wife with your approach; So humbly take my leave.

*Dun.* My worthy Cawdor!

*Macb. Aside.* The Prince of Cumberland! That is a step

On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap, For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires! Let not light see my black and deep desires; The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be 52 Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

*Exit.*  
*Dun.* True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant,

And in his commendations I am fed; It is a banquet to me. Let's after him, Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:

It is a peerless kinsman. *Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Inverness. MACBETH'S Castle.*

*Enter Lady MACBETH, reading a letter.*

*They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor'; by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, king that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell. 15*

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be  
 What thou art promis'd. Yet do I fear thy  
 nature;  
 It is too full o' the milk of human kindness  
 To catch the nearest way; thou would'st be  
 great,  
 Art not without ambition, but without 20  
 The illness should attend it; what thou  
 would'st highly,  
 That would'st thou holily; would'st not play  
 false,  
 And yet would'st wrongly win; thou 'dst  
 have, great Glamis,  
 That which cries 'Thus thou must do, if thou  
 have it';  
 And that which rather thou dost fear to do  
 Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee  
 hither;  
 That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,  
 And chastise with the valour of my tongue  
 All that impedes thee from the golden round,  
 Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem  
 To have thee crown'd withal. 31

*Enter a Messenger.*

What is your tidings?  
*Mess.* The king comes here to-night.  
*Lady M.* Thou'rt mad to say it.  
 Is not thy master with him? who, were 't so,  
 Would have inform'd for preparation.

*Mess.* So please you, it is true: our thane  
 is coming;  
 One of my fellows had the speed of him,  
 Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely  
 more  
 Than would make up his message.

*Lady M.* Give him tending:  
 He brings great news. *Exit Messenger.*

The raven himself is hoarse  
 That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan 40  
 Under my battlements. Come, you spirits  
 That tend on mortal thoughts! unsex me  
 here,

And fill me from the crown to the toe top full  
 Of direst cruelty; make thick my blood,  
 Stop up the access and passage to remorse,  
 That no compunctious visitings of nature  
 Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace be-  
 tween

The effect and it! Come to my woman's  
 breasts,  
 And take my milk for gall, you murdering  
 ministers,

Wherever in your sightless substances 50  
 You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick  
 night,

And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,  
 That my keen knife see not the wound it  
 makes,

Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the  
 dark,

To cry 'Hold, hold!'

*Enter MACBETH.*

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!  
 Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!  
 Thy letters have transported me beyond  
 This ignorant present, and I feel now 55  
 The future in the instant.

*Macb.* My dearest love,  
 Duncan comes here to-night.

*Lady M.* And when goes hence?

*Macb.* To-morrow, as he purposes.

*Lady M.* O! never  
 Shall sun that morrow see.

Your face, my thane, is as a book where men  
 May read strange matters. To beguile the  
 time,

Look like the time; bear welcome in your  
 eye,

Your hand, your tongue: look like the inno-  
 cent flower.

But be the serpent under 't. He that's  
 coming

Must be provided for; and you shall put  
 This night's great business into my dis-  
 patch;

Which shall to all our nights and days to  
 come 70

Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.  
*Macb.* We will speak further.

*Lady M.* Only look up clear;  
 To alter favour ever is to fear.

Leave all the rest to me. *Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The Same. Before the Castle.*

*Hautboys and torches. Enter DUNCAN,*  
*MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LEN-*  
*NOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, and At-*  
*tendants.*

*Dun.* This castle hath a pleasant seat;  
 the air

Nimble and sweetly recommends itself  
 Unto our gentle senses.

*Ban.* This guest of summer,  
 The temple-haunting martlet, does approve  
 By his lov'd mansionry that the heaven's  
 breath

Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,  
 Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird  
 Hath made his pendent bed and procreant

cradle:  
 Where they most breed and haunt, I have  
 observ'd 9

The air is delicate.

*Enter Lady MACBETH.*

*Dun.* See, see, our honour'd hostess!  
 The love that follows us sometime is our  
 trouble,

Which still we thank as love. Herein I  
 teach you

How you shall bid God 'ild us for your pains  
 And thank us for your trouble.

*Lady M.* All our service,  
 In every point twice done, and then done  
 double,

Were poor and single business, to contend  
 Against those honours deep and broad,

wherewith  
 Your majesty loads our house: for those of  
 old,

And the late dignities heap'd up to them,  
 We rest your hermits.

*Dun.* Where's the Thane of Cawdor?  
 We cours'd him at the heels, and had a pur-  
 pose 21

To be his purveyor; but he rides well,  
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath  
hold him  
To his home before us. Fair and noble  
hostess,  
We are your guest to-night.

*Lady M.* Your servants ever  
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs,  
in compt,  
To make their audit at your highness' pleas-  
ure,  
Still to return your own.

*Dun.* Give me your hand;  
Conduct me to mine host: we love him  
highly,  
And shall continue our graces towards  
him.  
By your leave, hostess.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The Same. A Room in the  
Castle.*

*Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass  
over the stage, a Sewer, and divers Serv-  
ants with dishes and service. Then enter  
MACBETH.*

*Macb.* If it were done when 't is done,  
then 't were well  
It were done quickly; if the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and  
catch

With his surcease success; that but this  
blow  
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,  
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,  
We'd jump the life to come. But in these  
cases

We still have judgment here; that we but  
teach

Bloody instructions, which, being taught,  
return  
To plague the inventor; this even-handed  
justice  
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd  
chalice

To our own lips. He's here in double trust:  
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
Strong both against the deed; then, as his  
host,

Who should against his murderer shut the  
door,

Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this  
Duncan

Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
Will plead like angels trumpet-tongued  
against

The deep damnation of his taking-off; 20  
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin,  
hors'd

Upon the sightless couriers of the air,  
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no  
spur

To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself  
And falls on the other—

*Enter Lady MACBETH.*

How now! what news?

*Lady M.* He has almost supp'd: why  
have you left the chamber?

*Macb.* Hath he ask'd for me?

*Lady M.* Know you not he has?  
*Macb.* We will proceed no further in this  
business:

He hath honour'd me of late; and I have  
bought

Golden opinions from all sorts of people,  
Which would be worn now in their newest

gloss,  
Not cast aside so soon.

*Lady M.* Was the hope drunk  
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept  
since,

And wakes it now, to look so green and pale  
At what it did so freely? From this time  
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard  
To be the same in thine own act and valour  
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have  
that

Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,  
And live a coward in thine own esteem,  
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'  
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

*Macb.* Prithee, peace.  
I dare do all that may become a man;

Who dares do more is none.

*Lady M.* What beast was't then  
That made you break this enterprise to me?  
When you durst do it then you were a man;  
And, to be more than what you were, you  
would

Be so much more the man. Nor time nor  
place

Did then adhere, and yet you would make  
both:

They have made themselves, and that their  
fitness now

Does unmake you. I have given suck, and  
know

How tender 't is to love the babe that milks  
me:

I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless  
gums,

And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn  
as you

Have done to this.

*Macb.* If we should fail,—

*Lady M.* We fail.  
But screw your courage to the sticking-  
place,

And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,  
Where'to the rather shall his day's hard  
journey

Soundly invite him, his two chamberlains  
Will I with wine and wassail so convince  
That memory, the warder of the brain,  
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason  
A limbeck only; when in swinish sleep  
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,  
What cannot you and I perform upon  
The unguarded Duncan? what not put  
upon

His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt  
Of our great quell?

Of our great quell?

Of our great quell?

Of our great quell?

Of our great quell?

Of our great quell?

Of our great quell?

Of our great quell?

*Macb.* Bring forth men-children only;  
For thy undaunted mettle should compose  
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,  
When we have mark'd with blood those  
sleepy two

Of his own chamber and us'd their very  
daggers,

That they have done 't?

*Lady M.* Who dares receive it other,  
As we shall make our griefs and clamour  
roar

Upon his death?

*Macb.* I am settled, and bend up  
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat. 80  
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:  
False face must hide what the false heart  
doth know. *Exeunt.*

ACT II

SCENE I.—*Inverness. Court within the  
Castle.*

*Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE bearing a  
torch before him.*

*Ban.* How goes the night, boy?

*Fle.* The moon is down; I have not heard  
the clock.

*Ban.* And she goes down at twelve.

*Fle.* I take 't, 't is later, sir.  
*Ban.* Hold, take my sword. There's  
husbandry in heaven;

Their candles are all out. Take thee that  
too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,  
And yet I would not sleep: merciful powers!  
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that  
nature

Gives way to in repose.

*Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.*

Give me my sword.

Who's there?

*Macb.* A friend.

*Ban.* What, sir! not yet at rest! The  
king's a-bed:

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and  
Sent forth great largess to your offices.  
This diamond he greets your wife withal,  
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut  
up

In measureless content.

*Macb.* Being unprepar'd,  
Our will became the servant to defect,  
Which else should free have wrought.

*Ban.* All's well.  
I dreamt last night of the three weird sis-  
ters: 20

To you they have show'd some truth.

*Macb.* I think not of them:  
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,  
We would spend it in some words upon that  
business,

If you would grant the time.

*Ban.* At your kind'st leisure.  
*Macb.* If you shall cleave to my consent,  
when 't is,

It shall make honour for you.

*Ban.* So I lose none  
In seeking to augment it, but still keep  
My bosom franchis'd and allegiance clear,  
I shall be counsel'd.

*Macb.* Good repose the while!

*Ban.* Thanks, sir: the like to you. 30  
*Exeunt BANQUO and FLEANCE.*

*Macb.* Go bid thy mistress, when my  
drink is ready  
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

*Exit Servant.*

Is this a dagger which I see before me,  
The handle toward my hand? Come, let  
me clutch thee:

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.  
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,  
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?  
I see thee yet, in form as palpable 40  
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was  
going;

And such an instrument I was to use.  
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other  
senses,

Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;  
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of  
blood,

Which was not so before. There's no such  
thing:

It is the bloody business which informs  
Thus to mine eyes. Now c'er the one half-  
world

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams  
abuse 50

The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates  
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder-

Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,  
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his  
stealthy pace,

With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards  
his design

Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-  
set earth,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk,  
for fear

Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,  
And take the present horror from the time,  
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat 60  
he lives:

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath  
gives. *A bell rings.*

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.  
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell

That summons thee to heaven or to hell.  
*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Same.*

*Enter Lady MACBETH.*

*Lady M.* That which hath made them  
drunk hath made me bold,  
What hath quench'd them hath given me  
fire. Hark! Peace!

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bell-  
man,

Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is  
about it:

The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms  
Do mock their charge with snores: I have  
drugg'd their possets,  
That death and nature do contend about  
them,  
Whether they live or die.

*Macb. Within.* Who's there? what, ho!

*Lady M.* Alack! I am afraid they have  
awak'd, 10

And 't is not done; the attempt and not the  
deed

Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers  
ready;

He could not miss 'em. Had he not re-  
sembled

My father as he slept I had done 't. My  
husband!

*Enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* I have done the deed. Didst thou  
not hear a noise?

*Lady M.* I heard the owl scream and the  
crickets cry.

Did not you speak?

*Macb.* When?

*Lady M.* Now.

*Macb.* As I descended?

*Lady M.* Ay.

*Macb.* Hark!

Who lies i' the second chamber?

*Lady M.* Donalbain.

*Macb. Looking on his hands.* This is a  
sorry sight. 21

*Lady M.* A foolish thought to say a sorry  
sight.

*Macb.* There's one did laugh in 's sleep,  
and one cried 'Murder!'

That they did wake each other: I stood and  
heard them;

But they did say their prayers, and address'd  
them

Again to sleep.

*Lady M.* There are two lodg'd together.

*Macb.* One cried 'God bless us!' and  
'Amen,' the other;

As they had seen me with these hangman's  
hands,

Listening their fear. I could not say 'Amen'  
When they did say 'God bless us!'

*Lady M.* Consider it not so deeply. 30

*Macb.* But wherefore could not I pro-  
nounce 'Amen'?

I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'  
Stuck in my throat.

*Lady M.* These deeds must not be  
thought

After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

*Macb.* Methought I heard a voice cry  
'Sleep no more!

Macbeth does murder sleep,' the innocent  
sleep,

Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of  
care,

The death of each day's life, sore labour's  
bath,

Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second  
course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast,—

*Lady M.* What do you mean?

*Macb.* Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all  
the house: 41

'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore  
Cawdor

Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no  
more!'

*Lady M.* Who was it that thus cried?

Why, worthythane,

You do unbend your noble strength to think  
So brainsickly of things. Go get some

water,

And wash this filthy witness from your hand.  
Why did you bring these daggers from the

place?  
They must lie there: go carry them, and

smear  
The sleepy grooms with blood.

*Macb.* I'll go no more:  
I am afraid to think what I have done; 51

Look on 't again I dare not.

*Lady M.* Infirm of purpose!  
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and

the dead  
Are but as pictures: 't is the eye of childhood

That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,  
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;

For it must seem their guilt.

*Exit. Knocking within.*  
*Macb.* Whence is that knocking?

How is 't with me, when every noise appals  
me?

What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out  
mine eyes.

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this  
blood 60

Clean from my hand? No, this my hand  
will rather

The multitudinous seas incarnadine,  
Making the green one red.

*Re-enter Lady MACBETH.*

*Lady M.* My hands are of your colour,  
but I shame

To wear a heart so white. *Knocking within.*  
I hear a knocking

At the south entry; retire we to our cham-  
ber;

A little water clears us of this deed;  
How easy is it then! Your constancy

Hath left you unattended.

*Knocking within.*  
Hark! more knocking.

Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,  
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost 71

So poorly in your thoughts.

*Macb.* To know my deed 't were best not  
know myself. *Knocking within.*

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would  
thou could'st! *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same.*

*Knocking within. Enter a Porter.*

*Porter.* Here's a knocking indeed! If a  
man were porter of hell-gate he should have

old turning the key. *Knocking within.*

Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i' the  
name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer that

hanged himself on the expectation of plenty:

come in time; have napkins enow about you; here you 'll sweat for 't.

*Knocking within.*

Knock, knock! Who 's there, i' the other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O! come in, equivocator.

*Knocking within.*

Knock, knock, knock! Who 's there? Faith, here 's an English tailor come hither for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose.

*Knocking within.*

Knock, knock! never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I 'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.

*Knocking within.*

Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter.

*Opens the gate. 23*

*Enter MACDUFF and LENNOX.*

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,

That you do lie so late?

Port. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock; and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery; it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat o' me: but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?

*Enter MACBETH.*

Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Len. Good morrow, noble sir.

Macb. Good morrow, both.

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthythane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him:

I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I 'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;

But yet 't is one.

Macb. The labour we delight in physics pain.

This is the door.

Macd. I 'll make so bold to call, For 't is my limited service. *Exit.*

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does: he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly: where we lay,

Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,

Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death,

And prophesying with accents terrible Of dire combustion and confus'd events

New hatch'd to the woeful time. The obscure bird

Clamour'd the livelong night: some say the earth

Was feverous and did shake.

Macb. 'T was a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel

A fellow to it.

*Re-enter MACDUFF.*

Macd. O horror! horror! horror! Tongue nor heart

Cannot conceive nor name thee!

Macb., Len. What 's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope The Lord's anointed temple, and stole

thence The life o' the building.

Macb. What is 't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight

With a new Gorgon: do not bid me speak; See, and then speak yourselves.

*Exeunt MACBETH and LENNOX.*

Awake! awake! Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason!

Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake! 80 Shake off this downy sleep, death's counter-

feit, And look on death itself! up, up, and see The great doom's image! Malcolm!

Banquo! As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,

To countenance this horror! Ring the bell. *Bell rings.*

*Enter Lady MACBETH.*

Lady M. What 's the business, That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley

The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

Macd. O gentle lady!

'T is not for you to hear what I can speak; The repetition in a woman's ear

Would murder as it fell. 90

*Enter BANQUO.*

O Banquo! Banquo! Our royal master's murder'd!

Lady M. Woe, alas!

What! in our house?

Ban. Too cruel any where.

Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself, And say it is not so.

*Re-enter MACBETH and LENNOX.*

*Macb.* Had I but died an hour before this chance  
I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,  
There's nothing serious in mortality,  
All is but toys; renown and grace is dead,  
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees  
Is left this vault to brag of. 101

*Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.*

*Don.* What is amiss?

*Macb.* You are, and do not know 't:  
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood

Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

*Macd.* Your royal father's murder'd.

*Mal.* O! by whom?

*Len.* Those of his chamber, as it seem'd,  
had done 't:

Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood:

So were their daggers, which unwip'd we found

Upon their pillows:

They star'd, and were distracted; no man's life

Was to be trusted with them. 111

*Macb.* O! yet I do repent me of my fury,  
That I did kill them.

*Macd.* Wherefore did you so?

*Macb.* Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate and furious,

Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:

The expedition of my violent love  
Outrun the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan,

His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;  
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature

For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers, 120

Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers

Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,

That had a heart to love, and in that heart  
Courage to make 's love known?

*Lady M.* Help me hence, ho!

*Macd.* Look to the lady.

*Mal. Aside to DONALBAIN.* Why do we hold our tongues,

That most may claim this argument for ours?

*Don. Aside to MALCOLM.* What should be spoken

Here, where our fate, hid in an auger-hole,  
May rush and seize us? Let's away: our tears

Are not yet brew'd.

*Mal. Aside to DONALBAIN.* Nor our strong sorrow 100

Upon the foot of motion.

*Ban.* Look to the lady:

*Lady MACBETH is carried out.*  
And when we have our naked frailties hid,  
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,

And question this most bloody piece of work,

To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:

In the great hand of God I stand, and thence  
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight  
Of treasonous malice.

*Macb.* And so do I.

*All.* So all.

*Macb.* Let's briefly put on manly readiness,

And meet i' the hall together.

*All.* Well contented.

*Exeunt all but MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.*

*Mal.* What will you do? Let's not consort with them: 141

To show an unfelt sorrow is an office  
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

*Don.* To Ireland, I; our separated fortune

Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,  
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near

in blood,  
The nearer bloody.

*Mal.* This murderous shaft that's shot  
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way

Is to avoid the aim: therefore, to horse;  
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking, 150

But shift away: there's warrant in that theft

Which steals itself when there's no mercy left.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Without the Castle.*

*Enter ROSS and an old Man.*

*Old Man.* Threescore and ten I can remember well;

Within the volume of which time I have seen  
Hours dreadful and things strange, but this

sore night  
Hath trifled former knowings.

*Ross.* Ah! good father,  
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with

man's act,  
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock 't is

day,  
And yet dark night strangles the travelling

lamp.

Is 't night's predominance, or the day's shame,

That darkness does the face of earth entomb,

When living light should kiss it?

*Old Man.* 'T is unnatural,  
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last, 11

A falcon, towering in her pride of place,  
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

*Ross.* And Duncan's horses, a thing most strange and certain,

Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,

Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls,  
flung out,

Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make

War with mankind.

*Old Man.* 'T is said they eat each other.

Ross. They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes,  
That look'd upon 't. Here comes the good Macduff. 20

*Enter MACDUFF.*

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Ross. Is 't known who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Ross. Alas the day!

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd.

Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,

Are stol'n away and fled, which puts upon them

Suspicion of the deed.

Ross. 'Gainst nature still!

Thrifflless ambition, that wilt ravin up Thine own life's means! Then 't is most like

The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth. 30

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone

To be invested.

Ross. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colmekill, The sacred storehouse of his predecessors And guardian of their bones.

Ross. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin, I 'll to Fife.

Ross. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there: adieu!

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Ross. Farewell, father.

Old Man. God's benison go with you; and with those 40

That would make good of bad, and friends of foes! *Exeunt.*

### ACT III

SCENE I.—*Forres. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter BANQUO.*

Ban. Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,

As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear, Thou play'dst most foully for 't; yet it was said

It should not stand in thy posterity, But that myself should be the root and father Of many kings. If there come truth from them,

As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,

Why, by the verities on thee made good, May they not be my oracles as well,

And set me up in hope? But, hush! no more.

*Sennet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as king; Lady MACBETH, as queen; LENNOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.*

Macb. Here 's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten It had been as a gap in our great feast, 12 And all-things unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,

And I 'll request your presence.

Ban.

Let your highness Command upon me; to the which my duties Are with a most indissoluble tie For ever knit.

Macd. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban.

Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd your good advice, 21

Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,

In this day's council; but we 'll take to-morrow.

Is 't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time

'Twixt this and supper; go not my horse the better,

I must become a borrower of the night

For a dark hour or twain.

Macb.

Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear our bloody cousins are bestow'd 30

In England and in Ireland, not confessing Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers With strange invention; but of that to-morrow,

When therewithal we shall have cause of state

Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse; adieu, Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon 's.

Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;

And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewell. *Exit BANQUO.*

Let every man be master of his time Till seven at night. To make society The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself Till supper-time alone; while then, God be with you!

*Exeunt all but MACBETH and an*

*Attendant.*

Sirrah, a word with you. Attend those men Our pleasure?

Atten. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.

*Exit Attendant.*

To be thus is nothing, But to be safely thus. Our fears in Banquo Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature 50

Reigns that which would be fear'd: 't is much he dares,

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind, He hath a wisdom that doth guide his

valour

To act in safety. There is none but he Whose being I do fear; and under him

My genius is rebuk'd, as it is said Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the

sisters

When first they put the name of king upon me,

And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,  
 They hail'd him father to a line of kings. 60  
 Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,  
 And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,  
 Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,  
 No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,  
 For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind;  
 For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;  
 Put rancours in the vessel of my peace  
 Only for them; and mine eternal jewel  
 Given to the common enemy of man,  
 To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!— 70  
 Rather than so, come fate into the list,  
 And champion me to the utterance! Who's there?

*Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.*

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call. *Exit Attendant.*

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

*First Mur.* It was, so please your highness.

*Macb.* Well then, now  
 Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know  
 That it was he in the times past which held  
 you  
 So under fortune, which you thought had  
 been

Our innocent self. This I made good to you  
 In our last conference, pass'd in probation  
 with you, 80

How you were borne in hand, how cross'd,  
 the instruments,

Who wrought with them, and all things else  
 that might

To half a soul and to a notion craz'd

Say 'Thus did Banquo.'

*First Mur.* You made it known to us.

*Macb.* I did so; and went further, which  
 is now

Our point of second meeting. Do you find  
 Your patience so predominant in your nature  
 That you can let this go? Are you so goss-  
 pell'd?

To pray for this good man and for his issue,  
 Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the  
 grave 90

And beggar'd yours for ever?

*First Mur.* We are men, my liege.

*Macb.* Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;  
 As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels,  
 spaniels, curs,

Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are  
 clept

All by the name of dogs: the valu'd file  
 Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,  
 The housekeeper, the hunter, every one  
 According to the gift which bounteous  
 nature

Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive  
 Particular addition, from the bill 100

That writes them all alike; and so of men.  
 Now, if you have a station in the file,

Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say it;

And I will put that business in your bosoms,

Whose execution takes your enemy off,  
 Grapples you to the heart and love of us,  
 Who wear our health but sickly in his life,  
 Which in his death were perfect.

*Second Mur.* I am one, my liege,  
 Whom the vile blows and buffets of the  
 world

Have so incens'd that I am reckless what I  
 do to spite the world.

*First Mur.* And I another  
 So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,  
 That I would set my life on any chance,  
 To mend it or be rid on 't.

*Macb.* Both of you  
 Know Banquo was your enemy.

*Second Mur.* True, my lord.  
*Macb.* So is he mine; and in such bloody  
 distance

That every minute of his being thrusts  
 Against my near'st of life: and though I  
 could

With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my  
 sight

And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not, 120  
 For certain friends that are both his and  
 mine,

Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall  
 Who I myself struck down; and thence it is  
 That I to your assistance do make love,  
 Masking the business from the common eye  
 For sundry weighty reasons.

*Second Mur.* We shall, my lord,  
 Perform what you command us.

*First Mur.* Though our lives—  
*Macb.* Your spirits shine through you.

Within this hour at most  
 I will advise you where to plant yourselves,  
 Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the  
 time, 130

The moment on 't; for 't must be done to-  
 night,

And something from the palace; always  
 thought

That I require a clearness: and with him,  
 To leave no rubs nor botches in the work,  
 Fleance his son, that keeps him company,  
 Whose absence is no less material to me  
 Than is his father's, must embrace the fate  
 Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves  
 apart;

I'll come to you anon.

*Second Mur.* We are resolv'd, my lord.  
*Macb.* I'll call upon you straight: abide  
 within. *Exeunt Murderers.*

It is concluded: Banquo, thy soul's flight, 141  
 If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.  
*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. Another Room in  
 the Palace.*

*Enter Lady MACBETH and a Servant.*

*Lady M.* Is Banquo gone from court?

*Serv.* Ay, madam, but returns again to-  
 night.

*Lady M.* Say to the king, I would attend  
 his leisure

For a few words.

*Serv.* Madam, I will.

*Exit.*

*Lady M.* Nought's had, all's spent,  
Where our desire is got without content:  
'T is safer to be that which we destroy  
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

*Enter MACBETH.*

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,  
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,

Using those thoughts which should indeed  
have died <sup>10</sup>

With them they think on? Things without  
all remedy

Should be without regard: what's done is  
done.

*Macb.* We have scotch'd the snake, not  
kill'd it:

She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor  
malice

Remains in danger of her former tooth.  
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the  
worlds suffer,

Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep  
in the affliction of these terrible dreams  
That shake us nightly. Better be with the  
dead,

Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to  
peace, <sup>20</sup>

Than on the torture of the mind to lie  
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;  
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;  
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor  
poison,

Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing  
Can touch him further!

*Lady M.* Come on;  
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged  
looks;

Be bright and jovial among your guests  
to-night.

*Macb.* So shall I, love; and so, I pray,  
be you.

Let your remembrance apply to Banquo; <sup>30</sup>  
Present him eminence, both with eye and  
tongue:

Unsafe the while, that we  
Must lave our honours in these flattering  
streams,

And make our faces vizards to our hearts,  
Disguising what they are.

*Lady M.* You must leave this.  
*Macb.* O! full of scorpions is my mind,  
dear wife;

Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance  
lives.

*Lady M.* But in them nature's copy's not  
eterne.

*Macb.* There's comfort yet; they are  
assailable;

Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath  
flown <sup>40</sup>

His cloister'd flight, ere to black Hecate's  
summons

The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy  
hums

Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall  
be done

A deed of dreadful note.

*Lady M.* What's to be done?

*Macb.* Be innocent of the knowledge,  
dearest chuck,  
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling  
night,

Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,  
And with thy bloody and invisible hand  
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond  
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and <sup>50</sup>  
the crow

Makes wing to the rooky wood;  
Good things of day begin to droop and  
drowse,

Whiles night's black agents to their preys do  
rouse.

Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee  
still;

Things had begun make strong themselves  
by ill.

So, prithee, go with me. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Park, with a  
Road leading to the Palace.*

*Enter three Murderers.*

*First Mur.* But who did bid thee join  
with us?

*Third Mur.* Macbeth.  
*Second Mur.* He needs not our mistrust,  
since he delivers

Our offices and what we have to do  
To the direction just.

*First Mur.* Then stand with us.  
The west yet glimmers with some streaks  
of day:

Now spurs the lated traveller apace  
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches  
The subject of our watch.

*Third Mur.* Hark! I hear horses.  
*Ban. Within.* Give us a light there, ho!

*Second Mur.* Then it is he: the rest  
That are within the note of expectation <sup>10</sup>  
Already are i' the court.

*First Mur.* His horses go about.  
*Third Mur.* Almost a mile; but he does  
usually,

So all men do, from hence to the palace gate  
Make it their walk.

*Second Mur.* A light, a light!

*Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE with a  
torch.*

*Third Mur.* 'T is he.

*First Mur.* Stand to 't.

*Ban.* It will be rain to-night.

*First Mur.* Let it come down.

*They set upon BANQUO.*

*Ban.* O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance,  
fly, fly, fly!

Thou may'st revenge. O slave!  
*Dies. FLEANCE escapes.*

*Third Mur.* Who did strike out the light?

*First Mur.* Was 't not the way?

*Third Mur.* There's but one down; the  
son is fled.

*Second Mur.* We have lost  
Best half of our affair. <sup>21</sup>

*First Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how  
much is done. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Same. A Room of State in the Palace.*

*A banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, Lady MACBETH, ROSS, LENNOX, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Macb.* You know your own degrees; sit down: at first  
And last the hearty welcome.

*Lords.* Thanks to your majesty.  
*Macb.* Ourself will mingle with society  
And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time  
We will require her welcome.

*Lady M.* Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;  
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

*Enter First Murderer, to the door.*

*Macb.* See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks. 9  
Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst:

Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure  
The table round. *Approaching the door.*

There's blood upon thy face.  
*Mur.* 'T is Banquo's then.

*Macb.* 'T is better thee without than he within.  
Is he dispatch'd?

*Mur.* My lord, his throat is cut; that I I did for him.

*Macb.* Thou art the best o' the cut-throats; yet he's good  
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,

Thou art the nonpareil.  
*Mur.* Most royal sir, 20

Fleance is 'scap'd.  
*Macb.* Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,  
As broad and general as the casing air;  
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in

To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?  
*Mur.* Ay, my good lord; safe in a ditch he bides,

With twenty trenched gashes on his head;  
The least a death to nature.

*Macb.* Thanks for that.  
There the grown serpent lies: the worm that's fled

Hath nature that in time will venom breed,  
No teeth for the present. Get thee gone; to-morrow

We'll hear ourselves again. 31  
*Exit Murderer.*

*Lady M.* My royal lord,  
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold  
That is not often vouch'd, while 't is a-making,

'T is given with welcome: to feed were best at home;  
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;  
Meeting were bare without it.

*Macb.* Sweet remembrancer!  
Now good digestion wait on appetite,  
And health on both!

*Len.* May 't please your highness sit.

*The Ghost of BANQUO enters, and sits in MACBETH'S place.*

*Macb.* Here had we now our country's honour roof'd, 40  
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;

Who may I rather challenge for unkindness Than pity for mischance!

*Ross.* His absence, sir,  
Lays blame upon his promise. Please 't your highness

To grace us with your royal company.  
*Macb.* The table's full.

*Len.* Here is a place reserv'd, sir.  
*Macb.* Where?

*Len.* Here, my good lord. What is 't that moves your highness?

*Macb.* Which of you have done this?  
*Lords.* What, my good lord?

*Macb.* Thou canst not say I did it: never shake 50

Thy gory locks at me.  
*Ross.* Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

*Lady M.* Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus,  
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;

The fit is momentary; upon a thought He will again be well. If much you note him

You shall offend him and extend his passion: Feed and regard him not. Are you a man?

*Macb.* Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that

Which might appal the devil.  
*Lady M.* O proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear; 61  
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,

Led you to Duncan. O! these flaws and starts,  
Impostors to true fear, would well become

A woman's story at a winter's fire, Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!

Why do you make such faces? When all's done

You look but on a stool.  
*Macb.* Prithee, see there! behold! look!

lo! how say you? 70  
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.

If charnel-houses and our graves must send Those that we bury back, our monuments

Shall be the maws of kites. *Ghost vanishes.*  
*Lady M.* What! quite unmann'd in folly?

*Macb.* If I stand here, I saw him.  
*Lady M.* Fie, for shame!

*Macb.* Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,

Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal; Ay, and since too, murders have been per-

form'd  
Too terrible for the ear: the time has been,

That, when the brains were out, the man  
would die, 79

And there an end; but now they rise again,  
With twenty mortal murders on their  
crowns,

And push us from our stools: this is more  
strange

Than such a murder is.

*Lady M.* My worthy lord,  
Your noble friends do lack you.

*Macb.* I do forget.  
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;  
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing  
To those that know me. Come, love and  
health to all;

Then, I'll sit down. Give me some wine;  
fill full:

I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,  
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we  
miss; 80

Would he were here! to all, and him, we  
thirst,

And all to all.

*Lord.* Our duties, and the pledge.

*Re-enter Ghost.*

*Macb.* Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let  
the earth hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;  
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes  
Which thou dost glare with.

*Lady M.* Think of this, good peers,  
But as a thing of custom: 't is no other;  
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

*Macb.* What man dare, I dare: 99

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,  
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;  
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves  
Shall never tremble: or be alive again,  
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;  
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me  
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!  
Unreal mockery, hence! *Ghost vanishes.*

Why, so; being gone,  
I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

*Lady M.* You have displac'd the mirth,  
broke the good meeting,  
With most admir'd disorder.

*Macb.* Can such things be,  
And overcome us like a summer's cloud, 111  
Without our special wonder? You make me  
strange

Even to the disposition that I owe,  
When now I think you can behold such  
sights,

And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,  
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

*Ross.* What sights, my lord?

*Lady M.* I pray you, speak not; he grows  
worse and worse;

Question enrages him. At once, good night:  
Stand not upon the order of your going, 119  
But go at once.

*Len.* Good night; and better health  
Attend his majesty!

*Lady M.* A kind good night to all!

*Exeunt Lords and Attendants.*

*Macb.* It will have blood, they say; blood  
will have blood;

Stones have been known to move and trees  
to speak;

Augurs and understood relations have  
By magot-pies and choughs and rooks  
brought forth

The secret'st man of blood. What is the  
night?

*Lady M.* Almost at odds with morning,  
which is which.

*Macb.* How say'st thou, that Macduff  
denies his person

At our great bidding?

*Lady M.* Did you send to him, sir?

*Macb.* I hear it by the way; but I will  
send. 130

There's not a one of them but in his house  
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,

And betimes I will, to the weird sisters:  
More shall they speak; for now I am bent  
to know,

By the worst means, the worst. For mine  
own good

All causes shall give way: I am in blood  
Stepp'd in so far, that, should I wade no  
more,

Returning were as tedious as go o'er.  
Strange things I have in head that will to  
hand,

Which must be acted ere they may be  
scann'd. 140

*Lady M.* You lack the season of all na-  
tures, sleep.

*Macb.* Come, we'll to sleep. My  
strange and self-abuse

Is the initiate fear that wants hard use:  
We are yet but young in deed. *Exeunt.*

#### SCENE V.—A Heath.

*Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting  
HECATE.*

*First Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate! you  
look angrily.

*Hec.* Have I not reason, beldams as you  
are,

Saucy and overbold? How did you dare  
To trade and traffic with Macbeth

In riddles and affairs of death;  
And I the mistress of your charms,

The close contriver of all harms,  
Was never call'd to bear my part,

Or show the glory of our art?  
And, which is worse, all you have done 10

Hath been but for a wayward son,  
Spiteful and wrathful; who, as others do,

Loves for his own ends, not for you.  
But make amends now: get you gone,

And at the pit of Acheron  
Meet me i' the morning: thither he

Will come to know his destiny:  
Your vessels and your spells provide,

Your charms and every thing beside.  
I am for the air; this night I'll spend 20

Unto a dismal and a fatal end:  
Great business must be wrought ere noon:

Upon the corner of the moon  
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;

I'll catch it ere it come to ground:  
And that distill'd by magic sleights

Shall raise such artificial sprites  
As by the strength of their illusion  
Shall draw him on to his confusion:  
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear 30  
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear;  
And you all know security  
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

*Music and a song within: 'Come away,  
come away,' etc.*

Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see,  
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.

*Exit.*

*First Witch.* Come, let 's make haste;  
she 'll soon be back again. *Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Forres. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter LENNOX and another Lord.*

*Len.* My former speeches have but hit  
your thoughts,  
Which can interpret further: only, I say,  
Things have been strangely borne. The  
gracious Duncan  
Was pitied of Macbeth: marry, he was  
dead:

And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too  
late;

Whom, you may say, if 't please you, Fleance  
kill'd,

For Fleance fled: men must not walk too  
late.

Who cannot want the thought how mon-  
strous

It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain 9  
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!  
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not  
straight

In pious rage the two delinquents tear,  
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of  
sleep?

Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely  
too;

For 't would have anger'd any heart alive  
To hear the men deny 't. So that, I say,  
He has borne all things well; and I do think  
That had he Duncan's sons under his key,  
As, an 't please heaven, he shall not, they  
should find

What 't were to kill a father; so should  
Fleance. 2)

But, peace! for from broad words, and  
'cause he fail'd

His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear  
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell  
Where he bestows himself?

*Lord.* The son of Duncan,  
From whom this tyrant holds the due of  
birth,

Lives in the English court, and is receiv'd  
Of the most pious Edward with such grace  
That the malevolence of fortune nothing  
Takes from his high respect. Thither Mac-  
duff

Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid 30  
To wake Northumberland and war-like Si-  
ward;

That, by the help of these, with him above  
To ratify the work, we may again

Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,

Free from our feasts and banquets bloody  
knives,

Do faithful homage and receive free honours;  
All which we pine for now. And this report  
Hath so exasperate the king that he  
Prepares for some attempt of war.

*Len.* Sent he to Macduff?

*Lord.* He did: and with an absolute 'Sir,  
not I,' 10

The cloudy messenger turns me his back,  
And hums, as who should say, 'You 'll rue  
the time

That clogs me with this answer.'

*Len.* And that well might  
Advise him to a caution to hold what dis-  
tance

His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel  
Fly to the court of England and unfold

His message ere he come, that a swift bless-  
ing

May soon return to this our suffering  
country

Under a hand accurs'd!

*Lord.* I 'll send my prayers with him.  
*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV

SCENE I.—*A cavern. In the middle, a  
boiling Cauldron.*

*Thunder. Enter the three Witches.*

*First Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath  
mew'd.

*Second Witch.* Thrice and once the  
hedge-pig whin'd.

*Third Witch.* Harpier cries,—'t is time,  
't is time.

*First Witch.* Round about the cauldron  
go;

In the poison'd entrails throw.  
Toad, that under cold stone

Days and nights has thirty-one  
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,  
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

*All.* Double, double toil and trouble; 10  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

*Second Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,  
In the cauldron boil and bake;

Eye of newt, and toe of frog,  
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,

Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,  
Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing,

For a charm of powerful trouble,  
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

*All.* Double, double toil and trouble; 20  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

*Third Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of  
wolf,

Witches' mummy, maw and gulf  
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark.

Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,  
Liver of blaspheming Jew,

Gall of goat, and slips of yew  
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,

Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips,  
Finger of birth-strangled babe

Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,  
Make the gruel thick and slab: 30

Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,  
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

*All.* Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

*Second Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's  
blood,

Then the charm is firm and good.

*Enter HECATE.*

*Hec.* O! well done! I commend your  
pains,

And every one shall share i' the gains. 40

And now about the cauldron sing.

Like elves and fairies in a ring,

Enchanting all that you put in.

*Music and a Song, 'Black spirits,' etc.*

*Second Witch.* By the pricking of my  
thumbs,

Something wicked this way comes.

Open, locks,  
Whoever knocks.

*Enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* How now, you secret, black, and  
midnight hags!

What is 't you do?

*All.* A deed without a name.

*Macb.* I conjure you, by that which you  
profess, 50

Howe'er you come to know it, answer me:  
Though you untie the winds and let them

fight  
Against the churches: though the yesty

waves  
Confound and swallow navigation up;

Though bladed corn be lodg'd and trees  
blown down;

Though castles topple on their warders'  
heads;

Though palaces and pyramids do slope

Their heads to their foundations; though  
the treasure

Of nature's germens tumble all together,  
Even till destruction sicken; answer me 60

To what I ask you.

*First Witch.* Speak.

*Second Witch.* Demand.

*Third Witch.* We'll answer.

*First Witch.* Say if thou'dst rather hear  
it from our mouths,

Or from our masters?

*Macb.* Call 'em; let me see 'em.

*First Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that  
hath eaten

Her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten

From the murderer's gibbet throw

Into the flame.

*All.* Come, high or low;

Thyself and office deftly show.

*Thunder. First Apparition, an armed Head.*

*Macb.* Tell me, thou unknown power,—  
*First Witch.* He knows thy thought:

Hear his speech, but say thou nought. 70

*First App.* Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!  
beware Macduff;

Beware the Thane of Fife. Dismiss me.  
Enough. *Descends.*

*Macb.* Whate'er thou art, for thy good  
caution thanks;

Thou hast harp'd my fear aright. But one  
word more,—

*First Witch.* He will not be commanded:  
here's another,

More potent than the first.

*Thunder. Second Apparition, a bloody  
Child.*

*Second App.* Macbeth! Macbeth! Mac-  
beth!

*Macb.* Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

*Second App.* Be bloody, bold, and reso-  
lute; laugh to scorn 79

The power of man, for none of woman born  
Shall harm Macbeth. *Descends.*

*Macb.* Then live, Macduff: what need I  
fear of thee?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,  
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not  
live;

That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,  
And sleep in spite of thunder.

*Thunder. Third Apparition, a Child  
crowned, with a tree in his hand.*

What is this  
That rises like the issue of a king,

And wears upon his baby brow the round  
And top of sovereignty?

*All.* Listen, but speak not to 't.

*Third App.* Be lion-mettled, proud, and  
take no care 90

Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers  
are:

Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until  
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill  
Shall come against him. *Descends.*

*Macb.* That will never be:  
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree

Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bode-  
ments! good!

Rebellion's head, rise never till the wood  
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Mac-

beth  
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath

To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart  
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your

art 101  
Can tell so much, shall Banquo's issue ever

Reign in this kingdom?

*All.* Seek to know no more.

*Macb.* I will be satisfied: deny me this,  
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me

know—  
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is  
this? *Hautboys.*

*First Witch.* Show!

*Second Witch.* Show!

*Third Witch.* Show!

*All.* Show his eyes, and grieve his heart:  
Come like shadows, so depart. 111

*A show of Eight Kings, the last with a glass  
in his hand; BANQUO'S Ghost following.*

*Macb.* Thou art too like the spirit of  
Banquo; down!

Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls: and  
thy hair,  
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:  
A third is like the former. Filthy hags!  
Why do you show me this? A fourth! Start,  
eyes!  
What! will the line stretch out to the crack  
of doom?  
Another yet! A seventh! I'll see no more:  
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a  
glass  
Which shows me many more; and some  
I see 120  
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres  
carry.  
Horrible sight! Now, I see, 't is true;  
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon  
me,  
And points at them for his.

*Apparitions vanish.*

What! is this so?

*First Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so; but  
why  
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?  
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,  
And show the best of our delights.  
I'll charm the air to give a sound,  
While you perform your antick round, 130  
That this great king may kindly say,  
Our duties did his welcome pay.

*Music. The Witches dance, and then  
vanish with HECATE.*

*Macb.* Where are they? Gone? Let this  
pernicious hour  
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!  
Come in, without there!

*Enter LENNOX.*

*Len.* What's your grace's will?  
*Macb.* Saw you the weird sisters?

*Len.* No, my lord.

*Macb.* Came they not by you?

*Len.* No, indeed, my lord.

*Macb.* Infected be the air whereon they  
ride,  
And damn'd all those that trust them! I did  
hear

The galloping of horse: who was 't came by?

*Len.* 'T is two or three, my lord, that  
bring you word 141

Macduff is fled to England.

*Macb.* Fled to England!

*Len.* Ay, my good lord.

*Macb.* *Aside.* Time, thou anticipat'st my  
dread exploits;

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook

Unless the deed go with it; from this mo-  
ment

The very firstlings of my heart shall be  
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,

To crown my thoughts with acts, be it  
thought and done;

The castle of Macduff I will surprise; 150  
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the  
sword

His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate  
souls

That trace him in his line. No boasting like  
a fool;

This deed I'll do before this purpose cool;  
But no more sights! Where are these  
gentlemen?

Come, bring me where they are. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Fife. MACDUFF'S Castle.*

*Enter Lady MACDUFF, her Son, and ROSS.*

*L. Macd.* What had he done, to make  
him fly the land?

*Ross.* You must have patience, madam.

*L. Macd.* He had none:

His flight was madness: when our actions  
do not,

Our fears do make us traitors.

*Ross.* You know not  
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

*L. Macd.* Wisdom! to leave his wife, to  
leave his babes,

His mansion and his titles in a place  
From whence himself does fly? He loves  
us not;

He wants the natural touch; for the poor  
wren,

The most diminutive of birds, will fight, 10  
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.

All is the fear and nothing is the love;

As little is the wisdom, where the flight

So runs against all reason.

*Ross.* My dearest coz,

I pray you, school yourself: but for your  
husband,

He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows  
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak  
much further;

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors  
And do not know ourselves, when we hold  
rumour

From what we fear, yet know not what we  
fear, 20

But float upon a wild and violent sea

Each way and move. I take my leave of  
you:

Shall not be long but I'll be here again.

Things at the worst will cease, or else climb  
upward

To what they were before. My pretty  
cousin,

Blessing upon you!

*L. Macd.* Father'd he is, and yet he's  
fatherless.

*Ross.* I am so much a fool, should I stay  
longer,

It would be my disgrace and your discomfort;  
I take my leave at once. *Exit.*

*L. Macd.* Sirrah, your father's dead:  
And what will you do now? How will you  
live? 31

*Son.* As bird's do, mother.

*L. Macd.* What! with worms and flies?

*Son.* With what I get, I mean; and so do  
they.

*L. Macd.* Poor bird! thou'dst never fear  
the net nor lime,

The pitfall nor the gin.

*Son.* Why should I, mother? Poor birds  
they are not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

*L. Macd.* Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a father?

*Son.* Nay, how wilt you do for a husband?

*L. Macd.* Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

*Son.* Then you 'll buy 'em to sell again.

*L. Macd.* Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet, i' faith,

With wit enough for thee,

*Son.* Was my father a traitor, mother?

*L. Macd.* Ay, that he was.

*Son.* What is a traitor?

*L. Macd.* Why, one that swears and lies.

*Son.* And be all traitors that do so?

*L. Macd.* Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.

*Son.* And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

*L. Macd.* Every one.

*Son.* Who must hang them?

*L. Macd.* Why, the honest men.

*Son.* Then the liars and swearers are fools, for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men and hang up them.

*L. Macd.* Now God help thee, poor monkey!

But how wilt thou do for a father?

*Son.* If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

*L. Macd.* Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,

Though in your state of honour I am perfect. I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:

If you will take a homely man's advice, Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.

To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;

To do worse to you were fell cruelty, Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!

I dare abide no longer.

*L. Macd.* Whither should I fly?

I have done no harm. But I remember now

I am in this earthly world, where to do harm Is often laudable, to do good sometime Accounted dangerous folly; why then, alas!

Do I put up that womanly defence,

To say I have done no harm?

*Enter Murderers.*

What are these faces?

*First Mur.* Where is your husband?

*L. Macd.* I hope in no place so unsanctified

Where such as thou may'st find him.

*First Mur.* He's a traitor.

*Son.* Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain!

*First Mur.* What! you egg.

*Stabbing him.*

Young fry of treachery!

*Son.* He has kill'd me, mother:

Run away, I pray you.

*Exit Lady MACDUFF, crying 'Murder,' and pursued by the Murderers.*

SCENE III.—*England. Before the King's Palace.*

*Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.*

*Mal.* Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there

Weep our sad bosoms empty.

*Macd.* Let us rather

Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men

Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom; each new morn

New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows

Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out

Like syllable of dolour.

*Mal.* What I believe I 'll wail, What know believe, and what I can redress,

As I shall find the time to friend, I will.

What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.

This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,

Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well;

He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something

You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom

To offer up a weak, poor innocent lamb

To appease an angry god.

*Macd.* I am not treacherous.

*Mal.* But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil In an imperial charge. But I shall crave

your pardon;

That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose;

Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell;

Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,

Yet grace must still look so.

*Macd.* I have lost my hopes.

*Mal.* Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife and child, Those precious motives, those strong knots

of love,

Without leave-taking? I pray you, Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,

But mine own safeties: you may be rightly just,

Whatever I shall think.

*Macd.* Bleed, bleed, poor country!

Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure, For goodness dare not check thee? wear

thou thy wrongs;

The title is affeer'd! Fare thee well, lord: I would not be the villain that thou think'st

For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,

And the rich East to boot.

*Mal.* Be not offended:  
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.  
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;  
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash  
Is added to her wounds: I think withal 41  
There would be hands uplifted in my right;  
And here from gracious England have I offer  
Of goodly thousands: but for all this,  
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,  
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country  
Shall have more vices than it had before,  
More suffer, and more sundry ways than  
ever,

By him that shall succeed.

*Macd.* What should he be?  
*Mal.* It is myself I mean; in whom I  
know 50

All the particulars of vice so grafted,  
That, when they shall be open'd, black Mac-  
beth  
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor  
state

Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd  
With my confineless harms.

*Macd.* Not in the legions  
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd  
In evils to top Macbeth.

*Mal.* I grant him bloody,  
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,  
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin  
That has a name; but there's no bottom,  
none, 60

In my voluptuousness: your wives, your  
daughters,  
Your matrons, and your maids, could not  
fill up

The cistern of my lust; and my desire  
All continent impediments would o'erbear  
That did oppose my will; better Macbeth  
Than such an one to reign.

*Macd.* Boundless intemperance  
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been  
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,  
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet  
To take upon you what is yours; you may 70  
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,  
And yet seem cold, the time you may so  
hoodwink.

We have willing dames enough; there can-  
not be

That culture in you, to devour so many  
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,  
Finding it so inclin'd.

*Mal.* With this there grows  
In my most ill-compos'd affection such  
A stanchless avarice that, were I king,  
I should cut off the nobles of their lands,  
Desire his jewels and this other's house; so  
And my more-having would be as a sauce  
To make me hunger more, that I should  
forge  
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,  
Destroying them for wealth.

*Macd.* This avarice  
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious  
root  
Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath  
been

The sword of our slain kings: yet do not  
fear;

Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will,  
Of your mere own; all these are portable,  
With other graces weigh'd. 90

*Mal.* But I have none: the king-becom-  
ing graces,

As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,  
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,  
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,  
I have no relish of them, but abound  
In the division of each several crime,  
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I  
should

Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,  
Uproar the universal peace, confound 99  
All unity on earth,

*Macd.* O Scotland, Scotland!  
*Mal.* If such a one be fit to govern, speak:  
I am as I have spoken.

*Macd.* Fit to govern!  
No, not to live. O nation miserable,  
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,  
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days  
again,

Since that the truest issue of thy throne  
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,  
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal  
father

Was a most sainted king; the queen that  
bore thee,

Off'n'd upon her knees than on her feet, 110  
Died every day she liv'd. Fare thee well!

These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself  
Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my  
breast,

Thy hope ends here!

*Mal.* Macduff, this noble passion,  
Child of integrity, hath from my soul  
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my  
thoughts

To thy good truth and honour. Devilish  
Macbeth

By many of these trains hath sought to win  
me

Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks  
me 119

From over-credulous haste; but God above  
Deal between thee and me! for even now

I put myself to thy direction, and  
Unspeak mine own detraction, here abjure

The taints and blames I laid upon myself,  
For strangers to my nature. I am yet

Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,  
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,

At no time broke my faith, would not betray  
The devil to his fellow, and delight

No less in truth than life; my first false  
speaking 130

Was this upon myself. What I am truly,  
Is thine and my poor country's to command;

Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,  
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike

men,  
Already at a point, was setting forth.

Now we'll together, and the chance of good-  
ness

Be like our warranted quarrel. Why are  
you silent?

*Macd.* Such welcome and unwelcome things at once  
'T is hard to reconcile.

*Enter a Doctor.*

*Mal.* Well; more anon. Comes the king forth, I pray you? 140

*Doct.* Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls

That stay his cure; their malady convinces The great assay of art; but at his touch, Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand, They presently amend.

*Mal.* I thank you, doctor. *Exit Doctor.*

*Macd.* What's the disease he means?

*Mal.* 'T is call'd the evil: A most miraculous work in this good king, Which often; since my here-remain in England,

I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,

Himself best knows; but strangely-visited people, 150

All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye, The mere despair of surgery, he cures,

Hanging a golden stamp about their necks, Put on with holy prayers; and 't is spoken To the succeeding royalty he leaves

The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,

He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy, And sundry blessings hang about his throne

That speak him full of grace.

*Enter ROSS.*

*Macd.* See, who comes here?

*Mal.* My countryman; but yet I know him not. 160

*Macd.* My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

*Mal.* I know him now. Good God, be-times remove

The means that makes us strangers!

*Ross.* Sir, amen.

*Macd.* Stands Scotland where it did?

*Ross.* Alas! poor country;

Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where

nothing, But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;

Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the air

Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems

A modern ecstasy; the dead man's knell 170

Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good men's lives

Expire before the flowers in their caps, Dying or ere they sicken.

*Macd.* O! relation

Too nice, and yet too true. *Mal.* What's the newest grief?

*Ross.* That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;

Each minute teems a new one. *Macd.* How does my wife?

*Ross.* Why, well.

*Macd.* And all my children?

*Ross.* Well too.

*Macd.* The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

*Ross.* No; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.

*Macd.* Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes 't? 180

*Ross.* When I came hither to transport the tidings,

Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour

Of many worthy fellows that were out; Which was to my belief witness'd the rather

For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot. Now is the time of help; your eye in Scot-

land Would create soldiers, make our women

fight, To doff their dire distresses.

*Mal.* Be 't their comfort We are coming thither. Gracious England

hath Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men; An older and a better soldier none 191

That Christendom gives out.

*Ross.* Would I could answer This comfort with the like! But I have

words That would be howl'd out in the desert air, Where hearing should not latch them.

*Macd.* What concern they? The general cause? or is it a fee-grief

Due to some single breast?

*Ross.* No mind that 's honest But in it shares some woe, though the main

part Pertains to you alone.

*Macd.* If it be mine Keep it not from me; quickly let me have it.

*Ross.* Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever, 201

Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound

That ever yet they heard. *Macd.* Hum! I guess at it.

*Ross.* Your castle is surpris'd; your wife and babes

Savagely slaughter'd; to relate the manner, Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,

To add the death of you. *Mal.* Merciful heaven!

What! man; ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;

Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak

Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break. 210

*Macd.* My children too? *Ross.* Wife, children, servants, all

That could be found. *Macd.* And I must be from thence!

My wife kill'd too? *Ross.* I have said.

*Mal.* Be comforted: Let's make us medicines of our great re-

venge, To cure this deadly grief. *Macd.* He has no children. All my pretty

ones?

Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?  
What! all my pretty chickens and their dam  
At one fell swoop?

*Mal.* Dispute it like a man.

*Macd.* I shall do so;  
But I must also feel it as a man: 221  
I cannot but remember such things were,  
That were most precious to me. Did  
heaven look on,

And would not take their part? Sinful  
*Macduff!*

They were all struck for thee. Naught that  
I am,

Not for their own demerits, but for mine,  
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest  
them now!

*Mal.* Be this the whetstone of your sword:  
let grief

Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, en-  
rage it.

*Macd.* O! I could play the woman with  
mine eyes, 230  
And braggart with my tongue. But, gentle  
heavens

Cut short all intermission; front to front  
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and my-  
self;

Within my sword's length set him; if he  
'scape,

Heaven forgive him too!

*Mal.* This tune goes manly.  
Come, go we to the king; our power is  
ready;

Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth  
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above  
Put on their instruments. Receive what  
cheer you may;

The night is long that never finds the day. 240  
*Exeunt.*

## ACT V

SCENE I.—*Dunsinane. A Room in the  
Castle.*

*Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-  
Gentlewoman.*

*Doct.* I have two nights watched with you,  
but can perceive no truth in your report.  
When was it she last walked?

*Gent.* Since his majesty went into the  
field, I have seen her rise from her bed,  
throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her  
closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon 't,  
read it, afterwards seal it, and again return  
to bed; yet all this while in a most fast  
sleep. 9

*Doct.* A great perturbation in nature,  
to receive at once the benefit of sleep and do  
the effects of watching! In this slumbry  
agitation, besides her walking and other  
actual performances, what, at any time, have  
you heard her say? 15

*Gent.* That, sir, which I will not report  
after her.

*Doct.* You may to me, and 't is most meet  
you should.

*Gent.* Neither to you nor any one, having  
no witness to confirm my speech. 21

*Enter Lady MACBETH, with a taper.*  
Lo you! here she comes. This is her very  
guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Ob-  
serve her; stand close.

*Doct.* How came she by that light?

*Gent.* Why, it stood by her: she has  
light by her continually; 't is her command.

*Doct.* You see, her eyes are open.

*Gent.* Ay, but their sense is shut.

*Doct.* What is it she does now? Look,  
how she rubs her hands. 31

*Gent.* It is an accustomed action with her,  
to seem thus washing her hands. I have  
known her continue in this a quarter of an  
hour.

*Lady M.* Yet here 's a spot.

*Doct.* Hark! she speaks. I will set down  
what comes from her, to satisfy my remem-  
brance the more strongly. 38

*Lady M.* Out, damned spot! out, I say!  
One; two: why, then 't is time to do 't.  
Hell is murky! Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier,  
and afeard? What need we fear who knows  
it, when none can call our power to account?  
Yet who would have thought the old man to  
have had so much blood in him? 45

*Doct.* Do you mark that?

*Lady M.* The Thane of Fife had a wife:  
where is she now? What! will these hands  
ne'er be clean? No more o' that, my lord,  
no more o' that: you mar all with this start-  
ing. 50

*Doct.* Go to, go to; you have known what  
you should not.

*Gent.* She has spoke what she should not,  
I am sure of that: heaven knows what she  
has known.

*Lady M.* Here 's the smell of the blood  
still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not  
sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

*Doct.* What a sigh is there! The heart  
is sorely charged. 60

*Gent.* I would not have such a heart  
in my bosom for the dignity of the whole  
body.

*Doct.* Well, well, well.

*Gent.* Pray God it be, sir.

*Doct.* This disease is beyond my practice:  
yet I have known those which have walked  
in their sleep who have died holily in their  
beds.

*Lady M.* Wash your hands, put on your  
nightgown; look not so pale. I tell you yet  
again, Banquo 's buried; he cannot come  
out on 's grave. 71

*Doct.* Even so?

*Lady M.* To bed, to bed: there 's knock-  
ing at the gate. Come, come, come, come,  
give me your hand. What 's done cannot  
be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

*Exit.*

*Doct.* Will she go now to bed?

*Gent.* Directly.

*Doct.* Foul whisperings are abroad. Un-  
natural deeds 79  
Do breed unnatural troubles; infected  
minds

To their deaf pillows will discharge their  
secrets;

More needs she the divine than the physician.

God, God forgive us all! Look after her; Remove from her the means of all annoyance, And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night: My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight.

I think, but dare not speak.

*Gent.* Good night, good doctor. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Country near Dunsinane.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, and Soldiers.*

*Ment.* The English power is near, led on by Malcolm.

His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff. Revenges burn in them; for their dear causes

Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm Excite the mortified man.

*Ang.* Near Birnam wood Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

*Caith.* Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

*Len.* For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file

Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son, And many unrough youths that even now I protest their first of manhood.

*Ment.* What does the tyrant?

*Caith.* Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.

Some say he's mad; others that lesser hate him

Do call it valiant fury; but, for certain, He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause Within the belt of rule.

*Ang.* Now does he feel His secret murders sticking on his hands; Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;

Those he commands move only in command,

Nothing in love; now does he feel his title Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe Upon a dwarfish thief.

*Ment.* Who then shall blame His pester'd senses to recoil and start, When all that is within him does condemn Itself for being there?

*Caith.* Well, march we on, To give obedience where 't is truly ow'd; Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal, And with him pour we in our country's purge Each drop of us.

*Len.* Or so much as it needs To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds.

Make we our march towards Birnam.

*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE III.—*Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.*

*Macb.* Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:

Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?

Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know

All mortal consequences have pronounc'd me thus:

'Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman

Shalt e'er have power upon thee.' Then fly, false thanes,

And mingle with the English epicures:

The mind I sway by and the heart I bear Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

10

*Enter a Servant.*

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!

Where got'st thou that goose look?

*Serv.* There is ten thousand—  
*Macb.* Geese, villain?

*Serv.* Soldiers, sir.  
*Macb.* Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,

Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch? Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine

Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, wheyface?

*Serv.* The English force, so please you.

*Macb.* Take thy face hence.

*Exit Servant.*

Seyton!—I am sick at heart When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push

Will cheer me ever or disseat me now.

I have liv'd long enough: my way of life Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;

And that which should accompany old age, As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,

I must not look to have; but, in their stead, Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour,

breath, Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

Seyton!

*Enter SEYTON.*

*Sev.* What's your gracious pleasure?

*Macb.* What news more? *Sev.* All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

*Macb.* I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.

Give me my armour.

*Sev.* 'T is not needed yet.

*Macb.* I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skirr the country round;

Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.

How does your patient, doctor?

*Doct.* Not so sick, my lord, As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies, That keep her from her rest.

*Macb.* Cure her of that: Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd, O Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow, Raze out the written troubles of the brain,

And with some sweet oblivious antidote  
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous  
stuff

Which weighs upon the heart?

*Doct.* Therein the patient  
Must minister to himself.

*Macb.* Throw physic to the dogs; I'll  
none of it.

Come, put mine armour on; give me my  
staff.

Septon, send out—Doctor, the thanes fly  
from me.

Come, sir, dispatch.—If thou could'st,  
doctor, cast

The water of my land, find her disease,  
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,  
I would applaud thee to the very echo,  
That should applaud again.—Pull 't off, I  
say.—

What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative  
drug

Would scour these English hence? Hear'st  
thou of them?

*Doct.* Ay, my good lord; your royal prepa-  
ration

Makes us hear something.

*Macb.* Bring it after me.  
I will not be afraid of death and bane

Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. 60

*Doct. Aside.* Were I from Dunsinane away  
and clear,

Profit again should hardly draw me here.  
*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Country near Birnam Wood.

*Drum and colours.* Enter MALCOLM, old  
SIWARD and his Son, MACDUFF, MEN-  
TEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX,  
ROSS, and Soldiers, marching.

*Mal.* Cousins, I hope the days are near at  
hand

That chambers will be safe.

*Ment.* We doubt it nothing.  
*Siw.* What wood is this before us?

*Ment.* The wood of Birnam.  
*Mal.* Let every soldier hew him down a  
bough

And bear 't before him: thereby shall we  
shadow

The numbers of our host, and make dis-  
covery

Err in report of us.

*Sold.* It shall be done.  
*Siw.* We learn no other but the confident  
tyrant

Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure  
Our setting down before 't.

*Mal.* 'T is his main hope;  
For where there is advantage to be given, 11

Both more and less hath given him the  
revolt,

And none serve with him but constrained  
things

Whose hearts are absent too.

*Macb.* Let our just censures  
Attend the true event, and put we on  
Industrious soldiership.

*Siw.* The time approaches  
That will with due decision make us know

What we shall say we have and what we  
owe.

Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes  
relate,

But certain issue strokes must arbitrate; 20  
Towards which advance the war.

*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE V.—Dunsinane. Within the Castle.

*Enter, with drum and colours, MACBETH,  
SEYTON, and Soldiers.*

*Macb.* Hang out our banners on the out-  
ward walls;

The cry is still 'They come!' our castle's  
strength

Will laugh a siege to scorn; here let them lie  
Till famine and the ague eat them up;

Were they not forc'd with those that should  
be ours,

We might have met them dareful, beard to  
beard,

And beat them backward home.

*A cry of women within.*  
What is that noise?

*Sey.* It is the cry of women, my good lord.  
*Exit.*

*Macb.* I have almost forgot the taste of  
fears.

The time has been my senses would have  
cool'd 10

To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair  
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir

As life were in 't. I have supp'd full with  
horrors;

Direness, familiar to my slaughterous  
thoughts,

Cannot once start me.

*Re-enter SEYTON.*  
Wherefore was that cry?

*Sey.* The queen, my lord, is dead.  
*Macb.* She should have died hereafter;

There would have been a time for such a  
word.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day, 20

To the last syllable of recorded time;  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools

The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief  
candle!

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player  
That struts and frets his hour upon the  
stage,

And then is heard no more; it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,

Signifying nothing.

*Enter a Messenger.*

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story  
quickly.

*Mess.* Gracious my lord, 30  
I should report that which I saw, I saw,  
But know not how to do it.

*Macb.* Well, say, sir.  
*Mess.* As I did stand my watch upon the  
hill,

I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, me-  
thought,

The wood began to move.

*Macb.* Liar and slave!  
*Mess.* Let me endure your wrath if 't be  
 not so:  
 Within this three mile may you see it com-  
 ing;  
 I say, a moving grove.

*Macb.* If thou speak'st false,  
 Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,  
 Till famine cling thee; if thy speech be  
 sooth, 40

I care not if thou dost for me as much.  
 I pull in resolution, and begin  
 To doubt the equivocation of the fiend  
 That lies like truth; 'Fear not till Birnam  
 wood

Do come to Dunsinane'; and now a wood  
 Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and  
 out!

If this which he avouches does appear,  
 There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.  
 I 'gin to be aweary of the sun,  
 And wish the estate o' the world were now  
 undone. 50

Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! come  
 wrack!  
 At least we 'll die with harness on our back.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The Same. A Plain before  
 the Castle.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM,  
 old SIWARD, MACDUFF, etc., and their  
 Army, with boughs.*

*Mal.* Now, near enough; your leavy  
 screens throw down,  
 And show like those you are. You, worthy  
 uncle,

Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,  
 Lead our first battle; worthy Macduff and  
 we

Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,  
 According to our order.

*Siw.* Fare you well.  
 Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,  
 Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

*Macb.* Make all our trumpets speak;  
 give them all breath, 9  
 Those clamorous harbingers of blood and  
 death. *Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The Same. Another Part of  
 the Plain.*

*Alarums. Enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* They have tied me to a stake; I  
 cannot fly,

But bear-like I must fight the course. What  
 's he

That was not born of woman? Such a one  
 Am I to fear, or none.

*Enter young SIWARD.*

*Young Siw.* What is thy name?

*Macb.* Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.

*Young Siw.* No; though thou call'st thy-  
 self a hotter name  
 Than any is in hell.

*Macb.* My name 's Macbeth.

*Young Siw.* The devil himself could not  
 pronounce a title  
 More hateful to mine ear.

*Macb.* No, nor more fearful.  
*Young Siw.* Thou liest, abhorred tyrant;  
 with my sword 10

I 'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

*They fight and young SIWARD is slain.*

*Macb.* Thou wast born of woman:  
 But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to  
 scorn,

Brandish'd by man that 's of a woman born.  
*Exit.*

*Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.*

*Macd.* That way the noise is. Tyrant,  
 show thy face:

If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of  
 mine,

My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me  
 still.

I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose  
 arms

Are hir'd to bear their staves: either thou,  
 Macbeth,

Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge  
 I sheathe again undeeded. There thou  
 should'st be; 20

By this great clatter, one of greatest note  
 Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune!  
 And more I beg not. *Exit. Alarums.*

*Enter MALCOLM and old SIWARD.*

*Siw.* This way, my lord; the castle's  
 gently render'd:

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;  
 The noble thanes do bravely in the war;

The day almost itself professes yours,  
 And little is to do.

*Mal.* We have met with foes  
 That strike beside us.

*Siw.* Enter, sir, the castle.  
*Exeunt. Alarums.*

*Re-enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* Why should I play the Roman fool,  
 and die 30

On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the  
 gashes

Do better upon them.

*Re-enter MACDUFF.*

*Macd.* Turn, hell-hound, turn!  
*Macb.* Of all men else I have avoided  
 thee:

But get thee back, my soul is too much  
 charg'd

With blood of thine already.

*Macd.* I have no words;  
 My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier  
 villain

Than terms can give thee out! *They fight.*

*Macb.* Thou lovest labour:  
 As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air

With thy keen sword impress as make me  
 bleed:

Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests; 40  
 I bear a charmed life, which must not yield  
 To one of woman born.

*Macd.* Despair thy charm;  
And let the angel whom thou still hast serv'd  
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's  
womb

Untimely ripp'd.

*Macb.* Accurs'd be that tongue that tells  
me so,

For it hath cow'd my better part of man:  
And be these juggling fiends no more  
believ'd,

That palter with us in a double sense;  
That keep the word of promise to our ear, 50  
And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with  
thee.

*Macd.* Then yield thee, coward.  
And live to be the show and gaze o' the  
time:

We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,  
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,  
'Here may you see the tyrant.'

*Macb.* I will not yield,  
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's  
feet,

And to be baited with the rabble's curse.  
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,

And thou oppos'd, being of no woman  
born, 60

Yet I will try the last: before my body  
I throw my war-like shield. Lay on, Macduff,

And damn'd be him that first cries 'Hold,  
enough!'

*Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with drum  
and colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD,  
ROSS, Thanes, and Soldiers.*

*Mal.* I would the friends we miss were  
safe arriv'd.

*Siw.* Some must go off; and yet, by these  
I see,

So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

*Mal.* Macduff is missing, and your noble  
son.

*Ross.* Your son, my lord, has paid a  
soldier's debt:

He only liv'd but till he was a man;  
The which no sooner had his prowess con-  
firm'd 70

In the unshrinking station where he fought,  
But like a man he died.

*Siw.* Then he is dead?

*Ross.* Ay, and brought off the field. Your  
cause of sorrow

Must not be measur'd by his worth, for  
then  
It hath no end.

*Siw.* Had he his hurts before?

*Ross.* Ay, on the front.

*Siw.* Why then, God's soldier be he!

Had I as many sons as I have hairs,

I would not wish them to a fairer death:

And so, his knell is knoll'd.

*Mal.* He's worth more sorrow,  
And that I'll spend for him.

*Siw.* He's worth no more;

They say, he parted well, and paid his score:

And so, God be with him! Here comes  
newer comfort. 82

*Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH'S head.*

*Macd.* Hail, king! for so thou art. Be-  
hold, where stands

The usurper's cursed head: the time is  
free:

I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's  
pearl,

That speak my salutation in their minds;

Whose voices I desire aloud with mine;

Hail, King of Scotland!

*All.* Hail, King of Scotland!

*Flourish.*

*Mal.* We shall not spend a large expense  
of time

Before we reckon with your several loves, 90

And make us even with you. My thanes  
and kinsmen,

Henceforth be earls, the first that ever  
Scotland

In such an honour nam'd. What's more to  
do

Which would be planted newly with the  
time,

As calling home our exil'd friends abroad

That fled the snares of watchful tyranny,

Producing forth the cruel ministers

Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like  
queen,

Who, as 't is thought, by self and violent  
hands

Took off her life; this, and what needful  
else 100

That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace

We will perform in measure, time, and  
place:

So thanks to all at once and to each one,

Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

*Flourish. Exeunt.*

## HAMLET

**I**T needs not Shakespeare to find in every human life a mystery. That he found it in Hamlet is true, but no more true than that he found it in every other character he ever drew. The widespread notion that there is something mysterious about Hamlet has led to much speculation that has befogged a play which by every right should make a particular appeal to youth, not only through the character of its hero, but also because of its general clarity. The tragedy of *Hamlet* furnishes, of course, texts for endless philosophical speculation, as do the daily experiences for that matter in the life of a newsboy; but such speculation adds nothing to our understanding of the play. To understand *Hamlet*, it is enough to read the play observingly.

As is his usual custom when drawing a great character, Shakespeare supplies us with a key in one of Hamlet's earliest utterances which opens the door to a sufficient understanding of his character. When the Queen pleads with Hamlet to cast his "nighted color off," reminds him that loss of fathers is "common," and adds

"If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee?"

Hamlet in his reply frankly hands us the key to his character and, through that, to the tragedy itself:

"*Seems*, madam? nay, it is; I know not *seems*."

This line alone, if taken at its full value, is all we need in explanation of Hamlet's tragedy; but lest we should not grasp its full import, Shakespeare makes Hamlet proceed to apply it to the case in hand—his mourning for his father's death:

" 'T is not alone my inky cloak, good mother,  
Nor customary suits of solemn black,  
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,  
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,  
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,  
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,  
That can denote me truly; these indeed seem.  
For they are actions that a man might play;  
But I have that within which passeth show;  
These but the trappings and the suits of woe."

Now after that speech any failure to understand Hamlet must be due to some defect in our own natures. If we have ourselves become so "brazen" by "damned custom" that we substitute, even though unconscious of the deception, the outward livery for the inward grief, we shall understand neither Hamlet nor his tragedy, however much we may *seem* to admire this particular piece of dramatic literature. Hamlet is real; and to him grief and love and friendship and all the inner things of life are real. If he conforms to outward customs, he never loses the distinction between appearance and reality. And this implies, of course, that he is a youth of keenest sensibilities—one who by nature would suffer most severely from any great shock to his affections or to his moral sense. When first we see him, he is already suffering under a series of such shocks, chief among which are the death of his father and the speedy re-marriage of his mother. How far these shocks have deflected Hamlet from his normal self, we surmise as the play proceeds from the testimony of those who have known him in his happier days. At the outset, we can only imagine the change in him by drawing on our own experience. And yet, the danger is that even our own experiences will, because we are so much the victims of *seeming*, fail properly to stimulate our imaginations. We must be ever on guard against losing Hamlet's key—"I know not *seems*." With this in hand, let us consider further these shocks and their effect upon Hamlet.

Assuming then, that we know no more than has been revealed to us up to the time that Hamlet hands us this key, what do we really know? We know that his father is

dead; that he was of "fair and warlike form"; that the memory of his death is still "green" even in the court; that the Queen is already re-married to her former husband's brother; that this incestuous marriage was freely acquiesced in by the "better wisdoms" of the court; that Hamlet alone at the court still wears mourning for the dead king, and that his feelings toward the present king are to say the least "less than kind." Now read merely as a record of fact this list may not appear impressive; but imagined as the experiences through which a nature like Hamlet's has passed, we may well wonder that when we first see him he retains his reason. We need not wonder that when left alone his first wish is for death. Let the reader examine again that speech beginning "O! that this too too solid flesh would melt" in the light of this review, and particularly with "I know not seems" in mind, and he will wonder not so much at the mental depression under which Hamlet is suffering as that he is still capable of such coherent utterance.

And now follow further shocks: the appearance of his father's ghost; the ghost's revelation of the Queen's adulterous relations with Claudius; and the confirmation of his soul's loathing for Claudius in the discovery that he is the murderer of Hamlet's father. With mind and body reeling under these added shocks, Hamlet hears imposed upon him the solemn duty of revenge and the parting injunction of the ghost, "Remember me."

There is no room here to expatiate, nor is there need to do so. Let any reader, and especially any young man to whom his father is one whose like he ne'er will look upon again and whose mother has always been to him the highest ideal of womanhood, live through, even in imagination, this experience of Hamlet's; let such a young man profess (if he dares) to "know not seems"; let him be an athlete, a soldier, even a Hercules; and then let him ask himself whether, if he escape insanity from such a series of shocks, he could possibly escape some form of mental abnormality that would interfere with the free course of his action. It is not necessary to his understanding of either Hamlet or the play that he shall imagine himself pursuing Hamlet's course in procrastination; it is necessary only that he shall recognize that Hamlet's procrastination is but a manifestation of an abnormal state of mind induced by the experiences through which he has passed.

That Hamlet's abnormality at no time reaches the point of insanity, that is, of irresponsibility for his acts, is too obvious for discussion. It is not Shakespeare's way to trick us in such matters. The exact nature of his mental ailment may be diagnosed by experts, who will, as usual, disagree. *Hamlet* is not a study in mental disorders; it is not a study in anything. It is a story of the effects of sin—of lust and murder and incest—not only upon the guilty, but upon the innocent. It involves the innocent Ophelia as well as the guilty Queen; the inoffensive but meddlesome Polonius and his braggart son Laertes; the officious fools, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern; and with the deaths of King Claudius and the "sweet prince" wipes out the royal family from the state of Denmark. Had Hamlet himself been a less sensitive soul; had love and grief and ideals been to him only *seeming*, he might have retained his balance and acted instantly in revenge, thus avoiding the widespread consequences of the sin of Claudius and Gertrude. As he is, however, he is the more terrible. It is the dynamic and explosive effect of Hamlet's character in its reaction to the sin of others that makes him perhaps the most terrible of all Shakespeare's tragic characters.

This explosive effect is heightened by the resisting power of a marked excellence in the character of King Claudius. It belittles Hamlet if we accept his estimate of his awful antagonist. Claudius is no hardened villain; there is genuine virtue in him. The rankness of his offense pursues him. He is the victim of his guilty love for Gertrude. That sin led him to another—the murder of his own brother. The object of his love attained, he would live at peace with all men. It is not until he finds that Hamlet is in his secret—that either he or Hamlet must die—that his resourcefulness becomes apparent. In this he is great, and in his greatness as an opponent he adds lustre to Hamlet. The power of dynamite shows most upon the resisting rock; not on "shreds and patches."

# HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CLAUDIUS, *King of Denmark.*  
 HAMLET, *Son to the late, and Nephew to the present, King.*  
 FORTINBRAS, *Prince of Norway.*  
 HORATIO, *Friend to Hamlet.*  
 POLONIUS, *Lord Chamberlain.*  
 LAERTES, *his Son.*  
 VOLTIMAND,  
 CORNELIUS,  
 ROSENCRANTZ,  
 GUILDENSTERN,  
 OSRIC,  
 A Gentleman,

Courtiers.

A Priest.  
 MARCELLUS, } *Officers.*  
 BERNARDO, }  
 FRANCISCO, *a Soldier.*  
 REYNALDO, *Servant to Polonius.*  
 A Captain.  
 English Ambassadors.  
 Players.  
 Two Clowns, *Grave-diggers.*  
 GERTRUDE, *Queen of Denmark, and Mother to Hamlet.*  
 OPHELIA, *Daughter to Polonius.*

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Messengers, and Attendants.

Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

## SCENE.—Elsinore.

### ACT I

SCENE I.—Elsinore. A Platform before the Castle.

FRANCISCO at his post. Enter to him  
 BERNARDO.

Ber. Who's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me; stand, and unfold yourself.

Ber. Long live the king!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'T is now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.

Fran. For this relief much thanks; 't is bitter cold,

And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,  
 The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Fran. I think I hear them. Stand, ho! Who's there?

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. O! farewell, honest soldier:

Who hath reliev'd you?

Fran. Bernardo has my place.

Give you good night.

Exit.

Mar. Holla! Bernardo! Say.

Ber. What! is Horatio there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.

Mar. What! has this thing appear'd again to-night?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio says 't is but our fantasy, And will not let belief take hold of him Touching this dreaded sight twice seen of us:

Therefore I have entreated him along With us to watch the minutes of this night; That if again this apparition come, He may approve our eyes and speak to it.

Hor. Tush, tush! 't will not appear.

Ber. Sit down awhile, And let us once again assail your ears, That are so fortified against our story, What we two nights have seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down, And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all, When yond same star that's westward from the pole

Had made his course to illume that part of heaven

Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself, The bell then beating one,—

Mar. Peace! break thee off; look, where it comes again!

Enter Ghost.

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

*Mar.* Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.

*Ber.* Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.

*Hor.* Most like; it harrows me with fear and wonder.

*Ber.* It would be spoke to.

*Mar.* Question it, Horatio.

*Hor.* What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,

Together with that fair and war-like form  
In which the majesty of buried Denmark  
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, speak!

*Mar.* It is offended.

*Ber.* See! it stalks away.

*Hor.* Stay! speak: speak, I charge thee, speak! *Exit Ghost.*

*Mar.* 'T is gone, and will not answer.

*Ber.* How now, Horatio! you tremble and look pale;

Is not this something more than fantasy?

What think you on 't?

*Hor.* Before my God, I might not this believe

Without the sensible and true avouch

Of mine own eyes.

*Mar.* Is it not like the king?

*Hor.* As thou art to thyself:

Such was the very armour he had on

When he the ambitious Norway combated;

So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,

He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.

'T is strange.

*Mar.* Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour,

With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

*Hor.* In what particular thought to work I know not;

But in the gross and scope of my opinion,  
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

*Mar.* Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,

Why this same strict and most observant watch

So nightly toils the subject of the land;

And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,

And foreign mart for implements of war;

Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task

Does not divide the Sunday from the week;

What might be toward, that this sweaty haste

Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day;

Who is 't that can inform me?

*Hor.* That can I;

At least the whisper goes so. Our last king,

Whose image even but now appear'd to us,

Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,

Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,

Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant

Hamlet,

For so this side of our known world esteem'd

him,

Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact,

Well ratified by law and heraldry,  
Did forfeit with his life all those his lands

Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror;  
Against the which, a moiety competent

Was gaged by our king; which had return'd  
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,

Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same covenant

And carriage of the article design'd,  
His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,

Of unimproved mettle hot and full,  
Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there

Shark'd up a list of lawless resolute,  
For food and diet, to some enterprise

That hath a stomach in 't; which is no other,  
As it doth well appear unto our state,

But to recover of us, by strong hand  
And terms compulsative, those foresaid lands

So by his father lost. And this, I take it,  
Is the main motive of our preparations,

The source of this our watch and the chief head

Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

*Ber.* I think it be no other but e'en so;

Well may it sort that this portentous figure  
Comes armed through our watch, so like the

king,

That was and is the question of these wars.

*Hor.* A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.

In the most high and palmy state of Rome,  
A little ere the mighty Julius fell,

The graves stood tenantless and the sheeted dead

Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;

As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,  
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star

Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands

Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse; 120  
And even the like precursor of fierce events,

As harbingers preceding still the fates  
And prologue to the omen coming on,

Have heaven and earth together demonstrated

Unto our climates and countrymen.  
But, soft! behold! lo! where it comes again.

*Re-enter Ghost.*

I'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay, illusion!

If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,

Speak to me:

If there be any good thing to be done,

That may to thee do ease and grace to me,

Speak to me:

If thou art privy to thy country's fate,  
Which happily foreknowing may avoid,

O! speak;

Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life

Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,

For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in

death,

Speak of it: stay, and speak! Stop it, Marcellus.

*Mar.* Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

*Hor.* Do, if it will not stand.

*Ber.* 'T is here!

*Hor.* 'T is here!

*Mar.* 'T is gone! *Exit Ghost.*

We do it wrong, being so majestic,

To offer it the show of violence;

For it is, as the air, invulnerable,

And our vain blows malicious mockery.

*Ber.* It was about to speak when the cock crew.

*Hor.* And then it started like a guilty thing

Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,

The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn, 150

Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat

Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,

Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,

The extravagant and erring spirit hies

To his confine; and of the truth herein

This present object made probation.

*Mar.* It faded on the crowing of the cock. Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes

Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated, 159

The bird of dawning singeth all night long;

And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;

The nights are wholesome; then no planets

strike,

No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to

charm,

So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

*Hor.* So have I heard and do in part believe it.

But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,

Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill;

Break we our watch up; and by my advice

Let us impart what we have seen to-night

Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life, 170

This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.

Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,

As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

*Mar.* Let's do 't, I pray; and I this morn-

ing know

Where we shall find him most conveniently.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Room of State in the Castle.

*Enter the KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, POL-*

*ONIUS, LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, COR-*

*NELIUS, Lords, and Attendants.*

*King.* Though yet of Hamlet our dear

brother's death

The memory be green, and that it us be-

fitted

To bear our hearts in grief and our whole

kingdom

To be contracted in one brow of woe,

Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature

That we with wisest sorrow think on him,

Together with remembrance of ourselves.

Therefore our sometime sister, now our

queen,

The imperial jointress of this war-like state,

Have we, as 't were with a defeated joy, 10

With one auspicious and one dropping eye,

With mirth in funeral and with dirge in mar-

riage,

In equal scale weighing delight and dole,

Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd

Your better wisdoms, which have freely

gone

With this affair along: for all, our thanks.

Now follows, that you know, young Fortin-

bras,

Holding a weak supposal of our worth,

Or thinking by our late dear brother's

death

Our state to be disjoint and out of frame, 20

Collegued with the dream of his advantage,

He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,

Importing the surrender of those lands

Lost by his father, with all bonds of law,

To our most valiant brother. So much for

him.

Now for ourself and for this time of meet-

ing.

Thus much the business is: we have here

writ

To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,

Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears

Of this his nephew's purpose, to suppress 30

His further gait herein; in that the levies,

The lists and full proportions, are all made

Out of his subject; and we here dispatch

You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,

For bearers of this greeting to old Norway,

Giving to you no further personal power

To business with the king more than the

scope

Of these dilated articles allow.

Farewell, and let your haste commend your

duty.

*Cor., Vol.* In that and all things will we

show our duty. 40

*King.* We doubt it nothing: heartily fare-

well.

*Exeunt VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.*

And now, Laertes, what's the news with

you?

You told us of some suit; what is 't, Laertes?

You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,

And lose your voice; what would'st thou

beg, Laertes,

That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?

The head is not more native to the heart,

The hand more instrumental to the mouth,

Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.

What would'st thou have, Laertes?

*Laer.* Dread my lord,

Your leave and favour to return to France;

From whence though willingly I came to

Denmark, 52

To show my duty in your coronation,

Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,

My thoughts and wishes bend again toward

France

And bow them to your gracious leave and

pardon.

*King.* Have you your father's leave?

What says Polonius?

*Pol.* He hath, my lord, wrung from me

my slow leave

By laboursome petition, and at last

Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent: 60  
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

*King.* Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time  
be thine,

And thy best graces spend it at thy will.

But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

*Ham. Aside.* A little more than kin, and  
less than kind.

*King.* How is it that the clouds still hang  
on you?

*Ham.* Not so, my lord; I am too much i'  
the sun.

*Queen.* Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted  
colour off,

And let thine eye look like a friend on Den-  
mark.

Do not for ever with thy veiled lids 70

Seek for thy noble father in the dust:

Thou know'st 't is common; all that lives  
must die,

Passing through nature to eternity.

*Ham.* Ay, madam, it is common.

*Queen.* If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee?

*Ham.* Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know  
not 'seems.'

'T is not alone my inky cloak, good mother,

Nor customary suits of solemn black,

Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,

No, nor the fruitful river in the eye, 80

Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,

Together with all forms, modes, shows of  
grief,

That can denote me truly; these indeed  
seem.

For they are actions that a man might play;

But I have that within which passeth show;

These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

*King.* 'T is sweet and commendable in  
your nature, Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your  
father:

But, you must know, your father lost a  
father;

That father lost, lost his; and the survivor  
bound 90

In filial obligation for some term

To do obsequious sorrow; but to persever

In obstinate condolence is a course

Of impious stubbornness; 't is unmanly  
grief;

It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,

A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,

An understanding simple and unschool'd:

For what we know must be and is as com-  
mon

As any the most vulgar thing to sense,

Why should we in our peevish opposition 100

Take it to heart? Fie! 't is a fault to heaven,

A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,

To reason most absurd, whose common  
theme

Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,

From the first corse till he that died to-day,

'This must be so.' We pray you, throw to  
earth

This unprevailing woe, and think of us

As of a father; for let the world take note,

You are the most immediate to our throne;

And with no less nobility of love 110  
Than that which dearest father bears his  
son

Do I impart toward you. For your intent

In going back to school in Wittenberg,

It is most retrograde to our desire;

And we beseech you, bend you to remain

Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,

Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

*Queen.* Let not thy mother lose her

prayers, Hamlet;

I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Witten-  
berg.

*Ham.* I shall in all my best obey you,  
madam. 120

*King.* Why, 't is a loving and a fair reply:

Be as ourself in Denmark. Madam, come;

This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet

Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof,

No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-  
day,

But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,

And the king's rouse the heavens shall bruit  
again,

Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

*Flourish. Exeunt KING, QUEEN, Lords,*

*etc., POLONIUS, and LAERTES.*

*Ham.* O! that this too too solid flesh  
would melt,

Thaw and resolve itself into a dew; 130

Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd

His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God!  
God!

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable

Seem to me all the uses of this world.

Fie on 't! ah fie! 't is an unweeded garden,

That grows to seed; things rank and gross  
in nature

Possess it merely. That it should come to  
this!

But two months dead: nay, not so much,  
not two:

So excellent a king; that was, to this, 139

Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother  
That he might not beteem the winds of  
heaven

Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and  
earth!

Must I remember? why, she would hang on  
him,

As if increase of appetite had grown  
By what it fed on; and yet, within a month,

Let me not think on 't: Frailty, thy name is  
woman!

A little month; or ere those shoes were old  
With which she follow'd my poor father's

body,

Like Niobe, all tears: why she, even she—  
O God! a beast, that wants discourse of  
reason, 150

Would have mourn'd longer,—married with  
my uncle,

My father's brother, but no more like my  
father

Than I to Hercules: within a month,  
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears

Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,  
She married. O! most wicked speed, to  
post

With such dexterity to incestuous sheets.  
It is not nor it cannot come to good;  
But break, my heart, for I must hold my  
tongue!

*Enter HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO.*

*Hor.* Hail to your lordship!

*Ham.* I am glad to see you well:  
*Horatio, or I do forget myself.* 161

*Hor.* The same, my lord, and your poor  
servant ever.

*Ham.* Sir, my good friend; I'll change  
that name with you.

And what make you from Wittenberg,  
*Horatio?*

*Marcellus?*

*Mar.* My good lord,—

*Ham.* I am very glad to see you. To  
BERNARDO. Good even, sir.

But what, in faith, make you from Witten-  
berg?

*Hor.* A truant disposition, good my lord.

*Ham.* I would not hear your enemy say so,  
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence, 171  
To make it truster of your own report

Against yourself; I know you are no truant.  
But what is your affair in Elsinore?

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you de-  
part.

*Hor.* My lord, I came to see your father's  
funeral.

*Ham.* I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow  
student;

I think it was to see my mother's wedding.  
*Hor.* Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard  
upon.

*Ham.* Thrift, thrift, *Horatio!* the funeral  
bak'd meats 180

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.  
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven

Or ever I had seen that day, *Horatio!*  
My father, methinks I see my father.

*Hor.* O! where, my lord?

*Ham.* In my mind's eye, *Horatio.*

*Hor.* I saw him once; he was a goodly  
king.

*Ham.* He was a man, take him for all in  
all,

I shall not look upon his like again.  
*Hor.* My lord, I think I saw him yester-  
night.

*Ham.* Saw who? 190

*Hor.* My lord, the king your father.

*Ham.* The king my father!

*Hor.* Season your admiration for a while  
With an attent ear, till I may deliver,  
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,  
This marvel to you.

*Ham.* For God's love, let me hear.

*Hor.* Two nights together had these gen-  
tlemen,

Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,  
In the dead vast and middle of the night,

Been thus encounter'd: a figure like your  
father,

Armed at point exactly, cap-a-pe, 200  
Appears before them, and with solemn  
march

Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he  
walk'd

By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,  
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they,  
distill'd

Almost to jelly with the act of fear,  
Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to  
me

In dreadful secrecy impart they did,  
And I with them the third night kept the  
watch;

Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,  
Form of the thing, each word made true and  
good, 210

The apparition comes. I knew your father;  
These hands are not more like.

*Ham.* But where was this?

*Mar.* My lord, upon the platform where  
we watch'd.

*Ham.* Did you not speak to it?

*Hor.* My lord, I did;

But answer made it none; yet once me-  
thought

It lifted up its head and did address  
Itself to motion, like as it would speak;

But even then the morning cock crew loud,  
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,  
And vanish'd from our sight.

*Ham.* T'is very strange.

*Hor.* As I do live, my honour'd lord, 't is  
true; 221

And we did think it writ down in our duty  
To let you know of it.

*Ham.* Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this  
troubles me.

Hold you the watch to-night?

*Mar., Ber.* We do, my lord.

*Ham.* Arm'd, say you?

*Mar., Ber.* Arm'd, my lord.

*Ham.* From top to toe?

*Mar., Ber.* My lord, from head to foot.

*Ham.* Then saw you not his face?

*Hor.* O, yes! my lord; he wore his beaver  
up.

*Ham.* What! look'd he frowningly? 231

*Hor.* A countenance more in sorrow than  
in anger.

*Ham.* Pale or red?

*Hor.* Nay, very pale.

*Ham.* And fix'd his eyes upon you?

*Hor.* Most constantly.

*Ham.* I would I had been there.

*Hor.* It would have much amaz'd you.

*Ham.* Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?

*Hor.* While one with moderate haste  
might tell a hundred.

*Mar., Ber.* Longer, longer.

*Hor.* Not when I saw't.

*Ham.* His beard was grizzled? no?

*Hor.* It was, as I have seen it in his life, 241  
A sable silver'd.

*Ham.* I will watch to-night;

Perchance 't will walk again.

*Hor.* I warrant it will.

*Ham.* If it assume my noble father's per-  
son,

I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape  
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,  
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,

Let it be tenable in your silence still;  
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,  
Give it an understanding, but no tongue: 250  
I will requite your loves. So, fare you well.  
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,  
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you. Farewell.

*Exeunt HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO.*

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;  
I doubt some foul play: would the night  
were come!  
Till then sit still, my soul. Foul deeds will  
rise,  
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to  
men's eyes. *Exit.*

### SCENE III.—A Room in POLONIUS's House.

*Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA.*

Laer. My necessities are embark'd;  
farewell:

And, sister, as the winds give benefit  
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,  
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?  
Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his  
favour,

Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood,  
A violet in the youth of primy nature,  
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,  
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;  
No more.

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more:  
For nature crescent does not grow alone 11  
In thews and bulk; but, as this temple  
waxes,

The inward service of the mind and soul  
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you  
now,

And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch  
The virtue of his will; but you must fear,  
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his  
own,

For he himself is subject to his birth;  
He may not, as unvalu'd persons do, 19  
Carve for himself, for on his choice depends  
The safety and the health of the whole state;  
And therefore must his choice be circum-  
scrib'd

Unto the voice and yielding of that body  
Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he  
loves you,

As fits your wisdom so far to believe it  
As he in his particular act and place  
May give his saying deed; which is no  
further

Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.  
Then weigh what loss your honour may sus-  
tain,

If with too credent ear you list his songs, 30  
Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure  
open

To his unmaster'd importunity.

Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister,

And keep you in the rear of your affection,  
Out of the shot and danger of desire.  
The chariest maid is prodigal enough  
If she unmask her beauty to the moon;  
Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes;  
The canker galls the infants of the spring  
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd. 40  
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth  
Contagious blastments are most imminent.  
Be wary then; best safety lies in fear:  
Youth to itself rebels, though none else  
near.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson  
keep,

As watchman to my heart. But, good my  
brother,

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,  
Show me the steep and thorny way to  
heaven,

Whiles, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,  
Himself the primrose path of dalliance  
treads, 50

And reckns not his own rede.  
Laer. O! fear me not.  
I stay too long; but here my father comes.

*Enter POLONIUS.*

A double blessing is a double grace;  
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard,  
for shame!

The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,  
And you are stay'd for. There; my bless-  
ing with thee!

And these few precepts in thy memory  
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no  
tongue,

Nor any unproportion'd thought his act. 60  
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;  
The friends thou hast, and their adoption  
tried,

Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;  
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade.

Beware  
Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,  
Bear't that the opposed may beware of  
thee.

Give every man thine ear, but few thy  
voice;

Take each man's censure, but reserve thy  
judgment.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, 70  
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,  
And they in France of the best rank and  
station

Are most select and generous, chief in that.  
Neither a borrower nor a lender be:  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,

And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.  
This above all: to thine own self be true,

And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man. 80  
Farewell; my blessing season this in thee!

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave,  
my lord.

Pol. The time invites you; go, your serv-  
ants tend.

*Laer.* Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well

What I have said to you.

*Oph.* 'T is in my memory lock'd,  
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

*Laer.* Farewell.

*Exit.*

*Pol.* What is 't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

*Oph.* So please you, something touching the lord Hamlet.

*Pol.* Marry, well bethought:

'T is told me, he hath very oft of late  
Given private time to you; and you your-  
self

Have of your audience been most free and  
bounteous.

If it be so, as so 't is put on me,  
And that is with of caution, I must tell you,  
You do not understand yourself so clearly  
As it behoves my daughter and your honour.  
What is between you? give me up the truth.

*Oph.* He hath, my lord, of late made  
many tenders

Of his affection to me.

100

*Pol.* Affection! pooh! you speak like a  
green girl,

Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call  
them?

*Oph.* I do not know, my lord, what I  
should think.

*Pol.* Marry, I'll teach you: think your-  
self a baby,

That you have ta'en these tenders for true  
pay,

Which are not sterling. Tender yourself  
more dearly;

Or, not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,  
Running it thus, you'll tender me a fool.

*Oph.* My lord, he hath importun'd me  
with love

110

In honourable fashion.

*Pol.* Ay, fashion you may call it; go to,  
go to.

*Oph.* And hath given countenance to his  
speech, my lord,

With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

*Pol.* Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I  
do know,

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul  
Lends the tongue vows; these blazes,

daughter,  
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,  
Even in their promise, as it is a-making,

You must not take for fire. From this time  
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden pres-  
ence;

121

Set your entreatments at a higher rate  
Than a command to parley. For Lord

Hamlet,

Believe so much in him, that he is young,  
And with a larger tether may he walk

Than may be given you: in few, Ophelia,  
Do not believe his vows, for they are brokers

Not of that dye which their investments  
show,

But mere implorators of unholy suits,

129

Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds,  
The better to beguile. This is for all:

I would not, in plain terms, from this time  
forth,

Have you so slander any moment's leisure,  
As to give words or talk with the Lord Ham-  
let.

Look to 't, I charge you; come your ways.

*Oph.* I shall obey, my lord. *Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.—*The Platform.*

*Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.*

*Ham.* The air bites shrewdly; it is very  
cold.

*Hor.* It is a nipping and an eager air.

*Ham.* What hour now?

*Hor.* I think it lacks of twelve.

*Mar.* No, it is struck.

*Hor.* Indeed? I heard it not: it then  
draws near the season

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

*A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance  
shot off, within.*

What does this mean, my lord?

*Ham.* The king doth wake to-night and  
takes his rouse,

Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-  
spring reels;

And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish  
down,

10

The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out  
The triumph of his pledge.

*Hor.* Is it a custom?

*Ham.* Ay, marry, is 't;  
But to my mind, though I am native here

And to the manner born, it is a custom  
More honour'd in the breach than the ob-  
servance.

This heavy-headed revel east and west  
Makes us traduc'd and tax'd of other na-  
tions;

They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish  
phrase

Soil our addition; and indeed it takes

20

From our achievements, though perform'd  
at height,

The pith and marrow of our attribute.  
So, oft it chanceth in particular men,

That for some vicious mole of nature in  
them,

As, in their birth, wherein they are not  
guilty,

Since nature cannot choose his origin,  
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,

Oft breaking down the pales and forts of  
reason,

Or by some habit that too much o'er-leavens  
The form of plausive manners; that these  
men,

30

Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,  
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,

Their virtues else, be they as pure as grace,  
As infinite as man may undergo,

Shall in the general censure take corruption  
From that particular fault: the dram of eale

Doth all the noble substance of a doubt  
To his own scandal.

*Enter Ghost.*

*Hor.* Look, my lord, it comes!

*Ham.* Angels and ministers of grace defend us!  
 Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,  
 Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts  
 from hell, 41  
 Be thy intents wicked or charitable,  
 Thou com'st in such a questionable shape  
 That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Ham-  
 let,  
 King, father; royal Dane, O! answer me:  
 Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell  
 Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,  
 Have burst their cerements; why the  
 sepulchre,  
 Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd, 49  
 Hath open'd his ponderous and marble jaws,  
 To cast thee up again. What may this mean,  
 That thou, dead corse, again in complete  
 steel  
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,  
 Making night hideous; and we fools of  
 nature  
 So horribly to shake our disposition  
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our  
 souls?  
 Say, why is this? wherefore? what should  
 we do? *Ghost beckons HAMLET.*  
*Hor.* It beckons you to go away with it,  
 As if it some impartment did desire  
 To you alone.  
*Mar.* Look, with what courteous action  
 It waves you to a more removed ground: 61  
 But do not go with it.  
*Hor.* No, by no means.  
*Ham.* It will not speak; then I will follow  
 it.  
*Hor.* Do not, my lord.  
*Ham.* Why, what should be the fear?  
 I do not set my life at a pin's fee;  
 And for my soul, what can it do to that,  
 Being a thing immortal as itself?  
 It waves me forth again; I'll follow it.  
*Hor.* What if it tempt you toward the  
 flood, my lord,  
 Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff 70  
 That beetles o'er his base into the sea,  
 And there assume some other horrible form,  
 Which might deprive your sovereignty of  
 reason  
 And draw you into madness? think of it;  
 The very place puts toys of desperation,  
 Without more motive, into every brain  
 That looks so many fathoms to the sea  
 And hears it roar beneath.  
*Ham.* It waves me still: go on, I'll follow  
 thee. 79  
*Mar.* You shall not go, my lord.  
*Ham.* Hold off your hands!  
*Hor.* Be rul'd; you shall not go.  
*Ham.* My fate cries out,  
 And makes each petty artery in this body  
 As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.  
*Ghost beckons.*  
 Still am I call'd. Unhand me, gentlemen.  
*Breaking from them.*  
 By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets  
 me!  
 I say, away! Go on, I'll follow thee.  
*Exeunt Ghost and HAMLET.*

*Hor.* He waxes desperate with imagina-  
 tion.  
*Mar.* Let's follow; 't is not fit thus to  
 obey him.  
*Hor.* Have after. To what issue will this  
 come?  
*Mar.* Something is rotten in the state of  
 Denmark. 90  
*Hor.* Heaven will direct it.  
*Mar.* Nay, let's follow him.  
*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.—Another Part of the Platform.

Enter Ghost and HAMLET.

*Ham.* Where wilt thou lead me? speak;  
 I'll go no further.  
*Ghost.* Mark me.  
*Ham.* I will.  
*Ghost.* My hour is almost come.  
 When I to sulphurous and tormenting  
 flames  
 Must render up myself.  
*Ham.* Alas! poor ghost.  
*Ghost.* Pity me not, but lend thy serious  
 hearing  
 To what I shall unfold.  
*Ham.* Speak; I am bound to hear.  
*Ghost.* So art thou to revenge, when thou  
 shalt hear.  
*Ham.* What?  
*Ghost.* I am thy father's spirit;  
 Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,  
 And for the day confin'd to fast in fires, 11  
 Till the foul crimes done in my days of  
 nature  
 Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am,  
 forbid  
 To tell the secrets of my prison-house,  
 I could a tale unfold whose lightest word  
 Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young  
 blood,  
 Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from  
 their spheres,  
 Thy knotted and combined locks to part,  
 And each particular hair to stand an end,  
 Like quills upon the fretful porpentine; 20  
 But this eternal blazon must not be  
 To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O list!  
 If thou didst ever thy dear father love—  
*Ham.* O God!  
*Ghost.* Revenge his foul and most un-  
 natural murder.  
*Ham.* Murder!  
*Ghost.* Murder most foul, as in the best  
 it is;  
 But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.  
*Ham.* Haste me to know 't, that I, with  
 wings as swift  
 As meditation or the thoughts of love, 30  
 May sweep to my revenge.  
*Ghost.* I find thee apt:  
 And duller should'st thou be than the fat  
 weed  
 That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,  
 Would'st thou not stir in this. Now, Ham-  
 let, hear:  
 'T is given out that, sleeping in mine  
 orchard,

A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark

Is by a forged process of my death  
Rankly abus'd; but know, thou noble youth,

The serpent that did sting thy father's life  
Now wears his crown.

*Ham.* O my prophetic soul!  
My uncle! 41

*Ghost.* Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,  
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,

O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power  
So to seduce! won to his shameful lust  
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen.  
O Hamlet! what a falling-off was there;  
From me, whose love was of that dignity  
That it went hand in hand even with the vow  
I made to her in marriage; and to decline 50  
Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor  
To those of mine!

But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,  
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven.

So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,  
Will sate itself in a celestial being,  
And prey on garbage.

But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;  
Brief let me be. Sleeping within mine orchard,

My custom always in the afternoon, 60  
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,  
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,  
And in the porches of mine ears did pour  
The leperous distilment; whose effect  
Holds such an enmity with blood of man  
That swift as quicksilver it courses through  
The natural gates and alleys of the body,  
And with a sudden vigour it doth posset  
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,  
The thin and wholesome blood; so did it  
mine; 70

And a most instant tetter bark'd about,  
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,

All my smooth body.  
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand  
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd;

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,  
Unhous'd, disappointed, unanel'd,  
No reckoning made, but sent to my account  
With all my imperfections on my head;  
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible! 80  
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;  
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be  
A couch for luxury and damned incest.  
But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,  
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive  
Against thy mother aught; leave her to  
heaven,

And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,  
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at  
once!

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,  
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire; 90  
Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me.

*Exit.*

*Ham.* O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?

And shall I couple hell? O fie! Hold, hold, my heart;

And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,

But bear me stiffly up! Remember thee!  
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat

In this distracted globe. Remember thee!  
Yea, from the table of my memory  
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,  
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures 100  
past,

That youth and observation copied there;  
And thy commandment all alone shall live  
Within the book and volume of my brain,  
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven!  
O most pernicious woman!

O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!  
My tables,—meet it is I set it down,  
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;

At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark:  
*Writing.*

So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;  
It is 'Adieu, adieu! remember me.' 111  
I have sworn 't.

*Hor. Within.* My lord! my lord!

*Mar. Within.* Lord Hamlet!

*Hor. Within.* Heaven secure him!

*Ham.* So be it!

*Hor. Within.* Hillo, ho, ho, my lord!

*Ham.* Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.

*Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.*

*Mar.* How is 't, my noble lord?

*Hor.* What news, my lord?

*Ham.* O! wonderful.

*Hor.* Good my lord, tell it.

*Ham.* No; you will reveal it.

*Hor.* Not I, my lord, by heaven.

*Mar.* Nor I, my lord.

*Ham.* How say you, then; would heart of man once think it? 121

But you 'll be secret?

*Hor., Mar.* Ay, by heaven, my lord.

*Ham.* There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark

But he's an arrant knave.

*Hor.* There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave,

To tell us this.

*Ham.* Why, right; you are i' the right;  
And so, without more circumstance at all,  
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part;  
You, as your business and desire shall point you,

For every man hath business and desire, 130  
Such as it is; and, for mine own poor part,  
Look you, I'll go pray.

*Hor.* These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

*Ham.* I'm sorry they offend you, heartily;  
Yes, faith, heartily.

*Hor.* There's no offence, my lord.

*Ham.* Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,

And much offence too. Touching this vision here,

It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you;  
For your desire to know what is between us,  
O'ermaster 't as you may. And now, good friends, 140

As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,  
Give me one poor request.

*Hor.* What is 't, my lord? we will.

*Ham.* Never make known what you have seen to-night.

*Hor., Mar.* My lord, we will not.

*Ham.* Nay, but swear 't.

*Hor.* In faith,

My lord, not I.

*Mar.* Nor I, my lord, in faith.

*Ham.* Upon my sword.

*Mar.* We have sworn, my lord, already.

*Ham.* Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

*Ghost. Beneath.* Swear.

*Ham.* Ah, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, true-penny? 150

Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—

Consent to swear.

*Hor.* Propose the oath, my lord.

*Ham.* Never to speak of this that you have seen;

Swear by my sword.

*Ghost. Beneath.* Swear.

*Ham.* *Hic et ubique?* then we 'll shift our ground.

Come hither, gentlemen,

And lay your hands again upon my sword:  
Never to speak of this that you have heard;

Swear by my sword. 160

*Ghost. Beneath.* Swear.

*Ham.* Well said, old mole! canst work i' the earth so fast?

A worthy pioner! Once more remove, good friends.

*Hor.* O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

*Ham.* And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.

There are more things in heaven and earth,  
*Horatio,*

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

But come;

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,  
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself, 170

As I perchance hereafter shall think meet

To put an antick disposition on,

That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,

With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,  
As 'Well, well, we know,' or 'We could, an if we would,'

Or 'If we list to speak,' or 'There be, an if they might,'

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note  
That you, at such times aught of me: this not to do,

So grace and mercy at your most need help you, 180

Swear.

*Ghost. Beneath.* Swear.

*Ham.* Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!

*They swear.*

With all my love I do commend me to you:

And what so poor a man as Hamlet is

May do, to express his love and friending to you,

God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;

And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.

The time is out of joint; O cursed spite,

That ever I was born to set it right! 190

Nay, come; let's go together. *Exeunt.*

## ACT II

### SCENE I.—A Room in POLONIUS'S House.

*Enter* POLONIUS and REYNALDO.

*Pol.* Give him this money and these notes, Reynaldo.

*Rey.* I will, my lord.

*Pol.* You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,

Before you visit him, to make inquire

Of his behaviour.

*Rey.* My lord, I did intend it.

*Pol.* Marry, well said, very well said.

Look you, sir,

Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;  
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,

What company, at what expense; and finding

By this encompassment and drift of question

That they do know my son, come you more nearer 11

Than your particular demands will touch it:  
Take you, as 't were, some distant knowledge of him;

As thus, 'I know his father and his friends,  
And, in part, him': do you mark this, Reynaldo?

*Rey.* Ay, very well, my lord.

*Pol.* 'And, in part, him; but,' you may say, 'not well:

But if 't be he I mean, he's very wild,  
Addicted so and so'; and there put on him

What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank 20

As may dishonour him; take heed of that;  
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips

As are companions noted and most known  
To youth and liberty.

*Rey.* As gaming, my lord.

*Pol.* Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing,  
quarrelling,

Drabbing; you may go so far.

*Rey.* My lord, that would dishonour him.

*Pol.* Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge.

You must not put another scandal on him,  
That he is open to incontinency; 30

That's not my meaning; but breathe his faults so quaintly

That they may seem the taints of liberty,  
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,

A savageness in unreclaimed blood,  
Of general assault.

*Rey.* But, my good lord,—  
*Pol.* Wherefore should you do this?  
*Rey.* Ay, my lord,  
 I would know that.  
*Pol.* Marry, sir, here's my drift;  
 And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant:  
 You laying these slight sullies on my son,  
 As 't were a thing a little soil'd i' the work-  
 ing, 40  
 Mark you,  
 Your party in converse, him you would  
 sound,  
 Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes  
 The youth you breathe of guilty, be assur'd  
 He closes with you in this consequence;  
 'Good sir,' or so; or 'friend,' or 'gentleman,'  
 According to the phrase or the addition  
 Of man and country.

*Rey.* Very good, my lord.  
*Pol.* And then, sir, does he this,—he does  
 —What was I about to say? By the mass,  
 I was about to say something: where did I  
 leave? 51

*Rey.* At 'closes in the consequence,' at  
 'friend or so,' and 'gentleman.'

*Pol.* At 'closes in the consequence,' ay,  
 marry;  
 He closes with you thus: 'I know the gentle-  
 man;

I saw him yesterday, or t' other day,  
 Or then, or then; with such, or such; and,  
 as you say,

There was a' gaming; there o'ertook in 's  
 rouse;

There falling out at tennis'; or perchance,  
 'I saw him enter such a house of sale,' 60  
*Videlicet*, a brothel, or so forth.

See you now;  
 Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth;  
 And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,  
 With windlasses and with assays of bias,  
 By indirections find directions out:  
 So by my former lecture and advice  
 Shall you my son. You have me, have you  
 not?

*Rey.* My lord, I have.

*Pol.* God be wi' you; fare you well.

*Rey.* Good my lord! 70

*Pol.* Observe his inclination in yourself.

*Rey.* I shall, my lord.

*Pol.* And let him ply his music.

*Rey.* Well, my lord.

*Pol.* Farewell! Exit REYNALDO.

#### Enter OPHELIA.

How now, Ophelia! what's the matter?  
*Oph.* Alas! my lord, I have been so af-  
 frighted.

*Pol.* With what, i' the name of God?

*Oph.* My lord, as I was sewing in my  
 closet,

Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrac'd;  
 No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,  
 Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ankle; 80  
 Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each  
 other;

And with a look so piteous in purport  
 As if he had been loosed out of hell  
 To speak of horrors, he comes before me.

*Pol.* Mad for thy love?  
*Oph.* My lord, I do not know;  
 But truly I do fear it.

*Pol.* What said he?  
*Oph.* He took me by the wrist and held  
 me hard,

Then goes he to the length of all his arm,  
 And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,  
 He falls to such perusal of my face

As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;  
 At last, a little shaking of mine arm,

And thrice his head thus waving up and  
 down,

He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound  
 That it did seem to shatter all his bulk

And end his being. That done, he turns me  
 go,

And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,  
 He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;

For out o' doors he went without their help,  
 And to a little bended their light on me. 100

*Pol.* Come, go with me; I will go seek the  
 king.

This is the very ecstasy of love,  
 Whose violent property fordoes itself  
 And leads the will to desperate undertak-  
 ings,

As oft as any passion under heaven,  
 That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—  
 What! have you given him any hard words  
 of late?

*Oph.* No, my good lord; but, as you did  
 command,

I did repel his letters and denied

His access to me.

*Pol.* That hath made him mad.  
 I am sorry that with better heed and judg-  
 ment 111

I had not quoted him; I fear'd he did but  
 trifle,

And meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew  
 my jealousy!

By heaven, it is as proper to our age  
 To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions

As it is common for the younger sort  
 To lack discretion. Come, go we to the  
 king:

This must be known; which, being kept  
 close, might move

More grief to hide than hate to utter love.  
 Come. Exeunt. 120

#### SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.

*Flourish.* Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSEN-  
 CRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and Attendants.

*King.* Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and  
 Guildenstern!

Moreover that we much did long to see you,  
 The need we have to use you did provoke

Our hasty sending. Something have you  
 heard

Of Hamlet's transformation; so call it,  
 Since not the exterior nor the inward man

Resembles that it was. What it should be,  
 More than his father's death, that thus hath

put him  
 So much from the understanding of himself,  
 I cannot dream of: I entreat you both, 10

That, being of so young days brought up  
with him,  
And since so neighbour'd to his youth and  
humour,  
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our  
court

Some little time; so by your companies  
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,  
So much as from occasion you may glean,  
Whether aught to us unknown afflicts him  
thus,

That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

*Queen.* Good gentlemen, he hath much  
talk'd of you; <sup>19</sup>  
And sure I am two men there are not living  
To whom he more adheres. If it will please  
you

To show us so much gentry and good will  
As to expend your time with us a while,  
For the supply and profit of our hope,  
Your visitation shall receive such thanks  
As fits a king's remembrance.

*Ros.* Both your majesties  
Might, by the sovereign power you have of  
us,

Put your dread pleasures more into com-  
mand  
Than to entreaty.

*Guil.* But we both obey,  
And here give ourselves, in the full bent,  
To lay our service freely at your feet, <sup>31</sup>  
To be commanded.

*King.* Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle  
Guildenstern.

*Queen.* Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle  
Rosencrantz:

And I beseech you instantly to visit  
My too much changed son. Go, some of  
you,

And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.  
*Guil.* Heavens make our presence and  
our practices

Pleasant and helpful to him!

*Queen.* Ay, amen!  
*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN,  
and some Attendants.*

*Enter POLONIUS.*

*Pol.* The ambassadors from Norway, my  
good lord, <sup>40</sup>  
Are joyfully return'd.

*King.* Thou still hast been the father of  
good news.

*Pol.* Have I, my lord? Assure you, my  
good liege,

I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,  
Both to my God and to my gracious king;  
And I do think, or else this brain of mine  
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure  
As it hath us'd to do, that I have found  
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

*King.* O! speak of that; that do I long  
to hear. <sup>50</sup>

*Pol.* Give first admittance to the ambas-  
sadors;

My news shall be the fruit to that great  
feast.

*King.* Thyself do grace to them, and  
bring them in. *Exit POLONIUS.*

He tells me, my sweet queen, that he hath  
found

The head and source of all your son's dis-  
temper.

*Queen.* I doubt it is no other but the  
main;

His father's death, and our o'erhasty mar-  
riage.

*King.* Well, we shall sift him.

*Re-enter POLONIUS, with VOLTIMAND and  
CORNELIUS.*

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Nor-  
way?

*Volt.* Most fair return of greetings and  
desires. <sup>60</sup>

Upon our first, he sent out to suppress  
His nephew's levies, which to him appear'd  
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;  
But, better look'd into, he truly found  
It was against your highness: whereat  
griev'd,

That so his sickness, age, and impotence  
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests  
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys,  
Receives rebuke from Norway, and in fine  
Makes vow before his uncle never more <sup>70</sup>  
To give the assay of arms against your  
majesty.

Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,  
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual  
fee,

And his commission to employ these sol-  
diers.

So levied as before, against the Polack;  
With an entreaty, herein further shown,

*Giving a paper.*  
That it might please you to give quiet pass  
Through your dominions for this enterprise,  
On such regards of safety and allowance  
As therein are set down.

*King.* It likes us well;  
And at our more consider'd time we'll read,  
Answer, and think upon this business: <sup>82</sup>  
Meantime we thank you for your well-took  
labour,

Go to your rest; at night we'll feast to-  
gether:

Most welcome home!

*Exeunt VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.*

*Pol.* This business is well ended.  
My liege, and madam, to expostulate  
What majesty should be, what duty is,  
Why day is day, night night, and time is  
time,

Were nothing but to waste night, day, and  
time.

Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit, <sup>90</sup>  
And tediousness the limbs and outward  
flourishes,

I will be brief. Your noble son is mad:  
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,  
What is 't but to be nothing else but mad?  
But let that go.

*Queen.* More matter, with less art.

*Pol.* Madam, I swear I use no art at all.  
That he is mad, 't is true; 't is true 't is pity;  
And pity 't is 't is true: a foolish figure;  
But farewell it, for I will use no art.

Mad let us grant him, then; and now remains 100

That we find out the cause of this effect,  
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,  
For this effect defective comes by cause;  
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.  
Perpend:

I have a daughter; have, while she is mine;  
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,  
Hath given me this. Now gather, and surmise.

To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the  
most beautiful *Opheelia*,— 110

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; 'beautified' is a vile phrase; but you shall hear.  
Thus:

In her excellent white bosom, these, etc.

*Queen.* Came this from Hamlet to her?  
*Pol.* Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful.

*Doubt thou the stars are fire;*

*Doubt that the sun doth move;*

*Doubt truth to be a liar;*

*But never doubt I love.* 119

*O dear Opheelia! I am ill at these numbers: I have not art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee best, O most best! believe it. Adieu.*

*Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst  
this machine is to him,*

HAMLET.

This in obedience hath my daughter shown me;

And more above, hath his solicitings,  
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,

All given to mine ear.

*King.* But how hath she  
Received his love?

*Pol.* What do you think of me?

*King.* As of a man faithful and honourable. 130

*Pol.* I would fain prove so. But what might you think,

When I had seen this hot love on the wing,  
As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,

Before my daughter told me, what might you,

Or my dear majesty, your queen here, think,  
If I had play'd the desk or table-book,

Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb,

Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;  
What might you think? No, I went round

to work,

And my young mistress thus I did bespeak;  
'Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star: 141

This must not be': and then I precepts gave her,

That she should lock herself from his resort,  
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.

Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;

And he, repulsed, a short tale to make,  
Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,

Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness,  
Thence to a lightness; and by this declension

Into the madness wherein now he raves, 150  
And all we wail for.

*King.* Do you think 't is this?

*Queen.* It may be, very likely.

*Pol.* Hath there been such a time, I'd fain know that,

That I have positively said 'T is so,'

When it prov'd otherwise?

*King.* Not that I know.

*Pol.* Pointing to his head and shoulder.

Take this from this, if this be otherwise.

If circumstances lead me, I will find

Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed

Within the centre.

*King.* How may we try it further?

*Pol.* You know sometimes he walks four hours together 160

Here in the lobby.

*Queen.* So he does indeed.

*Pol.* At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him;

Be you and I behind an arras then,  
Mark the encounter; if he love her not,

And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,  
Let me be no assistant for a state,

But keep a farm and carters.

*King.* We will try it.

*Queen.* But, look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

*Pol.* Away! I do beseech you, both away. I'll board him presently.

*Exeunt KING, QUEEN, and Attendants.*

*Enter HAMLET, reading.*

O! give me leave.

How does my good Lord Hamlet? 171

*Ham.* Well, God-a-mercy.

*Pol.* Do you know me, my lord?

*Ham.* Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

*Pol.* Not I, my lord.

*Ham.* Then I would you were so honest a man.

*Pol.* Honest, my lord!

*Ham.* Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

*Pol.* That's very true, my lord. 180

*Ham.* For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god kissing carrion,—  
Have you a daughter?

*Pol.* I have, my lord.

*Ham.* Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing; but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend, look to 't. 187

*Pol.* *Aside.* How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter; yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger: he is far gone, far gone: and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again. What do you read, my lord? 193

*Ham.* Words, words, words.

*Pol.* What is the matter, my lord?

*Ham.* Between who?

*Pol.* I mean the matter that you read, my lord.

*Ham.* Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here that old men have grey beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum, and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: all which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for yourself, sir, should be old as I am, if like a crab you could go backward.

*Pol. Aside.* Though this be madness, yet there is method in 't. Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

*Ham.* Into my grave?

*Pol.* Indeed, that is out o' the air. *Aside.* How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter. My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

*Ham.* You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal: except my life, except my life, except my life.

*Pol.* Fare you well, my lord.

*Ham.* These tedious old fools!

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

*Pol.* You go to seek the Lord Hamlet; there he is.

*Ros.* To POLONIUS. God save you, sir!

*Exit POLONIUS.*

*Guil.* My honour'd lord!

*Ros.* My most dear lord!

*Ham.* My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

*Ros.* As the indifferent children of the earth.

*Guil.* Happy in that we are not overhappy;

On Fortune's cap we are not the very button.

*Ham.* Nor the soles of her shoe?

*Ros.* Neither, my lord.

*Ham.* Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?

*Guil.* Faith, her privates we.

*Ham.* In the secret parts of Fortune? O! most true; she is a strumpet. What news?

*Ros.* None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.

*Ham.* Then is doomsday near; but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

*Guil.* Prison, my lord!

*Ham.* Denmark's a prison.

*Ros.* Then is the world one.

*Ham.* A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons, Denmark being one o' the worst.

*Ros.* We think not so, my lord.

*Ham.* Why, then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

*Ros.* Why, then your ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your mind.

*Ham.* O God! I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

*Guil.* Which dreams indeed are ambition, for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

*Ham.* A dream itself is but a shadow.

*Ros.* Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow.

*Ham.* Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

*Ros., Guil.* We 'll wait upon you.

*Ham.* No such matter; I will not sort you with the rest of my servants, for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

*Ros.* To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

*Ham.* Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come, deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

*Guil.* What should we say, my lord?

*Ham.* Why, any thing, but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

*Ros.* To what end, my lord?

*Ham.* That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no.

*Ros. Aside to GUILDENSTERN.* What say you?

*Ham. Aside.* Nay, then I have an eye of you. If you love me, hold not off.

*Guil.* My lord, we were sent for.

*Ham.* I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moulder on my feather. I have of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty!

in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me; no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so. 323

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said 'man delights not me'?

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you; we coted them on the way; and hither are they coming to offer you service. 331

Ham. He that plays the king shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace; the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickle o' the sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for 't. What players are they? 340

Ros. Even those you were wont to take delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? are they so followed? 350

Ros. No indeed they are not.

Ham. How comes it? do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace; but there is, sir, an aery of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for 't: these are now the fashion, and so berattle the common stages, so they call them, that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills and dare scarce come thither. 363

Ham. What? are they children? who maintains 'em? how are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players, as it is most like if their means are no better, their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession? 368

Ros. Faith, there has been much to-do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them to controversy: there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless poet and the player went to cuffs in the question. 373

Ham. Is 't possible?

Guil. O! there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too. 379

Ham. It is not very strange; for my uncle

is King of Denmark, and those that would make mows at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little. 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

*Flourish of trumpets within.*

Guil. There are the players. 386

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands. Come, then; the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb, lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome; but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord? 385

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.

*Re-enter POLONIUS.*

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern; and you too; at each ear a hearer: that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts. 401

Ros. Happily he's the second time come to them; for they say an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players; mark it. You say right, sir; o' Monday morning; 't was so indeed. 407

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz!

Pol. Upon my honour. 413

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass,—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why,

*One fair daughter, and no more,  
The which he loved passing well.*

Pol. Aside. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well. 431

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my lord?

Ham. Why,

*As by lot, God wot,  
and then, you know,*

*It came to pass, as most like it was,—*  
the first row of the pious chanson will show you more; for look where my abridgment comes. 438

*Enter four or five Players.*

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all. I am glad to see ye well: welcome, good friends. O! my old friend. Why, thy face is valanced since I saw thee last: comest thou to beard me in Denmark? What! my young lady and mistress! By'r lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see; we'll have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech. 451

*First Play.* What speech, my good lord?

*Ham.* I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 't was caviare to the general: but it was, as I received it, and others, whose judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine, an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember one said there were no sallets in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of affectation; but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved; 't was *Aeneas'* tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line: let me see, let me see;— 471

*The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,—*

't is not so; it begins with Pyrrhus:—

*The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arms, Black as his purpose, did the night resemble When he lay couched in the ominous horse, Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd*

*With heraldry more dismal; head to foot Now is he total gules; horribly trick'd* 479  
*With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,*

*Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,*

*That lend a tyrannous and a damned light To their vile murders: roasted in wrath and fire,*

*And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore, With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus*

*Old grandsire Priam seeks.*

So, proceed you.

*Pol.* Fore God, my lord, well spoken; with good accent and good discretion.

*First Play.* Anon he finds him Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,

*Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,* 482  
*Repugnant to command. Unequal match'd,*

*Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide;*

*But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword The unnerved father falls. Then senseless*

*lump,*  
*Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword,*

*Which was declining on the milky head* 500  
*Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick:*  
*So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood,*  
*And like a neutral to his will and matter,*  
*Did nothing.*

*But, as we often see, against some storm, A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still, The bold winds speechless and the orb be-*

*low*  
*As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder Doth rend the region; so, after Pyrrhus'*

*pause,*  
*Aroused vengeance sets him new a-work; 510*  
*And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall*  
*On Mars's armour, forg'd for proof eterne,*  
*With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword*

*Now falls on Priam.*

*Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,*

*In general synod, take away her power; Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,*

*And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven*

*As low as to the fiends!*

*Pol.* This is too long. 520

*Ham.* It shall to the barber's, with your beard. Prithee, say on: he's for a jig or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps. Say on; come to Hecuba.

*First Play.* But who, O! who had seen the mobled queen—

*Ham.* 'The mobled queen?'

*Pol.* That's good; 'mobled queen' is good.

*First Play.* Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames

*With bisson rheum; a clout upon that head Where late the diadem stood; and for a robe,* 530

*About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins, A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up; Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,*

*'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd:*

*But if the gods themselves did see her then, When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport*

*In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,*

*The instant burst of clamour that she made, Unless things mortal move them not at all, Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,* 540

*And passion in the gods.*

*Pol.* Look! whe'er he has not turned his colour and has tears in 's eyes. Prithee, no more.

*Ham.* 'Tis well; I 'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon. Good my lord, will you see the players well bestow'd? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time: after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live. 551

*Pol.* My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

*Ham.* God's bodikins, man, much better; use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

*Pol.* Come, sirs. 559

*Ham.* Follow him, friends: we 'll hear a play to-morrow.

*Exit* POLONIUS, with all the Players but the First.

Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the Murder of Gonzago?

*First Play.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* We 'll ha 't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in 't, could you not?

*First Play.* Ay, my lord. 569

*Ham.* Very well. Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. *Exit First Play.* My good friends, I 'll leave you till night; you are welcome to Elsinore.

*Ros.* Good my lord!

*Ham.* Ay, so, God be wi' ye.

*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ and GULDENSTERN.  
Now I am alone.

O! what a rogue and peasant slave am I: Is it not monstrous that this player here, But in a fiction, in a dream of passion, Could force his soul so to his own conceit That from her working all his visage wann'd, Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect, 581 A broken voice, and his whole function suiting

With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!

For Hecuba!

What 's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba That he should weep for her? What would he do

Had he the motive and the cue for passion That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,

And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,

Make mad the guilty and appal the free, 590 Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I,

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak, Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,

And can say nothing; no, not for a king, Upon whose property and most dear life

A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward? Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?

Plucks off my beard and blows it in my face? Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat 601

As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this? Ha!

'Swounds! I should take it, for it cannot be But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall To make oppression bitter, or ere this I should have fatted all the region kites With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!

Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!

O! vengeance! 610

Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave, That I, the son of a dear father murder'd, Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell, Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,

And fall a-cursing, like a very drab,

A scullion!

Fie upon 't! foh! About, my brain! I have heard

That guilty creatures sitting at a play Have by the very cunning of the scene Been struck so to the soul that presently 620 They have proclaim'd their malefactions; For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak

With most miraculous organ. I 'll have these players

Play something like the murder of my father Before mine uncle; I 'll observe his looks; I 'll tent him to the quick: if he but blench I know my course. The spirit that I have seen

May be the devil; and the devil hath power To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps

Out of my weakness and my melancholy, 635 As he is very potent with such spirits, Abuses me to damn me. I 'll have grounds More relative than this: the play 's the thing Wherein I 'll catch the conscience of the king. *Exit.*

### ACT III

#### SCENE I.—A Room in the Castle.

*Enter* KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, and GULDENSTERN.

*King.* And can you, by no drift of circumstance,

Get from him why he puts on this confusion, Grating so harshly all his days of quiet With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

*Ros.* He does confess he feels, himself distracted;

But from what cause he will by no means speak.

*Guil.* Nor do we find him forward to be sounded,

But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof, When we would bring him on to some confession

Of his true state.

*Queen.* Did he receive you well?

*Ros.* Most like a gentleman. 11

*Guil.* But with much forcing of his disposition.

*Ros.* Niggard of question, but of our demands

Most free in his reply.

*Queen.* Did you assay him  
To any pastime?

*Ros.* Madam, it so fell out that certain players

We o'er-raught on the way; of these we told him,

And there did seem in him a kind of joy  
To hear of it: they are about the court,

And, as I think, they have already order 20  
This night to play before him.

*Pol.* 'Tis most true;  
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties

To hear and see the matter.

*King.* With all my heart; and it doth  
much content me

To hear him so inclin'd.

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,  
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

*Ros.* We shall, my lord.

*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and  
GUILDENSTERN.*

*King.* Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;  
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,

That he, as 't were by accident, may here 30  
Affront Ophelia.

Her father and myself, lawful espials,  
Will so bestow ourselves that, seeing un-

seen,  
We may of their encounter frankly judge,

And gather by him, as he is behav'd,  
If 't be the affliction of his love or no

That thus he suffers for.

*Queen.* I shall obey you.  
And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish

That your good beauties be the happy  
cause

Of Hamlet's wildness; so shall I hope your  
virtues 40

Will bring him to his wonted way again,  
To both your honours.

*Oph.* Madam, I wish it may.

*Exit QUEEN.*

*Pol.* Ophelia, walk you here. Gracious,  
so please you,

We will bestow ourselves. To OPHELIA.  
Read on this book,

That show of such an exercise may colour  
Your loneliness. We are oft to blame in  
this,

'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotion's  
visage

And pious action we do sugar o'er  
The devil himself.

*King. Aside.* O! 't is too true;  
How smart a lash that speech doth give my  
conscience! 50

The harlot's cheek, beautied with plaster-  
ing art,

Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it  
Than is my deed to my most painted word:

O heavy burden!

*Pol.* I hear him coming; let's withdraw,  
my lord.

*Exeunt KING and POLONIUS.*

*Enter HAMLET.*

*Ham.* To be, or not to be: that is the  
question:

Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,

Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And by opposing end them? To die: to

sleep; 60

No more; and by a sleep to say we end  
The heart-ache and the thousand natural  
shocks

That flesh is heir to, 't is a consummation  
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;

To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there 's  
the rub;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may  
come

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause. There 's the respect

That makes calamity of so long life;

For who would bear the whips and scorns  
of time, 70

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's  
contumely,

The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns

That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
When he himself might his quietus make

With a bare bodkin? who would fardels  
bear,

To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  
But that the dread of something after death,

The undiscover'd country from whose bourn  
No traveller returns, puzzles the will, 80

And makes us rather bear those ills we have  
Than fly to others that we know not of?

Thus conscience does make cowards of us  
all;

And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,

And enterprises of great pith and moment  
With this regard their currents turn awry,

And lose the name of action. Soft you now!  
The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons 89

Be all my sins remember'd.

*Oph.* Good my lord,  
How does your honour for this many a day?

*Ham.* I humbly thank you; well, well,  
well.

*Oph.* My lord, I have remembrances of  
yours,

That I have longed long to re-deliver;  
I pray you, now receive them.

*Ham.* No, not I;  
I never gave you aught.

*Oph.* My honour'd lord, you know right  
well you did;

And with them, words of so sweet breath  
 compos'd

As made the things more rich: their per-  
fume lost,

Take these again; for to the noble mind 100  
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove un-  
kind.

There, my lord.

*Ham.* Ha, ha! are you honest?

*Oph.* My lord?

*Ham.* Are you fair?

*Oph.* What means your lordship?

*Ham.* That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.

*Oph.* Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty? 110

*Ham.* Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness: this was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

*Oph.* Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

*Ham.* You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of it; I loved you not. 120

*Oph.* I was the more deceived.

*Ham.* Get thee to a nunnery: why would'st thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father? 133

*Oph.* At home, my lord.

*Ham.* Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in his own house. Farewell.

*Oph.* O! help him, you sweet heavens.

*Ham.* If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go; farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

*Oph.* O heavenly powers, restore him! 147

*Ham.* I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another; you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't; it hath made me mad. I say we will have no more marriages; those that are married already, all but one shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. *Exit.*

*Oph.* O! what a noble mind is here o'er-thrown:

The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword;

The expectancy and rose of the fair state, 160

The glass of fashion and the mould of form,

The observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down!

And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,  
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,

Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,

Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;

That unmatched'd form and feature of blown youth

Blasted with ecstasy: O! woe is me,  
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see.

*Re-enter KING and POLONIUS.*

*King.* Love! his affections do not that way tend; 170

Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,

Was not like madness. There's something in his soul

O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;  
And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose

Will be some danger; which for to prevent,  
I have in quick determination

Thus set it down: he shall with speed to England,

For the demand of our neglected tribute:

Haply the seas and countries different  
With variable objects shall expel 180

This something-settled matter in his heart,  
Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus

From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

*Pol.* It shall do well: but yet do I believe  
The origin and commencement of his grief

Sprung from neglected love. How now,  
Ophelia!

You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said;  
We heard it all. My lord, do as you please;

But, if you hold it fit, after the play, 189  
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him

To show his griefs: let her be round with him;

And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear  
Of all their conference. If she find him not,

To England send him, or confine him where  
Your wisdom best shall think.

*King.* It shall be so:  
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd  
go. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Hall in the Castle.

*Enter HAMLET and certain Players.*

*Ham.* Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O! it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise; I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it. 19

*First Play.* I warrant your honour.

*Ham.* Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O! there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

*First Play.* I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us.

*Ham.* O! reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though in the mean time some necessary question of the play be then to be considered; that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.

*Exeunt Players.*

*Enter* POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord! will the king hear this piece of work?

*Pol.* And the queen too, and that presently.

*Ham.* Bid the players make haste.

*Exit* POLONIUS.

Will you two help to hasten them?

*Ros.* Guil. We will, my lord.

*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

*Ham.* What ho! Horatio!

*Enter* HORATIO.

*Hor.* Here, sweet lord, at your service.

*Ham.* Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man

As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

*Hor.* O! my dear lord,—

*Ham.* Nay, do not think I flatter; for what advancement may I hope from thee,

That no revenue hast but thy good spirits To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?

No; let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,

And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee

Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice

And could of men distinguish, her election Hath seal'd thee for herself; for thou hast been

As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing, A man that fortune's buffets and rewards Has ta'en with equal thanks; and bless'd

are those Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled

That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger To sound what stop she please. Give me that man

That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him

In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart, As I do thee. Something too much of this. There is a play to-night before the king; 80

One scene of it comes near the circumstance Which I have told thee of my father's death: I prithee, when thou seest that act afoot, Even with the very comment of thy soul

Observe mine uncle; if his occulted guilt Do not itself unkennel in one speech,

It is a damned ghost that we have seen, And my imaginations are as foul

As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note; For I mine eyes will rivet to his face, 90

And after we will both our judgments join In censure of his seeming.

*Hor.* Well, my lord; If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing, And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

*Ham.* They are coming to the play; I must be idle:

Get you a place.

*Danish March. A Flourish. Enter* KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and Others.

*King.* How fares our cousin Hamlet?

*Ham.* Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon's dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed; you cannot feed capons so. 100

*King.* I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine.

*Ham.* No, nor mine now. To POLONIUS. My lord, you played once i' the university, you say?

*Pol.* That did I, my lord, and was accounted a good actor.

*Ham.* And what did you enact?

*Pol.* I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me.

*Ham.* It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there. Be the players ready? 111

*Ros.* Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

*Queen.* Come hither, my good Hamlet, sit by me.

*Ham.* No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

*Pol.* To the King. O ho! do you mark that?

*Ham.* Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

*Lying down at* OPHELIA's feet.

*Oph.* No, my lord.

*Ham.* I mean, my head upon your lap? 120

*Oph.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* Do you think I meant country matters?

*Oph.* I think nothing, my lord.

*Ham.* That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.

*Oph.* What is, my lord?

*Ham.* Nothing.

*Oph.* You are merry, my lord.

*Ham.* Who, I? 130

*Oph.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* O God! your only jig-maker. What should a man do but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within's two hours. 135

*Oph.* Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

*Ham.* So long? Nay then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year; but, by 'r lady, he must build churches then, or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is 'For, O! for, O! the hobby-horse is forgot.' 145

*Hautboys play. The dumb-show enters.*

*Enter a King and a Queen, very lovingly; the Queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck; lays him down upon a bank of flowers; she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns, finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The Poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The Poisoner woos the Queen with gifts; she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love. Exeunt.*

*Oph.* What means this, my lord?

*Ham.* Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief.

*Oph.* Belike this show imports the argument of the play. 150

*Enter Prologue.*

*Ham.* We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

*Oph.* Will he tell us what this show meant?

*Ham.* Ay, or any show that you will show him; be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

*Oph.* You are naught, you are naught. I'll mark the play.

*Pro.* For us, and for our tragedy,  
Here stooping to your clemency, 160  
We beg your hearing patiently.

*Exit.*

*Ham.* Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

*Oph.* 'Tis brief, my lord.

*Ham.* As woman's love.

*Enter two Players. King and Queen.*

*P. King.* Full thirty times hath Phæbus' cart gone round

*Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orb'd ground,*

*And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd sheen*

*About the world have times twelve thirties been,*

*Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands*

*Unite commutual in most sacred bands. 170*

*P. Queen.* So many journeys may the sun and moon

*Make us again count o'er ere love be done;*

*But, woe is me! you are so sick of late,*

*So far from cheer and from your former state,*

*That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,*

*Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must;*

*For women's fear and love holds quantity,*

*In neither aught, or in extremity.*

*Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;*

*And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so. 110*

*Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;*

*Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.*

*P. King.* Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;

*My operant powers their functions leave to do:*

*And thou shall live in this fair world behind,*

*Honour'd, belov'd; and haply one as kind*

*For husband shalt thou—*

*P. Queen.* O! confound the rest;

*Such love must needs be treason in my breast:*

*In second husband let me be accurst; 189*

*None wed the second but who kill'd the first.*

*Ham.* Aside. Wormwood, wormwood.

*P. Queen.* The instances that second marriage move:

*Are base respects of thrift, but none of love;*

*A second time I kill my husband dead,*

*When second husband kisses me in bed.*

*P. King.* I do believe you think what now you speak;

*But what we do determine oft we break.*

*Purpose is but the slave to memory,*

*Of violent birth, but poor validity;*

*Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree, 200*

*But fall unshaken when they mellow be.*

*Most necessary 't is that we forget*

*To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt;*

*What to ourselves in passion we propose,*

*The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.*

*The violence of either grief or joy*

*Their own enactures with themselves destroy;*

Where joy most revels grief doth most lament,  
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.  
This world is not for aye, nor 't is not strange  
That even our loves should with our fortunes change; 211

For 't is a question left us yet to prove  
Whether love lead fortune or else fortune love.

The great man down, you mark his favourite flies;

The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.

And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,  
For who not needs shall never lack a friend;  
And who in want a hollow friend doth try  
Directly seasons him his enemy.

But, orderly to end where I begun, 220  
Our wills and fates do so contrary run  
That our devices still are overthrown,  
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:

So think thou wilt no second husband wed;  
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light!  
Sport and repose lock from me day and night!

To desperation turn my trust and hope!  
An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!  
Each opposite that blanks the face of joy 230  
Meet what I would have well, and it destrou!

Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,

If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham. If she should break it now!

P. King. 'T is deeply sworn. Sweet,  
leave me here awhile;  
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile

The tedious day with sleep. Sleeps.

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain;  
And never come mischance between us twain! Exit.

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady protests too much, methinks. 240

Ham. O! but she 'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in 't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i' the world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The Mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista. You shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work: but what o' that? your majesty and we that have free souls, it touches us not: let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung. 253

Enter Player, as LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge. 260

Oph. Still better, and worse.

Ham. So you must take your husbands. Begin, murderer; pox, leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come; the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;

Confederate season, else no creature seeing;

Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,

With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,

Thy natural magic and dire property, 270  
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

Pours the poison into the Sleeper's ears.

Ham. He poisons him 'i the garden for 's estate. His name 's Gonzago; the story is extant, and writ in choice Italian. You shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. What! frightened with false fire?

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light: away! 289

All. Lights, lights, lights!

Exeunt all but HAMLET and HORATIO.

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,  
The hart ungalled play;

For some must watch, while some must sleep:

So runs the world away.

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers, if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me, with two Provincial roses on my razed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?

Hor. Half a share. 290

Ham. A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,

This realm dismantled was

Of Jove himself; and now reigns here  
A very, very—pajock.

Hor. You might have rimed.

Ham. O good Horatio! I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning? 300

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha! Come, some music! come, the recorders!

For if the king like not the comedy,  
Why then, belike, he likes it not, perdy.  
Come, some music!

Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

*Ham.* Sir, a whole history.

*Guil.* The king, sir,— 310

*Ham.* Ay, sir, what of him?

*Guil.* Is in his retirement marvellous distempered.

*Ham.* With drink, sir?

*Guil.* No, my lord, rather with choler.

*Ham.* Your wisdom should show itself more richer to signify this to his doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation would perhaps plunge him into far more choler. 319

*Guil.* Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

*Ham.* I am tame, sir; pronounce.

*Guil.* The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

*Ham.* You are welcome.

*Guil.* Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment; if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.

*Ham.* Sir, I cannot. 331

*Guil.* What, my lord?

*Ham.* Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased; but, sir, such answer as I can make you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: my mother, you say,—

*Ros.* Then thus she says: your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

*Ham.* O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother! But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? Impart. 342

*Ros.* She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

*Ham.* We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

*Ros.* My lord, you once did love me.

*Ham.* And do still, by these pickers and stealers. 349

*Ros.* Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do surely bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

*Ham.* Sir, I lack advancement.

*Ros.* How can that be when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

*Ham.* Ay, sir, but 'While the grass grows,'—the proverb is something musty. 359

*Enter Players with recorders.*

O! the recorders: let me see one. To withdraw with you: why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

*Guil.* O! my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly. 364

*Ham.* I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

*Guil.* My lord, I cannot.

*Ham.* I pray you.

*Guil.* Believe me, I cannot.

*Ham.* I do beseech you. 370

*Guil.* I know no touch of it, my lord.

*Ham.* 'Tis as easy as lying; govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops. 376

*Guil.* But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

*Ham.* Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood! do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

*Enter POLONIUS.*

God bless you, sir! 390

*Pol.* My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

*Ham.* Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?

*Pol.* By the mass, and 't is like a camel, indeed.

*Ham.* Methinks it is like a weasel.

*Pol.* It is backed like a weasel.

*Ham.* Or like a whale?

*Pol.* Very like a whale. 399

*Ham.* Then will I come to my mother by and by. *Aside.* They fool me to the top of my bent. I will come by and by.

*Pol.* I will say so. *Exit.*

*Ham.* By and by is easily said. Leave me friends. *Exeunt all but HAMLET.* 411

'T is now the very witching time of night, When churchyards yawn and hell itself breathes out

Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,

And do such bitter business as the day Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother. 410

O heart! lose not thy nature; let not ever The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom;

Let me be cruel, not unnatural: I will speak daggers to her, but use none;

My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites; How in my words soever she be shent,

To give them seals never, my soul, consent! *Exit.*

SCENE III.—A Room in the Castle.

*Enter KING, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.*

*King.* I like him not, nor stands it safe with us

To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you;

I your commission will forthwith dispatch, And he to England shall along with you.

The terms of our estate may not endure Hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow

Out of his lunacies.

*Guil.* We will ourselves provide.  
Most holy and religious fear it is  
To keep those many many bodies safe  
That live and feed upon your majesty. 10

*Ros.* The single and peculiar life is bound  
With all the strength and armour of the  
mind  
To keep itself from noyance; but much  
more

That spirit upon whose weal depends and  
rests

The lives of many. The cease of majesty  
Dies not alone, but like a gulf doth draw  
What's near it with it; it is a massy wheel,  
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,  
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser  
things

Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it  
falls, 20

Each small annexment, petty consequence,  
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone  
Did the king sigh, but with a general  
groan.

*King.* Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy  
voyage;

For we will fetters put upon this fear,  
Which now goes too free-footed.

*Ros., Guil.* We will haste us.  
*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and  
GUILDENSTERN.*

*Enter POLONIUS.*

*Pol.* My lord, he's going to his mother's  
closet:

Behind the arras I'll convey myself  
To hear the process; I'll warrant she'll tax  
him home;

And, as you said, and wisely was it said, 30  
'Tis meet that some more audience than a  
mother,

Since nature makes them partial, should  
o'erhear

The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my  
liege:

I'll call upon you ere you go to bed

And tell you what I know.

*King.* Thanks, dear my lord.  
*Exit POLONIUS.*

O! my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;  
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't;

A brother's murder! Pray can I not,  
Though inclination be as sharp as will: 39

My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;  
And, like a man to double business bound,

I stand in pause where I shall first begin,  
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand

Were thicker than itself with brother's  
blood,

Is there not rain enough in the sweet heav-  
ens

To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves  
mercy

But to confront the visage of offence?  
And what's in prayer but this two-fold force,

To be forestalled ere we come to fall, 49  
Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look  
up;

My fault is past. But, O! what form of  
prayer

Can serve my turn? 'Forgive me my foul  
murder?'

That cannot be; since I am still possess'd  
Of those effects for which I did the murder,  
My crown, mine own ambition, and my  
queen.

May one be pardon'd and retain the offence?  
In the corrupted currents of this world

Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,  
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself

Buys out the law; but 'tis not so above; 60  
There is no shuffling, there the action lies

In his true nature, and we ourselves com-  
pell'd

Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults  
To give in evidence. What then? what  
rests?

Try what repentance can: what can it not?  
Yet what can it, when one can not repent?

O wretched state! O bosom black as death!  
O limed soul, that struggling to be free

Art more engaged! Help, angels! make  
assay;

Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart with  
strings of steel, 70

Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe.  
All may be well. *Retires and kneels.*

*Enter HAMLET.*

*Ham.* Now might I do it pat, now he is  
praying;

And now I'll do 't: and so he goes to  
heaven;

And so am I reveng'd. That would be  
scann'd:

A villain kills my father; and for that,  
I, his sole son, do this same villain send

To heaven.  
Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.

He took my father grossly, full of bread, 80  
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as

May;  
And how his audit stands who knows save  
heaven?

But in our circumstance and course of  
thought

'Tis heavy with him. And am I then re-  
veng'd,

To take him in the purging of his soul,  
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?

No.  
Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid

hent;  
When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,

Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed, 90  
At gaming, swearing, or about some act

That has no relish of salvation 't;  
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at

heaven,  
And that his soul may be as damn'd and

black  
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:

This physic but prolongs thy sickly days.  
*Exit.*

*The KING rises and advances.*

*King.* My words fly up, my thoughts re-  
main below:

Words without thoughts never to heaven go.  
*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The Queen's Closet.**Enter* QUEEN and POLONIUS.

*Pol.* He will come straight. Look you lay home to him;  
 Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,  
 And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between  
 Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here.  
 Pray you, be round with him.  
*Ham.* Within. Mother, mother, mother!  
*Queen.* I'll warrant you;  
 Fear me not. Withdraw, I hear him coming.  
*POLONIUS hides behind the arras.*

*Enter* HAMLET.

*Ham.* Now, mother, what's the matter?  
*Queen.* Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.  
*Ham.* Mother, you have my father much offended.  
*Queen.* Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.  
*Ham.* Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.  
*Queen.* Why, how now, Hamlet!  
*Ham.* What's the matter now?  
*Queen.* Have you forgot me?  
*Ham.* No, by the rood, not so:  
 You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;  
 And—would it were not so!—you are my mother.  
*Queen.* Nay then, I'll set those to you that can speak.  
*Ham.* Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;  
 You go not till I set you up a glass  
 Where you may see the inmost part of you.  
*Queen.* What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?  
 Help, help, ho!  
*Pol.* Behind. What, ho! help, help, help!  
*Ham.* Draws. How now! a rat! Dead! for a ducat, dead!  
*Makes a pass through the arras.*  
*Pol.* Behind. O! I am slain.

*Falls and dies.*

*Queen.* O me! what hast thou done?  
*Ham.* Nay, I know not: Is it the king?  
*Queen.* O! what a rash and bloody deed is this.  
*Ham.* A bloody deed! almost as bad, good mother,  
 As kill a king, and marry with his brother.  
*Queen.* As kill a king!  
*Ham.* Ay, lady, 't was my word.

*Lifts up the arras and discovers* POLONIUS.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!  
 I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune;  
 Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.  
 Leave wringing of your hands: peace! sit you down,  
 And let me wring your heart; for so I shall  
 If it be made of penetrable stuff,

If damned custom have not braz'd it so  
 That it is proof and bulwark against sense.  
*Queen.* What have I done that thou dar'st  
 wag thy tongue  
 In noise so rude against me?

*Ham.* Such an act  
 That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,  
 Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose  
 From the fair forehead of an innocent love  
 And sets a blister there, makes marriage  
 vows  
 As false as dicers' oaths; O! such a deed  
 As from the body of contraction plucks  
 The very soul, and sweet religion makes  
 A rhapsody of words; heaven's face doth  
 glow,  
 Yea, this solidity and compound mass,  
 With tristful visage, as against the doom,  
 Is thought-sick at the act.

*Queen.* Ay me! what act,  
 That roars so loud and thunders in the  
 index?

*Ham.* Look here, upon this picture, and  
 on this;  
 The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.  
 See, what a grace was seated on this brow;  
 Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself,  
 An eye like Mars, to threaten and command,  
 A station like the herald Mercury  
 New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill,  
 A combination and a form indeed,  
 Where every god did seem to set his seal,  
 To give the world assurance of a man.  
 This was your husband: look you now,  
 what follows.

Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,  
 Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you  
 eyes?  
 Could you on this fair mountain leave to  
 feed,  
 And batten on this moor? Ha! have you  
 eyes?

You cannot call it love, for at your age  
 The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's hum-  
 ble,

And waits upon the judgment; and what  
 judgment

Would step from this to this? Sense, sure,  
 you have,  
 Else could you not have motion; but sure,  
 that sense

Is apoplex'd; for madness would not err,  
 Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd  
 But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,  
 To serve in such a difference. What devil  
 was 't

That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-  
 blind?

Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,  
 Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans  
 all,

Or but a sickly part of one true sense

Could not so mope.  
 O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious

hell,  
 If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,  
 To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,  
 And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame

When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,  
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,  
And reason panders will.

*Queen.* O Hamlet! speak no more;  
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul; 89  
And there I see such black and grained spots  
As will not leave their tinct.

*Ham.* Nay, but to live  
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed,  
Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love

Over the nasty sty,—

*Queen.* O! speak to me no more;  
These words like daggers enter in mine ears;

No more, sweet Hamlet!

*Ham.* A murderer and a villain;  
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe  
Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings;  
A cut-purse of the empire and the rule, 99  
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,

And put it in his pocket!

*Queen.* No more!

*Ham.* A king of shreds and patches,—

*Enter Ghost.*

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,  
You heavenly guards! What would your gracious figure?

*Queen.* Alas! he's mad.

*Ham.* Do you not come your tardy son to chide,

That, slay'd in time and passion, lets go by  
The important acting of your dread command?  
O! say.

*Ghost.* Do not forget: this visitation 110  
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.  
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits;  
O! step between her and her fighting soul;  
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works:  
Speak to her, Hamlet.

*Ham.* How is it with you, lady?

*Queen.* Alas! how is 't with you,

That you do bend your eye on vacancy

And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?

Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;  
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm, 120  
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,  
Starts up and stands an end. O gentle son!  
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper  
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

*Ham.* On him, on him! Look you, how pale he glares!

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,

Would make them capable. Do not look upon me;

Lest with this piteous action you convert  
My stern effects: then what I have to do  
Will want true colour; tears perchance for blood. 130

*Queen.* To whom do you speak this?

*Ham.* Do you see nothing there?

*Queen.* Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.

*Ham.* Nor did you nothing hear?

*Queen.* No, nothing but ourselves.

*Ham.* Why, look you there! look! how it steals away;

My father, in his habit as he liv'd;

Look! where he goes, even now, out at the portal. *Exit Ghost.*

*Queen.* This is the very coinage of your brain:

This bodiless creation ecstasy

Is very cunning in.

*Ham.* Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time, 140

And makes as healthful music: It is not madness

That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,  
And I the matter will re-word, which madness

Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,

Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,  
That not your trespass but my madness

speaks;

It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,  
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,

Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;  
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;

And do not spread the compost on the weeds  
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue; 152

For in the fatness of these pursy times

Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,

Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.

*Queen.* O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

*Ham.* O! throw away the worser part of it,

And live the purer with the other half.

Good night: but go not to mine uncle's bed;  
Assume a virtue, if you have it not. 160

That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,

Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,

That to the use of actions fair and good

He likewise gives a frock or livery,

That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night;

And that shall lend a kind of easiness

To the next abstinence: the next more easy;

For use almost can change the stamp of nature,

And either master the devil, or throw him out  
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night: 170

And when you are desirous to be bless'd,  
I'll blessing beg of you. For this same lord,

*Pointing to POLONIUS.*

I do repent: but heaven hath pleas'd it so,  
To punish me with this, and this with me,

That I must be their scourge and minister.  
I will bestow him, and will answer well

The death I gave him. So, again, good night.

I must be cruel only to be kind:

Thus bad begins and worse remains behind.  
One word more, good lady.

*Queen.*

What shall I do?

*Ham.* Not this, by no means, that I bid you do: 181  
 Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;  
 Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;  
 And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,  
 Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,  
 Make you to ravel all this matter out,  
 That I essentially am not in madness,  
 But mad in craft. 'T were good you let him know;  
 For who that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,  
 Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib, 190  
 Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?  
 No, in despite of sense and secrecy,  
 Unpeg the basket on the house's top,  
 Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,  
 To try conclusions, in the basket creep,  
 And break your own neck down.  
*Queen.* Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,  
 And breath of life, I have no life to breathe  
 What thou hast said to me.  
*Ham.* I must to England; you know that.  
*Queen.* Alack! 201  
 I had forgot: 't is so concluded on.  
*Ham.* There's letters seal'd; and my two schoolfellows,  
 Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,  
 They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,  
 And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;  
 For 't is the sport to have the engineer  
 Hoist with his own petar: an't shall go hard  
 But I will delve one yard below their mines,  
 And blow them at the moon. O! 't is most sweet,  
 When in one line two crafts directly meet.  
 This man shall set me packing; 211  
 I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.  
 Mother, good night. Indeed this counsellor  
 Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,  
 Who was in a foolish prating knave.  
 Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.  
 Good night, mother.

*Exeunt severally; HAMLET dragging in POLONIUS.*

## ACT IV

## SCENE I.—A Room in the Castle.

*Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.*

*King.* There's matter in these sighs:  
 these profound heaves  
 You must translate; 't is fit we understand them.  
 Where is your son?

*Queen.* Bestow this place on us a little while. *Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

Ah! my good lord, what have I seen to-night.

*King.* What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

*Queen.* Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend  
 Which is the mightier. In his lawless fit,  
 Behind the arras hearing something stir,  
 Whips out his rapier, cries, 'A rat! a rat!' 10  
 And, in this brainish apprehension, kills  
 The unseen good old man.

*King.* O heavy deed!  
 It had been so with us had we been there.  
 His liberty is full of threats to all;  
 To you yourself, to us, to every one.  
 Alas! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?

It will be laid to us, whose providence  
 Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,

This mad young man: but so much was our love,

We would not understand what was most fit,

But, like the owner of a foul disease, 21  
 To keep it from divulging, let it feed  
 Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

*Queen.* To draw apart the body he hath kill'd;

O'er whom his very madness, like some ore  
 Among a mineral of metals base,  
 Shows itself pure: he weeps for what is done.

*King.* O Gertrude! come away.  
 The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch  
 But we will ship him hence; and this vile deed 30

We must, with all our majesty and skill,  
 Both countenance and excuse. Ho! Guildenstern!

*Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

Friends both, go join you with some further aid.

Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,  
 And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him:

Go seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body

Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.  
*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends;  
 And let them know both what we mean to do,

And what's untimely done: so, haply, slander, 40

Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,  
 As level as the cannon to his blank,

Transports his poison'd shot, may miss our name,

And hit the woundless air. O! come away;  
 My soul is full of discord and dismay.

*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—Another Room in the Same.

*Enter HAMLET.*

*Ham.* Safely stowed.

*Ros., Guil. Within.* Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!

*Ham.* What noise? who calls on Hamlet?  
O! here they come.

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

*Ros.* What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

*Ham.* Compounded it with dust, whereto 't is kin.

*Ros.* Tell us where 't is, that we may take it thence

And bear it to the chapel.

*Ham.* Do not believe it.

*Ros.* Believe what? 10

*Ham.* That I can keep your counsel and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge, what replication should be made by the son of a king?

*Ros.* Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

*Ham.* Ay, sir, that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end: he keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last swallowed: when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and sponge, you shall be dry again. 23

*Ros.* I understand you not, my lord.

*Ham.* I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

*Ros.* My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

*Ham.* The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing—

*Guil.* A thing, my lord! 30

*Ham.* Of nothing: bring me to him.  
Hide fox, and all after. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Another Room in the Same.

*Enter KING, attended.*

*King.* I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.

How dangerous is it that this man goes loose!

Yet must not we put the strong law on him:

He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,  
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;

And where 't is so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,

But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even,

This sudden sending him away must seem  
Deliberate pause: diseases desperate grown  
By desperate appliance are reliev'd, 10  
Or not at all.

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ.*

How now! what hath befall'n?

*Ros.* Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,

We cannot get from him.

*King.* But where is he?

*Ros.* Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.

*King.* Bring him before us.

*Ros.* Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

*Enter HAMLET and GUILDENSTERN.*

*King.* Now, Hamlet, where 's Polonius?

*Ham.* At supper.

*King.* At supper! Where? 19

*Ham.* Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots: your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service; two dishes, but to one table: that's the end. 28

*King.* Alas, alas!

*Ham.* A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm. 30

*King.* What dost thou mean by this?

*Ham.* Nothing, but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

*King.* Where is Polonius?

*Ham.* In heaven; send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby. 39

*King.* To some Attendants. Go seek him there.

*Ham.* He will stay till you come.

*Exeunt Attendants.*

*King.* Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,

Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve  
For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence

With fiery quickness: therefore prepare thyself;

The bark is ready, and the wind at help,  
The associates tend, and every thing is bent  
For England.

*Ham.* For England!

*King.* Ay, Hamlet.

*Ham.* Good. 50

*King.* So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

*Ham.* I see a cherub that sees them.  
But, come; for England! Farewell, dear mother. 51

*King.* Thy loving father, Hamlet.

*Ham.* My mother: father and mother is man and wife, man and wife is one flesh, and so, my mother. Come, for England!

*Exit.*

*King.* Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard:

Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night.  
Away! for every thing is seal'd and done  
That else leans on the affair: pray you,  
make haste.

*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and*

*GUILDENSTERN.*

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at  
aught, 60

As my great power thereof may give thee  
sense,

Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red  
After the Danish sword, and thy free

*End*

Pays homage to us, thou may'st not coldly  
 set  
 Our sovereign process, which imports at full,  
 By letters conjuring to that effect,  
 The present death of Hamlet. Do it,  
 England;  
 For like the hectic in my blood he rages, 69  
 And thou must cure me. Till I know 't is  
 done,  
 Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun.  
*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*A Plain in Denmark.*

*Enter FORTINBRAS, a Captain, and Soldiers, marching.*

*For.* Go, captain, from me greet the  
 Danish king;  
 Tell him that, by his license, Fortinbras  
 Claims the conveyance of a promis'd march  
 Over his kingdom. You know the ren-  
 dezvous.  
 If that his majesty would aught with us,  
 We shall express our duty in his eye,  
 And let him know so.

*Cap.* I will do 't, my lord.

*For.* Go softly on.

*Exeunt FORTINBRAS and Soldiers.*

*Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDEN-  
 STERN, etc.*

*Ham.* Good sir, whose powers are these?

*Cap.* They are of Norway, sir. 10

*Ham.* How purpos'd, sir, I pray you?

*Cap.* Against some part of Poland.

*Ham.* Who commands them, sir?

*Cap.* The nephew to old Norway, Fortin-  
 bras.

*Ham.* Goes it against the main of Poland,  
 sir,

Or for some frontier?

*Cap.* Truly to speak, and with no addition,  
 We go to gain a little patch of ground  
 That hath in it no profit but the name.  
 To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;  
 Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole 21  
 A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

*Ham.* Why, then the Polack never will  
 defend it.

*Cap.* Yes, 't is already garrison'd.

*Ham.* Two thousand souls and twenty  
 thousand ducats

Will not debate the question of this straw:  
 This is the imposthume of much wealth and  
 peace,

That inward breaks, and shows no cause  
 without

Why the man dies. I humbly thank you,  
 sir.

*Cap.* God be wi' you, sir. *Exit.*

*Ros.* Will 't please you go, my lord?

*Ham.* I'll be with you straight. Go a  
 little before. 31

*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDEN-  
 STERN, etc.*

How all occasions do inform against me,  
 And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,  
 If his chief good and market of his time  
 Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.

Sure he that made us with such large dis-  
 course,

Looking before and after, gave us not

That capability and god-like reason

To fust in us unus'd. Now, whether it be

Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple 40

Of thinking too precisely on the event,

A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one  
 part wisdom

And ever three parts coward, I do not know

Why yet I live to say 'This thing 's to do';

Sith I have cause and will and strength and  
 means

To do 't. Examples gross as earth exhort  
 me:

Witness this army of such mass and charge

Led by a delicate and tender prince,

Whose spirit with divine ambition puff'd

Makes mouths at the invisible event, 50

Exposing what is mortal and unsure

To all that fortune, death and danger dare,

Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great

Is not to stir without great argument,

But greatly to find quarrel in a straw

When honour's at the stake. How stand I

then,

That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,

Excitements of my reason and my blood,

And let all sleep, while, to my shame, I see

The imminent death of twenty thousand 60

men,

That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,

Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot

Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,

Which is not tomb enough and continent

To hide the slain? O! from this time forth,

My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth.

*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*Elsinore. A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter QUEEN, HORATIO, and a  
 Gentleman.*

*Queen.* I will not speak with her.

*Gent.* She is importunate, indeed distract:  
 Her mood will needs be pitied.

*Queen.* What would she have?

*Gent.* She speaks much of her father;  
 says she hears

There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and  
 beats her heart;

Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things  
 in doubt,

That carry but half sense: her speech is  
 nothing,

Yet the unshaped use of it doth move  
 The hearers to collection; they aim at it,

And botch the words up fit to their own  
 thoughts; 10

Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures  
 yield them,

Indeed would make one think there might  
 be thought,

Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.  
*Hor.* 'T were good she were spoken with,

for she may strew  
 Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding  
 minds.

*Queen.* Let her come in. *Exit HORATIO.*

*Aside.* To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,  
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:  
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,  
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt. 70

*Re-enter HORATIO, with OPHELIA.*

*Oph.* Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

*Queen.* How now, Ophelia!

*Oph.* How should I your true love know  
From another one?

*By his cockle hat and staff,  
And his sandal shoon.*

*Queen.* Alas! sweet lady, what imports this song?

*Oph.* Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

*He is dead and gone, lady,  
He is dead and gone;  
At his head a grass-green turf,  
At his heels a stone.* 80

O, ho!

*Queen.* Nay, but, Ophelia,—

*Oph.* Pray you, mark.

*White his shroud as the mountain snow,—  
Enter KING.*

*Queen.* Alas! look here, my lord.

*Oph.* Larded with sweet flowers;  
Which bewept to the grave did go  
With true-love showers.

*King.* How do you, pretty lady? 40

*Oph.* Well, God 'ild you! They say the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord! we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

*King.* Conceit upon her father.

*Oph.* Pray you, let 's have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

*To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,*

*All in the morning betime,  
And I a maid at your window,  
To be your Valentine;* 50

*Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes  
And dupp'd the chamber door;*

*Let in the maid, that out a maid  
Never departed more.*

*King.* Pretty Ophelia!

*Oph.* Indeed, la! without an oath, I'll make an end on 't:

*By Gis and by Saint Charity,*

*Alack, and fie, for shame!  
Young men will do 't, if they come to 't;* 60

*By Cock they are to blame.*

*Quoth she, before you tumbled me,*

*You promis'd me to wed:*

*So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,  
An thou hadst not come to my bed.*

*King.* How long hath she been thus? 67

*Oph.* I hope all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him i' the cold

ground. My brother shall know of it: and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night. 73

*Exit.*  
*King.* Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you. *Exit HORATIO.*

O! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs

All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude!

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,

But in battalions. First, her father slain;

Next, your son gone; and he most violent author

Of his own just remove: the people mud-died,

Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers,

For good Polonius' death; and we have done but greenly,

In hugger-mugger to inter him: poor Ophelia

Divided from herself and her fair judgment, Without the which we are pictures, or mere

beasts:

Last, and as much containing as all these, Her brother is in secret come from France,

Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,

And wants not buzzers to infect his ear 90 With pestilent speeches of his father's death;

Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd, Will nothing stick our person to arraign

In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude! this, Like to a murdering-piece, in many places

Gives me superfluous death.

*A noise within.*  
*Queen.* Alack! what noise is this?

*Enter another Gentleman.*  
*King.* Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door.

What is the matter?

*Gent.* Save yourself, my lord; The ocean, overpeering of his list,

Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste 100

Than young Laertes, in a riotous head, O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him lord;

And, as the world were now but to begin, Antiquity forgot, customs not known,

The ratifiers and props of every word, They cry 'Choose we; Laertes shall be king!'

Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,

'Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!'

*Queen.* How cheerfully on the false trail they cry! 109

O! this is counter, you false Danish dogs.

*King.* The doors are broke. *Noise within.*

*Enter LAERTES, armed; Danes following.*

*Laer.* Where is this king? Sirs, stand you all without.

*Danes.* No, let's come in.

*Laer.* I pray you, give me leave.

*Danes.* We will, we will.

*They retire without the door.*

*Laer.* I thank you: keep the door. O thou vile king!

Give me my father.

*Queen.* Calmly, good Laertes.

*Laer.* That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me bastard,

Cries cuckold to my father, brands the harlot

Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brows

Of my true mother.

*King.* What is the cause, Laertes, That thy rebellion looks so giant-like? 121

Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:

There's such divinity doth hedge a king, That treason can but peep to what it would,

Acts little of his will. Tell me, Laertes, Why thou art thus incens'd. Let him go,

Gertrude.

Speak, man.

*Laer.* Where is my father?

*King.* Dead.

*Queen.* But not by him.

*King.* Let him demand his fill.

*Laer.* How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with. 130

To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!

Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!

I dare damnation. To this point I stand, That both the worlds I give to negligence,

Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd Most thoroughly for my father.

*King.* Who shall stay you?

*Laer.* My will, not all the world;

And for my means, I'll husband them so well,

They shall go far with little.

*King.* Good Laertes,

If you desire to know the certainty 140 Of your dear father's death, is't writ in

your revenge,

That, swoopstake, you will draw both friend and foe,

Winner and loser?

*Laer.* None but his enemies.

*King.* Will you know them then?

*Laer.* To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms;

And like the kind life-rendering pelican, Repast them with my blood.

*King.* Why, now you speak

Like a good child and a true gentleman. That I am guiltless of your father's death,

And am most sensibly in grief for it, 150 It shall as level to your judgment pierce

As day does to your eye.

*Danes.* Within. Let her come in.

*Laer.* How now! what noise is that?

*Re-enter OPHELIA.*

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt,

Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye! By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight,

Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!

Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia! O heavens! is't possible a young maid's wits 160

Should be as mortal as an old man's life? Nature is fine in love, and where't is fine

It sends some precious instance of itself After the thing it loves.

*Oph.* They bore him barefac'd on the bier;

Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;

And in his grave rain'd many a tear;—

Fare you well, my dove!

*Laer.* Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,

It could not move thus. 169

*Oph.* You must sing a-down a-down, An you call him a-down-a.

O! how the wheel becomes it. It is the false steward that stole his master's daughter.

*Laer.* This nothing's more than matter.

*Oph.* There's the rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

*Laer.* A document in madness, thoughts and remembrance fitted. 179

*Oph.* There's fennel for you, and columbines; there's rue for you; and here's some

for me; we may call it herb-grace o' Sundays. O! you must wear your rue with a difference.

There's a daisy; I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died. They say he made

a good end,—

*For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.*

*Laer.* Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,

She turns to favour and to prettiness.

*Oph.* And will he not come again? And will he not come again? 180

No, no, he is dead:

Go to thy death-bed.

He never will come again.

His beard was white as snow,

All flaxen was his poll;

He is gone, he is gone,

And we cast away moan:

God ha' mercy on his soul! 200

And of all Christian souls, I pray God. God be wi' ye! *Exit.*

*Laer.* Do you see this, O God? 201

*King.* Laertes, I must commune with your grief,

Or you deny me right. Go but apart, Make choice of whom your wisest friends

you will,

And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me.

If by direct or by collateral hand  
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,

Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,  
To you in satisfaction; but if not, <sup>209</sup>  
Be you content to lend your patience to us,  
And we shall jointly labour with your soul  
To give it due content.

*Laer.* Let this be so:  
His means of death, his obscure burial,  
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,

No noble rite nor formal ostentation,  
Cry to be heard, as 't were from heaven to earth,

That I must call 't in question.

*King.* So you shall;  
And where the offence is let the great axe fall.

I pray you, go with me. *Exeunt.* <sup>220</sup>

SCENE VI.—*Another Room in the Same.*

*Enter HORATIO and a Servant.*

*Hor.* What are they that would speak with me?

*Serv.* Sailors, sir: they say they have letters for you.

*Hor.* Let them come in. *Exit Servant.*  
I do not know from what part of the world  
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

*Enter Sailors.*

*First Sail.* God bless you, sir.

*Hor.* Let him bless thee too.

*Second Sail.* He shall, sir, an 't please him. There's a letter for you, sir;—it comes from the ambassador that was bound for England;—if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is. <sup>11</sup>

*Hor.* Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the king: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very war-like appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compell'd valour, and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our ship, so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou would'st fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell. <sup>30</sup>

*He that thou knowest thine,*

HAMLET.

Come, I will give you way for these your letters;

And do 't the speedier, that you may direct me

To him from whom you brought them.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*Another Room in the Same.*

*Enter KING and LAERTES.*

*King.* Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,

And you must put me in your heart for friend,

Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,  
That he which hath your noble father slain  
Pursu'd my life.

*Laer.* It well appears: but tell me  
Why you proceeded not against these feats,  
So crimeful and so capital in nature,  
As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,  
You mainly were stirr'd up.

*King.* O! for two special reasons;  
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much un-  
sinew'd, <sup>10</sup>

And yet to me they are strong. The queen  
his mother

Lives almost by his looks, and for myself,  
My virtue or my plague, be it either which,  
She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,  
That, as the star moves not but in his  
sphere,

I could not but by her. The other motive,  
Why to a public count I might not go,  
Is the great love the general gender bear  
him;

Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,  
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to  
stone, <sup>20</sup>

Convert his gyves to graces: so that my  
arrows,

Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,  
Would have reverted to my bow again,  
And not where I had aim'd them.

*Laer.* And so have I a noble father lost;  
A sister driven into desperate terms,  
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,  
Stood challenger on mount of all the age  
For her perfections. But my revenge will  
come.

*King.* Break not your sleeps for that;  
you must not think <sup>30</sup>

That we are made of stuff so flat and dull  
That we can let our beard be shook with  
danger

And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear  
more;

I lov'd your father, and we love ourself,  
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—

*Enter a Messenger.*

How now! what news?

*Mess.* Letters, my lord, from Hamlet.  
This to your majesty; this to the queen.

*King.* From Hamlet! who brought them?  
*Mess.* Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw  
them not:

They were given me by Claudio, he receiv'd  
them <sup>40</sup>

Of him that brought them.

*King.* Laertes, you shall hear them.  
Leave us. *Exit Messenger.*

*High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes; when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasions of my sudden and more strange return.* 48

HAMLET.

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?

Or is it some abuse and no such thing?

*Laer.* Know you the hand?

*King.* 'T is Hamlet's character. 'Naked,' And in a postscript here, he says, 'alone.'

Can you advise me?

*Laer.* I'm lost in it, my lord. But let him come:

It warms the very sickness in my heart,  
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,  
'Thus didest thou.'

*King.* If it be so, Laertes,  
As how should it be so? how otherwise?  
Will you be rul'd by me?

*Laer.* Ay, my lord;  
So you will not o'errule me to a peace. 61

*King.* To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,

As checking at his voyage, and that he means

No more to undertake it, I will work him

To an exploit now ripe in my device,  
Under the which he shall not choose but fall;

And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,

But even his mother shall uncharge the practice

And call it accident.

*Laer.* My lord, I will be rul'd;  
The rather, if you could devise it so 70  
That I might be the organ.

*King.* It falls right.  
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,

And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality  
Wherein, they say, you shine; your sum of parts

Did not together pluck such envy from him  
As did that one, and that, in my regard,  
Of the unworthiest siege.

*Laer.* What part is that, my lord?

*King.* A very riband in the cap of youth,  
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes  
The light and careless livery that it wears 80  
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,  
Importing health and graveness. Two months since

Here was a gentleman of Normandy:  
I have seen myself, and serv'd against, the French,

And they can well on horseback; but this gallant

Had witchcraft in 't, he grew unto his seat,  
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,

As he had been incorp'd and demi-natur'd  
With the brave beast; so far he topp'd my thought,

That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks, 90  
Come short of what he did.

*Laer.*

A Norman was 't?

*King.* A Norman.

*Laer.* Upon my life, Lamond.

*King.*

The very same.

*Laer.* I know him well; he is the brooch indeed

And gem of all the nation.

*King.* He made confession of you,  
And gave you such a masterly report  
For art and exercise in your defence,  
And for your rapier most especially,  
That he cried out, 't would be a sight indeed  
If one could match you; the scrimers of  
their nation. 101

He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,

If you oppos'd them. Sir, this report of his  
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy  
That he could nothing do but wish and beg  
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.  
Now, out of this,—

*Laer.*

What out of this, my lord?

*King.* Laertes, was your father dear to you?

Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,  
A face without a heart?

*Laer.*

Why ask you this?

*King.* Not that I think you did not love your father, 111

But that I know love is begun by time,  
And that I see, in passages of proof,  
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.  
There lives within the very flame of love  
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it,  
And nothing is at a like goodness still,  
For goodness, growing to a plurisy,  
Dies in his own too-much. That we would

do  
We should do when we would, for this  
'would' changes, 120

And hath abatements and delays as many  
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;

And then this 'should' is like a spendthrift sigh,

That hurts by easing. But to the quick o' the ulcer;

Hamlet comes back; what would you undertake

To show yourself your father's son in deed  
More than in words?

*Laer.*

To cut his throat i' the church.

*King.* No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize;

Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,

Will you do this, keep close within your chamber. 130

Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home;

We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,

And set a double varnish on the fame  
The Frenchman gave you, bring you, in fine, together

And wager on your heads: he, being remiss,  
Most generous and free from all contriving,

Will not peruse the foils; so that with ease  
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose  
A sword unbated, and in a pass of practice  
Requite him for your father.

*Laer.* I will do 't;  
And, for that purpose, I 'll anoint my sword.  
I bought an unction of a mountebank, 142  
So mortal that, but dip a knife in it,  
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,  
Collected from all simples that have virtue  
Under the moon, can save the thing from  
death  
That is but scratch'd withal; I 'll touch my  
point

With this contagion, that, if I gall him  
slightly,  
It may be death.

*King.* Let's further think of this;  
Weigh what convenience both of time and  
means 150  
May fit us to our shape. If this should fail,  
And that our drift look through our bad per-  
formance

'T were better not assay'd; therefore this  
project

Should have a back or second, that might  
hold,

If this should blast in proof. Soft! let me  
see;

We 'll make a solemn wager on your cun-  
nings:

I ha' 't:  
When in your motion you are hot and dry,  
As make your bouts more violent to that end,  
And that he calls for drink, I 'll have pre-  
par'd him 160

A chalice for the nonce, whereon but sip-  
ping,

If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,  
Our purpose may hold there. But stay!  
what noise?

*Enter QUEEN.*

How now, sweet queen?

*Queen.* One woe doth tread upon an-  
other's heel,

So fast they follow: your sister's drown'd,  
*Laertes.*

*Laer.* Drown'd! O! where?

*Queen.* There is a willow grows aslant a  
brook,

That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy  
stream;

There with fantastic garlands did she come,  
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long  
purples, 170

That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,  
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers  
call them:

There, on the pendent boughs her coronet  
weeds

Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke,  
When down her weedy trophies and herself  
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes  
spread wide,

And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her  
up;

Which time she chanted snatches of old  
tunes,

As one incapable of her own distress,  
Or like a creature native and indu'd 180  
Unto that element; but long it could not be  
Till that her garments, heavy with their  
drink,

Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious  
lay

To muddy death.

*Laer.* Alas! then, she is drown'd?  
*Queen.* Drown'd, drown'd.

*Laer.* Too much of water hast thou, poor  
Ophelia,

And therefore I forbid my tears; but yet  
It is our trick, nature her custom holds,  
Let shame say what it will; when these are  
gone

The woman will be out. Adieu, my lord! 190  
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,  
But that this folly douts it. *Exit.*

*King.* Let's follow, Gertrude.  
How much I had to do to calm his rage!  
Now fear I this will give it start again;  
Therefore let's follow. *Exeunt.*

## ACT V

### SCENE I.—A Churchyard.

*Enter two Clowns with spades and mat-  
tocks.*

*First Clo.* Is she to be buried in Christian  
burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

*Second Clo.* I tell thee she is; and there-  
fore make her grave straight: the crowner  
hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.

*First Clo.* How can that be, unless she  
drown'd herself in her own defence?

*Second Clo.* Why, 't is found so. 8

*First Clo.* It must be *se offendendo*; it  
cannot be else. For here lies the point: if  
I drown myself wittingly it argues an act;  
and an act hath three branches; it is, to act,  
to do, and to perform: argal, she drown'd  
herself wittingly.

*Second Clo.* Nay, but hear you, Goodman  
delyer,— 15

*First Clo.* Give me leave. Here lies the  
water; good: here stands the man; good:  
if the man go to this water, and drown him-  
self, it is, will he nill he, he goes; mark you  
that: but if the water come to him, and  
drown him, he drowns not himself; argal,  
he that is not guilty of his own death short-  
ens not his own life. 22

*Second Clo.* But is this law?

*First Clo.* Ay, marry, is 't; crowner's  
quest law.

*Second Clo.* Will you ha' the truth on 't?  
If this had not been a gentlewoman she  
should have been buried out o' Christian  
burial. 28

*First Clo.* Why, there thou sayest; and  
the more pity that great folk shall have  
countenance in this world to drown or hang  
themselves more than their even Christian.  
Come, my spade. There is no ancient gen-  
tlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-  
makers; they hold up Adam's profession. 35

*Second Clo.* Was he a gentleman?

*First Clo.* A' was the first that ever bore arms.

*Second Clo.* Why, he had none. 39

*First Clo.* What! art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says Adam digged; could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

*Second Clo.* Go to. 45

*First Clo.* What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

*Second Clo.* The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants. 50

*First Clo.* I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well, but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill; now thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again; come. 56

*Second Clo.* Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

*First Clo.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

*Second Clo.* Marry, now I can tell. 60

*First Clo.* To't.

*Second Clo.* Mass, I cannot tell.

*Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, at a distance.*

*First Clo.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are asked this question next, say 'a grave-maker': the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan; fetch me a stoup of liquor. *Exit Second Clown.* 63

*First Clown digs, and sings.*

*In youth, when I did love, did love,*

*Methought it was very sweet,*

*To contract, O! the time, for, ah! my be-  
hove,*

*O! methought there was nothing meet.*

*Ham.* Hath this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

*Hor.* Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

*Ham.* 'Tis e'en so; the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense. 78

*First Clo.*

*But, age with his stealing steps,*

*Hath claw'd me in his clutch,*

*And hath shipp'd me intil the land,*

*As if I had never been such.*

*Throws up a skull.*

*Ham.* That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once; how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-offices, one that would circumvent God, might it not?

*Hor.* It might, my lord. 89

*Ham.* Or a courtier, which could say 'Good morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?' This might be my Lord Such-a-one, that praised my Lord Such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it, might it not?

*Hor.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* Why, e'en so, and now my Lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade. Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding but to play at loggats with 'em? mine ache to think on't. 101

*First Clo.*

*A pick-axe and a spade, a spade,*

*For and a shrouding sheet;*

*O! a pit of clay for to be made*

*For such a guest is meet. 107*

*Throws up another skull.*

*Ham.* There's another; why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddities now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the scone with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries; is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box, and must the inheritor himself have no more, ha? 121

*Hor.* Not a jot more, my lord.

*Ham.* Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

*Hor.* Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

*Ham.* They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave's this, sir?

*First Clo.* Mine, sir.

*O! a pit of clay for to be made*

*For such a guest is meet. 130*

*Ham.* I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in't.

*First Clo.* You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours; for my part, I do not lie in't, and yet it is mine.

*Ham.* Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say it is thine: 't is for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

*First Clo.* 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 't will away again, from me to you. 140

*Ham.* What man dost thou dig it for?

*First Clo.* For no man, sir.

*Ham.* What woman, then?

*First Clo.* For none, neither.

*Ham.* Who is to be buried in't?

*First Clo.* One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

*Ham.* How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, this three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe. How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

*First Clo.* Of all the days i' the year, I came to 't that day that our last King Hamlet o'ercame Fortinbras.

*Ham.* How long is that since?

*First Clo.* Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that; it was the very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.

*Ham.* Ay, marry; why was he sent into England?

*First Clo.* Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 't is no great matter there.

*Ham.* Why?

*First Clo.* 'T will not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he. 170

*Ham.* How came he mad?

*First Clo.* Very strangely, they say.

*Ham.* How strangely?

*First Clo.* Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

*Ham.* Upon what ground?

*First Clo.* Why, here in Denmark; I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

*Ham.* How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

*First Clo.* Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, as we have many pocky corpses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in, he will last you some eight year or nine year; a tanner will last you nine year.

*Ham.* Why he more than another? 185

*First Clo.* Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade that he will keep out water a great while, and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here 's a skull now; this skull hath lain i' the earth three-and-twenty years. 191

*Ham.* Whose was it?

*First Clo.* A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?

*Ham.* Nay, I know not.

*First Clo.* A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a' poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

*Ham.* This!

*First Clo.* E'en that. 200

*Ham.* Let me see.

*Takes the skull.*  
Alas! poor Yorick. I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy; he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chapfallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that. Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing. 216

*Hor.* What's that, my lord?

*Ham.* Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

*Hor.* E'en so.

*Ham.* And smelt so? pah!

*Puts down the skull.*

*Hor.* E'en so, my lord.

*Ham.* To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole? 226

*Hor.* 'T were to consider too curiously, to consider so.

*Ham.* No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it; as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel? 233

Imperious Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away: O! that that earth, which kept the world in awe,

Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw.

But soft! but soft! aside: here comes the king. 240

*Enter Priests, etc., in procession; the Corpse of OPHELIA, LAERTES and Mourners following; KING, QUEEN, their Trains, etc.*

The queen, the courtiers: who is this they follow?

And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken

The corse they follow did with desperate hand

Fordo its own life; 't was of some estate. Cough we awhile, and mark.

*Retiring with HORATIO.*

*Laer.* What ceremony else?

*Ham.* That is Laertes,

A very noble youth: mark.

*Laer.* What ceremony else?

*Priest.* Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd

As we have warrantise; her death was doubtful, 250

And, but that great command o'ersways the order,

She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd

Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,

Shards, flints, and pebbles should be thrown on her;

Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants, Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home

Of bell and burial.

*Laer.* Must there no more be done?

*Priest.* No more be done: We should profane the service of the dead,

To sing a requiem and such rest to her 260

As to peace-parted souls.

*Laer.* Lay her i' the earth;

And from her fair and unpolluted flesh May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish

priest, A ministering angel shall my sister be,

When thou liest howling.

*Ham.* What! the fair Ophelia?  
*Queen.* Sweets to the sweet: farewell!  
*Scattering flowers.*  
 I hop'd thou should'st have been my Ham-  
 let's wife;  
 I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd,  
 sweet maid,  
 And not have strew'd thy grave.  
*Laer.* O! treble woe  
 Fall ten times treble on that cursed head 270  
 Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious  
 sense  
 Depriv'd thee of. Hold off the earth awhile,  
 Till I have caught her once more in mine  
 arms. *Leaps into the grave.*  
 Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,  
 Till of this flat a mountain you have made,  
 To o'er-top old Pelion or the skyish head  
 Of blue Olympus.  
*Ham. Advancing.* What is he whose grief  
 Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of  
 sorrow  
 Conjures the wandering stars, and makes  
 them stand 279  
 Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,  
 Hamlet the Dane. *Leaps into the grave.*  
*Laer.* The devil take thy soul!  
*Grapples with him.*  
*Ham.* Thou pray'st not well.  
 I prithee, take thy fingers from my throat;  
 For though I am not splenitive and rash  
 Yet have I something in me dangerous,  
 Which let thy wisdom fear. Away thy  
 hand!  
*King.* Pluck them asunder.  
*Queen.* Hamlet! Hamlet!  
*All.* Gentlemen,—  
*Hor.* Good my lord, be quiet.  
*The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.*  
*Ham.* Why, I will fight with him upon this  
 theme  
 Until my eyelids will no longer wag. 290  
*Queen.* O my son! what theme?  
*Ham.* I lov'd Ophelia: forty thousand  
 brothers  
 Could not, with all their quantity of love,  
 Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for  
 her?  
*King.* O! he is mad, Laertes.  
*Queen.* For love of God, forbear him.  
*Ham.* 'Swounds! show me what thou 'lt  
 do:  
 Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't  
 tear thyself?  
 Woo't drink up eisel? eat a crocodile? 299  
 I'll do 't. Dost thou come here to whine?  
 To outface me with leaping in her grave?  
 Be buried quick with her, and so will I:  
 And, if thou prate of mountains, let them  
 throw  
 Millions of acres on us, till our ground,  
 Singeing his pate against the burning zone,  
 Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou 'lt  
 mouth,  
 I'll rant as well as thou.  
*Queen.* This is mere madness:  
 And thus awhile the fit will work on him;  
 Anon, as patient as the female dove, 309

When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,  
 His silence will sit drooping.

*Ham.* Hear you, sir;  
 What is the reason that you use me thus?  
 I lov'd you ever: but it is no matter;  
 Let Hercules himself do what he may,  
 The cat will mew and dog will have his day.  
*Exit.*

*King.* I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon  
 him. *Exit HORATIO.*  
 To LAERTES. Strengthen your patience in  
 our last night's speech;  
 We'll put the matter to the present push.  
 Good Gertrude, set some watch over your  
 son.

This grave shall have a living monument:  
 An hour of quiet shortly shall we see; 321  
 Till then, in patience our proceeding be.  
*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—A Hall in the Castle.

*Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.*

*Ham.* So much for this, sir: now let me  
 see the other;

You do remember all the circumstance?

*Hor.* Remember it, my lord?

*Ham.* Sir, in my heart there was a kind  
 of fighting

That would not let me sleep; methought I  
 lay

Worse than the mutines in the bilboes.  
 Rashly,

And prais'd be rashness for it, let us know,  
 Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well  
 When our deep plots do fail; and that  
 should teach us

There's a divinity that shapes our ends, 10  
 Rough-hew them how we will.

*Hor.* That is most certain.

*Ham.* Up from my cabin,  
 My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark  
 Grop'd I to find out them, had my desire,  
 Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew  
 To mine own room again; making so bold,  
 My fears forgetting manners, to unseal  
 Their grand commission; where I found,  
*Horatio,*

O royal knavery! an exact command, 19  
 Larded with many several sorts of reasons  
 Importing Denmark's health, and England's  
 too,

With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,  
 That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,  
 No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,  
 My head should be struck off.

*Hor.* Is 't possible?

*Ham.* Here 's the commission: read it at  
 more leisure.

But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?

*Hor.* I beseech you.

*Ham.* Being thus benetted round with  
 villainies,—

Ere I could make a prologue to my brains 30  
 They had begun the play,—I sat me down,  
 Devis'd a new commission, wrote it fair;  
 I once did hold it, as our statist do,  
 A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much  
 How to forget that learning; but, sir, now

It did me yeoman's service. Wilt thou know  
The effect of what I wrote?

*Hor.* Ay, good my lord.

*Ham.* An earnest conjuration from the  
king,

As England was his faithful tributary,  
As love between them like the palm should  
flourish, <sup>40</sup>

As peace should still her wheaten garland  
wear,

And stand a comma 'tween their amities,  
And many such-like as's of great charge,  
That, on the view and knowing of these con-  
tents,

Without debatement further, more or less,  
He should the bearers put to sudden death,  
Not shriving-time allow'd.

*Hor.* How was this seal'd?

*Ham.* Why, even in that was heaven ordi-  
nant.

I had my father's signet in my purse,  
Which was the model of that Danish seal; 50  
Folded the writ up in the form of the other,  
Subscrib'd it, gave 't the impression, plac'd  
it safely,

The changeling never known. Now, the  
next day

Was our sea-fight, and what to this was se-  
quent

Thou know'st already.

*Hor.* So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz  
go to 't.

*Ham.* Why, man, they did make love to  
this employment;

They are not near my conscience; their de-  
feat

Does by their own insinuation grow. <sup>50</sup>

'Tis dangerous when the baser nature  
comes

Between the pass and fell-incensed points  
Of mighty opposites.

*Hor.* Why, what a king is this!

*Ham.* Does it not, thinks 't thee, stand me  
now upon—

He that hath kill'd my king and whor'd my  
mother,

Popp'd in between the election and my  
hopes,

Thrown out his angle for my proper life,  
And with such cozenage—is 't not perfect  
conscience

To quit him with this arm? and is 't not to  
be damn'd

To let this canker of our nature come  
In further evil? <sup>70</sup>

*Hor.* It must be shortly known to him  
from England

What is the issue of the business there.

*Ham.* It will be short: the interim is  
mine;

And a man's life's no more than to say 'One.'  
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,

That to Laertes I forgot myself;  
For, by the image of my cause, I see

The portraiture of his: I'll court his fa-  
vours:

But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me  
Into a towering passion.

*Hor.* Peace! who comes here?

*Enter OSRIC.*

*Os.* Your lordship is right welcome back  
to Denmark. <sup>82</sup>

*Ham.* I humbly thank you, sir. Dost  
know this water-fly?

*Hor.* No, my good lord.

*Ham.* Thy state is the more gracious;  
for 't is a vice to know him. He hath much  
land, and fertile: let a beast be lord of  
beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's  
mess: 't is a chough; but, as I say, spacious  
in the possession of dirt. <sup>90</sup>

*Os.* Sweet lord, if your lordship were at  
leisure, I should impart a thing to you from  
his majesty.

*Ham.* I will receive it, sir, with all dili-  
gence of spirit. Put your bonnet to his  
right use; 't is for the head.

*Os.* I thank your lordship, 't is very hot.  
*Ham.* No, believe me, 't is very cold; the  
wind is northerly. <sup>99</sup>

*Os.* It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

*Ham.* But yet methinks it is very sultry  
and hot for my complexion.

*Os.* Exceedingly, my lord; it is very  
sultry, as 't were, I cannot tell how. But,  
my lord, his majesty bade me signify to you  
that he has laid a great wager on your head.  
Sir, this is the matter, — <sup>107</sup>

*Ham.* I beseech you, remember—

*HAMLET moves him to put on his hat.*

*Os.* Nay, good my lord; for mine ease,  
in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to  
court Laertes; believe me, an absolute gen-  
tleman, full of most excellent differences, of  
very soft society and great showing; indeed,  
to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or  
calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him  
the continent of what part a gentleman  
would see. <sup>116</sup>

*Ham.* Sir, his definement suffers no per-  
dition in you; though, I know, to divide  
him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic  
of memory, and yet but yaw neither, in re-  
spect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of  
extolment, I take him to be a soul of great  
article; and his infusion of such dearth and  
rareness, as, to make true diction of him,  
his semblable is his mirror; and who else  
would trace him, his umbrage, nothing  
more.

*Os.* Your lordship speaks most infallibly  
of him.

*Ham.* The concernancy, sir? why do we  
wrap the gentleman in our more rawer  
breath?

*Os.* Sir? <sup>130</sup>

*Hor.* Is 't not possible to understand in  
another tongue? You will do 't, sir, really.

*Ham.* What imports the nomination of  
this gentleman?

*Os.* Of Laertes?

*Hor.* His purse is empty already; all 's  
golden words are spent.

*Ham.* Of him, sir.

*Os.* I know you are not ignorant— <sup>139</sup>

*Ham.* I would you did, sir; yet, in faith,  
if you did, it would not much approve me.

Well, sir?

*Osr.* You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

*Ham.* I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

*Osr.* I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed. 150

*Ham.* What's his weapon?

*Osr.* Rapier and dagger.

*Ham.* That's two of his weapons; but, well.

*Osr.* The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses; against the which he has imponed, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so: three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit. 160

*Ham.* What call you the carriages?

*Hor.* I knew you must be edified by the marriage ere you had done.

*Osr.* The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

*Ham.* The phrase would be more german to the matter if we could carry cannon by our sides; I would it might be hangers till then. But, on: six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this 'imponed,' as you call it? 171

*Osr.* The king, sir, hath laid, sir, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid on twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate trial if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

*Ham.* How if I answer no? 177

*Osr.* I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

*Ham.* Sir, I will walk here in the hall; if it please his majesty, 't is the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him an I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits. 185

*Osr.* Shall I re-deliver you e'en so?

*Ham.* To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

*Osr.* I commend my duty to your lordship.

*Ham.* Yours, yours. *Exit OSRIC.*

He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for 's turn.

*Hor.* This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head. 194

*Ham.* He did comply with his dug before he sucked it. Thus has he, and many more of the same bevy that I know the drossy age dotes on, only got the tune of the time and outward habit of encounter, a kind of yesty collection which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions, and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

*Enter a Lord.*

*Lord.* My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back

to him that you attend him in the hall; he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time. 207

*Ham.* I am constant to my purposes; they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now. 211

*Lord.* The king and queen and all are coming down.

*Ham.* In happy time.

*Lord.* The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

*Ham.* She well instructs me. *Exit Lord.*

*Hor.* You will lose this wager, my lord. 219

*Ham.* I do not think so; since he went into France I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou would'st not think how ill all's here about my heart; but it is no matter.

*Hor.* Nay, good my lord,— 224

*Ham.* It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman.

*Hor.* If your mind dislike any thing, obey it; I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit. 229

*Ham.* Not a whit, we defy augury; there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 't is not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all. Since no man knows aught of what he leaves, what is 't to leave betimes? Let be. 235

*Enter KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, Lords, OSRIC, and Attendants with foils, etc.*

*King.* Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

*The KING puts the hand of LAERTES into that of HAMLET.*

*Ham.* Give me your pardon, sir; I've done you wrong;

But pardon 't, as you are a gentleman.

This presence knows,

And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd 240

With sore distraction. What I have done, That might your nature, honor and exception Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.

Was 't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet:

If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,

And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,

Then Hamlet does it not; Hamlet denies it. Who does it then? His madness. If 't

be so,

Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;

His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy. 250

Sir, in this audience,

Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil

Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,

That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house, And hurt my brother.

*Laer.* I am satisfied in nature,  
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me  
most  
To my revenge; but in my terms of hon-  
our  
I stand aloof, and will no reconciliation,  
Till by some elder masters, of known hon-  
our,  
I have a voice and precedent of peace, 260  
To keep my name ungor'd. But till that  
time,  
I do receive your offer'd love like love,  
And will not wrong it.

*Ham.* I embrace it freely;  
And will this brother's wager frankly play.  
Give us the foils. Come on.

*Laer.* Come, one for me.  
*Ham.* I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine  
ignorance

Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest  
night,  
Stick fiery off indeed.

*Laer.* You mock me, sir.  
*Ham.* No, by this hand.

*King.* Give them the foils, young Osric.  
Cousin Hamlet, 270  
You know the wager?

*Ham.* Very well, my lord;  
Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker  
side.

*King.* I do not fear it; I have seen you  
both;  
But since he's better'd, we have therefore  
odds.

*Laer.* This is too heavy; let me see  
another.

*Ham.* This likes me well. These foils  
have all a length?

*Osr.* Ay, my good lord.  
*King.* Set me the stoups of wine upon  
that table.

If Hamlet give the first or second hit,  
Or quit in answer of the third exchange, 280  
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;  
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better  
breath;

And in the cup an union shall he throw,  
Richer than that which four successive  
kings

In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me  
the cups;

And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,  
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,  
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens  
to earth,

'Now the king drinks to Hamlet!' Come,  
begin;

And you, the judges, bear a wary eye. 290

*Ham.* Come on, sir.  
*Laer.* Come, my lord. *They play.*

*Ham.* One. *Laer.* No. *Ham.* Judgment.

*Osr.* A hit, a very palpable hit.  
*Laer.* Well; again.

*King.* Stay; give me drink. Hamlet,  
this pearl is thine;

Here's to thy health. Give him the cup.

*Trumpets sound, and cannon shot off within.*  
*Ham.* I'll play this bout first; set it by  
awhile.

Come. *They play.*

*Laer.* Another hit; what say you?  
*King.* Our son shall win.

*Queen.* He's fat, and scant of breath.  
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy  
brows; 299

The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.  
*Ham.* Good madam!

*King.* Gertrude, do not drink.  
*Queen.* I will, my lord; I pray you, par-  
don me.

*King.* *Aside.* It is the poison'd cup! it is  
too late.

*Ham.* I dare not drink yet, madam; by  
and by.

*Queen.* Come, let me wipe thy face.  
*Laer.* My lord, I'll hit him now.

*King.* I do not think 't.  
*Laer.* *Aside.* And yet 't is almost 'gainst  
my conscience.

*Ham.* Come, for the third, Laertes. You  
but dally;

I pray you, pass with your best violence.  
I am afeard you make a wanton of me. 310

*Laer.* Say you so? come on. *They play.*  
*Osr.* Nothing, neither way.

*Laer.* Have at you now.

*LAERTES wounds HAMLET; then, in  
scuffling, they change rapiers,  
and HAMLET wounds LAERTES.*

*King.* Part them! they are incens'd.  
*Ham.* Nay, come again.

*The QUEEN falls.*  
*Osr.* Look to the queen there, ho!

*Hor.* They bleed on both sides. How is  
it, my lord?

*Osr.* How is 't, Laertes?  
*Laer.* Why, as a woodcock to mine own  
springe, Osric;

I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.  
*Ham.* How does the queen?

*King.* She wounds to see them bleed.  
*Queen.* No, no, the drink, the drink,—O  
my dear Hamlet! 320

The drink, the drink! I am poison'd. *Dies.*  
*Ham.* O villany! Ho! let the door be  
lock'd:

Treachery! seek it out. *LAERTES falls.*  
*Laer.* It is here, Hamlet. Hamlet, thou  
art slain;

No medicine in the world can do thee good;  
In thee there is not half an hour of life;

The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,  
Unbated and evenom'd. The foul practice  
Hath turn'd itself on me; lo! here I lie,

Never to rise again. Thy mother's poison'd.  
I can no more. The king, the king's to  
blame. 331

*Ham.* The point evenom'd too!  
Then, venom, to thy work. *Stabs the KING.*

*All.* Treason! treason!

*King.* O! yet defend me, friends; I am  
but hurt.

*Ham.* Here, thou incestuous, murderous,  
damned Dane,

Drink off this potion; is thy union here?  
Follow my mother. *KING dies.*

*Laer.* He is justly serv'd;  
It is a poison temper'd by himself.  
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Ham-  
let: 340

Mine and my father's death come not upon  
thee,

Nor thine on me! *Dies.*

*Ham.* Heaven make thee free of it! I  
follow thee.

I am dead, Horatio. Wretched queen,  
adieu!

You that look pale and tremble at this  
chance,

That are but mutes or audience to this act,  
Had I but time, as this fell sergeant, Death,

Is strict in his arrest, O! I could tell you,—  
But let it be. Horatio, I am dead; 349

Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright  
To the unsatisfied.

*Hor.* Never believe it;  
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane:  
Here's yet some liquor left.

*Ham.* As thou'rt a man,  
Give me the cup: let go; by heaven, I'll  
have 't.

O God! Horatio, what a wounded name,  
Things standing thus unknown, shall live  
behind me.

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,  
Absent thee from felicity awhile,

And in this harsh world draw thy breath in  
pain,

To tell my story.

*March afar off, and shout within.*  
What war-like noise is this?

*Osr.* Young Fortinbras, with conquest  
come from Poland, 361

To the ambassadors of England gives  
This war-like volley.

*Ham.* O! I die, Horatio;  
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my  
spirit;

I cannot live to hear the news from England,  
But I do prophesy the election lights

On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice;  
So tell him, with the occurrents, more and  
less,

Which have solicited—the rest is silence.  
*Dies.*

*Hor.* Now cracks a noble heart. Good  
night, sweet prince, 370

And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!  
Why does the drum come hither?

*March within.*

*Enter FORTINBRAS, the English Ambassa-  
dors, and others.*

*For.* Where is this sight?

*Hor.* What is it ye would see?  
If aught of woe or wonder, cease your  
search.

*For.* This quarry cries on havoc. O  
proud Death!

What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,  
That thou so many princes at a shot  
So bloodily hast struck?

*First Amb.* The sight is dismal;  
And our affairs from England come too  
late:

The ears are senseless that should give us  
hearing, 380

To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,  
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are  
dead.

Where should we have our thanks?

*Hor.* Not from his mouth,  
Had it the ability of life to thank you:

He never gave commandment for their  
death.

But since, so jump upon this bloody question,  
You from the Polack wars, and you from  
England,

Are here arriv'd, give order that these bodies  
High on a stage be placed to the view; 389

And let me speak to the yet unknowing  
world

How these things came about: so shall you  
hear

Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,  
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,

Of deaths put on by cunning and forc'd  
cause,

And, in this upshot, purposes mistook  
Fall'n on the inventors' heads; all this can I

Truly deliver.

*For.* Let us haste to hear it,  
And call the noblest to the audience.

For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune;  
I have some rights of memory in this king-  
dom, 400

Which now to claim my vantage doth invite  
me.

*Hor.* Of that I shall have also cause to  
speak,

And from his mouth whose voice will draw  
on more:

But let this same be presently perform'd,  
Even while men's minds are wild, lest more  
mischance,

On plots and errors, happen.

*For.* Let four captains  
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;

For he was likely, had he been put on,  
To have prov'd most royally: and for his  
passage,

The soldiers' music and the rites of war 410  
Speak loudly for him.

Take up the bodies: such a sight as this  
Becomes the field, but here shows much  
amiss.

Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

*A dead march. Exeunt, bearing off the  
bodies; after which a peal of ordnance  
is shot off.*

## KING LEAR

**H**AD Lear's original plan not miscarried, Burgundy would have married Cordelia and Lear would have passed the rest of his life with them, presumably in peace, on the richest third of the divided kingdom. As a result, he would have escaped the purgation of his soul through suffering and died with all his imperfections on his head. In the tragedy of *King Lear* we have the story of the salvation of a great soul. It is all the more impressive that the change in Lear comes after he has passed the age of "four score and upwards."

To follow the development of the story, it is of prime importance that we shall neither extenuate nor exaggerate the particular fault in Lear from which his tragedy springs. Above all, we must not relieve him of full accountability for that fault on the ground of insanity or the physical and mental infirmities of age. To exaggerate his physical infirmities, for instance, is to render the storm scene in large measure superfluous, the obvious purpose of which is to "make the king bow." It is a testimony both to Lear's physical and mental powers when Cordelia, kneeling by her father's couch says, referring to that awful night in the storm:

" 'T is wonder that thy life and wits at once  
Had not concluded all."

To argue that Lear's plan of dividing the kingdom is so absurd as to indicate that he is in his dotage is, in my judgment, to mis-read that opening scene. That the kingdom has already been divided, and how, is no secret. Kent and Gloucester know all about it, and so, evidently, do France and Burgundy, who have long "made their amorous sojourn" at Lear's court and are fully informed of Cordelia's dowry. The day for answering them has now arrived, and the entire court has been summoned; and it is on this day, too, that Lear has chosen "*to publish*" his daughters' dowers—a formal and ceremonious announcement of what is already generally known. Lear has clearly no thought of re-dividing his kingdom on the basis of the professed love of his daughters; he proposes only that they give him some expression that shall enable him to say which of them loves him *most*,

"That we our *largest* bounty may extend  
Where nature doth with merit challenge."

In Lear's mind there is no doubt of the outcome; Cordelia will justify her right to the richest third, while Goneril and Regan will have an opportunity to grace the occasion by expressing their thanks for their respective shares in the form of a public avowal of their love. There is nothing whatever absurd about the plan if we consider it a part of one of the most important and ceremonious events of Lear's lifetime.

Lear's fault, then, is not to be attributed to dotage. Rather we must look for it in the very awfulness of the sentence he pronounces against Cordelia; and that sentence we must regard from Lear's viewpoint rather than from our own.

Viewed as a part in a merely domestic scene, Cordelia's fault would be regarded as in reality a virtue—an evidence of her perfect truth. But this is no such scene. It is an occasion of public moment and solemn dignity, with Lear himself the central figure, and with his plan, which on its face evidenced his dearest love for Cordelia, wholly dependent on her perfect co-operation. Her failure to conform to that plan, her pleading as a virtue what, considering the nature of the occasion, was to him an unpardonable affront, her setting her pride in her own truth against his pride in his own authority and humiliating him before the entire court—all this must, from his point of view, be met with instant and terrible rebuke. It is his pride against hers; and the pride of authority always has the power to enforce itself on the instant against the pride of truth. Here, then, is Lear's tragic fault: a pride in his own authority to which even truth must yield.

The same fault repeats itself in the banishment of Kent; for Kent's offense, like Cordelia's, is against Lear's pride in his own authority—an attempt

“To come betwixt our sentence and our power,  
Which nor our nature nor our place can bear.”

That is, it is not a question with Lear whether Kent is right or wrong; he has opposed his pride in the truth of his position against Lear's pride in his authority, and he must suffer for it.

In the cases of both Cordelia and Kent, Lear loses our sympathy because he uses his authority to defeat the truth. In his later outbursts against Oswald, Goneril, and Regan, although it is still his pride in authority upon which he insists, he wins us back in some measure; first, because he contends not against truth, but against open insolence, hypocrisy, and filial ingratitude; and second, because we note his growing helplessness to enforce his authority. It is not, however, until we see him, his pride unshaken, calling upon the gods to “touch him with noble anger” and reaching vain hands to lay hold of the “terrors of the earth,” that he commands our full sympathy as a supremely tragic figure.

Out in the storm his pride begins to bend as he comes to realize his utter helplessness. And yet, strange to say, it is just then that he feels the impulse to be helpful. He finds one part in his heart “that's sorry yet for” the Fool; he thinks of the “poor naked wretches” and condemns himself for having “ta'en too little care of this.” With the entrance of Edgar, feigning madness, his mind gives way, and in his later ravings he utters truths of which in his reason he had never dreamed:

“They flattered me like a dog, and told me I had white hairs in my beard ere the black ones were there. To say ‘ay’ and ‘no’ to everything I said! ‘Ay’ and ‘no’ too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once and the wind to make me chatter, when the thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found ‘em, there I smelt ‘em out. Go to, they are not men o’ their words: they told me I was everything; ‘t is a lie, I am not ague-proof.”

Here in his madness Lear has discovered his fault. He had been surrounded by flatterers, men who told him he was “everything.” Out in the storm he had learned the truth. The authority in which he had so prided himself had bred its own destruction. If one would know what authority really is, let one watch a dog chasing a beggar; authority belongs not to the person, but at best to the office. The judge who sentences the petty thief to hang is himself a usurer. Since authority begets flattery and pride and falsehood, how can any man in an office of authority be fit to pass judgment on his fellow-men? And if there is no one to pass judgment, then

“None does offend, none, I say, none; I’ll able ‘em.”

Had Lear lived, we may be sure that he would never have accepted back into his own hands the “absolute power” that Albany stood ready to resign to him. It would have been enough for him, had it been permitted, to pass the rest of his life in captivity with Cordelia:

“Come, let’s away to prison;  
We two alone will sing like birds i’ the cage:  
When thou dost ask me blessing, I’ll kneel down,  
And ask of thee forgiveness.”

But even to prison Authority follows him in the person of the Captain. We do not see the scene in the prison; but it requires little imagination to picture Lear, “this great decay,” awakening to a realization of the awful work being wrought in the name of Authority. For a last time his power asserts itself, his giant strength returns, the steel bars of his cage yield to his grasp, and with one swift and mighty swing he lays Authority dead at his feet:

“I kill’d the slave that was a-hanging thee.”

# KING LEAR

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

LEAR, *King of Britain.*  
 KING OF FRANCE.  
 DUKE OF BURGUNDY.  
 DUKE OF CORNWALL.  
 DUKE OF ALBANY.  
 EARL OF KENT.  
 EARL OF GLOUCESTER.  
 EDGAR, *Son to Gloucester.*  
 EDMUND, *Bastard Son to Gloucester.*  
 CURAN, *a Courtier.*  
 OSWALD, *Steward to Goneril.*

*Old Man, Tenant to Gloucester.*  
*Doctor.*  
*Fool.*  
*An Officer, employed by Edmund.*  
*Gentleman, Attendant on Cordelia.*  
*A Herald.*  
*Servants to Cornwall.*  
 GONERIL, }  
 REGAN, } *Daughters to Lear.*  
 CORDELIA, }

*Knights of Lear's train, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.*

SCENE.—*Britain.*

### ACT I

SCENE I.—*A Room of State in King LEAR'S Palace.*

*Enter KENT, GLOUCESTER, and EDMUND.*

*Kent.* I thought the king had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall.

*Glou.* It did always seem so to us; but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for qualities are so weighed that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

*Kent.* Is not this your son, my lord?

*Glou.* His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blushed to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it. 11

*Kent.* I cannot conceive you.

*Glou.* Sir, this young fellow's mother could; whereupon she grew round-wombed, and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

*Kent.* I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper. 12

*Glou.* But I have a son, sir, by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came something saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged. Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund? 25

*Edm.* No, my lord.

*Glou.* My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

*Edm.* My services to your lordship.

*Kent.* I must love you, and sue to know you better, 31

*Edm.* Sir, I shall study deserving.

*Glou.* He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again. The king is coming.

*Sennet. Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, and Attendants.*

*Lear.* Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloucester.

*Glou.* I shall, my liege.

*Exeunt GLOUCESTER and EDMUND.*  
*Lear.* Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.

Give me the map there. Know that we have divided

In three our kingdom; and 't is our fast intent

To shake all cares and business from our age, 40

Conferring them on younger strengths, while we

Unburden'd crawl toward death. Our son of Cornwall,

And you, our no less loving son of Albany, We have this hour a constant will to publish

Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife

May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love, Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,

And here are to be answer'd. Tell me, my daughters,

Since now we will divest us both of rule, so interest of territory, cares of state,

Which of you shall we say doth love us most?

That we our largest bounty may extend

Where nature doth with merit challenge.

Goneril,

Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I love you more than words can wield the matter;

Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty;

Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;

No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour;

As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found;

A love that makes breath poor and speech unable;

Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. Aside. What shall Cordelia speak? Love, and be silent.

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,

With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,

With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,

We make thee lady: to thine and Albany's issue

Be this perpetual. What says our second daughter,

Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister,

And prize me at her worth. In my true heart

I find she names my very deed of love;

Only she comes too short: that I profess

Myself an enemy to all other joys

Which the most precious square of sense possesses,

And find I am alone felicitate

In your dear highness' love.

Cor. Aside. Then poor Cordelia! And yet not so; since I am sure my love's

More ponderous than my tongue.

Lear. To thee and thine, hereditary ever, Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom,

No less in space, validity, and pleasure,

Than that conferr'd on Goneril. Now, our joy,

Although our last, not least; to whose young love

The vines of France and milk of Burgundy Strive to be interest'd; what can you say to draw

A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing: speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave My heart into my mouth: I love your

majesty

According to my bond; no more nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia! mend your speech a little,

Lest you may mar your fortunes.

Cor.

Good my lord,

You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I Return those duties back as are right fit,

Obey you, love you, and most honour you.

Why have my sisters husbands, if they say They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,

That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry

Half my love with him, half my care and duty.

Sure I shall never marry like my sisters,

To love my father all.

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?

Cor. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so; thy truth then be thy dower:

For, by the sacred radiance of the sun, The mysteries of Hecate and the night,

By all the operation of the orbs

From whom we do exist and cease to be,

Here I disclaim all my paternal care,

Propinquity and property of blood, And as a stranger to my heart and me

Hold thee from this for ever. The barbarous Scythian,

Or he that makes his generation messes

To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom

Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,

As thou my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my liege,—

Lear. Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath. I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest

On her kind nursery. Hence, and avoid my sight!

So be my grave my peace, as here I give Her father's heart from her! Call France.

Who stirs?

Call Burgundy. Cornwall and Albany, With my two daughters' dowers digest the

third;

Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.

I do invest you jointly with my power, Pre-eminence, and all the large effects

That troop with majesty. Ourself, by monthly course,

With reservation of an hundred knights,

By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode Make with you by due turn. Only we shall

retain

The name and all the addition to a king; The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,

Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm,

This coronet part between you.

Kent.

Royal Lear,

Whom I have ever honour'd as my king, Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,

As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—

Lear.

The bow is bent and drawn; make from the shaft.

Kent.

Let it fall rather, though the fork invade The region of my heart: be Kent unman-

nerly,

When Lear is mad. What would'st thou do, old man?

Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak

When power to flattery bows? To plainness  
honour's bound 150  
When majesty falls to folly. Reserve thy  
state;  
And, in thy best consideration, check  
This hideous rashness: answer my life my  
judgment,  
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee  
least;  
Nor are those empty-hearted whose low  
sound  
Reverbs no hollowness.  
*Lear.* Kent, on thy life, no more.  
*Kent.* My life I never held but as a pawn  
To wage against thine enemies; nor fear to  
lose it.  
Thy safety being the motive.  
*Lear.* Out of my sight!  
*Kent.* See better, Lear; and let me still  
remain 150  
The true blank of thine eye.  
*Lear.* Now, by Apollo,—  
*Kent.* Now, by Apollo, king,  
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.  
*Lear.* O, vassal! miscreant!  
*Laying his hand upon his sword.*  
*Alb., Corn.* Dear sir, forbear.  
*Kent.* Do;  
Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow  
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;  
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my  
throat,  
I'll tell thee thou dost evil.  
*Lear.* Hear me, recreant!  
On thine allegiance, hear me! 170  
Since thou hast sought to make us break  
our vow,  
Which we durst never yet, and with strain'd  
pride  
To come betwixt our sentence and our  
power,  
Which nor our nature nor our place can  
bear,  
Our potency made good, take thy reward.  
Five days we do allot thee for provision  
To shield thee from diseases of the world;  
And on the sixth to turn thy hated back  
Upon our kingdom: if on the tenth day  
following  
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our domin-  
ions, 180  
The moment is thy death. Away! By  
Jupiter,  
This shall not be revok'd.  
*Kent.* Fare thee well, king; sith thus  
thou wilt appear,  
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is  
here.  
To CORDELIA. The gods to their dear  
shelter take thee, maid,  
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly  
said!  
To REGAN and GONERIL. And your large  
speeches may your deeds approve,  
That good effects may spring from words of  
love.  
Thus Kent, O princes! bids you all adieu;  
He'll shape his old course in a country new.  
*Exit.*

*Flourish. Re-enter GLOUCESTER, with  
FRANCE, BURGUNDY, and Attendants.*  
*Glou.* Here's France and Burgundy, my  
noble lord. 191  
*Lear.* My Lord of Burgundy,  
We first address toward you, who with this  
king  
Hath rival'd for our daughter. What, in  
the least,  
Will you require in present dower with her,  
Or cease your quest of love?  
*Bur.* Most royal majesty,  
I crave no more than hath your highness  
offer'd,  
Nor will you tender less.  
*Lear.* Right noble Burgundy,  
When she was dear to us we did hold her so,  
But now her price is fall'n. Sir, there she  
stands: 200  
If aught within that little seeming-substance,  
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,  
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,  
She's there, and she is yours.  
*Bur.* I know no answer.  
*Lear.* Will you, with those infirmities she  
owes,  
Unfriended, new-adapted to our hate,  
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with  
our oath,  
Take her, or leave her?  
*Bur.* Pardon me, royal sir;  
Election makes not up on such conditions.  
*Lear.* Then leave her, sir; for, by the  
power that made me, 210  
I tell you all her wealth. To FRANCE. For  
you, great king,  
I would not from your love make such a  
stray  
To match you where I hate; therefore  
beseech you  
To avert your liking a more worthier way  
Than on a wretch whom nature is asham'd  
Almost to acknowledge hers.  
*France.* This is most strange,  
That she, that even but now was your best  
object,  
The argument of your praise, balm of your  
age,  
The best, the dearest, should in this trice of  
time 219  
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle  
So many folds of favour. Sure, her offence  
Must be of such unnatural degree  
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd  
affection  
Fall'n into taint; which to believe of her,  
Must be a faith that reason without miracle  
Should never plant in me.  
*Cor.* I yet beseech your majesty,  
If for I want that glib and oily art  
To speak and purpose not; since what I  
well intend,  
I'll do 't before I speak, that you make  
known  
It is no vicious blot nor other foulness, nor  
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,  
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and  
favour,

But even for want of that for which I am richer,  
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue  
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it  
Hath lost me in your liking.

*Lear.* Better thou  
Hadst not been born than not to have pleas'd me better.

*France.* Is it but this? a tardiness in nature

Which often leaves the history unspoke  
That it intends to do? My Lord of Burgundy, 240

What say you to the lady? Love's not love  
When it is mingled with regards that stand  
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?

She is herself a dowry.

*Bur.* Royal Lear,  
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,

And here I take Cordelia by the hand,  
Duchess of Burgundy.

*Lear.* Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

*Bur.* I am sorry, then, you have so lost a father

That you must lose a husband.

*Cor.* Peace be with Burgundy!  
Since that respects of fortune are his love,  
I shall not be his wife. 252

*France.* Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being poor;

Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd!

Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:  
Be it lawful I take up what's cast away.  
Gods, gods! 't is strange that from their cold'st neglect

My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.  
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,

Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:  
Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy 261  
Can buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.  
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:  
Thou lovest here, a better where to find.

*Lear.* Thou hast her, France; let her be thine, for we

Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see  
That face of hers again; therefore be gone  
Without our grace, our love, our benison.  
Come, noble Burgundy.

*Flourish.* *Exeunt LEAR, BURGUNDY, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GLOUCESTER, and Attendants.*

*France.* Bid farewell to your sisters. 270

*Cor.* The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes

Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;

And like a sister am most loath to call  
Your faults as they are nam'd. Use well our father:

To your professed bosoms I commit him:

But yet alas! stood I within his grace,

I would prefer him to a better place.

So farewell to you both.

*Reg.* Prescribe not us our duties.

*Gon.* Let your study  
Be to content your lord, who hath receiv'd you 280  
At fortune's alms; you have obedience scant,

And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

*Cor.* Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides;

Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.

Well may you prosper!

*France.* Come, my fair Cordelia.  
*Exeunt FRANCE and CORDELIA.*

*Gon.* Sister, it is not little I have to say  
of what most nearly appertains to us both.  
I think our father will hence to-night.

*Reg.* That's most certain, and with you; next month with us. 290

*Gon.* You see how full of changes his age is; the observation we have made of it hath not been little: he always loved our sister most; and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off appears too grossly.

*Reg.* 'T is the infirmity of his age; yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

*Gon.* The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition, but therewithal the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them. 303

*Reg.* Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him as this of Kent's banishment.

*Gon.* There is further compliment of leavetaking between France and him. Pray you, let's hit together: if our father carry authority with such disposition as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us. 310

*Reg.* We shall further think on 't.  
*Gon.* We must do something, and i' the heat. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the Earl of GLOUCESTER'S Castle.*

*Enter EDMUND, with a letter.*

*Edm.* Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to thy law

My services are bound. Wherefore should I stand in the plague of custom, and permit The curiosity of nations to deprive me,

For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?

When my dimensions are as well compact, My mind as generous, and my shape as true,

As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us

With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base? 10

Who in the lusty stealth of nature take More composition and fierce quality

Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed, Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,

Got 'tween asleep and wake? Well then, Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land: Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund As to the legitimate. Fine word, 'legitimate'!

Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed, 19  
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base  
Shall top the legitimate. I grow, I prosper;  
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Glou. Kent banish'd thus! And France  
in choler parted!  
And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd his  
power!  
Confin'd to exhibition! All this done  
Upon the gad! Edmund, how now! what  
news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none.

Putting up the letter.

Glou. Why so earnestly seek you to put  
up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glou. What paper were you reading? 30

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glou. No? What needed then that terrible  
dispatch of it into your pocket? the quality  
of nothing hath not such need to hide itself.  
Let's see: come; if it be nothing, I  
shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you sir, pardon me; it is  
a letter from my brother that I have not all  
o'erread, and for so much as I have perused,  
I find it not fit for your o'erlooking. 40

Glou. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or  
give it. The contents, as in part I understand  
them, are to blame.

Glou. Let's see, let's see. 45

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification,  
he wrote this but as an essay or taste  
of my virtue.

Glou. *This policy and reverence of age  
makes the world bitter to the best of our  
times; keeps our fortunes from us till our  
oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find  
an idle and fond bondage in the oppression  
of aged tyranny, who sways, not as it hath  
power, but as it is suffered. Come to me,  
that of this I may speak more. If our father  
would sleep till I wake him, you should enjoy  
half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved  
of your brother.* EDGAR.

Hum! Conspiracy! 'Sleep till I wake him,—  
you should enjoy half his revenue.' My son  
Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a  
heart and brain to breed it in? When came  
this to you? Who brought it? 52

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord;  
there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown  
in at the casement of my closet.

Glou. You know the character to be your  
brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord,  
I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of  
that, I would fain think it were not. 70

Glou. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but I hope  
his heart is not in the contents.

Glou. Has he never before sounded you  
in this business?

Edm. Never my lord: but I have often  
heard him maintain it to be fit that, sons at  
perfect age, and fathers declined, the father  
should be as ward to the son, and the son  
manage his revenue. 79

Glou. O villain, villain! His very opinion  
in the letter! Abhorred villain! Unnatural,  
detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish!  
Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him.  
Abominable villain! Where is he? 84

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it  
shall please you to suspend your indignation  
against my brother till you can derive from  
him better testimony of his intent, you should  
run a certain course; where, if you violently  
proceed against him, mistaking his purpose,  
it would make a great gap in your own honour,  
and shake in pieces the heart of his  
obedience. I dare pawn down my life for  
him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection  
to your honour, and to no other pretence  
of danger. 95

Glou. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will  
place you where you shall hear us confer of  
this, and by an auricular assurance have  
your satisfaction; and that without any  
further delay than this very evening. 101

Glou. He cannot be such a monster—

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glou. —to his father, that so tenderly and  
entirely loves him. Heaven and earth! Edmund,  
seek him out; wind me into him, I  
pray you: frame the business after your  
own wisdom. I would unstate myself to be  
in a due resolution.

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey  
the business as I shall find means, and  
acquaint you withal. 111

Glou. These late eclipses in the sun and  
moon portend no good to us; though the  
wisdom of nature can reason it thus and  
thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the  
sequent effects. Love cools, friendship falls  
off, brothers divide; in cities, mutinies; in  
countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and  
the bond cracked 'twixt son and father.  
This villain of mine comes under the prediction;  
there's son against father: the king  
falls from bias of nature; there's father  
against child. We have seen the best of our  
time: machinations, hollownness, treachery,  
and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly  
to our graves. Find out this villain,  
Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing: do it  
carefully. And the noble and true-hearted  
Kent banished! his offence, honesty! 'T is  
strange. Exit. 128

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the  
world, that, when we are sick in fortune,  
often the surfeit of our own behaviour, we  
make guilty of our disasters the sun, the  
moon, and the stars; as if we were villains  
on necessity, fools by heavenly compulsion,  
knaves, thieves and treachers by spherical

predominance, drunkards, liars and adulterers by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: an admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail, and my nativity was under *ursa major*; so that it follows I am rough and lecherous. Tut! I should have been that I am had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar—

145

*Enter EDGAR.*

and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy: my cue is villanous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam. O! these eclipses do portend these divisions. *Fa, sol, la, mi.*

*Edg.* How now, brother Edmund! What serious contemplation are you in? 151

*Edm.* I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

*Edg.* Do you busy yourself with that?

*Edm.* I promise you the effects he writes of succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state; menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what. 163

*Edg.* How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

*Edm.* Come, come; when saw you my father last?

*Edg.* The night gone by.

*Edm.* Spake you with him?

*Edg.* Ay, two hours together.

*Edm.* Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him by word nor countenance?

*Edg.* None at all. 173

*Edm.* Bethink yourself wherein you may have offended him; and at my entreaty forbear his presence until some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant so rageth in him that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

*Edg.* Some villain hath done me wrong. 180

*Edm.* That's my fear. I pray you have a continent forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower, and as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak. Pray you, go; there's my key. If you do stir abroad, go armed. 186

*Edg.* Armed, brother!

*Edm.* Brother, I advise you to the best, go armed; I am no honest man if there be any good meaning towards you; I have told you what I have seen and heard; but faintly, nothing like the image and horror of it; pray you, away. 192

*Edg.* Shall I hear from you anon?

*Edm.* I do serve you in this business.

*Exit EDGAR.*

A credulous father, and a brother noble,  
Whose nature is so far from doing harms  
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty  
My practices ride easy! I see the business.  
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:  
All with me's meet that I can fashion fit.  
*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Duke of ALBANY'S Palace.*

*Enter GONERIL, and OSWALD, her Steward.*

*Gon.* Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

*Osw.* Ay, madam.

*Gon.* By day and night he wrongs me; every hour

He flashes into one gross crime or other,  
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:  
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us

On every trifle. When he returns from hunting

I will not speak with him; say I am sick:

If you come slack of former services, 9  
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

*Osw.* He's coming, madam; I hear him.  
*Horns within.*

*Gon.* Put on what weary negligence you please,

You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question:

If he distaste it, let him to my sister,  
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,

Not to be over-ruled. Idle old man,  
That still would manage those authorities  
That he hath given away! Now, by my life,  
Old fools are babes again, and must be used  
With checks as flatteries, when they are seen abus'd. 20

Remember what I have said.

*Osw.*

Well, madam.

*Gon.* And let his knights have colder looks among you;

What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so:

I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,

That I may speak: I'll write straight to my sister

To hold my very course. Prepare for dinner. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in the Same.*

*Enter KENT, disguised.*

*Kent.* If but as well I other accents borrow,

That can my speech diffuse, my good intent  
May carry through itself to that full issue  
For which I raz'd my likeness. Now,  
banish'd Kent,

If thou canst serve where thou dost stand  
condemn'd,

So may it come, thy master, whom thou lov'st,  
Shall find thee full of labours.

*Horns within. Enter LEAR, Knights, and Attendants.*

*Lear.* Let me not stay a jot for dinner: go, get it ready. *Exit an Attendant.*  
How now! what art thou?

*Kent.* A man, sir.

*Lear.* What dost thou profess? What would'st thou with us?

*Kent.* I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to fight when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish. 18

*Lear.* What art thou?

*Kent.* A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

*Lear.* If thou be as poor for a subject as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What would'st thou?

*Kent.* Service.

*Lear.* Whom would'st thou serve?

*Kent.* You.

*Lear.* Dost thou know me, fellow?

*Kent.* No sir; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master.

*Lear.* What's that? 31

*Kent.* Authority.

*Lear.* What services canst thou do?

*Kent.* I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly; that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the best of me is diligence. 38

*Lear.* How old art thou?

*Kent.* Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for any thing; I have years on my back forty-eight. 42

*Lear.* Follow me; thou shalt serve me: if I like thee no worse after dinner I will not part from thee yet. Dinner, ho! Where's my knave? my fool? Go you and call my fool hither. *Exit an Attendant.*

*Enter OSWALD.*

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

*Osw.* So please you,— *Exit.*

*Lear.* What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back. *Exit a Knight.*  
Where's my fool, ho? I think the world's asleep. 52

*Re-enter Knight.*

How now! where's that mongrel?

*Knight.* He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

*Lear.* Why came not the slave back to me when I called him?

*Knight.* Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

*Lear.* He would not! 60

*Knight.* My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained with that cere-

monious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants as in the duke himself also and your daughter.

*Lear.* Ha! sayest thou so?

*Knight.* I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent when I think your highness wronged. 71

*Lear.* Thou but rememberest me of mine own conception: I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness; I will look further into't. But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days. 78

*Knight.* Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

*Lear.* No more of that; I have noted it well. Go you and tell my daughter I would speak with her. *Exit an Attendant.*  
Go you, call hither my fool.

*Exit an Attendant.*

*Re-enter OSWALD.*

O! you sir, you, come you hither, sir. Who am I, sir?

*Osw.* My lady's father.

*Lear.* 'My lady's father!' my lord's knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur! 89

*Osw.* I am none of these, my lord; I beseech your pardon.

*Lear.* Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal? *Striking him.*

*Osw.* I'll not be struck, my lord.

*Kent.* Nor tripped neither, you base football player. *Tripping up his heels.*

*Lear.* I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee. 98

*Kent.* Come, sir, arise, away! I'll teach you differences: away, away! If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry; but away! Go to; have you wisdom? so. *Pushes OSWALD out.*

*Lear.* Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee; there's earnest of thy service. *Gives KENT money.*

*Enter Fool.*

*Fool.* Let me hire him too: here's my coxcomb. *Offers KENT his cap.*

*Lear.* How now, my pretty knave! how dost thou?

*Fool.* Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

*Kent.* Why, fool? 110

*Fool.* Why? for taking one's part that's out of favour. Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: there, take my coxcomb. Why, this fellow has banished two on's daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will: if thou follow him thou must needs wear my coxcomb. How now, nuncle! Would I had two coxcombs and two daughters! 116

*Lear.* Why, my boy?

*Fool.* If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself. There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

*Lear.* Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

*Fool.* Truth's a dog must to kennel; he must be whipped out when Lady the brach may stand by the fire and stink.

*Lear.* A pestilent gall to me!

*Fool.* Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

*Lear.* Do.

*Fool.* Mark it, nuncle:

130

Have more than thou showest,  
Speak less than thou knowest,  
Lend less than thou owest,  
Ride more than thou goest,  
Learn more than thou trowest,  
Set less than thou throwest;  
Leave thy drink and thy whore,  
And keep in-a-door,  
And thou shalt have more  
Than two tens to a score.

140

*Kent.* This is nothing, fool.

*Fool.* Then 't is like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for 't. Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

*Lear.* Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

*Fool.* To KENT. Prithee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to: he will not believe a fool.

*Lear.* A bitter fool!

150

*Fool.* Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

*Lear.* No, lad; teach me.

*Fool.* That lord that counsel'd thee  
To give away thy land,  
Come place him here by me,  
Do thou for him stand:  
The sweet and bitter fool  
Will presently appear;  
The one in motley here  
The other found out there.

155

*Lear.* Dost thou call me fool, boy?

*Fool.* All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

*Kent.* This is not altogether fool, my lord.

*Fool.* No, faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on 't; and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching. Nuncle, give me an egg, and I'll give thee two crowns.

*Lear.* What two crowns shall they be?

172

*Fool.* Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt: thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so.

180

*Fools had ne'er less grace in a year;*

*For wise men are grown foppish,*

*And know not how their wits to wear,*

*Their manners are so apish.*

*Lear.* When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

*Fool.* I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mothers; for when thou gavest them the rod and puttest down thine own breeches,

190

*Then they for sudden joy did weep,*

*And I for sorrow sung,*

*That such a king should play bo-peep,*

*And go the fools among.*

Prithee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie: I would fain learn to lie.

*Lear.* An you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipped.

198

*Fool.* I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipped for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipped for lying; and sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a fool; and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing i' the middle: here comes one o' the parings.

*Enter GONERIL.*

*Lear.* How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet on? Methinks you are too much of late i' the frown.

207

*Fool.* Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure. I am better than thou art; I am a fool, thou art nothing. To GONERIL. Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face bids me, though you say nothing.

Mum, mum:

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,

Weary of all, shall want some.

That's a shealed peascod. *Pointing to LEAR.*

*Gon.* Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool.

220

But other of your insolent retinue  
Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth  
In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,  
I had thought, by making this well known  
unto you,

To have found a safe redress; but now grow  
fearful,

By what yourself too late have spoke and  
done,

That you protect this course, and put it on  
By your allowance; which if you should, the  
fault

Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses  
sleep,

229

Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,  
Might in their working do you that offence,  
Which else were shame, that then necessity  
Will call discreet proceeding.

*Fool.* For you know, nuncle,

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo  
so long,

That it had it head bit off by it  
young.

So out went the candle, and we were left  
darkling.

*Lear.* Are you our daughter?

*Gon.* Come, sir,  
I would you would make use of your good  
wisdom, 240  
Whereof I know you are fraught; and put  
away  
These dispositions which of late transport  
you  
From what you rightly are.

*Fool.* May not an ass know when the cart  
draws the horse? Whoop, Jug! I love  
thee.

*Lear.* Doth any here know me? This is  
not Lear:

Does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where  
are his eyes?

Either his notion weakens, his discernings  
are lethargied. Ha! waking? 't is not so.  
Who is it that can tell me who I am? 250

*Fool.* Lear's shadow.

*Lear.* I would learn that; for by the  
marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and  
reason, I should be false persuaded I had  
daughters.

*Fool.* Which they will make an obedient  
father.

*Lear.* Your name, fair gentlewoman?

*Gon.* This admiration, sir, is much o' the  
savour

Of other your new pranks. I do beseech  
you

To understand my purposes aright: 260  
As you are old and reverend, you should be  
wise.

Here do you keep a hundred knights and  
squires;

Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd, and bold,  
That this our court, infected with their man-  
ners,

Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust  
Make it more like a tavern or a brothel  
Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself  
doth speak

For instant remedy; be then desir'd  
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,  
A little to disquantity your train; 270  
And the remainder, that shall still depend,  
To be such men as may besort your age,  
Which know themselves and you.

*Lear.* Darkness and devils!  
Saddle my horses; call my train together.  
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee:  
Yet have I left a daughter.

*Gon.* You strike my people, and your dis-  
order'd rabble  
Make servants of their betters.

*Enter ALBANY.*

*Lear.* Woe, that too late repents; O! sir,  
are you come?  
Is it your will? Speak, sir. Prepare my  
horses. 280

Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,  
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a  
child,  
Than the sea-monster.

*Alb.* Pray, sir, be patient.  
*Lear.* To GONERIL. Detested kite! thou  
liest:

My train are men of choice and rarest parts,

That all particulars of duty know,  
And in the most exact regard support  
The worships of their name. O most small  
fault,

How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!  
Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame  
of nature 290

From the fix'd place, drew from my heart all  
love,

And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!  
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,

*Striking his head.*  
And thy dear judgment out! Go, go, my  
people.

*Alb.* My lord, I am guiltless, as I am  
ignorant  
Of what hath mov'd you.

*Lear.* It may be so, my lord.

Hear, Nature, hear! dear goddess, hear!  
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend  
To make this creature fruitful!  
Into her womb convey sterility! 300

Dry up in her the organs of increase,  
And from her derogate body never spring  
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,  
Create her child of spleen, that it may live  
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!  
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,  
With cadent tears fret channels in her  
cheeks,

Turn all her mother's pains and benefits  
To laughter and contempt, that she may feel  
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is 310  
To have a thankless child! Away, away!

*Exit.*  
*Alb.* Now, gods that we adore, whereof  
comes this?

*Gon.* Never afflict yourself to know the  
cause;  
But let his disposition have that scope  
That dotage gives it.

*Re-enter LEAR.*

*Lear.* What! fifty of my followers at a  
clap;

Within a fortnight!

*Alb.* What's the matter, sir?

*Lear.* I'll tell thee. To GONERIL. Life  
and death! I am asham'd  
That thou hast power to shake my manhood  
thus,

That these hot tears, which break from me  
perforce, 320  
Should make thee worth them. Blasts and  
fogs upon thee!

The untended woundings of a father's curse  
Pierce every sense about thee! Old fond  
eyes,

Bewep this cause again, I'll pluck ye out,  
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,  
To temper clay. Ha! is it come to this?

Let it be so: I have another daughter,  
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable:  
When she shall hear this of thee, with her  
nails

She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt  
find 330

That I'll resume the shape which thou dost  
think

I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant thee.

*Exeunt LEAR, KENT, and Attendants.*

*Gon.* Do you mark that, my lord?

*Alb.* I cannot be so partial, Goneril,

To the great love I bear you,—

*Gon.* Pray you, content. What, Oswald, ho!

To the Fool. You sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

*Fool.* Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear! tarry, and take the fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her, 370

And such a daughter,

Should sure to the slaughter,

If my cap would buy a halter;

So the fool follows after. *Exit.*

*Gon.* This man hath had good counsel.

A hundred knights!

'Tis politic and safe to let him keep

At point a hundred knights; yes, that on every dream,

Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,

He may enguard his dotage with their powers,

And hold our lives in mercy. Oswald, I say! 350

*Alb.* Well, you may fear too far.

*Gon.* Safer than trust too far.

Let me still take away the harms I fear.

Not fear still to be taken: I know his heart.

What he hath utter'd I have writ my sister;

If she sustain him and his hundred knights,

When I have show'd the unfitness,—

*Re-enter OSWALD.*

How now, Oswald!

What! have you writ that letter to my sister?

*Osw.* Ay, madam.

*Gon.* Take you some company, and away to horse:

Inform her full of my particular fear; 360

And thereto add such reasons of your own

As may compact it more. Get you gone,

And hasten your return. *Exit OSWALD.*

No, no, my lord,

This milky gentleness and course of yours

Though I condemn not, yet, under pardon,

You are much more attack'd for want of wisdom

Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

*Alb.* How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell:

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

*Gon.* Nay, then— 370

*Alb.* Well, well; the event. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Court before the Same.

*Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.*

*Lear.* Go you before to Gloucester with these letters. Acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know than comes from her demand out of the letter. If your diligence be not speedy I shall be there before you.

*Kent.* I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. *Exit.*

*Fool.* If a man's brains were in 's heels, were 't not in danger of kibes?

*Lear.* Ay, boy. 10

*Fool.* Then, I prithee, be merry; thy wit shall ne'er go slip-shod.

*Lear.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Fool.* Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee kindly; for though she's as like this as a crab's like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

*Lear.* What canst tell, boy?

*Fool.* She will taste as like this as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands i' the middle on 's face? 20

*Lear.* No.

*Fool.* Why, to keep one's eyes of either side 's nose, that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

*Lear.* I did her wrong,—

*Fool.* Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

*Lear.* No.

*Fool.* Nor I neither? but I can tell why a snail has a house. 30

*Lear.* Why?

*Fool.* Why, to put 's head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

*Lear.* I will forget my nature. So kind a father! Be my horses ready?

*Fool.* Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty reason.

*Lear.* Because they are not eight? 40

*Fool.* Yes, indeed: thou would'st make a good fool.

*Lear.* To take 't again perforce! Monster ingratitude!

*Fool.* If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

*Lear.* How's that?

*Fool.* Thou should'st not have been old till thou hadst been wise.

*Lear.* O! let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven; 50

Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!

*Enter Gentleman.*

How now! Are the horses ready?

*Gent.* Ready, my lord.

*Lear.* Come, boy.

*Fool.* She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,

Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter. *Exeunt.*

ACT II

SCENE I.—A Court within the Castle of the Earl of GLOUCESTER.

*Enter EDMUND and CURAN, meeting.*

*Edm.* Save thee, Curan.

*Cur.* And you, sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall and Regan his duchess will be here with him this night.

*Edm.* How comes that?

*Cur.* Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news abroad? I mean the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments.

*Edm.* Not I: pray you, what are they? 10  
*Cur.* Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

*Edm.* Not a word.

*Cur.* You may do then, in time. Fare you well, sir. *Exit.*

*Edm.* The duke be here to-night! The better! best!

This weaves itself perforce into my business. My father hath set guard to take my brother; And I have one thing, of a queasy question, Which I must act. Briefness and fortune, work! 20

Brother, a word; descend: brother, I say!

*Enter EDGAR.*

My father watches: O sir! fly this place; Intelligence is given where you are hid; You have now the good advantage of the night.

Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall?

He's coming hither, now, i' the night, i' the haste,

And Regan with him; have you nothing said Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of Albany? Advise yourself.

*Edg.* I am sure on 't, not a word.

*Edm.* I hear my father coming; pardon me; 30

In cunning I must draw my sword upon you; Draw; seem to defend yourself; now quit you well.

Yield; come before my father. Light, ho! here!

Fly, brother. Torches! torches! So, farewell. *Exit EDGAR.*

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion *Wounds his arm.*

Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards

Do more than this in sport. Father! father! Stop, stop! No help?

*Enter GLOUCESTER, and Servants with torches.*

*Glou.* Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

*Edm.* Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out, 40

Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon

To stand auspicious mistress.

*Glou.* But where is he?

*Edm.* Look, sir, I bleed.

*Glou.* Where is the villain, Edmund?

*Edm.* Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could—

*Glou.* Pursue him, ho! Go after.

*Exit Servant.*

By no means what?

*Edm.* Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;

But that I told him, the revenging gods 'Gainst parricides did all the thunder bend;

Spoke with how manifold and strong a bond The child was bound to the father; sir, in fine, 50

Seeing how loathly opposite I stood To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion, With his prepared sword he charges home My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm: But when he saw my best alarm'd spirits Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,

Or whether gasted by the noise I made, Full suddenly he fled.

*Glou.* Let him fly far:

Not in this land shall he remain uncaught; And found—dispatch. The noble duke my master, 60

My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night: By his authority I will proclaim it,

That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks,

Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;

He that conceals him, death.

*Edm.* When I dissuaded him from his intent,

And found him pight to do it, with curst speech

I threaten'd to discover him: he replied, 'Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou

think, If I would stand against thee, would the re-posal 70

Of any trust, virtue, or worth in thee Make thy words faith'd? No: what I

should deny,

As this I would, ay, though thou didst produce

My very character, I'd turn it all To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice:

And thou must make a dullard of the world, If they not thought the profits of my death

Were very pregnant and potential spurs To make thee seek it.'

*Glou.* Strong and fasten'd villain! Would he deny his letter? I never got him.

*Tucket within.*

Hark! the duke's trumpets. I know not why he comes. 81

All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;

The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture

I will send far and near, that all the kingdom May have due note of him; and of my land,

Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means To make thee capable.

*Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.*

*Corn.* How now, my noble friend! since I came hither,

Which I can call but now, I have heard strange news.

*Reg.* If it be true, all vengeance comes too short 90

Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord?

*Glou.* O! madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd.

*Reg.* What! did my father's godson seek your life?  
*He* whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?  
*Glou.* O! lady, lady, shame would have it hid.  
*Reg.* Was he not companion with the riotous knights  
That tend upon my father?  
*Glou.* I know not, madam; 't is too bad, too bad.  
*Edm.* Yes, madam, he was of that consort.  
*Reg.* No marvel then though he were ill affected;  
'T is they have put him on the old man's death,  
To have the expense and waste of his revenues.  
I have this present evening from my sister  
Been well inform'd of them, and with such cautions  
That if they come to sojourn at my house, I'll not be there.  
*Corn.* Nor I, assure thee, Regan.  
*Edmund,* I hear that you have shown your father  
A child-like office.  
*Edm.* 'T was my duty, sir.  
*Glou.* He did bewray his practice; and receiv'd  
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.  
*Corn.* Is he pursued?  
*Glou.* Ay, my good lord.  
*Corn.* If he be taken he shall never more be fear'd of doing harm; make your own purpose.  
How in my strength you please. For you, Edmund,  
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant  
So much commend itself, you shall be ours: Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;  
You we first seize on.  
*Edm.* I shall serve you, sir.  
Truly, however else.  
*Glou.* For him I thank your grace.  
*Corn.* You know not why we came to visit you,—  
*Reg.* Thus out of season, threading dark-eyed night:  
Occasions, noble Gloucester, of some poise, Wherein we must have use of your advice.  
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,  
Of differences, which I best thought it fit  
To answer from our home; the several messengers  
From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend,  
Lay comforts to your bosom, and bestow Your needful counsel to our businesses, 129  
Which crave the instant use.  
*Glou.* I serve you, madam.  
Your graces are right welcome. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Before GLOUCESTER'S Castle.

*Enter KENT and OSWALD, severally.*

*Osw.* Good dawning to thee, friend: art of this house?

*Kent.* Ay.

*Osw.* Where may we set our horses?

*Kent.* I' the mire.

*Osw.* Prithee, if thou lovest me, tell me.

*Kent.* I love thee not.

*Osw.* Why, then I care not for thee.

*Kent.* If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

*Osw.* Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

*Kent.* Fellow, I know thee.

*Osw.* What dost thou know me for? 14

*Kent.* A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave; a lily-livered, action-taking knave; a whoreson, glass-gazing, super-serviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that would'st be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch; one whom I will beat into clamorous whining if thou deniest the least syllable of thy addition.

*Osw.* Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee nor knows thee! 29

*Kent.* What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me! Is it two days since I tripped up thy heels and beat thee before the king? Draw, you rogue; for though it be night, yet the moon shines; I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you.

*Drawing his sword.*

Draw, you whoreson cullionly barber-monster, draw.

*Osw.* Away! I have nothing to do with thee.

*Kent.* Draw, you rascal; you come with letters against the king, and take Vanity the puppet's part against the royalty of her father. Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks: draw, you rascal; come your ways. 42

*Osw.* Help, ho! murder! help!

*Kent.* Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave, strike. *Beats him.*

*Osw.* Help, ho! murder! murder!

*Enter EDMUND, with his rapier drawn.*

*Edm.* How now! What's the matter?

*Parting them.*

*Kent.* With you, Goodman boy, an you please: come, I'll flesh ye; come on, young master.

*Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOUCESTER, and Servants.*

*Glou.* Weapons! arms! What's the matter here? 51

*Corn.* Keep peace, upon your lives: He dies that strikes again. What is the matter?

*Reg.* The messengers from our sister and the king.

*Corn.* What is your difference? speak.

*Osw.* I am scarce in breath, my lord.

*Kent.* No marvel, you have so bestirred your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee: a tailor made thee. 60

*Corn.* Thou art a strange fellow; a tailor make a man?

*Kent.* Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter or a painter could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours o' the trade.

*Corn.* Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

*Osw.* This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spared at suit of his grey beard,— 68

*Kent.* Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter! My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him. Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?

*Corn.* Peace, sirrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

*Kent.* Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.

*Corn.* Why art thou angry?

*Kent.* That such a slave as this should wear a sword.

Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords a-twain 80  
Which are too intrinse t' unloose; smooth every passion

That in the natures of their lords rebel;  
Being oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;  
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks  
With every gale and vary of their masters.  
Knowing nought, like dogs, but following.

A plague upon your epileptic visage!  
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?  
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,  
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot. 90

*Corn.* What! art thou mad, old fellow?

*Glou.* How fell you out? say that.

*Kent.* No contraries hold more antipathy  
Than I and such a knave.

*Corn.* Why dost thou call him knave?  
What is his fault?

*Kent.* His countenance likes me not.

*Corn.* No more, perchance, does mine,  
nor his, nor hers.

*Kent.* Sir, 't is my occupation to be plain:  
I have seen better faces in my time  
Than stands on any shoulder that I see 100  
Before me at this instant.

*Corn.* This is some fellow,  
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness,  
doth affect

A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb  
Quite from his nature: he cannot flatter,  
he,

An honest mind and plain, he must speak  
truth:

An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.  
These kind of knaves I know, which in this  
plainness

Harbour more craft and more corrupter ends  
Than twenty silly-ducking observants,  
That stretch their duties nicely. 110

*Kent.* Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,  
Under the allowance of your great aspect,  
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant  
fire

On flickering Phœbus' front,—

*Corn.* What mean'st by this?

*Kent.* To go out of my dialect, which you  
discommend so much. I know, sir, I am  
no flatterer: he that beguiled you in a plain  
accent was a plain knave; which for my  
part I will not be, though I should win your  
displeasure to entreat me to 't. 120

*Corn.* What was the offence you gave  
him?

*Osw.* I never gave him any:

It pleas'd the king his master very late  
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;  
When he, conjunct, and flattering his dis-  
pleasure,

Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted,  
rail'd,

And put upon him such a deal of man,  
That worthied him, got praises of the king  
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;  
And, in the fleshment of this dread ex-  
ploit, 130

Drew on me here again.

*Kent.* None of these rogues and cowards  
But Ajax is their fool.

*Corn.* Fetch forth the stocks!

You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend  
braggart,

We'll teach you.

*Kent.* Sir, I am too old to learn.  
Call not your stocks for me; I serve the  
king,

On whose employment I was sent to you:  
You shall do small respect, show too bold  
malice

Against the grace and person of my master,  
Stocking his messenger.

*Corn.* Fetch forth the stocks!  
As I have life and honour, there shall he  
sit till noon. 141

*Reg.* Till noon! till night, my lord; and  
all night too.

*Kent.* Why, madam, if I were your  
father's dog,

You should not use me so.

*Reg.* Sir, being his knave, I will.

*Corn.* This is a fellow of the self-same  
colour

Our sister speaks of. Come, bring away the  
stocks. *Stocks brought out.*

*Glou.* Let me beseech your grace not to  
do so.

His fault is much, and the good king his  
master

Will check him for 't: your purpos'd low  
correction 149

Is such as basest and contemn'd'st  
wretches

For pilferings and most common trespasses  
Are punish'd with: the king must take it ill,  
That he, so slightly valued in his messenger,  
Should have him thus restrain'd.

*Corn.* I'll answer that.

*Reg.* My sister may receive it much more  
worse

To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,  
For following her affairs. Put in his legs.

KENT is put in the stocks.

Come, my good lord, away.

*Exeunt all but GLOUCESTER and KENT.*  
Glow. I am sorry for thee, friend; 't is the  
duke's pleasure,

Whose disposition, all the world well knows,  
Will not be rubb'd nor stopp'd: I'll entreat  
for thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, sir. I have watch'd  
and travell'd hard;

Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll  
whistle.

A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:  
Give you good morrow!

Glow. The duke's to blame in this; 't will  
be ill taken. *Exit.*

Kent. Good king, that must approve the  
common saw,

Thou out of heaven's benediction comest  
To the warm sun.

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,  
That by thy comfortable beams I may

Peruse this letter. Nothing almost sees  
miracles,

But misery: I know 't is from Cordelia,  
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd  
Of my obscured course; and shall find time  
From this enormous state, seeking to give  
Losses their remedies. All weary and o'er-  
watch'd,

Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold  
This shameful lodging.

Fortune, good night; smile once more;  
turn thy wheel! *He sleeps.* 180

### SCENE III.—A Part of the Heath.

*Enter EDGAR.*

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;

And by the happy hollow of a tree  
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place,  
That guard, and most unusual vigilance,  
Does not attend my taking. Whiles I may  
'scape,

I will preserve myself; and am bethought  
To take the basest and most poorest shape  
That ever penury, in contempt of man,  
Brought near to beast; my face I'll grime  
with filth,

Blanket my loins, elf all my hair in knots, 10  
And with presented nakedness of face  
The winds and persecutions of the sky.

The country gives me proof and precedent  
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring  
voices,

Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare  
arms

Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rose-  
mary;

And with this horrible object, from low farms,  
Poor pelted villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,  
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with  
prayers,

Enforce their charity. Poor Turlygood!  
poor Tom! 20

That's something yet: Edgar I nothing am.  
*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—Before GLOUCESTER'S Castle.  
KENT in the Stocks.

*Enter LEAR, Fool, and Gentleman.*

Lear. 'T is strange that they should so  
depart from home,  
And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,  
The night before there was no purpose in  
them

Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. Ha!

Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my lord.  
Fool. Ha, ha! he wears cruel garters.

Horses are tied by the head, dogs and bears  
by the neck, monkeys by the loins, and men  
by the legs: when a man's over-lusty at  
legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks. 11

Lear. What's he that hath so much thy  
place mistook

To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she,

Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. No, no; they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have. 20

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do 't;  
They could not, would not do 't; 't is worse  
than murder.

To do upon respect such violent outrage.

Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way  
Thou might'st deserve, or they impose, this  
usage,

Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home  
I did commend your highness' letters to  
them,

Ere I was risen from the place that show'd  
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking  
post, 30

Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting  
forth

From Goneril his mistress salutations;  
Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,  
Which presently they read: on whose con-  
tents

They summon'd up their meiny, straight  
took horse;

Commanded me to follow, and attend  
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold  
looks;

And meeting here the other messenger,  
Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd  
mine,

Being the very fellow which of late 40  
Display'd so saucily against your highness,  
Having more man than wit about me, drew:  
He rais'd the house with loud and coward  
cries.

Your son and daughter found this trespass  
worth

The shame which here it suffers.

*Fool.* Winter's not gone yet, if the wild-geese fly that way.

Fathers that wear rags

Do make their children blind,

But fathers that bear bags 50

Shall see their children kind.

Fortune, that arrant whore,

Ne'er turns the key to the poor.

But for all this thou shalt have as many dolours for thy daughters as thou canst tell in a year.

*Lear.* O! how this mother swells up toward my heart!

*Hysterica passio!* down, thou climbing sorrow!

Thy element's below. Where is this daughter?

*Kent.* With the earl, sir; here within.

*Lear.* Follow me not; stay here. *Exit.* 60

*Gent.* Made you no more offence but what you speak of?

*Kent.* None.

How chance the king comes with so small a number?

*Fool.* An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserved it. 66

*Kent.* Why, fool?

*Fool.* We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring i' the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That sir which serves and seeks for gain, And follows but for form, 80

Will pack when it begins to rain,

And leave thee in the storm.

But I will tarry; the fool will stay,

And let the wise man fly:

The knave turns fool that runs away;

The fool no knave, perdy.

*Kent.* Where learned you this, fool?

*Fool.* Not i' the stocks, fool.

*Re-enter LEAR, with GLOUCESTER.*

*Lear.* Deny to speak with me! They are sick! they are weary!

They have travell'd all the night! Mere fetches, 90

The images of revolt and flying off.

Fetch me a better answer.

*Glou.* My dear lord,

You know the fiery quality of the duke;

How unremovable and fix'd he is

In his own course.

*Lear.* Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!

Fiery! what quality? Why, Gloucester,

Gloucester,

I'd speak with the Duke of Cornwall and

his wife.

*Glou.* Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

*Lear.* Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man? 100

*Glou.* Ay, my good lord.

*Lear.* The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father

Would with his daughter speak, commands her service;

Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood!

Fiery! the fiery duke! Tell the hot duke that—

No, but not yet; may be he is not well:

Infirmary doth still neglect all office

Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves

When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind

To suffer with the body. I'll forbear; 116

And am fall'n out with my more headier will,

To take the indispos'd and sickly fit

For the sound man. Death on my state?

wherefore *Looking on KENT.*

Should he sit here? This act persuades me

That this remotion of the duke and her

Is practice only. Give me my servant forth.

Go tell the duke and 's wife I'd speak with them.

Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,

Or at their chamber-door I'll beat the drum Till it cry sleep to death. 120

*Glou.* I would have all well betwixt you. *Exit.*

*Lear.* O me! my heart, my rising heart! but, down!

*Fool.* Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels when she put 'em i' the paste alive; she knapped 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cried 'Down, wantons, down!' 'Twas her brother that, in pure kindness to his horse, buttered his hay.

*Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOUCESTER, and Servants.*

*Lear.* Good morrow to you both.

*Corn.* Hail to your grace! *KENT is set at liberty.*

*Reg.* I am glad to see your highness. 130

*Lear.* Regan, I think you are; I know what reason

I have to think so: if thou should'st not be glad,

I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb, Sepulchring an adultress. *To KENT.* O!

are you free?

Some other time for that. Beloved Regan,

Thy sister's naught: O Regan! she hath

tied

Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here. *Points to his heart.*

I can scarce speak to thee; thou 'lt not believe

With how deprav'd a quality—O Regan! *hope*

*Reg.* I pray you sir, take patience. I have 140

You less know how to value her desert

Than she to scant her duty.

*Lear.* Say, how is that?

*Reg.* I cannot think my sister in the least  
Would fail her obligation: if, sir, perchance  
She have restrain'd the riots of your fol-  
lowers,

'T is on such ground, and to such wholesome  
end,

As clears her from all blame.

*Lear.* My curses on her!

*Reg.* O, sir! you are old;

Nature in you stands on the very verge  
Of her confine: you should be rul'd and  
led 150

By some discretion that discerns your state  
Better than you yourself. Therefore I pray  
you

That to our sister you do make return:

Say you have wrong'd her, sir.

*Lear.* Ask her forgiveness?

Do you but mark how this becomes the  
house:

'Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;

Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg

*Kneeling.*

That you 'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed and  
food.'

*Reg.* Good sir, no more; these are un-  
sightly tricks.

Return you to my sister.

*Lear. Rising.* Never, Regan. 160

She hath abated me of half my train;

Look'd black upon me; struck me with her  
tongue,

Most serpent-like, upon the very heart.

All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall

On her ingrateful top! Strike her young  
bones,

You taking airs, with lameness!

*Corn.* Fie, sir, fie!

*Lear.* You nimble lightnings, dart your  
blinding flames

Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,  
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful  
sun,

To fall and blast her pride! 170

*Reg.* O the blest gods! so will you wish  
on me,

When the rash mood is on.

*Lear.* No, Regan, thou shalt never have  
my curse:

Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give

Thee o'er to harshness: her eyes are fierce,  
but thine

Do comfort and not burn. 'T is not in thee  
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train.

To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,  
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt 175

Against my coming in: thou better know'st  
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,

Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;

Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,  
Wherein I thee endow'd.

*Reg.* Good sir, to the purpose.

*Lear.* Who put my man i' the stocks?

*Tucket within.*

*Corn.* What trumpet 's that?

*Reg.* I know 't, my sister's: this approves  
her letter,

That she would soon be here.

*Enter OSWALD.*

Is your lady come?

*Lear.* This is a slave, whose easy-bor-  
row'd pride

Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.  
Out, varlet, from my sight!

*Corn.* What means your grace?

*Lear.* Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I  
have good hope 191

Thou didst not know on 't. Who comes  
here?

*Enter GONERIL.*

O heavens,

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway  
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,

Make it your cause; send down and take  
my part!

To GONERIL. Art not ashamed to look upon  
this beard?

O Regan! wilt thou take her by the hand?

*Gon.* Why not by the hand, sir? How  
have I offended?

All 's not offence that indiscretion finds

And dotage terms so.

*Lear.* O sides! you are too tough;  
Will you yet hold? How came my man i' 201

the stocks?

*Corn.* I set him there, sir; but his own  
disorders

Deserv'd much less advancement.

*Lear.* You! did you?

*Reg.* I pray you, father, being weak, seem  
so.

If, till the expiration of your month,

You will return and sojourn with my sister,  
Dismissing half your train, come then to me:

I am now from home, and out of that provi-  
sion

Which shall be needful for your entertain-  
ment.

*Lear.* Return to her? and fifty men dis-  
miss'd?

No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose 211

To wage against the enmity o' the air;

To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,

Necessity's sharp pinch! Return with her!

Why, the hot-blooded France, that dower-  
less took

Our youngest born, I could as well be  
brought

To kneel his throne, and, squire-like, pen-  
sion beg

To keep base life afoot. Return with her!

Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter  
To this detested groom.

*Pointing at OSWALD.*

*Gon.* At your choice, sir.  
*Lear.* I prithee, daughter, do not make  
me mad: 221

I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell.  
We 'll no more meet, no more see one an-  
other;

But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my  
daughter;

Or rather a disease that 's in my flesh,

Which I must needs call mine: thou art a  
boil,

A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,

In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;

Let shame come when it will, I do not call it: I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot, 230 Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove. Mend when thou canst; be better at thy leisure:

I can be patient; I can stay with Regan, I and my hundred knights.

*Reg.* Not altogether so: I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister;

For those that mingle reason with your passion

Must be content to think you old, and so— But she knows what she does.

*Lear.* Is this well spoken? *Reg.* I dare avouch it, sir: what! fifty followers! 240

Is it not well? What should you need of more?

Yea, or so many, sith that both charge and danger

Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house,

Should many people, under two commands, Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.

*Gon.* Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance

From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

*Reg.* Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to slack you

We could control them. If you will come to me,

For now I spy a danger, I entreat you 250 To bring but five-and-twenty; to no more Will I give place or notice.

*Lear.* I gave you all—

*Reg.* And in good time you gave it.

*Lear.* Made you my guardians, my depositaries,

But kept a reservation to be follow'd With such a number. What! must I come to you

With five-and-twenty? Regan, said you so? *Reg.* And speak 't again, my lord; no more with me.

*Lear.* Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd

When others are more wicked; not being the worst 260

Stands in some rank of praise. To GON-ERIL. I'll go with thee:

Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty, And thou art twice her love.

*Gon.* Hear me, my lord. What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five, To follow in a house where twice so many Have a command to tend you?

*Reg.* What need one? *Lear.* O! reason not the need; our basest beggars

Are in the poorest thing superfluous: Allow not nature more than nature needs, Man's life is cheap as beast's. Thou art a lady; 270

If only to go warm were gorgeous, Why nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,

Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But, for true need,—

You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man, As full of grief as age; wretched in both!

If it be you that stirs these daughters' hearts Against their father, fool me not so much

To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger,

And let not women's weapons, water-drops, Stain my man's cheeks! No, you unnatural hags, 281

I will have such revenges on you both That all the world shall—I will do such things,

What they are yet I know not, but they shall be

The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;

No, I'll not weep:

I have full cause of weeping, but this heart Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws

Or ere I'll weep. O fool! I shall go mad.

*Exeunt LEAR, GLOUCESTER, KENT, and Fool.*

*Corn.* Let us withdraw, 't will be a storm. *Storm heard at a distance.*

*Reg.* This house is little: the old man and his people 291

Cannot be well bestow'd,

*Gon.* 'T is his own blame; hath put himself from rest,

And must needs taste his folly.

*Reg.* For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,

But not one follower.

*Gon.* So am I purpos'd. Where is my Lord of Gloucester?

*Corn.* Follow'd the old man forth. He is return'd.

*Re-enter GLOUCESTER.*

*Glou.* The king is in high rage.

*Corn.* Whither is he going?

*Glou.* He calls to horse; but will I know not whither. 300

*Corn.* 'T is best to give him way; he leads himself.

*Gon.* My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

*Glou.* Alack! the night comes on, and the high winds

Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about There's scarce a bush.

*Reg.* O! sir, to wilful men, The injuries that they themselves procure

Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors;

He is attended with a desperate train, And what they may incense him to, being apt

To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear. 310 *Corn.* Shut up your doors, my lord; 't is a wild night:

My Regan counsels well: come out o' the storm. *Exeunt.*

## ACT III

## SCENE I.—A Heath.

*A storm, with thunder and lightning. Enter KENT and a Gentleman, meeting.*

*Kent.* Who's there, beside foul weather?

*Gent.* One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

*Kent.* I know you. Where's the king?

*Gent.* Contending with the fretful elements;

Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,  
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,  
That things might change or cease; tears  
his white hair,

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless  
rage,

Catch in their fury, and make nothing of;  
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn  
The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain. 11  
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear  
would couch,

The lion and the belly-pinched wolf  
Keep their fur dry, unbattered he runs,  
And bids what will take all.

*Kent.* But who is with him?

*Gent.* None but the fool, who labours to  
out-jest

His heart-struck injuries.

*Kent.* Sir, I do know you;  
And dare, upon the warrant of my note,  
Commend a dear thing to you. There is  
division,

Although as yet the face of it be cover'd 20  
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and  
Cornwall;

Who have—as who have not, that their  
great stars

Thron'd and set high?—servants, who seem  
no less,

Which are to France the spies and specula-  
tions

Intelligent of our state; what hath been  
seen,

Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes,  
Or the hard rein which both of them have  
borne

Against the old kind king; or something  
deeper,

Whereof perchance these are but furnish-  
ings;

But, true it is, from France there comes a  
power 30

Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,  
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet

In some of our best ports, and are at point  
To show their open banner. Now to you:

If on my credit you dare build so far  
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find

Some that will thank you, making just report  
Of how unnatural and bemoaning sorrow

The king hath cause to plain.

I am a gentleman of blood and breeding, 40  
And from some knowledge and assurance  
offer

This office to you.

*Gent.* I will talk further with you.

*Kent.*

No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more

Than my out-wall, open this purse, and take  
What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,  
As fear not but you shall, show her this ring,  
And she will tell you who your fellow is  
That yet you do not know. Fie on this  
storm!

I will go seek the king. 50

*Gent.* Give me your hand. Have you no  
more to say?

*Kent.* Few words, but, to effect, more  
than all yet;

That, when we have found the king, in  
which your pain

That way, I'll this, he that first lights on him  
Holla the other. *Exeunt severally.*

## SCENE II.—Another Part of the Heath.

*Storm still.*

*Enter LEAR and Fool.*

*Lear.* Blow, winds, and crack your  
cheeks! rage! blow!

You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout  
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd  
the cocks!

You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,  
Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunder-  
bolts,

Singe my white head! And thou, all-shak-  
ing thunder,

Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!  
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at  
once

That make ingrateful man! 9

*Fool.* O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry  
house is better than this rain-water out o'  
door. Good nuncle, in, and ask thy  
daughters' blessing; here's a night pities  
neither wise men nor fools.

*Lear.* Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire!  
spout, rain!

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my  
daughters:

I tax not you, you elements, with unkind-  
ness;

I never gave you kingdom, call'd you  
children,

You owe me no subscription: then let fall  
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your  
slave,

A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man.  
But yet I call you servile ministers, 21

That have with two pernicious daughters  
join'd

Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head  
So old and white as this. O! O! 't is foul.

*Fool.* He that has a house to put 's head  
in has a good head-piece.

The cod-piece that will house

Before the head has any,

The head and he shall louse;

So beggars marry many. 30

The man that makes his toe

What he his heart should make,

Shall of a corn cry woe,

And turn his sleep to wake.

For there was never yet fair woman but she  
made mouths in a glass.

*Lear.* No. I will be the pattern of all  
patience; I will say nothing.

*Enter KENT.**Kent.* Who's there?*Fool.* Marry, here 's grace and a cod-piece; that 's a wise man and a fool. 41*Kent.* Alas! sir, are you here? things that love night  
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skiesGallow the very wanderers of the dark,  
And make them keep their caves. Since I was man

Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,

Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never

Remember to have heard; man's nature cannot carry

The affliction nor the fear.

*Lear.* Let the great gods,  
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads, 50

Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,

That hast within thee undivulged crimes,  
Unwhipp'd of justice; hide thee, thou bloody hand,Thou perjur'd, and thou simular of virtue  
That art incestuous; caitiff, to pieces shake,  
That under covert and convenient seeming  
Hast practis'd on man's life; close pent-up  
guilts,Rive your concealing continents, and cry  
These dreadful summoners grace. I am a  
man

More sinn'd against than sinning.

*Kent.* Alack! bare-headed!  
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel; 61  
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest;Repose you there while I to this hard house  
More harder than the stones whereof 't is rais'd,Which even but now, demanding after you,  
Denied me to come in, return and force  
Their scantied courtesy.*Lear.* My wits begin to turn.  
Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy? Art  
cold?I am cold myself. Where is this straw, my  
fellow?The art of our necessities is strange, 70  
That can make vile things precious. Come,  
your hovel.Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my  
heart

That 's sorry yet for thee.

*Fool.* He that has and a little tiny wit,—  
With hey, ho, the wind and the  
rain,—Must make content with his fortunes fit,  
For the rain it raineth every  
day.*Lear.* True, my good boy. Come, bring  
us to this hovel.*Exeunt LEAR and KENT.**Fool.* This is a brave night to cool a  
courtezan.

I'll speak a prophecy ere I go: 80

When priests are more in word than mat-  
ter;When brewers mar their malt with water;  
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors;  
When every case in law is right;No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;  
When slanderers do not live in tongues;Nor cut-purses come not to throngs;  
When usurers tell their gold i' the field;And bawds and whores do churches build;  
Then shall the realm of Albion 91Come to great confusion:  
Then comes the time, who lives to see 't,  
That going shall be us'd with feet.This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live  
before his time. *Exit.*SCENE III.—A Room in GLOUCESTER'S  
Castle.*Enter GLOUCESTER and EDMUND.**Glou.* Alack, alack! Edmund, I like not  
this unnatural dealing. When I desired  
their leave that I might pity him, they took  
from me the use of mine own house;  
charged me, on pain of perpetual dis-  
pleasure, neither to speak of him, entreat  
for him, nor any way sustain him. 6*Edm.* Most savage and unnatural!*Glou.* Go to; say you nothing. There is  
division between the dukes, and a worse  
matter than that. I have received a letter  
this night; 't is dangerous to be spoken; I  
have locked the letter in my closet. These  
injuries the king now bears will be revenged  
home; there 's part of a power already  
footed; we must incline to the king. I will  
seek him and privily relieve him; go you  
and maintain talk with the duke, that my  
charity be not of him perceived. If he ask  
for me, I am ill and gone to bed. If I die  
for it, as no less is threatened me, the king,  
my old master, must be relieved. There is  
some strange thing toward, Edmund; pray  
you, be careful. *Exit.* 21*Edm.* This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the  
dukeInstantly know; and of that letter too:  
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw  
meThat which my father loses; no less than  
all:The younger rises when the old doth fall.  
*Exit.*SCENE IV.—The Heath. Before a Hovel.  
*Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.**Kent.* Here is the place, my lord; good  
my lord, enter:The tyranny of the open night 's too rough  
For nature to endure. *Storm still.**Lear.* Let me alone.*Kent.* Good my lord, enter here.*Lear.* Wilt break my heart?*Kent.* I'd rather break mine own. Good  
my lord, enter.

*Lear.* Thou think'st 't is much that this contentious storm  
Invades us to the skin: so 't is to thee;  
But where the greater malady is fix'd,  
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou 'dst shun a bear;  
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea,  
Thou 'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind's free 11  
The body's delicate; the tempest in my mind  
Doth from my senses take all feeling else.  
Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!  
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand  
For lifting food to 't? But I will punish home:  
No, I will weep no more. In such a night  
To shut me out! Pour on; I will endure.  
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!  
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,— 20  
O! that way madness lies; let me shun that;  
No more of that.  
*Kent.* Good my lord, enter here.  
*Lear.* Prithce, go in thyself; seek thine own ease:  
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder  
On things would hurt me more. But I'll go in.  
*To the Fool.* In, boy; go first. You houseless poverty,—  
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep. *Fool goes in.*  
Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,  
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,  
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides, 30  
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you  
From seasons such as these? O! I have ta'en  
Too little care of this. Take physic, pomp;  
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,  
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,  
And show the heavens more just.  
*Edg.* Within. Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom!  
*The Fool runs out from the hovel.*  
*Fool.* Come not in here, nuncle; here's a spirit.  
Help me! help me! 40  
*Kent.* Give me thy hand. Who's there?  
*Fool.* A spirit, a spirit: he says his name's poor Tom.  
*Kent.* What art thou that dost grumble there i' the straw?  
Come forth.  
*Enter EDGAR disguised as a madman.*  
*Edg.* Away! the foul fiend follows me!  
Through the sharp hawthorn blow the winds.  
Hum! go to thy bed and warm thee.  
*Lear.* Didst thou give all to thy two daughters?  
And art thou come to this? 50

*Edg.* Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor. Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold. O! do de, do de, do de. Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. There could I have him now, and there, and there, and there again, and there. *Storm still.*

*Lear.* What! have his daughters brought him to this pass?  
Could'st thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?

*Fool.* Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

*Lear.* Now all the plagues that in the pendulous air  
Hang fated o'er men's faults light on thy daughters! 70

*Kent.* He hath no daughters, sir.  
*Lear.* Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature

To such a lowness but his unkind daughters. Is it the fashion that discarded fathers  
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh? Judicious punishment! 't was this flesh begot

Those pelican daughters.  
*Edg.* Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill:  
Hallow, hallow, loo, loo!

*Fool.* This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen. 81

*Edg.* Take heed o' the foul fiend. Obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom's a-cold!

*Lear.* What hast thou been?  
*Edg.* A servingman, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair, wore gloves in my cap, served the lust of my mistress' heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven; one that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it. Wine loved I deeply, dice dearly, and in woman out-paramoured the Turk: false of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes nor the rustling of silks betray thy poor heart to woman: keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend. Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind; says suum, mun, ha no nonny. Dolphin my boy, my boy; sessa! let him trot by. *Storm still.* 104

*Lear.* Why, thou wert better in thy grave than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide,

the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three on's are sophisticated; thou art the thing itself; unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings! Come; unbutton here. *Tearing off his clothes.* 114

*Fool.* Prithee, nuncle, be contented; 't is a naughty night to swim in. Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart; a small spark, all the rest on's body cold. Look! here comes a walking fire. 119

*Enter GLOUCESTER, with a torch.*

*Edg.* This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet; he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the harelip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

*Swihold footed thrice the wold;*

*He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;*

*Bid her alight,*

*And her troth plight,*

*And aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!*

*Kent.* How fares your grace? 130

*Lear.* What's he?

*Kent.* Who's there? What is't you seek?

*Glou.* What are you there? Your names?

*Edg.* Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old rat and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped from tithing to tithing, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, 141

*Horse to ride, and weapon to wear,  
But mice and rats and such small deer,  
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.*

Beware my follower. Peace, Smulkin! peace, thou fiend!

*Glou.* What! hath your grace no better company?

*Edg.* The prince of darkness is a gentleman;

*Modo* he's call'd, and *Mahu*.

*Glou.* Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile, 150

That it doth hate what gets it.

*Edg.* Poor Tom's a-cold.

*Glou.* Go in with me. My duty cannot suffer

To obey in all your daughters' hard commands;

Though their injunction be to bar my doors, And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,

Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

*Lear.* First let me talk with this philosopher.

What is the cause of thunder? 160

*Kent.* Good my lord, take his offer; go into the house.

*Lear.* I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.

What is your study?

*Edg.* How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

*Lear.* Let me ask you one word in private.

*Kent.* Importune him once more to go, my lord;

His wits begin to unsettle.

*Glou.* Canst thou blame him? *Storm still.*

His daughters seek his death. Ah! that good Kent;

He said it would be thus, poor banish'd man! Thou say'st the king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend, 170

I am almost mad myself. I had a son, Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life,

But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend, No father his son dearer; true to tell thee, The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this!

I do beseech your grace,—

*Lear.* O! cry you mercy, sir.

Noble philosopher, your company.

*Edg.* Tom's a-cold.

*Glou.* In, fellow, there, into the hovel: keep thee warm.

*Lear.* Come, let's in all.

*Kent.* This way, my lord.

*Lear.* I will keep still with my philosopher. 181

*Kent.* Good my lord, soothe him; let him take the fellow.

*Glou.* Take him you on.

*Kent.* Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

*Lear.* Come, good Athenian.

*Glou.* No words, no words: hush.

*Edg.* Child Rowland to the dark tower came,

*His word was still, Fie, foh, and fum,  
I smell the blood of a British man.*

*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—A Room in GLOUCESTER'S Castle.

*Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND.*

*Corn.* I will have my revenge ere I depart his house.

*Edm.* How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

*Corn.* I now perceive it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reproveable badness in himself. 9

*Edm.* How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter which he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector! 14

*Corn.* Go with me to the duchess.

*Edm.* If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

*Corn.* True or false, it hath made thee Earl of Gloucester. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension. 20

*Edm. Aside.* If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully. I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

*Corn.* I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*A Chamber in a Farmhouse adjoining the Castle.*

*Enter GLOUCESTER, LEAR, KENT, Fool, and EDGAR.*

*Glou.* Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

*Kent.* All the power of his wits have given way to his impatience. The gods reward your kindness! *Exit GLOUCESTER.*

*Edg.* Frateretto calls me, and tells me Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

*Fool.* Prithce, nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman? 11

*Lear.* A king, a king!

*Fool.* No; he's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his son; for he's a mad yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.

*Lear.* To have a thousand with red burning spits

*Come hissing in upon 'em,—*

*Edg.* The foul fiend bites my back.

*Fool.* He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath. 21

*Lear.* It shall be done; I will arraign them straight.

*To EDGAR.* Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer;

*To the Fool.* Thou, sapient sir, sit here. Now, you she foxes!

*Edg.* Look where he stands and glares! Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?

*Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me,—*

*Fool.* Her boat hath a leak,

*And she must not speak*

*Why she dares not come over to thee. 30*

*Edg.* The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

*Kent.* How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd:

*Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?*

*Lear.* I'll see their trial first. Bring in their evidence.

*To EDGAR.* Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;

*To the Fool.* And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity,

Bench by his side. *To KENT.* You are o' the commission, 40

*Sit you too.*

*Edg.* Let us deal justly.

*Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?*

*Thy sheep be in the corn;*

*And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,*

*Thy sheep shall take no harm.*

*Purr! the cat is grey.*

*Lear.* Arraign her first; 't is Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father. 50

*Fool.* Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril?

*Lear.* She cannot deny it.

*Fool.* Cry you mercy, I took you for a jointstool.

*Lear.* And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim

What store her heart is made on. Stop her there!

Arms, arms, sword, fire! Corruption in the place!

False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

*Edg.* Bless thy five wits! 60

*Kent.* O pity! Sir, where is the patience now

That you so oft have boasted to retain?

*Edg. Aside.* My tears begin to take his part so much,

They'll mar my counterfeiting.

*Lear.* The little dogs and all, Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me.

*Edg.* Tom will throw his head at them. *Avant, you curs!*

Be thy mouth or black or white,

Tooth that poisons if it bite; 70

Mustif, greyhound, mongrel grim,

Hound or spaniel, brach or lym;

Or bobtail tike or trundle-tail;

Tom will make them weep and wail:

For, with throwing thus my head,

Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de, de. Sessa! Come, march to wakes and fairs and market-towns. Poor Tom, thy horn is dry. 79

*Lear.* Then let them anatomize Regan, see what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts? *To EDGAR.* You, sir, I entertain for one of my hundred; only I do not like the fashion of your garments; you will say they are Persian; but let them be changed.

*Kent.* Now, good my lord, lie here and rest awhile.

*Lear.* Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains: so, so, so. We'll go to supper i' the morning: so, so, so. 91

*Fool.* And I'll go to bed at noon.

*Re-enter GLOUCESTER.*

*Glou.* Come hither, friend: where is the king my master?

*Kent.* Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

*Glou.* Good friend, I prithee, take him in thy arms;  
I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him.  
There is a litter ready; lay him in 't,  
And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master: 99

If thou should'st dally half an hour, his life,  
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,  
Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up;  
And follow me, that will to some provision  
Give thee quick conduct.

*Kent.* Oppress'd nature sleeps:  
This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken sinews, —

Which, if convenience will not allow,  
Stand in hard cure. *To the Fool.* Come,  
help to bear thy master;

Thou must not stay behind.

*Glou.* Come, come, away.

*Exeunt KENT, GLOUCESTER, and the Fool, bearing off the King.*

*Edg.* When we our betters see bearing our woes,

We scarcely think our miseries our foes. 110  
Who alone suffers suffers most i' the mind,  
Leaving free things and happy shows behind;  
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,

When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.

How light and portable my pain seems now,  
When that which makes me bend makes the king bow;

He childed as I father'd! Tom, away!  
Mark the high noises, and thyself bewray  
When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee, 119

In thy just proof repeals and reconciles thee.  
What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the king!

Lurk, lurk. *Exit.*

SCENE VII.—A Room in GLOUCESTER'S Castle.

*Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, and Servants.*

*Corn.* To GONERIL. Post speedily to my lord your husband; show him this letter: the army of France is landed. Seek out the villain Gloucester.

*Exeunt some of the Servants.*

*Reg.* Hang him instantly.

*Gon.* Pluck out his eyes. 5

*Corn.* Leave him to my displeasure.  
Edmund, keep you our sister company: the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation: we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister; farewell, my Lord of Gloucester. 13

*Enter OSWALD.*

How now! where 's the king?  
*Osw.* My Lord of Gloucester hath convey'd him hence:

Some five or six and thirty of his knights,  
Hot questrists after him, met him at gate;  
Who, with some other of the lord's dependants,

Are gone with him towards Dover, where they boast

To have well-armed friends.

*Corn.* Get horses for your mistress.

*Gon.* Farewell, sweet lord, and sister. 21

*Corn.* Edmund, farewell.

*Exeunt GONERIL, EDMUND, and OSWALD.*

Go seek the traitor Gloucester,  
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us,

*Exeunt other Servants.*

Though well we may not pass upon his life  
Without the form of justice, yet our power  
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men  
May blame but not control. Who 's there?  
The traitor?

*Re-enter Servants, with GLOUCESTER.*

*Reg.* Ingrateful fox! 't is he.

*Corn.* Bind fast his corky arms.

*Glou.* What mean your graces? Good my friends, consider 30

You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.

*Corn.* Bind him, I say.

*Reg.* Hard, hard. O filthy traitor!

*Glou.* Unmerciful lady as you are, I 'm none.

*Corn.* To this chair bind him. Villain, thou shalt find—

*REGAN plucks his beard.*  
*Glou.* By the kind gods, 't is mostignobly done

To pluck me by the beard.

*Reg.* So white, and such a traitor!

*Glou.* Naughty lady,  
These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,

Will quicken, and accuse thee: I am your host: 33

With robbers' hands my hospitable favours  
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

*Corn.* Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?

*Reg.* Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.

*Corn.* And what confederacy have you with the traitors

Late footed in the kingdom?

*Reg.* To whose hands have you sent the lunatic king?

Speak.

*Glou.* I have a letter guessingly set down,  
Which came from one that 's of a neutral heart,

And not from one oppos'd.

*Corn.* Cunning.

*Reg.* And false.

*Corn.* Where hast thou sent the king?  
*Glou.* To Dover.

*Reg.* Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not charg'd at peril— 33

*Corn.* Wherefore to Dover? Let him answer that.

*Glou.* I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.

*Reg.* Wherefore to Dover?

*Glou.* Because I would not see thy cruel nails

Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister

In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head  
In hell-black night endur'd, would have

buoy'd up, 60

And quench'd the stelled fires;

Yet, poor old heart, he help the heavens to

rain.  
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern

time,  
Thou should'st have said 'Good porter, turn

the key,  
All cruels else subscribe': but I shall see  
The winged vengeance overtake such chil-

dren.  
*Corn.* See't shalt thou never. Fellows,

hold the chair.

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

*Glou.* He that will think to live till he be

old,  
Give me some help! O cruel! O ye gods!

*Reg.* One side will mock another; the  
other too. 71

*Corn.* If you see vengeance,—  
*First Serv.* Hold your hand, my lord.

I have serv'd you ever since I was a child,  
But better service I have never done you

Than now to bid you hold.  
*Reg.* How now, you dog!

*First Serv.* If you did wear a beard upon  
your chin

I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you  
mean?

*Corn.* My villain! *They draw and fight.*  
*First Serv.* Nay then, come on, and take

the chance of anger.  
*Reg.* Give me thy sword. A peasant stand

up thus! 80  
*Takes a sword and runs at him behind.*

*First Serv.* O! I am slain. My lord, you  
have one eye left

To see some mischief on him. O! *Dies.*  
*Corn.* Lest it see more, prevent it. Out,

vile jelly!  
Where is thy lustre now?

*Glou.* All dark and comfortless. Where's  
my son Edmund?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature  
To quit this horrid act.

*Reg.* Out, treacherous villain!  
Thou call'st on him that hates thee; it was

he  
That made the overture of thy treasons to us,  
Who is too good to pity thee. 90

*Glou.* O my follies! Then Edgar was  
abus'd.

Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper  
him!

*Reg.* Go thrust him out at gates, and let  
him smell

His way to Dover.  
*Exit one with GLOUCESTER.*

How is't, my lord? How look you?

*Corn.* I have receiv'd a hurt. Follow me,  
lady.

Turn out that eyeless villain; throw this slave  
Upon the dunghill. Regan, I bleed apace:

Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your  
arm. *Exit CORNWALL, led by REGAN.*

*Second Serv.* I'll never care what wick-  
edness I do 99

If this man come to good.  
*Third Serv.* If she live long,

And in the end meet the old course of death,  
Women will all turn monsters.

*Second Serv.* Let's follow the old earl,  
and get the Bedlam

To lead him where he would: his roguish  
madness

Allows itself to any thing.  
*Third Serv.* Go thou; I'll fetch some flax

and whites of eggs  
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven

help him. *Exeunt severally.*

## ACT IV

## SCENE I.—The Heath.

*Enter EDGAR.*

*Edg.* Yet better thus, and known to be  
contemn'd,

Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be  
worst,

The lowest and most dejected thing of  
fortune,

Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear:  
The lamentable change is from the best;

The worst returns to laughter. Welcome,  
then,

Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace:  
The wretch that thou hast blown unto the

worst  
Owes nothing to thy blasts. But who comes  
here?

*Enter GLOUCESTER, led by an old Man.*  
My father, poorly led? World, world, O

world! 10

But that thy strange mutations make us hate  
thee

Life would not yield to age.  
*Old Man.* O my good lord!

I have been your tenant, and your father's  
tenant,

These fourscore years.  
*Glou.* Away, get thee away; good friend,

be gone:

Thy comforts can do me no good at all;  
Thee they may hurt.

*Old Man.* You cannot see your way.  
*Glou.* I have no way, and therefore want

no eyes; 20

I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 't is seen,  
Our means secure us, and our mere defects

Prove our commodities. Ah! dear son  
Edgar,

The food of thy abused father's wrath;  
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,

I'd say I had eyes again.  
*Old Man.* How now! Who's there?

*Edg. Aside.* O gods! Who is't can say  
'I am at the worst?'

I am worse than e'er I was.

*Old Man.* 'Tis poor mad Tom.

*Edg. Aside.* And worse I may be yet; the worst is not

So long as we can say 'This is the worst.' 30

*Old Man.* Fellow, where goest?

*Glou.* Is it a beggar-man?

*Old Man.* Madman and beggar too.

*Glou.* He has some reason, else he could not beg.

I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw,  
Which made me think a man a worm: my son

Came then into my mind; and yet my mind

Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard more since.

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;  
They kill us for their sport.

*Edg. Aside.* How should this be?

Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow, 40

Angering itself and others. Bless thee, master!

*Glou.* Is that the naked fellow?

*Old Man.* Ay, my lord.

*Glou.* Then, prithee, get thee gone. If for my sake

Thou wilt o'ertake us hence a mile or twain  
I' the way toward Dover, do it for ancient love;

And bring some covering for this naked soul,

Who I'll entreat to lead me.

*Old Man.* Alack, sir! he is mad.

*Glou.* 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead the blind.

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;  
Above the rest, be gone. 50

*Old Man.* I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have.

Come on 't what will. *Exit.*

*Glou.* Sirrah, naked fellow,—

*Edg.* Poor Tom 's a-cold. *Aside.* I can not daub it further.

*Glou.* Come hither, fellow.

*Edg. Aside.* And yet I must. Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

*Glou.* Know'st thou the way to Dover? 57

*Edg.* Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his wits: bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend! Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as Obidicut; Hobbididance, prince of dumbness; Mahu, of stealing; Modo, of murder; Flibbertigibbet, of mopping and mowing; who since possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master! 68

*Glou.* Here, take this purse, thou whom the heavens' plagues

Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched

Makes thee the happier: heavens, deal so still!

Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man, 70  
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see  
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;

So distribution should undo excess,  
And each man have enough. Dost thou know Dover?

*Edg.* Ay, master.

*Glou.* There is a cliff, whose high and bending head

Looks fearfully in the confined deep;

Bring me but to the very brim of it,

And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear  
With something rich about me; from that place 80

I shall no leading need.

*Edg.*

Give me thy arm:

Poor Tom shall lead thee.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before the Duke of ALBANY'S Palace.*

*Enter GONERIL and EDMUND.*

*Gon.* Welcome, my lord: I marvel our mild husband

Not met us on the way.

*Enter OSWALD.*

Now, where's your master?

*Osw.* Madam, within; but never man so chang'd.

I told him of the army that was landed;

He smil'd at it: I told him you were coming;  
His answer was 'The worse': of Gloucester's

treachery.

And of the loyal service of his son,

When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot,

And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out:

What most he should dislike seems pleasant to him; 10

What like, offensive.

*Gon.* To EDMUND. Then shall you go no further.

It is the cowardly terror of his spirit

That dares not undertake; he'll not feel wrongs

Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes on the way

May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother;

Hasten his musters and conduct his powers:  
I must change arms at home, and give the

distaff

Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant

Shall pass between us; ere long you are like to hear,

If you dare venture in your own behalf, 20  
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;

*Giving a favour.*

Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,

Would stretch thy spirits up into the air.

Conceive, and fare thee well.

*Edm.* Yours in the ranks of death.

*Gon.* My most dear Gloucester! *Exit EDMUND.*

O! the difference of man and man.

To thee a woman's services are due:

My fool usurps my body.

*Osw.* Madam, here comes my lord. *Exit.*

*Enter ALBANY.*

*Gon.* I have been worth the whistle.  
*Alb.* O Goneril!  
 You are not worth the dust which the rude  
 wind  
 Blows in your face. I fear your disposition:  
 That nature, which contemns its origin,  
 Cannot be border'd certain in itself;  
 She that herself will sliver and disbranch  
 From her material sap, perforce must wither  
 And come to deadly use.

*Gon.* No more; the text is foolish.

*Alb.* Wisdom and goodness to the vile  
 seem vile;  
 Filths savour but themselves. What have  
 you done?

Tigers, not daughters, what have you per-  
 form'd?

A father, and a gracious aged man,  
 Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear  
 would lick,  
 Most barbarous, most degenerate! have  
 you madd'd.

Could my good brother suffer you to do it?  
 A man, a prince, by him so benefited!  
 If that the heavens do not their visible spirits  
 Send quickly down to tame these vile  
 offences,

It will come,  
 Humanity must perforce prey on itself,  
 Like monsters of the deep.

*Gon.* Milk-liver'd man!  
 That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for  
 wrongs;  
 Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning  
 Thine honour from thy suffering; that not  
 know'st

Fools do those villains pity who are punish'd  
 Ere they have done their mischief. Where's  
 thy drum?

France spreads his banners in our noiseless  
 land,

With plumed helm thy state begins to threat,  
 Whiles thou, a moral fool, sitt'st still, and  
 criest

'Alack! why does he so?'

*Alb.* See thyself, devil!  
 Proper deformity seems not in the fiend  
 So horrid as in woman.

*Gon.* O vain fool!

*Alb.* Thou changed and self-cover'd  
 thing, for shame,  
 Be-monster not thy feature. Were't my  
 fitness

To let these hands obey my blood,  
 They are apt enough to dislocate and tear  
 Thy flesh and bones; howe'er thou art a  
 fiend,

A woman's shape doth shield thee.

*Gon.* Marry, your manhood now—

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Alb.* What news?

*Mess.* O! my good lord, the Duke of  
 Cornwall's dead;

Slain by his servant, going to put out  
 The other eye of Gloucester.

*Alb.* Gloucester's eyes!

*Mess.* A servant that he bred, thrill'd  
 with remorse,

Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword  
 To his great master; who, thereat enrag'd,  
 Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him  
 dead;

But not without that harmful stroke, which  
 since

Hath pluck'd him after.

*Alb.* This shows you are above,  
 You justicers, that these our nether crimes  
 So speedily can venge! But, O poor Glou-  
 cester!

Lost he his other eye?

*Mess.* Both, both, my lord.  
 This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;  
 'T is from your sister.

*Gon. Aside.* One way I like this well;  
 But being widow, and my Gloucester with  
 her,

May all the building in my fancy pluck  
 Upon my hateful life: another way,  
 The news is not so tart. I'll read, and  
 answer.

*Alb.* Where was his son when they did  
 take his eyes?

*Mess.* Come with my lady hither.

*Alb.* He is not here.

*Mess.* No, my good lord; I met him back  
 again.

*Alb.* Knows he the wickedness?

*Mess.* Ay, my good lord; 't was he  
 inform'd against him,

And quit the house on purpose that their  
 punishment

Might have the freer course.

*Alb.* Gloucester, I live  
 To thank thee for the love thou show'st the  
 king,

And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither,  
 friend:

Tell me what more thou knowest. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The French Camp near Dover.*

*Enter KENT and a Gentleman.*

*Kent.* Why the King of France is so  
 suddenly gone back know you the reason?

*Gent.* Something he left imperfect in the  
 state, which since his coming forth is  
 thought of; which imports to the kingdom  
 so much fear and danger that his personal  
 return was most required and necessary.

*Kent.* Who hath he left behind him  
 general?

*Gent.* The Marshal of France, Monsieur  
 la Far.

*Kent.* Did your letters pierce the queen  
 to any demonstration of grief?

*Gent.* Ay, sir; she took them, read them  
 in my presence;

And now and then an ample tear trill'd  
 down

Her delicate cheek; it seem'd she was a  
 queen

Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,  
 Sought to be king o'er her.

*Kent.* O! then it mov'd her.

*Gent.* Not to a rage; patience and sorrow  
 strove

Who should express her goodliest. You  
have seen  
Sunshine and rain at once; her smiles and  
tears 20  
Were like a better way; those happy smilets  
That play'd on her ripe lip seem'd not to  
know  
What guests were in her eyes; which  
parted thence,  
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd. In brief,  
Sorrow would be a rarity most belov'd,  
If all could so become it.

*Kent.* Made she no verbal question?  
*Genl.* Faith, once or twice she heav'd the  
name of 'father'  
Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;  
Cried 'sisters! sisters! Shame of ladies!  
sisters!

*Kent!* father! sisters! What! i' the storm?  
i' the night? 30  
Let pity not be believed! There she shook  
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,  
And clamour-moisten'd, then away she  
started

To deal with grief alone.

*Kent.* It is the stars,  
The stars above us, govern our conditions;  
Else one self mate and mate could not beget  
Such different issues. You spoke not with  
her since?

*Genl. No.*

*Kent.* Was this before the king return'd?

*Genl.* No, since.

*Kent.* Well, sir, the poor distressed Lear's  
i' the town; 40

Who sometime, in his better tune, remem-  
bers

What we are come about, and by no means  
Will yield to see his daughter.

*Genl.* Why, good sir?

*Kent.* A sovereign shame so elbows him:  
his own unkindness,

That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd  
her

To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights  
To his dog-hearted daughters, these things  
sting

His mind so venomously that burning shame  
Detains him from Cordelia.

*Genl.* Alack! poor gentleman.

*Kent.* Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers  
you heard not? 50

*Genl.* 'T is so, they are afoot.

*Kent.* Well, sir, I'll bring you to our  
master Lear,

And leave you to attend him. Some dear  
cause

Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;  
When I am known aright, you shall not  
grieve

Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go  
Along with me. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Same. A Tent.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, CORDELIA,  
Doctor, and Soldiers.*

*Cor.* Alack! 'tis he: why, he was met  
even now

As mad as the vex'd sea; singing aloud;

Crown'd with rank fumiter and furrow-  
weeds,

With burdocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-  
flowers,

Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow  
In our sustaining corn. A century send  
forth;

Search every acre in the high-grown field,  
And bring him to our eye. *Exit an Officer.*

What can man's wisdom  
In the restoring his bereaved sense?

He that helps him take all my outward  
worth. 10

*Doct.* There is means, madam;  
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,  
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,  
Are many simples operative, whose power  
Will close the eye of anguish.

*Cor.* All bless'd secrets,  
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,  
Spring with my tears! be aidant and re-  
mediate

In the good man's distress! Seek, seek for  
him,

Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life  
That wants the means to lead it.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* News, madam;  
The British powers are marching hither-  
ward. 21

*Cor.* 'T is known before; our prepara-  
tion stands

In expectation of them. O dear father!  
It is thy business that I go about;

Therefore great France  
My mourning and important tears hath  
pitied.

No blown ambition doth our arms incite,  
But love, dear love, and our aged father's  
right.

Soon may I hear and see him! *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in GLOUCESTER'S  
Castle.*

*Enter REGAN and OSWALD.*

*Reg.* But are my brother's powers set  
forth?

*Osw.* Ay, madam.

*Reg.* Himself in person there?

*Osw.* Madam, with much ado:

Your sister is the better soldier.

*Reg.* Lord Edmund spake not with your  
lord at home?

*Osw.* No, madam.

*Reg.* What might import my sister's  
letter to him?

*Osw.* I know not, lady.

*Reg.* Faith, he is posted hence on serious  
matter.

It was great ignorance, Gloucester's eyes  
being out,

To let him live; where he arrives he  
moves 10

All hearts against us. Edmund, I think, is  
gone,

In pity of his misery, to dispatch  
His nighted life; moreover, to descry

The strength o' the enemy.

Osw. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow; stay with us, The ways are dangerous.

Osw. I may not, madam: My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you

Transport her purposes by word? Belike, 20 Something—I know not what. I'll love thee much,

Let me unseal the letter.

Osw. Madam, I had rather—  
Reg. I know your lady does not love her husband;

I am sure of that: and at her late being here She gave strange ceilliades and most speaking looks

To noble Edmund. I know you are of her bosom.

Osw. I, madam!

Reg. I speak in understanding; you are, I know 't:

Therefore I do advise you, take this note: My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd, 30

And more convenient is he for my hand Than for your lady's. You may gather more.

If you do find him, pray you give him this, And when your mistress hears thus much from you,

I pray desire her call her wisdom to her:

So, fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor, Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Osw. Would I could meet him, madam; I would show

What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well. 40  
Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—*The Country near Dover.*

Enter GLOUCESTER, and EDGAR dressed like a peasant.

Glou. When shall we come to the top of that same hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now; look how we labour.

Glou. Methinks the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep: Hark! do you hear the sea?

Glou. No, truly.

Edg. Why, then your other senses grow imperfect

By your eyes' anguish.

Glou. So may it be, indeed. Methinks thy voice is alter'd, and thou speak'st

In better phrase and matter than thou didst.

Edg. You're much deceiv'd; in nothing am I chang'd

But in my garments.

Glou. Methinks you're better spoken.

Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place: stand still. How fearful

And dizzy 't is to cast one's eyes so low!

The crows and choughs that wing the mid-way air

Show scarce so gross as beetles; half way down

Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade!

Methinks he seems no bigger than his head. The fishermen that walk upon the beach

Appear like mice, and yond tall anchoring bark

Diminish'd to her cock, her cock a buoy Almost too small for sight. The murmur

ing surge, 20

That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes, Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,

Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight Topple down headlong.

Glou. Set me where you stand. Edg. Give me your hand; you are now within a foot

Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon

Would I not leap upright.

Glou. Let go my hand. Here, friend, 's another purse; in it a jewel

Well worth a poor man's taking; fairies and gods 29

Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off; Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare you well, good sir.

Glou. With all my heart. Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair

Is done to cure it.

Glou. O you mighty gods! This world I do renounce, and in your sights

Shake patiently my great affliction off; If I could bear it longer, and not fall

To quarrel with your great opposeless wills, My snuff and loathed part of nature should

Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O bless him! Now, fellow, fare thee well.

He falls forward.  
Edg. Gone, sir: farewell.

And yet I know not how conceit may rob 42 The treasury of life when life itself

Yields to the theft; had he been where he thought

By this had thought been past. Alive or dead?

Ho, you sir! friend! Hear you, sir! speak! Thus might he pass indeed; yet he revives.

What are you, sir?

Glou. Away and let me die. Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air,

So many fathom down precipitating, 50 Thou'dst shiver'd like an egg; but thou dost breathe,

Hast heavy substance, bleed'st not, speak'st, art sound.

Ten masts at each make not the altitude Which thou hast perpendicularly fell:

Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.

Glou. But have I fallen or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn.

Look up a-height; the shrill-gorg'd lark so far

Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

*Glou.* Alack! I have no eyes.  
Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit  
To end itself by death? 'T was yet some  
comfort,

When misery could beguile the tyrant's  
rage,  
And frustrate his proud will.

*Edg.* Give me your arm:  
Up: so; how is 't? Feel you your legs?  
You stand.

*Glou.* Too well, too well.  
*Edg.* This is above all strangeness.  
Upon the crown o' the cliff what thing was that  
Which parted from you?

*Glou.* A poor unfortunate beggar.  
*Edg.* As I stood here below methought  
his eyes

Were two full moons; he had a thousand  
noses,  
Horns whelk'd and wav'd like the enridged  
sea:

It was some fiend; therefore, thou happy  
father,

Think that the clearest gods, who make  
them honours

Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd  
thee.

*Glou.* I do remember now; henceforth  
I'll bear

Affliction till it do cry out itself  
'Enough, enough,' and die. That thing  
you speak of

I took it for a man; often 't would say  
'The fiend, the fiend': he led me to that  
place.

*Edg.* Bear free and patient thoughts. But  
who comes here?

*Enter LEAR, fantastically dressed with wild  
flowers.*

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate  
His master thus.

*Lear.* No, they cannot touch me for coin-  
ing; I am the king himself.

*Edg.* O thou side-piercing sight!  
*Lear.* Nature's above art in that respect.

There's your press-money. That fellow  
handles his bow like a crow-keeper: draw  
me a clothier's yard. Look, look! a mouse.  
Peace, peace! this piece of toasted cheese  
will do 't. There's my gauntlet; I'll prove  
it on a giant. Bring up the brown bills. O!  
well flown, bird; i' the clout, i' the clout:  
hewgh! Give the word.

*Edg.* Sweet marjoram.

*Lear.* Pass.

*Glou.* I know that voice.

*Lear.* Ha! Goneril, with a white beard!  
They flattered me like a dog, and told me I  
had white hairs in my beard ere the black  
ones were there. To say 'ay' and 'no' to  
every thing I said! 'Ay' and 'no' too was  
no good divinity. When the rain came to  
wet me once and the wind to make me chat-  
ter, when the thunder would not peace at  
my bidding, there I found 'em, there I  
smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o'  
their words: they told me I was every  
thing; 't is a lie, I am not ague-proof.

*Glou.* The trick of that voice I do well  
remember:

Is 't not the king?

*Lear.* Ay, every inch a king:  
When I do stare, see how the subject  
quakes.

I pardon that man's life. What was thy  
cause?

Adultery? 112

Thou shalt not die: die for adultery! No:  
The wren goes to 't, and the small gilded fly  
Does lecher in my sight.

Let copulation thrive; for Gloucester's bas-  
tard son

Was kinder to his father than my daughters  
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.

To 't, luxury, pell-mell! for I lack soldiers.  
Behold yond simpering dame,

Whose face between her forks presageth  
snow;

That minces virtue, and does shake the head  
To hear of pleasure's name;

The fitchew nor the soiled horse goes to 't  
With a more riotous appetite.

Down from the waist they are Centaurs,  
Though women all above:

But to the girdle do the gods inherit,  
Beneath is all the fiend's:

There's hell, there's darkness, there's the  
sulphurous pit,

Burning, scalding, stench, consumption;  
fie, fie, fie! pah, pah! Give me an ounce of  
civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagi-  
nation: there's money for thee.

*Glou.* O! let me kiss that hand.

*Lear.* Let me wipe it first; it smells of  
mortality.

*Glou.* O ruin'd piece of nature! This  
great world

Shall so wear out to nought. Dost thou  
know me?

*Lear.* I remember thine eyes well enough.  
Dost thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst,  
blind Cupid; I'll not love. Read thou this  
challenge; mark but the penning of it.

*Glou.* Were all thy letters suns, I could  
not see.

*Edg. Aside.* I would not take this from  
report; it is,

And my heart breaks at it.

*Lear.* Read.

*Glou.* What! with the case of eyes?

*Lear.* O, ho! are you there with me? No  
eyes in your head, nor no money in your  
purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your  
purse in a light: yet you see how this world  
goes.

*Glou.* I see it feelingly.

*Lear.* What! art mad? A man may see  
how this world goes with no eyes. Look  
with thine ears: see how yond justice rails  
upon yond simple thief. Hark, in thine ear:  
change places; and, handy-dandy, which is  
the justice, which is the thief? Thou hast  
seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

*Glou.* Ay, sir.

*Lear.* And the creature run from the cur?  
There thou might'st behold the great image  
of authority; a dog's obeyed in office.

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!  
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip  
thine own back;

Thou hotly lusts to use her in that kind  
For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer  
hangs the cozeners.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do  
appear;

Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin  
with gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless  
breaks; 170

Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw does pierce it.  
None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll  
able 'em:

Take that of me, my friend, who have the  
power

To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass  
eyes;

And, like a scurvy politician, seem  
To see the things thou dost not. Now, now,

Pull off my boots; harder, harder; so.

*Edg. Aside.* O! matter and impertinency  
mix'd;

Reason in madness.

*Lear.* If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take  
my eyes; 180

I know thee well enough; thy name is Glou-  
cester;

Thou must be patient; we came crying  
hither;

Thou know'st the first time that we smell the  
air

We waul and cry. I will preach to thee: mark.  
*Glou.* Alack, alack the day!

*Lear.* When we are born, we cry that we  
are come

To this great stage of fools. This' a good  
block!

It were a delicate stratagem to shoe  
A troop of horse with felt; I'll put 't in  
proof,

And when I have stol'n upon these sons-in-  
law, 190

Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill!

*Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.*  
*Gent.* O! here he is; lay hand upon him.

*Sir.*  
Your most dear daughter—

*Lear.* No rescue? What! a prisoner? I  
am even

The natural fool of fortune. Use me well;  
You shall have ransom. Let me have a  
surgeon;

I am cut to the brains.

*Gent.* You shall have any thing.  
*Lear.* No seconds? all myself?

Why this would make a man a man of salt,  
To use his eyes for garden water-pots, 200

Ay, and laying autumn's dust.

*Gent.* Good sir,—  
*Lear.* I will die bravely, like a smug bride-  
groom. What!

I will be jovial: come, come; I am a king,  
My masters, know you that?

*Gent.* You are a royal one, and we obey  
you.

*Lear.* Then there's life in 't. Nay, an  
you get it, you shall get it by running. Sa,  
sa, sa, sa. *Exit; Attendants follow.*

*Gent.* A sight most pitiful in the meanest  
wretch,

Past speaking of in a king! Thou hast one  
daughter, 205

Who redeems nature from the general curse  
Which twain have brought her to.

*Edg.* Hail, gentle sir!

*Gent.* Sir, send you: what's your will?

*Edg.* Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle  
toward?

*Gent.* Most sure and vulgar; every one  
hears that,

Which can distinguish sound.  
*Edg.* But, by your favour,

How near's the other army?

*Gent.* Near, and on speedy foot; the  
main descry

Stands on the hourly thought.  
*Edg.* I thank you, sir: that's all.

*Gent.* Though that the queen on special  
cause is here, 219

Her army is mov'd on.  
*Edg.* I thank you, sir. *Exit Gentleman.*

*Glou.* You ever-gentle gods, take my  
breath from me:

Let not my worser spirit tempt me again  
To die before you please!

*Edg.* Well pray you, father.  
*Glou.* Now, good sir, what are you?

*Edg.* A most poor man, made tame to for-  
tune's blows;

Who, by the art of known and feeling sor-  
rows,

Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your  
hand,

I'll lead you to some hiding.  
*Glou.* Hearty thanks:

The bounty and the benison of heaven  
To boot, and boot! 225

*Enter OSWALD.*  
*Osw.* A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!

That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd  
flesh

To raise my fortunes. Thou old unhappy  
traitor,

Briefly thyself remember: the sword is out  
That must destroy thee.

*Glou.* Now let thy friendly hand  
Put strength enough to 't.

*EDGAR interposes.*  
*Osw.* Wherefore, bold peasant,

Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor?  
Hence;

Least that the infection of his fortune take  
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

*Edg.* Chill not let go, zir, without vurther  
'casion.

*Osw.* Let go, slave, or thou diest. 241

*Edg.* Good gentleman, go your gait, and  
let poor volk pass. An chud ha' bin zwag-  
gered out of my life, 't would not ha' bin zo  
long as 't is by a vortnight. Nay, come not  
near th' old man; keep out, che vor ye, or  
ise try whether your costard or my ballow  
be the harder. Chill be plain with you.

*Osw.* Out, dunghill!  
*Edg.* Chill pick your teeth, zur. Come;  
 no matter vor your foins. 251  
*They fight, and EDGAR knocks him down.*  
*Osw.* Slave, thou hast slain me. Villain,  
 take my purse.  
 If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;  
 And give the letters which thou find'st about  
 me  
 To Edmund Earl of Gloucester; seek him  
 out  
 Upon the English party: O! untimely death.  
 Death! Dies.  
*Edg.* I know thee well: a serviceable  
 villain;  
 As dutious to the vices of thy mistress  
 As badness would desire.  
*Glou.* What! is he dead?  
*Edg.* Sit you down, father; rest you. 260  
 Let's see these pockets: the letters that he  
 speaks of  
 May be my friends. He's dead; I am only  
 sorry  
 He had no other death's-man. Let us see:  
 Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us  
 not:  
 To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their  
 hearts;  
 Their papers is more lawful. 266  
  
*Let our reciprocal vows be remembered.*  
*You have many opportunities to cut him off;*  
*if you will want not, time and place will be*  
*fruitfully offered. There is nothing done if*  
*he return the conqueror; then am I the*  
*prisoner, and his bed my gaol; from the*  
*loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and*  
*supply the place for your labour.*  
*Your—wife, so I would say—*  
*Affectionate servant,*  
 GONERIL.  
 O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!  
 A plot upon her virtuous husband's life,  
 And the exchange my brother! Here, in the  
 sands, 280  
 Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified  
 Of murderous lechers; and in the mature  
 time  
 With this ungracious paper strike the sight  
 Of the death-practis'd duke. For him 'tis  
 well  
 That of thy death and business I can tell.  
*Glou.* The king is mad: how stiff is my  
 vile sense,  
 That I stand up, and have ingenious feel-  
 ing  
 Of my huge sorrows! Better I were dis-  
 tract:  
 So should my thoughts be sever'd from my  
 griefs,  
 And woes by wrong imaginations lose 290  
 The knowledge of themselves.  
*Drum afar off.*  
*Edg.* Give me your hand:  
 Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.  
 Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.  
 Exeunt.

## SCENE VII.—A Tent in the French Camp.

LEAR on a bed asleep, soft music playing;  
 Gentleman, and others attending. Enter  
 CORDELIA, KENT, and Doctor.

*Cor.* O, thou good Kent! how shall I live  
 and work  
 To match thy goodness? My life will be too  
 short,  
 And every measure fail me.  
*Kent.* To be acknowledg'd, madam, is  
 o'erpaid.  
 All my reports go with the modest truth,  
 Nor more nor clipp'd, but so.  
*Cor.* Be better suited:  
 These weeds are memories of those worse  
 hours:  
 I prithee, put them off.  
*Kent.* Pardon me, dear madam;  
 Yet to be known shortens my made intent:  
 My boon I make it that you know me not 'till  
 time and I think meet.  
*Cor.* Then be 't so, my good lord. How  
 does the king?  
*Doct.* Madam, sleeps still.  
*Cor.* O you kind gods,  
 Cure this great breach in his abused nature!  
 The untun'd and jarring senses, O! wind up  
 Of this child-changed father.  
*Doct.* So please your majesty  
 That we may wake the king? he hath slept  
 long.  
*Cor.* Be govern'd by your knowledge, and  
 proceed 19  
 I'll the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?  
*Doct.* Ay, madam; in the heaviness of  
 sleep  
 We put fresh garments on him.  
*Kent.* Be by, good madam, when we do  
 awake him;  
 I doubt not of his temperance.  
*Cor.* Very well. Music.  
*Doct.* Please you, draw near. Louder the  
 music there!  
*Cor.* O my dear father! Restoration hang  
 Thy medicine on my lips, and let this kiss  
 Repair those violent harms that my two sis-  
 ters  
 Have in thy reverence made!  
*Kent.* Kind and dear princess!  
*Cor.* Had you not been their father, these  
 white flakes 31  
 Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face  
 To be oppos'd against the warring winds?  
 To stand against the deep dread-bolted  
 thunder?  
 In the most terrible and nimble stroke  
 Of quick cross lightning? to watch, poor  
 perdu!  
 With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,  
 Though he had bit me, should have stood  
 that night  
 Against my fire. And wast thou fain, poor  
 father,  
 To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn,  
 In short and musty straw? Alack, alack! 40  
 'T is wonder that thy life and wits at once

Had not concluded all. He wakes; speak to him.

*Doct.* Madam, do you; 't is fittest.

*Cor.* How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?

*Lear.* You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave;

Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears Do scald like molten lead.

*Cor.* Sir, do you know me?

*Lear.* You are a spirit, I know; when did you die?

*Cor.* Still, still, far wide. 50

*Doct.* He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.

*Lear.* Where have I been? Where am I? Fair daylight?

I am mightily abus'd. I should e'en die with pity

To see another thus. I know not what to say.

I will not swear these are my hands: let's see;

I feel this pin prick. Would I were assur'd Of my condition!

*Cor.* O! look upon me, sir, And hold your hands in benediction o'er me. No, sir, you must not kneel.

*Lear.* Pray, do not mock me: I am a very foolish fond old man, 60 Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less;

And, to deal plainly, I fear I am not in my perfect mind. Methinks I should know you and know this man;

Yet I am doubtful; for I am mainly ignorant What place this is, and all the skill I have Remembers not these garments; nor I know not

Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me;

For, as I am a man, I think this lady To be my child Cordelia.

*Cor.* And so I am, I am. *Lear.* Be your tears wet? Yes, faith. I pray, weep not; 71

If you have poison for me, I will drink it. I know you do not love me; for your sisters Have, as I do remember, done me wrong: You have some cause, they have not.

*Cor.* No cause, no cause. *Lear.* Am I in France?

*Kent.* In your own kingdom, sir. *Lear.* Do not abuse me.

*Doct.* Be comforted, good madam; the great rage,

You see, is kill'd in him; and yet it is danger To make him even o'er the time he has lost. 80

Desire him to go in; trouble him no more Till further settling.

*Cor.* Will 't please your highness walk? *Lear.* You must bear with me.

Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old and foolish.

*Exeunt LEAR, CORDELIA, Doctor, and Attendants.*

*Gent.* Holds it true, sir, that the Duke of Cornwall was so slain?

*Kent.* Most certain, sir.

*Gent.* Who is conductor of his people?

*Kent.* As 't is said, the bastard son of Gloucester.

*Gent.* They say Edgar, his banished son, is with the Earl of Kent in Germany. 91

*Kent.* Report is changeable. 'T is time to look about; the powers of the kingdom approach apace.

*Gent.* The arbitrement is like to be bloody. Fare you well, sir. *Exit.*

*Kent.* My point and period will be thoroughly wrought, Or well or ill, as this day's battle's fought. *Exit.*

## ACT V

SCENE I.—*The British Camp near Dover.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, EDMUND, REGAN, Officers, Soldiers, and Others.*

*Edm.* Know of the duke if his last purpose hold,

Or whether since he is advis'd by aught To change the course; he's full of alteration

And self-reproving; bring his constant pleasure. *To an Officer, who goes out.*

*Reg.* Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

*Edm.* 'T is to be doubted, madam.

*Reg.* Now, sweet lord, You know the goodness I intend upon you: Tell me, but truly, but then speak the truth, Do you not love my sister?

*Edm.* In honour'd love. *Reg.* But have you never found my brother's way 10

To the forfended place?

*Edm.* That thought abuses you.

*Reg.* I am doubtful that you have been conjunct

And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

*Edm.* No, by mine honour, madam.

*Reg.* I never shall endure her: dear my lord,

Be not familiar with her.

*Edm.* Fear me not. She and the duke her husband!

*Enter, with drum and colours, ALBANY, GONERIL, and Soldiers.*

*Gon. Aside.* I had rather lose the battle than that sister

Should loosen him and me.

*Alb.* Our very loving sister, well be-met. 20 Sir, this I heard; the king is come to his daughter,

With others whom the rigour of our state Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be

honest,

I never yet was valiant; for this business, It toucheth us, as France invades our land. Not holds the king, with others, whom I fear, Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

*Edm.* Sir, you speak nobly.

*Reg.* Why is this reason'd?

*Gon.* Combine together 'gainst the enemy;  
For these domestic and particular broils 30  
Are not the question here.

*Alb.* Let's then determine

With the ancient of war on our proceeding.  
*Edm.* I shall attend you presently at your tent.

*Reg.* Sister, you'll go with us?

*Gon.* No.

*Reg.* 'T is most convenient; pray you, go with us.

*Gon. Aside.* O, ho! I know the riddle. I will go.

*Enter EDGAR, disguised.*

*Edg.* If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor,  
Hear me one word.

*Alb.* I'll overtake you. Speak.

*Exeunt EDMUND, REGAN, GONERIL, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.*

*Edg.* Before you fight the battle, ope this letter. 40

If you have victory, let the trumpet sound  
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,

I can produce a champion that will prove  
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,  
Your business of the world hath so an end,  
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

*Alb.* Stay till I have read the letter.

*Edg.* I was forbid it.  
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,

And I'll appear again.

*Alb.* Why, fare thee well: I will o'erlook thy paper. *Exit EDGAR.* 50

*Re-enter EDMUND.*

*Edm.* The enemy's in view; draw up your powers.

Here is the guess of their true strength and forces

By diligent discovery; but your haste is now urg'd on you.

*Alb.* We will greet the time. *Exit.*

*Edm.* To both these sisters have I sworn my love;

Each jealous of the other, as the stung are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?

Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd

If both remain alive: to take the widow Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril; And hardly shall I carry out my side, 61  
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use

His countenance for the battle; which being done,

Let her who would be rid of him devise His speedy taking off. As for the mercy Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia, The battle done, and they within our power, Shall never see his pardon; for my state Stands on me to defend, not to debate. *Exit.*

SCENE II.—A Field between the two Camps.

*Alarum within.* Enter, with drum and colours, LEAR, CORDELIA, and their Forces; and exeunt.

*Enter EDGAR and GLOUCESTER.*

*Edg.* Here, father, take the shadow of this tree

For your good host; pray that the right may thrive.

If ever I return to you again,

I'll bring you comfort.

*Glou.* Grace go with you, sir! *Exit EDGAR.*

*Alarum; afterwards a retreat. Re-enter EDGAR.*

*Edg.* Away, old man! give me thy hand: away!

King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en.

Give me thy hand; come on.

*Glou.* No further, sir; a man may rot even here.

*Edg.* What! in ill thoughts again? Men must endure

Their going hence, even as their coming hither: 10

Ripeness is all. Come on.

*Glou.* And that's true too. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The British Camp near Dover.

*Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours, EDMUND; LEAR and CORDELIA, prisoners; Officers, Soldiers, etc.*

*Edm.* Some officers take them away: good guard,

Until their greater pleasures first be known That are to censure them.

*Cor.* We are not the first Who, with best meaning, have incur'd the worst.

For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down; Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.

Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?

*Lear.* No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison;

We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage: When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down, 10

And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live, And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh

At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,

Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out;

And take upon's the mystery of things,

As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out,

In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones

That ebb and flow by the moon.

*Edm.* Take them away.

*Lear.* Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia, 20  
The gods themselves throw incense. Have  
I caught thee?  
He that parts us shall bring a brand from  
heaven,  
And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine  
eyes;  
The good-years shall devour them, flesh and  
fell,  
Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see 'em  
starv'd first.  
Come.

*Exeunt LEAR and CORDELIA, guarded.*  
*Edm.* Come hither, captain; hark.  
Take thou this note; *Giving a paper.*

Go follow them to prison.  
One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost  
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy  
way  
To noble fortunes; know thou this, that  
men 30  
Are as the time is; to be tender-minded  
Does not become a sword; thy great em-  
ployment  
Will not bear question; either say thou 'lt  
do 't,  
Or thrive by other means.

*Off.* I'll do 't, my lord.  
*Edm.* About it; and write happy when  
thou hast done.  
Mark,—I say, instantly, and carry it so  
As I have set it down.

*Off.* I cannot draw a cart nor eat dried  
oats;  
If it be man's work I'll do it. *Exit.*

*Flourish.* *Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN,*  
*Officers, and Attendants.*

*Alb.* Sir, you have show'd to-day your  
valiant strain, 40  
And fortune led you well; you have the  
captives

Who were the opposites of this day's strife;  
We do require them of you, so to use them  
As we shall find their merits and our safety  
May equally determine.

*Edm.* Sir, I thought it fit  
To send the old and miserable king  
To some retention and appointed guard;  
Whose age has charms in it, whose title  
more,

To pluck the common bosom on his side,  
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes 50  
Which do command them. With him I sent  
the queen;

My reason all the same; and they are ready  
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear  
Where you shall hold your session. At this  
time

We sweat and bleed; the friend hath lost  
his friend,  
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are  
curs'd

By those that feel their sharpness;  
The question of Cordelia and her father  
Requires a fitter place.

*Alb.* Sir, by your patience,  
I hold you but a subject of this war, 60  
Not as a brother,

*Reg.* That's as we list to grace him:  
Methinks our pleasure might have been de-  
manded,  
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our  
powers,  
Bore the commission of my place and person;  
The which immediacy may well stand up,  
And call itself your brother.

*Gon.* Not so hot;  
In his own grace he doth exalt himself  
More than in your addition.

*Reg.* In my rights,  
By me invested, he compeers the best.

*Alb.* That were the most, if he should  
husband you. 70

*Reg.* Jesters do oft prove prophets.

*Gon.* Holla, holla!  
That eye that told you so look'd but a-squint.

*Reg.* Lady, I am not well; else I should  
answer

From a full-flowing stomach. General,  
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;  
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine;  
Witness the world, that I create thee here  
My lord and master.

*Gon.* Mean you to enjoy him?  
*Alb.* The let-alone lies not in your good  
will.

*Edm.* Nor in thine, lord.  
*Alb.* Half-blooded fellow, yes.

*Reg.* To EDMUND. Let the drum strike,  
and prove my title thine. 81

*Alb.* Stay yet; hear reason. Edmund, I  
arrest thee

On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,  
This gilded serpent. *Pointing to GONERIL.*

For your claim, fair sister,  
I bar it in the interest of my wife;

'T is she is sub-contracted to this lord,  
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.

If you will marry, make your loves to me,  
My lady is bespoken.

*Gon.* An interlude!

*Alb.* Thou art arm'd, Gloucester; let the  
trumpet sound; 90

If none appear to prove upon thy person  
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,  
There is my pledge; *Throws down a glove.*

I'll prove it on thy heart.  
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less  
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

*Reg.* Sick! O, sick!  
*Gon.* *Aside.* If not, I'll ne'er trust medi-  
cine.

*Edm.* There's my exchange;  
*Throws down a glove.*

What in the world he is  
That names me traitor, villain-like he  
lies.

Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,  
On him, on you, who not? I will maintain 100  
My truth and honour firmly.

*Alb.* A herald, ho!

*Edm.* A herald, ho! a herald!

*Alb.* Trust to thy single virtue; for thy  
soldiers,

All levied in my name, have in my name  
Took their discharge.

*Reg.* My sickness grows upon me.

*Alb.* She is not well; convey her to my tent.  
*Exit REGAN, led.*

*Enter a Herald.*

Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet sound,—

And read out this. 108

*Off.* Sound, trumpet! *A trumpet sounds.*

*Her.* If any man of quality or degree within the lists of the army will maintain upon Edmund, supposed Earl of Gloucester, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third sound of the trumpet. He is bold in his defence. 114

*Edm.* Sound! *First trumpet.*

*Her.* Again! *Second trumpet.*

*Her.* Again! *Third trumpet.*

*Trumpet answers within.*

*Enter EDGAR, armed, with a trumpet before him.*

*Alb.* Ask him his purposes, why he appears

Upon this call o' the trumpet.

*Her.* What are you?

Your name? your quality? and why you answer 120

This present summons?

*Edg.* Know, my name is lost;

By treason's tooth bare-gnawn and canker-bit;

Yet am I noble as the adversary

I come to cope.

*Alb.* Which is that adversary?

*Edg.* What's he that speaks for Edmund Earl of Gloucester?

*Edm.* Himself: what say'st thou to him?

*Edg.* Draw thy sword,

That, if my speech offend a noble heart,

Thy arm may do thee justice; here is mine:

Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,

My oath, and my profession: I protest, 130

Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and

eminence,

Despite thy victor sword and fire-new fortune,

Thy valour and thy heart, thou art a traitor,

False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy

father,

Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious

prince,

And, from the extremest upward of thy head

To the descent and dust below thy foot,

A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou 'No,'

This sword, this arm, and my best spirits

are bent

To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak, 140

Thou liest.

*Edm.* In wisdom I should ask thy name;

But since thy outside looks so fair and war-

like,

And that thy tongue some say of breeding

breathes,

What safe and nicely I might well delay

By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn;

Back do I toss these treasons to thy head,

With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart,

Which, for they yet glance by and scarcely

bruise,

This sword of mine shall give them instant way,

Where they shall rest for ever. Trumpets, speak. 150

*Alarums. They fight. EDMUND falls.*

*Alb.* Save him! save him!

*Con.* This is practice, Gloucester:

By the law of arms thou wast not bound to answer

An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,

But cozen'd and beguil'd.

*Alb.* Shut your mouth, dame,

Or with this paper shall I stop it. Hold, sir;

Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil;

No tearing, lady; I perceive you know it.

*Gives the letter to EDMUND.*

*Con.* Say, if I do, the laws are mine, not

thine:

Who can arraign me for 't? *Exit.*

*Alb.* Most monstrous! O!

Know'st thou this paper?

*Edm.* Ask me not what I know.

*Alb.* Go after her: she's desperate; govern her. *Exit an Officer.* 161

*Edm.* What you have charg'd me with,

that have I done,

And more, much more; the time will bring it out:

'T is past, and so am I. But what art thou

That hast this fortune on me? If thou 'rt

noble,

I do forgive thee.

*Edg.* Let's exchange charity.

I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;

If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.

My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices

Make instruments to plague us: 171

The dark and vicious place where thee he

got

Cost him his eyes.

*Edm.* Thou hast spoken right, 't is true.

The wheel is come full circle; I am here,

*Alb.* Methought thy very gait did prophesy

A royal nobleness: I must embrace thee:

Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I

Did hate thee or thy father.

*Edg.* Worthy prince, I know 't.

*Alb.* Where have you hid yourself?

How have you known the miseries of your

father? 180

*Edg.* By nursing them, my lord. List a

brief tale;

And when 't is told, O! that my heart would

burst!

The bloody proclamation to escape

That follow'd me so near,—O! our lives'

sweetness,

That we the pain of death would hourly die

Rather than die at once!—taught me to

shift

Into a madman's rags, to assume a sem-

blance

That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit

Met I my father with his bleeding rings,

Their precious stones new lost; became his

guide, 190

Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;

Never, O fault! reveal'd myself unto him,  
Until some half-hour past, when I was arm'd;

Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,

I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last  
Told him my pilgrimage: but his flaw'd heart,—

Alack, too weak the conflict to support!—  
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,

Burst smilingly.

*Edm.* This speech of yours hath mov'd me,  
And shall perchance do good; but speak you on; 200

You look as you had something more to say.  
*Alb.* If there be more, more woeful, hold it in;

For I am almost ready to dissolve,

Hearing of this.

*Edg.* This would have seem'd a period  
To such as love not sorrow; but another,  
To amplify too much, would make much more,

And top extremity.

Whilst I was big in clamour came there a man,

Who, having seen me in my worst estate,  
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding 210

Who 't was that so endur'd, with his strong arms

He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out  
As he 'd burst heaven; threw him on my father;

Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him  
That ever ear receiv'd; which in recounting  
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life

Began to crack: twice then the trumpets sounded,

And there I left him tranc'd.

*Alb.* But who was this?  
*Edg.* Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise

Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service 220

Improper for a slave.

*Enter a Gentleman, with a bloody knife.*

*Gent.* Help, help! O, help!

*Edg.* What kind of help?

*Alb.* Speak, man.

*Edg.* What means that bloody knife?

*Gent.* 'T is hot, it smokes;  
It came even from the heart of—O! she's dead.

*Alb.* Who dead? speak, man.

*Gent.* Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister

By her is poison'd; she confesses it.

*Edm.* I was contracted to them both: all three

Now marry in an instant.

*Edg.* Here comes Kent.

*Alb.* Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead; 230

This judgment of the heavens, that makes us tremble,

Touches us not with pity. *Exit Gentleman.*

*Enter KENT.*

O! is this he?

The time will not allow the compliment

Which very manners urges.

*Kent.* I am come

To bid my king and master aye good night;  
Is he not here?

*Alb.* Great thing of us forgot!  
Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's Cordelia?

Seest thou this object, Kent?

*The bodies of GONERIL and REGAN are brought in.*

*Kent.* Alack! why thus?

*Edm.* Yet Edmund was below'd:

The one the other poison'd for my sake, 240  
And after slew herself.

*Alb.* Even so. Cover their faces.

*Edm.* I pant for life: some good I mean to do

Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,  
Be brief in it, to the castle; for my writ  
Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia.

Nay, send in time.

*Alb.* Run, run! O, run!

*Edg.* To who, my lord? Who has the office? send

Thy token of reprieve.

*Edm.* Well thought on: take my sword, 250  
Give it the captain.

*Alb.* Haste thee, for thy life.  
*Exit EDGAR.*

*Edm.* He hath commission from thy wife and me

To hang Cordelia in the prison, and  
To lay the blame upon her own despair,  
That she fordid herself.

*Alb.* The gods defend her! Bear him hence awhile. *EDMUND is borne off.*

*Re-enter LEAR, with CORDELIA dead in his arms; EDGAR, Officer, and Others.*

*Lear.* Howl, howl, howl, howl! O! you are men of stones;

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so

That heaven's vault should crack. She's gone for ever.

I know when one is dead, and when one lives; 260

She's dead as earth. Lend me a looking-glass;

If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,  
Why, then she lives.

*Kent.* Is this the promis'd end?

*Edg.* Or image of that horror?

*Alb.* Fall and cease!

*Lear.* This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,

It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows

That ever I have felt.

*Kent. Kneeling.* O, my good master!

*Lear.* Prithee, away.

*Edg.* 'T is noble Kent, your friend.

*Lear.* A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!  
I might have sav'd her; now, she's gone for ever! 270  
*Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!*  
What is 't thou say'st? Her voice was ever soft,

Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman.

I kill'd the slave that was a-hanging thee.

*Off.* 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

*Lear.* Did I not, fellow?  
I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion

I would have made them skip: I am old now,

And these same crosses spoil me. Who are you?

Mine eyes are not o' the best: I'll tell you straight.

*Kent.* If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated, 280

One of them we behold.

*Lear.* This is a dull sight. Are you not Kent?

*Kent.* The same;

Your servant Kent. Where is your servant Caius?

*Lear.* He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;

He'll strike, and quickly too. He's dead and rotten.

*Kent.* No, my good lord; I am the very man,—

*Lear.* I'll see that straight.

*Kent.* That from your first of difference and decay,

Have follow'd your sad steps,—

*Lear.* You are welcome hither.

*Kent.* Nor no man else; all's cheerless, dark and deadly: 290

Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves,

And desperately are dead.

*Lear.* Ay, so I think.

*Alb.* He knows not what he says, and vain is it

That we present us to him.

*Edg.* Very bootless.

*Enter an Officer.*

*Off.* Edmund is dead, my lord.

*Alb.* That's but a trifle here.

You lords and noble friends, know our intent; What comfort to this great decay may come

Shall be applied: for us, we will resign, During the life of this old majesty,

To him our absolute power: *To EDGAR and KENT.* You, to your rights, 300

With boot and such addition as your honours Have more than merited. All friends shall

taste The wages of their virtue, and all foes

The cup of their deservings. O! see, see!

*Lear.* And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life!

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life, And thou no breath at all? Thou 'lt come

no more, Never, never, never, never, never!

Pray you, undo this button: thank you, sir. 309

Do you see this? Look on her, look, her lips, Look there, look there! *Dies.*

*Edg.* He faints! My lord, my lord!

*Kent.* Break, heart; I prithee, break!

*Edg.* Look up, my lord.

*Kent.* Vex not this ghost: O! let him pass; he hates him

That would upon the rack of this tough world Stretch him out longer.

*Edg.* He is gone, indeed.

*Kent.* The wonder is he hath endur'd so long:

He but usurp'd his life.

*Alb.* Bear them from hence. Our present business

Is general woe. *To KENT and EDGAR.*

Friends of my soul, you twain

Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain. 320

*Kent.* I have a journey, sir, shortly to go; My master calls me, I must not say no.

*Alb.* The weight of this sad time we must obey;

Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say. The oldest hath borne most; we that are

young Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

*Exeunt, with a dead march.*

## OTHELLO

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TO understand the tragedy of *Othello* we should begin, perhaps, as Shakespeare does, with Iago—the most frightful character he ever drew. He is the one character in the play that keeps it anchored to the earth. Without him we are in an unreal world where a gentle, white maiden can enter into a marriage with a black man, seeing his visage only in his mind, and where people are strangely magnanimous and free from prejudice. In a real world, even under the most favorable conditions, circumstances must almost inevitably have conspired to wreck such a union as that of Othello and Desdemona; in the play, all the destructive forces of society are gathered up and centered in Iago, whose frightfulness consists in the fact that he is the sole representative of his widespread tribe. We shudder at him, not because he is monstrous or inexplicable, but because he is the embodiment of those thoroughly human characteristics with which we are too familiar, but which we lack the courage to acknowledge.

He comes before us with his gull, Roderigo, whose purse he has commanded as if the strings were his. Already Othello's wooing of Desdemona he had turned to his own profit. Here was sufficient motive for him to simulate before Roderigo his hatred for Othello and to invent reasons to justify it. But now, with Othello and Desdemona married and with Roderigo's hopes of winning Desdemona ended, Iago's profits cease. Clearly, if Iago is still to keep his hand in Roderigo's purse, he must devise some means to keep Roderigo's hopes alive. Here is his initial motive and here is the source from which his invention springs. All else in his plot as it for a time uncertainly develops, is subordinate to this original motive of getting money out of Roderigo. Later, with his money assured, he becomes even more interested in the sport of the game with its attendant dangers than in the profits themselves. His moral sense, never completely atrophied in any human being, compels him to attempt to justify himself, which accounts for his so-called "motive-hunting"; but back of all his villainy lies that initial motive—the purse of Roderigo. As his plot develops he finds, doubtless, a keener joy in his growing sense of power over one to whom he is officially subordinate—a thoroughly human failing; but as the crisis approaches we find him ready to resort to desperate measures rather than restore the gold and jewels he has bobbed from his simple gull. In other words, the profit motive runs throughout the play, and it is to this motive that Othello and Desdemona incidentally fall a sacrifice. It is not too much to say that without a Roderigo for Iago to work upon there could have been no tragedy of *Othello*.

The climax of the tragedy—the point at which the action begins its descent toward the catastrophe—is clearly marked. It is where Othello first admits his suspicion of Desdemona by saying to Iago

"If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;  
Set on thy wife to observe. Leave me, Iago."

Up to this point Othello had withstood all of Iago's insinuations. The fatal shaft that pierces him is Iago's hint that there is in Desdemona a sexual abnormality, evidenced by her marriage with Othello rather than with one of "her own clime, complexion and degree":

"Foh! one may smell in such a will [passion] most rank,  
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural."

Pure as is his own love, Othello cannot wholly reject that thought—that a possible sexual abnormality led Desdemona into a marriage so obviously disproportionate. In other words, it is upon the disproportionateness of the marriage that the tragedy turns; even Iago must have failed but for that. And this leads us to observe that by every shade we lighten Othello's color, we weaken by so much the tragedy. Othello is portrayed in the

text as a black man, evidently with all the physical attributes of a negro, and was played as such from the time of Shakespeare down to the early years of the nineteenth century. Whether the play so presented would be tolerated today is not the question. It is practically certain that Shakespeare so conceived it and that by departing from his conception we have lost much of the tragedy's deeper significance.

For in this tragedy Shakespeare confronts us with the questions: What do you think of this marriage? Would you tolerate it? Or would you go even farther than Brabantio in seeking redress? Could you join with the Duke and senators in accepting it? Such questions as these are a very part of our reaction to the play, whether we consciously reply to them or not.

If we find it impossible in so many words to condone such a marriage, how do we account for the pity that floods us at the catastrophe? Death to Othello and Desdemona was tenderer than would have been a living separation. Is not the pity that overwhelms us testimony by our better natures that the disproportionateness of this marriage is only *seeming*? That in this particular instance we are witnessing a love that transcends the physical? And does not this testimony of pity exalt us, our conception of love and of humanity?

Or are we of the tribe of Iago, who holds love to be but a "sect or scion" of lust; absolutely a "lust of the blood and a permission of the will"? Do we agree with him that the "eye must be fed"; that there must be "loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners, and beauties"? Are we of those who look for an "answerable sequestration" in seemingly disproportionate marriages? These questions are pertinent; merely to ask them suggests to how great an extent the tribe of Iago occupies the earth. Shakespeare doubtless knew that Iago, however abhorrent he might appear to his audience, would be widely supported in his answers to these questions; that Brabantio's horror at such a union would be shared by every father in London. How, then, could he hope to overcome the prejudice of his hearers and stir their pity for Othello?

The answer seems to me to be found in the consummate art by which he has woven the magic web of time in this play. As we read the story or watch the play we feel that its action extends over a period of years; as a matter of fact, however, it falls within a period of three days. As realism, the tragedy is impossible; as romance, as the revelation of a great spiritual truth, by its very art it strikes past our senses and our reason to our inmost soul, where the impossible is accepted as the only reality.

Shakespeare clearly meant that his audience should accept both times in this play; that of the actual three days and that of a period of years. During the actual time of three days he has shown us not only how impossible were the grounds for Othello's jealousy, but also that the marriage of Othello and Desdemona was in fact never consummated; that theirs is a purely spiritual union. He has accounted for practically every hour of their married life from beginning to end of the play. The audience sees them during the first night of their marriage, sees their separation, their meeting at Cyprus, their separate appearances at the night brawl, each attended, their meetings of the following day, and witnesses the death of Desdemona on the second night at Cyprus. If Shakespeare as his own stage manager had left any possible doubt in the minds of his audience about that first night in Cyprus, he later dissipated it by having Desdemona say to Emilia, "to-night Lay on my bed my wedding sheets: remember"; and later, "He hath commanded me to go to bed, And bade me to dismiss you"; and by Emilia's cry of astonishment, "Dismiss me!"

It matters not to Shakespeare that the actual time renders impossible Iago's story of Desdemona's infidelity. The creator of Iago knew well how to surpass Iago in giving fiction the appearance of fact. What did matter to him was that the audience should accept this union; and having accepted it, see in Iago how the world turns such love to its "sport and profit." By such art he has taught us to glorify love as a spiritual union of two souls, however unlike in "clime, complexion, and degree."

# OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE OF VENICE.

BRABANTIO, a Senator.

Other Senators.

GRATIANO, Brother to Brabantio.

LODOVICO, Kinsman to Brabantio.

OTHELLO, a noble Moor in the service of the Venetian state.

CASSIO, his Lieutenant.

IAGO, his Ancient.

RODERIGO, a Venetian Gentleman.

MONTANO, Governor of Cyprus.

Clown, Servant to Othello.

DESEMONA, Daughter to Brabantio and Wife to Othello.

EMILIA, Wife to Iago.

BIANCA, Mistress to Cassio.

Sailor, Messengers, Herald, Officers, Gentlemen, Musicians, and Attendants.

SCENE.—For the first Act, in Venice; during the rest of the Play, at a Sea-port in Cyprus.

## ACT I

### SCENE I.—Venice. A Street.

Enter RODERIGO and IAGO.

Rod. Tush! never tell me; I take it much unkindly  
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse  
As if the strings were thine, should'st know  
of this.

Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me:  
If ever I did dream of such a matter,  
Abhor me.

Rod. Thou told'st me thou didst hold  
him in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me if I do not. Three  
great ones of the city,

In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,  
Off-capp'd to him; and, by the faith of man,  
I know my price, I am worth no worse a  
place;

But he, as loving his own pride and pur-  
poses,

Evades them, with a bombast circumstance

Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;

And, in conclusion,

Nonsuits my mediators; for, 'Certes,' says  
he,

'I have already chose my officer.'

And what was he?

Forsooth, a great arithmetician,

One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,

A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;

That never set a squadron in the field,

Nor the division of a battle knows

More than a spinster; unless the bookish  
theoric,

Wherein the toged consuls can propose

As masterly as he: mere prattle, without  
practice,

Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the  
election;

And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof

At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds  
Christian and heathen, must be be-lee'd and  
calm'd

By debtor and creditor, this counter-caster;  
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,  
And I, God bless the mark! his Moorship's  
ancient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have  
been his hangman.

Iago. But there's no remedy: 'tis the  
curse of service,

Preferment goes by letter and affection,  
And not by old gradation, where each second  
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge  
yourself.

Whether I in any just term am affin'd  
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O! sir, content you;

I follow him to serve my turn upon him;

We cannot all be masters, nor all masters

Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark

Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,

That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,

Wears out his time, much like his master's

ass,

For nought but provender, and when he's

old, cashier'd;

Whip me such honest knaves. Others there

are

Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,

Keep yet their hearts attending on them-

selves,

And, throwing but shows of service on their

lords,

Do well thrive by them, and when they have

lin'd their coats

Do themselves homage: these fellows have

some soul;

And such a one do I profess myself. For,

sir,

It is as sure as you are Roderigo,

Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:

In following him, I follow but myself;  
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,  
But seeming so, for my peculiar end: 60  
For when my outward action doth demon-  
strate

The native act and figure of my heart  
In compliment extern, 't is not long after  
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve  
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-  
lips owe,

If he can carry 't thus!

Iago. Call up her father;  
Rouse him, make after him, poison his  
delight,

Proclaim him in the streets, incense her  
kinsmen.

And, though he in a fertile climate dwell, 70  
Plague him with flies; though that his joy  
be joy,

Yet throw such changes of vexation on 't  
As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house; I'll call  
aloud.

Iago. Do; with like timorous accent and  
dire yell

As when, by night and negligence, the fire  
Is spied in populous cities.

Rod. What, ho! Brabantio! Signior Bra-  
bantio, ho!

Iago. Awake! what, ho! Brabantio!  
thieves! thieves! thieves!

Look to your house, your daughter, and  
your bags! 80

Thieves! thieves!

*Enter BRABANTIO, above, at a window.*

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible  
summons?

What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

Iago. Are your doors lock'd?

Bra. Why? wherefore ask you this?

Iago. 'Zounds! sir, you're robb'd; for  
shame, put on your gown;

Your heart is burst, you have lost half your  
soul;

Even now, now, very now, an old black ram  
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise!

Awake the snorting citizens with the bell, 90  
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of  
you.

Arise, I say.

Bra. What! have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know  
my voice?

Bra. Not I; what are you?

Rod. My name is Roderigo.

Bra. The worsen welcome:

I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my  
doors:

In honest plainness thou hast heard me say  
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in  
madness,

Being full of supper and distempering  
draughts,

Upon malicious bravery dost thou come 100  
To start my quiet,

Rod. Sir, sir, sir!

Bra. But thou must needs be sure  
My spirit and my place have in them power  
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing?  
this is Venice;

My house is not a grange.

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,

In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. 'Zounds! sir; you are one of those  
that will not serve God if the devil bid you.  
Because we come to do you service and you  
think we are ruffians, you'll have your  
daughter covered with a Barbary horse;  
you'll have your nephews neigh to you;  
you'll have coursers for cousins and gennets  
for Germans. 114

Bra. What profane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you  
your daughter and the Moor are now mak-  
ing the beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer; I know  
thee, Roderigo. 120

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I  
beseech you,

If 't be your pleasure and most wise consent,  
As partly I find it is, that your fair daughter,  
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,  
Transported with no worse nor better guard  
But with a knave of common hire, a gondo-  
lier,

To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,—  
If this be known to you and your allowance,  
We then have done you bold and saucy  
wrongs;

But if you know not this, my manners tell  
me 130

We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe  
That, from the sense of all civility,

I thus would play and trifle with your rever-  
ence:

Your daughter, if you have not given her  
leave,

I say again, hath made a gross revolt;  
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes  
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger  
Of here and every where. Straight satisfy  
yourself:

If she be in her chamber or your house,  
Let loose on me the justice of the state 40  
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!  
Give me a taper! call up all my people!

This accident is not unlike my dream;  
Belief of it oppresses me already.

Light, I say! light! *Exit from above.*

Iago. Farewell; for I must leave you:  
It seems not meet nor wholesome to my  
place

To be produc'd, as if I stay I shall,  
Against the Moor; for I do know the state,  
However this may gall him with some check,  
Cannot with safety cast him; for he's em-  
bark'd 150

With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,  
Which even now stand in act, that, for their  
souls,

Another of his fathom they have none,  
To lead their business; in which regard,  
Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains,  
Yet, for necessity of present life,  
I must show out a flag and sign of love,  
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall  
surely find him,  
Lead to the Sagittary the raised search; 159  
And there will I be with him. So, farewell.  
*Exit.*

*Enter BRABANTIO and Servants with torches.*

*Bra.* It is too true an evil; gone she is,  
And what's to come of my despised time  
Is nought but bitterness. Now, Roderigo,  
Where didst thou see her? O unhappy girl!  
With the Moor, say'st thou? Who would  
be a father?  
How didst thou know 't was she? O! she  
deceives me  
Past thought. What said she to you? Get  
more tapers!  
Raise all my kindred! Are they married,  
think you?

*Rod.* Truly, I think they are.

*Bra.* O heaven! How got she out? O!  
treason of the blood: 170  
Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters'  
minds

By what you see them act. Is there not  
charms

By which the property of youth and maid-  
hood

May be abus'd? Have you not read, Rod-  
erigo,

Of some such thing?

*Rod.* Yes, sir, I have indeed.

*Bra.* Call up my brother. O! would you  
had had her.

Some one way, some another! Do you  
know

Where we may apprehend her and the  
Moor?

*Rod.* I think I can discover him, if you  
please 179

To get good guard and go along with me.

*Bra.* Pray you, lead on. At every house  
I'll call;

I may command at most. Get weapons, ho!  
And raise some special officers of night.

On, good Roderigo; I'll deserve your pains.  
*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Street.*

*Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants with torches.*

*Iago.* Though in the trade of war I have  
slain men,  
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience  
To do no contriv'd murder: I lack iniquity  
Sometimes to do me service. Nine or ten  
times  
I had thought to have yerk'd him here under  
the ribs.

*Oth.* 'T is better as it is.

*Iago.* Nay, but he prated  
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms  
Against your honour

That, with the little godliness I have,  
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray you,  
sir, 10

Are you fast married? Be assur'd of this,  
That the magnifico is much below'd,  
And hath in his effect a voice potential  
As double as the duke's; he will divorce  
you,

Or put upon you what restraint and griev-  
ance

The law, with all his might to enforce it on,  
Will give him cable.

*Oth.* Let him do his spite:  
My services which I have done the signiory  
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'T is yet  
to know,

Which when I know that boasting is an hon-  
our 20

I shall promulgate, I fetch my life and being  
From men of royal siege, and my demerits  
May speak unbonneted to as proud a for-  
tune

As this that I have reach'd; for know, Iago,  
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,  
I would not my unhoused free condition  
Put into circumscription and confine

For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights  
come yond?

*Iago.* These are the raised father and his  
friends:

You were best go in.

*Oth.* Not I; I must be found:  
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul 31  
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

*Iago.* By Janus, I think no.

*Enter CASSIO and certain Officers with torches.*

*Oth.* The servants of the duke, and my  
lieutenant.

The goodness of the night upon you, friends!  
What is the news?

*Cas.* The duke does greet you, general,  
And he requires your haste-post-haste ap-  
pearance,

Even on the instant.

*Oth.* What is the matter, think you?

*Cas.* Something from Cyprus, as I may  
divine.

It is a business of some heat; the galleys 40  
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers

This very night at one another's heels,  
And many of the consuls, rais'd and met,

Are at the duke's already. You have been  
hotly call'd for;

When, being not at your lodging to be found,  
The senate hath sent about three several  
quests

To search you out.

*Oth.* 'T is well I am found by you.  
I will but spend a word here in the house,  
And go with you. *Exit.*

*Cas.* Ancient, what makes he here?

*Iago.* Faith, he to-night hath boarded a  
land carack; 50

If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

*Cas.* I do not understand.

*Iago.* He's married.  
*Cas.* To who?

*Re-enter OTHELLO.*

*Iago.* Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?

*Oth.* Have with you.

*Cas.* Here comes another troop to seek for you.

*Iago.* It is Brabantio. General, be advis'd;

He comes to bad intent.

*Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and Officers with torches and weapons.*

*Oth.* Holla! stand there!

*Rod.* Signior, it is the Moor.

*Bra.* Down with him, thief!

*They draw on both sides.*

*Iago.* You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.

*Oth.* Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.

Good signior, you shall more command with years 60

Than with your weapons.

*Bra.* O thou foul thief! where hast thou stow'd my daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;

For I'll refer me to all things of sense,  
If she in chains of magic were not bound,  
Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,  
So opposite to marriage that she shunn'd  
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,  
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,  
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom?  
Of such a thing as thou; to fear, not to delight.

Judge me the world, if 't is not gross in sense

That thou has practis'd on her with foul charms,

Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals

That weaken motion: I'll have 't disputed on;

'T is probable and palpable to thinking.

I therefore apprehend and do attach thee

For an abuser of the world, a practiser

Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.

Lay hold upon him: if he do resist, 50

Subdue him at his peril.

*Oth.* Hold your hands,

Both you of my inclining, and the rest:  
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it

Without a prompter. Where will you that I go

To answer this your charge?

*Bra.* To prison: till fit time  
Of law and course of direct session

Call thee to answer.

*Oth.* What if I do obey?

How may the duke be therewith satisfied,  
Whose messengers are here about my side,

Upon some present business of the state 60

To bring me to him?

*Off.* 'T is true, most worthy signior;  
The duke's in council, and your noble self,

I am sure, is sent for.

*Bra.* How! the duke in council!  
In this time of the night! Bring him away.  
Mine's not an idle cause: the duke himself,

Or any of my brothers of the state,  
Cannot but feel this wrong as 't were their own;

For if such actions may have passage free,  
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—A Council-chamber.

*The DUKE and Senators sitting at a table: Officers attending.*

*Duke.* There is no composition in these news

That gives them credit.

*First Sen.* Indeed, they are disproportion'd;

My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.

*Duke.* And mine, a hundred and forty.

*Second Sen.* And mine, two hundred:

But though they jump not on a just account,  
As in these cases, where the aim reports,

'T is oft with difference, yet do they all confirm

A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

*Duke.* Nay, it is possible enough to judgment:

I do not so secure me in the error, 10

But the main article I do approve

In fearful sense.

*Sailor Within.* What, ho! what, ho! what, ho!

*Off.* A messenger from the galleys.

*Enter Sailor.*

*Duke.* Now, what's the business?

*Sail.* The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;

So was I bid report here to the state

By Signior Angelo.

*Duke.* How say you by this change?

*First Sen.* This cannot be,

By no assay of reason; 't is a pageant

To keep us in false gaze. When we consider

The importance of Cyprus to the Turk, 20

And let ourselves again but understand,  
That as it more concerns the Turk than

Rhodes,

So may he with more facile question bear it,  
For that it stands not in such war-like brace,

But altogether lacks the abilities  
That Rhodes is dress'd in: if we make

thought of this,

We must not think the Turk is so unskilful  
To leave that latest which concerns him

first,

Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,

To wake and wage a danger profitless. 30

*Duke.* Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

*First Off.* Here is more news.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,

Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,

Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

*First Sen.* Ay, so I thought. How many, as you guess?

*Mess.* Of thirty sail; and now they do re-stem

Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance

Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano,

Your trusty and most valiant servitor, 40  
With his free duty recommends you thus,  
And prays you to believe him.

*Duke.* 'Tis certain then for Cyprus.  
Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town?

*First Sen.* He's now in Florence.

*Duke.* Write from us to him; post-post-haste dispatch.

*First Sen.* Here comes Brabantio and the valiant Moor.

*Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, and Officers.*

*Duke.* Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you

Against the general enemy Ottoman.

*To BRABANTIO.* I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior; 50

We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

*Bra.* So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me;

Neither my place nor aught I heard of business

Hath rais'd me from my bed, nor doth the general care

Take hold on me, for my particular grief is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature

That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows And it is still itself.

*Duke.* Why, what's the matter?

*Bra.* My daughter! O my daughter.

*Duke, Sen.* Dead?

*Bra.* Ay, to me; She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted

By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks; 61

For nature so preposterously to err, Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,

Sans witchcraft could not.

*Duke.* Whoe'er he be that in this foul proceeding

Hath thus beguill'd your daughter of herself And you of her, the bloody book of law

You shall yourself read in the bitter letter After your own sense; yea, though our

proper son Stood in your action.

*Bra.* Humbly I thank your grace. Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it

seems, 71  
Your special mandate for the state affairs Hath hither brought.

*Duke, Sen.* We are very sorry for 't.

*Duke.* *To OTHELLO.* What, in your own part, can you say to this?

*Bra.* Nothing, but this is so.

*Oth.* Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,

My very noble and approv'd good masters, That I have ta'en away this old man's

daughter, It is most true; true, I have married her:

The very head and front of my offending 80  
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in

my speech, And little bless'd with the soft phrase of

peace; For since these arms of mine had seven

years' pith, Till now some nine moons wasted, they have

us'd Their dearest action in the tented field;

And little of this great world can I speak, More than pertains to feats of broil and

battle; And therefore little shall I grace my cause

In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,

I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver 90  
Of my whole course of love; what drugs,

what charms, What conjuration, and what mighty magic,

For such proceeding I am charg'd withal, I won his daughter.

*Bra.* A maiden never bold; Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion

Blush'd at herself; and she, in spite of nature,

Of years, of country, credit, every thing, To fall in love with what she fear'd to look

on!

It is a judgment maim'd and most imperfect That will confess perfection so could err 100

Against all rules of nature, and must be driven

To find out practices of cunning hell, Why this should be. I therefore vouch again

That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,

Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect, He wrought upon her.

*Duke.* To vouch this, is no proof, Without more wider and more overt test

Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

*First Sen.* But, Othello, speak: 110  
Did you by indirect and forced courses

Subdue and poison this young maid's affections;

Or came it by request and such fair question As soul to soul affordeth?

*Oth.* I do beseech you, Send for the lady to the Sagittary,

And let her speak of me before her father: If you do find me foul in her report,

The trust, the office I do hold of you, Not only take away, but let your sentence

Even fall upon my life.

*Duke.* Fetch Desdemona hither.  
*Oth.* Ancient, conduct them; you best

know the place. *Exeunt IAGO and Attendants.*

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven 122  
I do confess the vices of my blood,

So justly to your grave ears I'll present

How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,  
And she in mine.

*Duke.* Say it, Othello.

*Oth.* Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;  
Still question'd me the story of my life  
From year to year, the battles, sieges, for-  
tunes

That I have pass'd.  
I ran it through, even from my boyish days  
To the very moment that he bade me tell it;  
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents by flood and field,  
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent  
deadly breach.

Of being taken by the insolent foe  
And sold to slavery, of my redemption  
thence

And portance in my travels' history;  
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle, 140  
Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads  
touch heaven,

It was my hint to speak, such was the  
process;

And of the Cannibals that each other eat,  
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to  
hear

Would Desdemona seriously incline;  
But still the house-affairs would draw her  
hence;

Which ever as she could with haste dis-  
patch,

She'd come again, and with a greedy ear  
Devour up my discourse. Which I observ-  
ing, 153

Took once a pliant hour, and found good  
means

To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart  
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,  
Whereof by parcels she had something  
heard,

But not intently: I did consent;  
And often did beguile her of her tears,  
When I did speak of some distressful stroke  
That my youth suffer'd. My story being  
done,

She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:  
She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas  
passing strange; 160

'T was pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:  
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she  
wish'd

That heaven had made her such a man; she  
thank'd me,

And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd  
her,

I should but teach him how to tell my story,  
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I  
spake:

She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,  
And I lov'd her that she did pity them.  
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd:

Here comes the lady; let her witness it. 170

*Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and Attendants.*

*Duke.* I think this tale would win my  
daughter too.

Good Brabantio,  
Take up this mangled matter at the best;

Men do their broken weapons rather use  
Than their bare hands.

*Bra.* I pray you, hear her speak:  
If she confess that she was half the wooer,  
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame  
Light on the man! Come hither, gentle  
mistress:

Do you perceive in all this noble company  
Where most you owe obedience?

*Des.* My noble father,  
I do perceive here a divided duty: 181  
To you I am bound for life and education;  
My life and education both do learn me  
How to respect you; you are the lord of  
duty;

I am hitherto your daughter: but here's  
my husband;

And so much duty as my mother show'd  
To you, preferring you before her father,  
So much I challenge that I may profess  
Due to the Moor my lord.

*Bra.* God be with you! I have done.  
Please it your grace, on to the state affairs:  
I had rather to adopt a child than get it. 191  
Come hither, Moor:

I here do give thee that with all my heart  
Which, but thou hast already, with all my  
heart

I would keep from thee. For your sake,  
jewel,

I am glad at soul I have no other child;  
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,  
To hang clogs on them. I have done, my  
lord.

*Duke.* Let me speak like yourself, and  
lay a sentence,

Which, as a grize or step, may help these  
lovers 200

Into your favour.

When remedies are past, the griefs are  
ended

By seeing the worst, which late on hopes  
depended.

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone  
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.

What cannot be preserv'd when fortune  
takes

Patience her injury a mockery makes.  
The robb'd that smiles steals something

from the thief;

He robs himself that spends a bootless  
grief.

*Bra.* So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile;  
We lose it not so long as we can smile. 211

He bears the sentence well that nothing  
bears

But the free comfort which from thence he  
hears;

But he bears both the sentence and the  
sorrow

That, to pay grief, must of poor patience  
borrow.

These sentences, to sugar or to gall,  
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:  
But words are words; I never yet did hear  
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through  
the ear.

I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs  
of state. 220

*Duke.* The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus. Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to you; and though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice on you: you must therefore be content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition. 229

*Oth.* The tyrant custom, most grave senators,

Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize A natural and prompt alacrity

I find in hardness, and do undertake These present wars against the Ottomites. Most humbly therefore bending to your state,

I crave fit disposition for my wife, Due reference of place and exhibition, With such accommodation and besort 239 As levels with her breeding.

*Duke.* If you please, Be 't at her father's.

*Bra.* I'll not have it so.  
*Oth.* Nor I.

*Des.* Nor I; I would not there reside, To put my father in impatient thoughts By being in his eye. Most gracious duke, To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear; And let me find a charter in your voice To assist my simpleness.

*Duke.* What would you, Desdemona?

*Des.* That I did love the Moor to live with him, My downright violence and storm of fortunes 250 May trumpet to the world; my heart's subdued

Even to the very quality of my lord; I saw Othello's visage in his mind, And to his honours and his valiant parts Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate. So that, dear lords, if I be left behind, A moth of peace, and he go to the war, The rights for which I love him are bereft me, And I a heavy interim shall support By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

*Oth.* Let her have your voices. 261 Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not To please the palate of my appetite, Nor to comply with heat, the young affects In me defunct, and proper satisfaction, But to be free and bounteous to her mind; And heaven defend your good souls that you think

I will your serious and great business scant For she is with me. No, when light-wing'd toys

Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dulness My speculative and offic'd instruments, 271 That my disports corrupt and taint my business,

Let housewives make a skillet of my helm, And all indign and base adversities Make head against my estimation!

*Duke.* Be it as you shall privately determine,

Either for her stay or going. The affair cries haste,

And speed must answer it.

*First Sen.* You must away to-night.  
*Oth.* With all my heart.

*Duke.* At nine i' the morning here we'll meet again. 280

Othello, leave some officer behind, And he shall our commission bring to you; With such things else of quality and respect As doth import you.

*Oth.* So please your grace, my ancient; A man he is of honesty and trust: To his conveyance I assign my wife, With what else needful your good grace shall think

To be sent after me.

*Duke.* Let it be so.  
Good night to every one. To BRABANTIO.

And, noble signior, If virtue no delighted beauty lack, 290 Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

*First Sen.* Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona well.

*Bra.* Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see:

She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

*Exeunt DUKE, Senators, Officers, etc.*  
*Oth.* My life upon her faith! Honest Iago,

My Desdemona must I leave to thee: I prithee, let thy wife attend on her; And bring them after in the best advantage. Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour Of love, of wordly matters and direction, 300 To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

*Exeunt OTHELLO and DESDEMONA.*  
*Rod.* Iago!

*Iago.* What say'st thou, noble heart?

*Rod.* What will I do, think'st thou?

*Iago.* Why, go to bed, and sleep.

*Rod.* I will incontinently drown myself.

*Iago.* Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee after it. Why, thou silly gentleman!

*Rod.* It is silliness to live when to live is a torment; and then have we a prescription to die when death is our physician. 311

*Iago.* O! villanous; I have looked upon the world for four times seven years, and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found a man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say I would drown myself for the love of a guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

*Rod.* What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be so fond; but it is not in my virtue to amend it. 321

*Iago.* Virtue! a fig! 't is in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles or sow lettuce, set hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs or distract it with many, either to have it sterile with idleness or manured with industry, why, the power and corrigible authority of

this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions; but we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts, whereof I take this that you call love to be a sect or scion. 337

*Rod.* It cannot be.

*Iago.* It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will. Come, be a man. Drown thyself! drown cats and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness; I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow these wars; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse,—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration; put but money in thy purse. These Moors are changeable in their wills;—fill thy purse with money:—the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice. She must have change, she must: therefore, put money in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony and a frail vow betwixt an erring barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A box of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way; seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy than to be drowned and go without her.

*Rod.* Will thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue? 370

*Iago.* Thou art sure of me: go, make money. I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again I hate the Moor: my cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him; if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time which will be delivered. Traverse; go: provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu. 380

*Rod.* Where shall we meet i' the morning?

*Iago.* At my lodging.

*Rod.* I'll be with thee betimes.

*Iago.* Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

*Rod.* What say you?

*Iago.* No more of drowning, do you hear?

*Rod.* I am changed. I'll sell all my land.

*Iago.* Go to; farewell! put money enough in your purse. *Exit RODERIGO.*

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;

For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane, 390

If I would time expend with such a snipe But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor,

And it is thought abroad that 'twixt my sheets

He has done my office: I know not if 't be true,

Yet I, for mere suspicion in that kind, Will do as if for surety. He holds me well; The better shall my purpose work on him.

Cassio's a proper man; let me see now:

To get his place and to plume up my will

In double knavery; how, how? Let's see:

After some time, to abuse Othello's ear 401

That he is too familiar with his wife:

He hath a person and a smooth dispose

To be suspected, fram'd to make women

false.

The Moor is of a free and open nature,

That thinks men honest that but seem to

be so.

And will as tenderly be led by the nose

As asses are.

I have 't; it is engender'd: hell and night

Must bring this monstrous birth to the

world's light. *Exit.* 410

## ACT II

SCENE I.—*A Sea-port Town in Cyprus. An Open Place near the Quay.*

*Enter MONTANO and two Gentlemen.*

*Mon.* What from the cape can you discern at sea?

*First Gent.* Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;

I cannot 'twixt the heaven and the main Descry a sail.

*Mon.* Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land;

A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements; If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,

What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,

Can hold the mortise? What shall we hear of this?

*Second Gent.* A segregation of the Turkish fleet; 10

For do but stand upon the foaming shore,

The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds;

The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous mane,

Seems to cast water on the burning Bear And quench the guards of the ever-fixed

pole;

I never did like molestation view On the enchafed flood.

*Mon.* If that the Turkish fleet Be not enshelter'd and embay'd, they are

drown'd;

It is impossible they bear it out.

*Enter a Third Gentleman.*

*Third Gent.* News, lads! our wars are done. 20

The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks

That their designment halts; a noble ship  
of Venice

Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance  
On most part of their fleet.

*Mon.* How! is this true?

*Third Gent.* The ship is here put in,  
A Veronesa; Michael Cassio,

Lieutenant to the war-like Moor Othello,  
Is come on shore: the Moor himself at sea,  
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

*Mon.* I am glad on 't; 't is a worthy  
governor. 30

*Third Gent.* But this same Cassio, though  
he speak of comfort

Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks  
sadly

And prays the Moor be safe; for they were  
parted

With foul and violent tempest.

*Mon.* Pray heavens he be;  
For I have serv'd him, and the man com-  
mands

Like a full soldier. Let 's to the sea-side,  
ho!

As well to see the vessel that 's come in  
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,  
Even till we make the main and the aerial  
blue

An indistinct regard.

*Third Gent.* Come, let 's do so; 40  
For every minute is expectancy  
Of more arrivance.

*Enter CASSIO.*

*Cas.* Thanks, you the valiant of this war-  
like isle,

That so approve the Moor. O! let the  
heavens

Give him defence against the elements,  
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

*Mon.* Is he well shipp'd?

*Cas.* His bark is stoutly timber'd, and  
his pilot

Of very expert and approv'd allowance;  
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to  
death, 50

Stand in bold cure.

*Cry within.* A sail!—a sail!—a sail!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Cas.* What noise?

*Mess.* The town is empty; on the brow  
o' the sea

Stand ranks of people, and they cry 'A sail!'

*Cas.* My hopes do shape him for the  
governor. *Guns heard.*

*Second Gent.* They do discharge their  
shot of courtesy;

Our friends at least.

*Cas.* I pray you, sir, go forth,  
And give us truth who 't is that is arriv'd.

*Second Gent.* I shall. *Exit.*

*Mon.* But, good lieutenant, is your  
general wiv'd? 60

*Cas.* Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd  
a maid

That paragon description and wild fame;  
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens

And in the essential vesture of creation  
Does tire the engineer.

*Re-enter Second Gentleman.*

How now! who has put in?

*Second Gent.* 'T is one Iago, ancient to  
the general.

*Cas.* He has had most favourable and  
happy speed:

Tempests themselves, high seas, and howl-  
ing winds,

The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,  
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless  
keel. 70

As having sense of beauty, do omit  
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by

The divine Desdemona.

*Mon.* What is she?

*Cas.* She that I spake of, our great  
captain's captain,

Left in the conduct of the bold Iago,  
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts

A se'nnight's speed. Great Jove, Othello  
guard,

And swell his sail with thine own powerful  
breath,

That he may bless this bay with his tall  
ship,

Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's  
arms, 80

Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,  
And bring all Cyprus comfort!

*Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, ROD-  
ERIGO, and Attendants.*

O! behold,

The riches of the ship is come on shore.  
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.

Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,  
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,

Enwheel thee round!

*Des.* I thank you, valiant Cassio.  
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

*Cas.* He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I  
aught

But that he 's well, and will be shortly here.  
*Des.* O! but I fear—How lost you com-  
pany? 91

*Cas.* The great contention of the sea and  
skies

Parted our fellowship. But, hark! a sail.  
*Cry within.* A sail!—a sail! *Guns heard.*

*Second Gent.* They give their greeting to  
the citadel:

This likewise is a friend.

*Cas.* See for the news!  
*Exit Gentleman.*

Good ancient, you are welcome. To  
EMILIA. Welcome, mistress.

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,  
That I extend my manners; 't is my breed-  
ing

That gives me this bold show of courtesy.  
*Kissing her.*

*Iago.* Sir, would she give you so much of  
her lips 101

As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,  
You'd have enough.

*Des.* Alas! she has no speech.

*Iago.* In faith, too much;  
I find it still when I have list to sleep:  
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant.  
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,  
And chides with thinking.

*Emil.* You have little cause to say so.

*Iago.* Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors, 110  
Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your  
kitchens,

Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,

Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.

*Des.* O! fie upon thee, slanderer.

*Iago.* Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:  
You rise to play and go to bed to work.

*Emil.* You shall not write my praise.

*Iago.* No, let me not.

*Des.* What would'st thou write of me, if thou should'st praise me?

*Iago.* O gentle lady, do not put me to 't,  
For I am nothing if not critical. 120

*Des.* Come on; assay. There's one gone to the harbour?

*Iago.* Ay, madam.

*Des.* I am not merry, but I do beguile  
The thing I am by seeming otherwise.  
Come, how would'st thou praise me?

*Iago.* I am about it; but indeed my invention  
Comes from my pate as birdlime does from  
frize;

It plucks out brains and all: but my Muse  
labours,

And thus she is deliver'd.  
If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit, 130  
The one's for use, the other useth it.

*Des.* Well prais'd! How if she be black  
and witty?

*Iago.* If she be black, and thereto have a  
wit,  
She'll find a white that shall her blackness  
fit.

*Des.* Worse and worse.

*Emil.* How if fair and foolish?

*Iago.* She never yet was foolish that was  
fair,

For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

*Des.* These are old fond paradoxes to  
make fools laugh i' the alehouse. What  
miserable praise hast thou for her that's  
foul and foolish? 141

*Iago.* There's none so foul and foolish  
thereunto

But does foul pranks which fair and wise  
ones do.

*Des.* O heavy ignorance! thou praisest  
the worst best. But what praise could'st  
thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed,  
one that in the authority of her merit did  
justly put on the vouch of very malice itself?

*Iago.* She that was ever fair and never  
proud,

Had tongue at will and yet was never loud,  
Never lack'd gold and yet went never gay, 151  
Fled from her wish and yet said 'Now I may,'  
She that being anger'd, her revenge being  
nigh,

Bade her wrong stay and her displeasure  
fly,

She that in wisdom never was so frail  
To change the cod's head for the salmon's  
tail,

She that could think and ne'er disclose her  
mind,

See suitors following and not look behind,  
She was a wight, if ever such wight were,—

*Des.* To do what? 160

*Iago.* To suckle fools and chronicle small  
beer.

*Des.* O most lame and impotent conclusion!  
Do not learn of him, Emilia, though  
he be thy husband. How say you, Cassio?  
is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?

*Cas.* He speaks home, madam; you may  
relish him more in the soldier than in the  
scholar.

*Iago.* *Aside.* He takes her by the palm;  
ay, well said, whisper; with as little a web  
as this will I ensnare as great a fly as  
Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will  
gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say  
true, 't is so, indeed. If such tricks as  
these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it  
had been better you had not kissed your  
three fingers so oft, which now again you  
are most apt to play the sir in. Very good;  
well kissed! an excellent courtesy! 't is so,  
indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips!  
would they were clyster-pipes for your sake!  
*A trumpet heard.*

The Moor! I know his trumpet. 190

*Cas.* 'T is truly so.

*Des.* Let's meet him and receive him.

*Cas.* Lo! where he comes.

*Enter OTHELLO and Attendants.*

*Oth.* O my fair warrior!

*Des.* My dear Othello!

*Oth.* It gives me wonder great as my  
content

To see you here before me. O my soul's  
joy!

If after every tempest come such calms,  
May the winds blow till they have waken'd  
death!

And let the labouring bark climb hills of  
seas

Olympus-high, and duck again as low 190  
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to  
die,

'T were now to be most happy, for I fear  
My soul hath her content so absolute

That not another comfort like to this  
Succeeds in unknown fate.

*Des.* The heavens forbid  
But that our loves and comforts should  
increase

Even as our days do grow!

*Oth.* Amen to that, sweet powers!  
I cannot speak enough of this content;

It stops me here; it is too much of joy;  
And this, and this, the greatest discords be

*Kissing her.*  
That e'er our hearts shall make!

*Iago. Aside.* O! you are well tun'd now,  
But I'll set down the pegs that make this  
music, 202  
As honest as I am.

*Oth.* Come, let us to the castle.  
News, friends; our wars are done, the  
Turks are drown'd.

How does my old acquaintance of this isle?  
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus;  
I have found great love amongst them. O  
my sweet,

I prattle out of fashion, and I dote  
In mine own comforts. I prithee, good Iago,  
Go to the bay and disembark my coffers. 210  
Bring thou the master to the citadel;  
He is a good one, and his worthiness  
Does challenge much respect. Come, Des-  
demona,

Once more well met at Cyprus.

*Exeunt OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, and  
Attendants.*

*Iago.* Do thou meet me presently at the  
harbour. Come hither. If thou be'st val-  
iant, as they say base men being in love  
have then a nobility in their natures more  
than is native to them, list me. The lieu-  
tenant to-night watches on the court of  
guard: first, I must tell thee this; Des-  
demona is directly in love with him. 221

*Rod.* With him! why, 't is not possible.

*Iago.* Lay thy finger thus, and let thy  
soul be instructed. Mark me with what  
violence she first loved the Moor but for  
bragging and telling her fantastical lies: and  
will she love him still for prating? let not  
thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must  
be fed; and what delight shall she have to  
look on the devil? When the blood is made  
dull with the act of sport, there should be,  
again to inflame it, and to give satiety a  
fresh appetite, loveliness in favour, sym-  
pathy in years, manners and beauties; all  
which the Moor is defective in. Now, for  
want of these required conveniences, her  
delicate tenderness will find itself abused,  
begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and  
abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct  
her in it and compel her to some second  
choice. Now, sir, this granted, as it is a  
most pregnant and unforced position, who  
stands so eminent in the degree of this  
fortune as Cassio does? a knave very vol-  
uble, no further conscionable than in putting  
on the mere form of civil and humane seem-  
ing, for the better compassing of his salt  
and most hidden loose affection? why, none;  
why, none: a slipper and subtle knave, a  
finder-out of occasions, that has an eye can  
stamp and counterfeit advantages, though  
true advantage never present itself; a devil-  
ish knave! Besides, the knave is hand-  
some, young, and hath all those requisites  
in him that folly and green minds look after;  
a pestilent complete knave! and the woman  
hath found him already. 254

*Rod.* I cannot believe that in her; she's  
full of most blessed condition.

*Iago.* Blessed fig's end! the wine she  
drinks is made of grapes; if she had been

blessed she would never have loved the  
Moor; blessed pudding! Didst thou not  
see her paddle with the palm of his hand?  
didst not mark that? 260

*Rod.* Yes, that I did; but that was but  
courtesy.

*Iago.* Lechery, by this hand! an index  
and obscure prologue to the history of lust  
and foul thoughts. They met so near with  
their lips that their breaths embraced to-  
gether. Villanous thoughts, Roderigo!  
when these mutualities so marshal the way,  
hard at hand comes the master and main  
exercise, the incorporate conclusion. Pish!  
But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought  
you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for  
the command, I'll lay 't upon you: Cassio  
knows you not. I'll not be far from you:  
do you find some occasion to anger Cassio,  
either by speaking too loud, or tainting his  
discipline; or from what other course you  
please, which the time shall more favour-  
ably minister. 276

*Rod.* Well.

*Iago.* Sir, he is rash and very sudden in  
choler, and haply may strike at you: pro-  
voke him, that he may; for even out of that  
will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny,  
whose qualification shall come into no true  
taste again but by the displanting of Cassio.  
So shall you have a shorter journey to your  
desires by the means I shall then have to  
prefer them; and the impediment most  
profitably removed, without the which there  
were no expectation of our prosperity.

*Rod.* I will do this, if you can bring it to  
any opportunity. 290

*Iago.* I warrant thee. Meet me by and by  
at the citadel: I must fetch his necessities  
ashore. Farewell.

*Rod.* Adieu.

*Iago.* That Cassio loves her, I do well  
believe it; *Exit.*

That she loves him, 't is apt and of great  
credit:

The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,  
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;  
And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona  
A most dear husband. Now, I do love her  
too; 306

Not out of absolute lust, though peradven-  
ture

I stand accountant for as great a sin,  
But partly led to diet my revenge,  
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor  
Hath leap'd into my seat; the thought  
whereof

Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my  
inwards;

And nothing can or shall content my soul  
Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife;  
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor  
At least into a jealousy so strong 310  
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing  
to do,

If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash  
For his quick hunting, stand the putting-on,  
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip;  
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb,

For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too,  
 Make the Moor thank me, love me, and  
 reward me,  
 For making him egregiously an ass  
 And practising upon his peace and quiet  
 Even to madness. 'T is here, but yet con-  
 fus'd: 320  
 Knavery's plain face is never seen till us'd.  
*Exit.*

## SCENE II.—A Street.

*Enter a Herald with a proclamation;  
 People following.*

*Her.* It is Othello's pleasure, our noble  
 and valiant general, that, upon certain tid-  
 ings now arrived, importing the mere perdi-  
 tion of the Turkish fleet, every man put  
 himself into triumph; some to dance, some  
 to make bonfires, each man to what sport  
 and revels his addiction leads him; for,  
 besides these beneficial news, it is the cele-  
 bration of his nuptial. So much was his  
 pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices  
 are open, and there is full liberty of feasting  
 from this present hour of five till the bell  
 have told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of  
 Cyprus and our noble general, Othello! 12  
*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—A Hall in the Castle.

*Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO,  
 and Attendants.*

*Oth.* Good Michael, look you to the guard  
 to-night:  
 Let 's teach ourselves that honourable stop,  
 Not to out-sport discretion.

*Cas.* Iago hath direction what to do;  
 But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye  
 Will I look to 't.

*Oth.* Iago is most honest.  
 Michael, good night; to-morrow with your  
 earliest

Let me have speech with you. *To DES-*  
*DEMONA.* Come, my dear love,

The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;  
 That profit 's yet to come 'twixt me and  
 you. 10

Good night.

*Exeunt OTHELLO, DESDEMONA,  
 and Attendants.*

*Enter IAGO.*

*Cas.* Welcome, Iago; we must to the  
 watch.

*Iago.* Not this hour, lieutenant; 't is not  
 yet ten o' the clock. Our general cast us  
 thus early for the love of his Desdemona,  
 who let us not therefore blame; he hath  
 not yet made wanton the night with her, and  
 she is sport for Jove.

*Cas.* She 's a most exquisite lady.

*Iago.* And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

*Cas.* Indeed, she 's a most fresh and  
 delicate creature. 21

*Iago.* What an eye she has! methinks it  
 sounds a parley to provocation.

*Cas.* An inviting eye; and yet methinks  
 right modest.

*Iago.* And when she speaks, is it not an  
 alarm to love?

*Cas.* She is indeed perfection.

*Iago.* Well, happiness to their sheets!  
 Come, lieutenant, I have a stoup of wine;  
 and here without are a brace of Cyprus  
 gallants that would fain have a measure to  
 the health of black Othello. 33

*Cas.* Not to-night, good Iago: I have  
 very poor and unhappy brains for drinking:  
 I could well wish courtesy would invent  
 some other custom of entertainment.

*Iago.* O! they are our friends; but one  
 cup: I'll drink for you. 39

*Cas.* I have drunk but one cup to-night,  
 and that was craftily qualified too, and  
 behold what innovation it makes here: I  
 am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare  
 not task my weakness with any more.

*Iago.* What, man! 't is a night of revels;  
 the gallants desire it.

*Cas.* Where are they?

*Iago.* Here at the door; I pray you, call  
 them in.

*Cas.* I'll do 't; but it dislikes me. *Exit.*

*Iago.* If I can fasten but one cup upon  
 him, 50

With that which he hath drunk to-night  
 already,

He'll be as full of quarrel and offence  
 As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick

fool, Roderigo,  
 Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong  
 side out,

To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd  
 Potations pottle-deep; and he 's to watch.

Three lads of Cyprus, noble swelling spirits,  
 That hold their honours in a wary distance,

The very elements of this war-like isle, 59  
 Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,

And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this  
 flock of drunkards,

Am I to put our Cassio in some action  
 That may offend the isle. But here they

come.

If consequence do but approve my dream,  
 My boat sails freely, both with wind and  
 stream.

*Re-enter CASSIO, with MONTANO and  
 Gentlemen.*

*Cas.* Fore God, they have given me a  
 rouse already.

*Mon.* Good faith, a little one; not past a  
 pint as I am a soldier.

*Iago.* Some wine, ho! 79

*And let me the canakin clink, clink;*

*And let me the canakin clink:*

*A soldier 's a man;*

*A life 's but a span;*

*Why then let a soidier drink.*

Some wine, boys!

*Cas.* Fore God, an excellent song.

*Iago.* I learned it in England, where  
 indeed they are most potent in potting;  
 your Dane, your German, and your swag-  
 bellied Hollander,—drink, ho!—are nothing  
 to your English. 81

*Cas.* Is your Englishman so exquisite in his drinking?

*Iago.* Why, he drinks you with facility your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit ere the next pottle can be filled.

*Cas.* To the health of our general!

*Mon.* I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice. 90

*Iago.* O sweet England!

*King Stephen was a worthy peer,*

*His breeches cost him but a crown;*

*He held them sixpence all too dear,*

*With that he call'd the tailor lown.*

*He was a wight of high renown,*

*And thou art but of low degree:*

*'T is pride that pulls the country down,*

*Then take thine auld cloak about thee.*

Some wine, ho! 100

*Cas.* Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

*Iago.* Will you hear 't again?

*Cas.* No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does those things. Well, God's above all; and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

*Iago.* It is true, good lieutenant.

*Cas.* For mine own part, no offence to the general, nor any man of quality, I hope to be saved. 111

*Iago.* And so do I too, lieutenant.

*Cas.* Ay; but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this; Let's to our affairs. Forgive us our sins! Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my ancient; this is my right hand, and this is my left hand. I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough. 120

*All.* Excellent well.

*Cas.* Why, very well then; you must not think then that I am drunk. *Exit.*

*Mon.* To the platform, masters; come, let's set the watch.

*Iago.* You see this fellow that is gone before;

He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar  
And give direction; and do but see his vice;  
'T is to his virtue a just equinox,  
The one as long as the other; 't is pity of him. 130

I fear the trust Othello puts him in,

On some odd time of his infirmity,

Will shake this island.

*Mon.* But is he often thus?

*Iago.* 'T is evermore the prologue to his sleep:

He'll watch the horologe a double set,

If drink rock not his cradle.

*Mon.* It were well

The general were put in mind of it.

Perhaps he sees it not; or his good nature

Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,

And looks not on his evils. Is not this true? 140

*Enter RODERIGO.*

*Iago.* *Aside to him.* How now, Roderigo! I pray you, after the lieutenant; go.

*Exit RODERIGO.*

*Mon.* And 't is great pity that the noble Moor  
Should hazard such a place as his own second

With one of an ingraft infirmity;

It were an honest action to say

So to the Moor.

*Iago.* Not I, for this fair island:  
I do love Cassio well, and would do much  
To cure him of this evil. But hark! what noise? *Cry within: 'Help! Help!'*

*Re-enter CASSIO, pursuing RODERIGO.*

*Cas.* You rogue! you rascal!

*Mon.* What's the matter, lieutenant?  
*Cas.* A knave teach me my duty! 151

I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

*Rod.* Beat me!

*Cas.* Dost thou prate, rogue?

*Striking RODERIGO.*

*Mon.* Nay, good lieutenant;

*Staying him.*

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

*Cas.* Let me go, sir,

Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

*Mon.* Come, come; you're drunk.

*Cas.* Drunk! *They fight.*

*Iago.* *Aside to RODERIGO.* Away, I say!  
go out and cry a mutiny!

*Exit RODERIGO.*

Nay! good lieutenant! Alas, gentlemen!

Help, ho! Lieutenant! Sir! Montano!  
Sir!

Help, masters! Here's a goodly watch  
indeed! *Bell rings.*

Who's that which rings the bell? *Diablo.*  
ho! 160

The town will rise: God's will! lieutenant,  
hold!

You will be sham'd for ever.

*Re-enter OTHELLO and Attendants.*

*Oth.* What is the matter here?

*Mon.* 'Zounds! I bleed still; I am hurt  
to the death.

*Oth.* Hold, for your lives!

*Iago.* Hold, ho! Lieutenant! Sir! Montano! gentlemen!

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?  
Hold! the general speaks to you; hold,

hold for shame!

*Oth.* Why, how now, ho! from whence  
aristeth this?

Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do  
that 170

Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?  
For Christian shame put by this barbarous

brawl;  
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage

Holds his soul light; he dies upon his  
motion.

Silence that dreadful bell! it frights the isle  
From her propriety. What is the matter,

masters?

Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,  
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

*Iago.* I do not know; friends all but now,  
even now,  
In quarter and in terms like bride and groom  
Devesting them for bed; and then, but now,

As if some planet had unwitting men,  
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,  
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak  
Any beginning to this peevish odds,  
And would in action glorious I had lost  
Those legs that brought me to a part of it!  
*Oth.* How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?

*Cas.* I pray you, pardon me; I cannot speak.

*Oth.* Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;  
The gravity and stillness of your youth  
The world hath noted, and your name is great

In mouths of wisest censure: what's the matter,

That you unlace your reputation thus  
And spend your rich opinion for the name  
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

*Mon.* Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger;

Your officer, Iago, can inform you,  
While I spare speech, which something now offends me,

Of all that I do know; nor know I aught  
By me that's said or done amiss this night,  
Unless self-charity be sometime a vice,  
And to defend ourselves it be a sin  
When violence assails us.

*Oth.* Now, by heaven,  
My blood begins my safer guides to rule,  
And passion, having my best judgment collied,

Assays to lead the way. If I once stir,  
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you  
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know  
How this foul rout began, who set it on; 210  
And he that is approv'd in this offence,  
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,

Shall lose me. What! in a town of war,  
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,  
To manage private and domestic quarrel,  
In night, and on the court and guard of safety!

'T is monstrous. Iago, who began 't?

*Mon.* If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,

Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,  
Thou art no soldier.

*Iago.* Touch me not so near;  
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth

Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;  
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth  
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is, general.

Montano and myself being in speech,  
There comes a fellow crying out for help,

And Cassio following him with determin'd sword

To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman  
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause;  
Myself the crying fellow did pursue, 230  
Lest by his clamour, as it so fell out,  
The town might fall in fright; he, swift of foot,

Outran my purpose, and I return'd the rather

For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,  
And Cassio high in oath, which till to-night  
I ne'er might say before. When I came back,

For this was brief, I found them close together,

At blow and thrust, even as again they were  
When you yourself did part them.

More of this matter can I not report: 240  
But men are men; the best sometimes forget:

Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,

As men in rage strike those that wish them best,

Yet surely Cassio, I believe, receiv'd  
From him that fled some strange indignity,  
Which patience could not pass.

*Oth.* I know, Iago,  
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,

Making it light to Cassio. Cassio, I love thee;

But never more be officer of mine.

*Re-enter DESDEMONA, attended.*

Look! if my gentle love be not rais'd up; 250  
I'll make thee an example.

*Des.* What's the matter?

*Oth.* All's well now, sweeting; come away to bed.

Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon.

Lead him off. *MONTANO is led off.*

Iago, look with care about the town,  
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.

Come, Desdemona; 't is the soldiers' life  
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

*Exeunt all but IAGO and CASSIO.*

*Iago.* What! are you hurt, lieutenant?

*Cas.* Ay; past all surgery. 260

*Iago.* Marry, heaven forbid!

*Cas.* Reputation, reputation, reputation!

O! I have lost my reputation. I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation, Iago,

my reputation! 265

*Iago.* As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound;

there is more sense in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false

imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: you have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such

a loser. What! man; there are ways to recover the general again; you are but now

cast in his mood, a punishment more in

policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offence dog to affright an imperious lion. Sue to him again, and he's yours. 277

*Cas.* I will rather sue to be despised than to deceive so good a commander with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk! and speak parrot! and squabble, swagger, swear, and discourse fustian with one's own shadow! O thou invisible spirit of wine! if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil. 284

*Iago.* What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

*Cas.* I know not.

*Iago.* Is't possible?

*Cas.* I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. O God! that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains; that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts. 294

*Iago.* Why, but you are now well enough; how came you thus recovered?

*Cas.* It hath pleased the devil drunkenness to give place to the devil wrath; one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself. 300

*Iago.* Come, you are too severe a moralist. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen, but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good. 305

*Cas.* I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange! Every inordinate cup is unblest and the ingredient is a devil. 312

*Iago.* Come, come; good wine is a good familiar creature if it be well used; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

*Cas.* I have well approved it, sir. I drunk!

*Iago.* You or any man living may be drunk at a time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general: I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces: confess yourself freely to her; importune her help to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband entreat her to splinter; and my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before. 331

*Cas.* You advise me well.

*Iago.* I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

*Cas.* I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me. I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me here.

*Iago.* You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch. 340

*Cas.* Good night, honest Iago! *Exit.*

*Iago.* And what's he then that says I play the villain?

When this advice is free I give and honest, Probable to thinking and indeed the course To win the Moor again? For 't is most easy The inclining Desdemona to subdue In any honest suit; she's fram'd as fruitful As the free elements. And then for her To win the Moor, were 't to renounce his baptism.

All seals and symbols of redeemed sin, 350 His soul is so enfeet'd to her love,

That she may make, unmake, do what she list,

Even as her appetite shall play the god With his weak function. How am I then a villain

To counsel Cassio to this parallel course, Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!

When devils will their blackest sins put on,

They do suggest at first with heavenly shows, As I do now; for whiles this honest fool Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes, 360 And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor, I'll pour this pestilence into his ear, That she repeals him for her body's lust; And, by how much she strives to do him good,

She shall undo her credit with the Moor. So will I turn her virtue into pitch, And out of her own goodness make the net That shall enmesh them all.

*Re-enter RODERIGO.*

How now, Roderigo!

*Rod.* I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and I think the issue will be, I shall have so much experience for my pains; and so, with no money at all and a little more wit, return again to Venice. 375

*Iago.* How poor are they that have not patience!

What wound did ever heal but by degrees? Thou know'st we work by wit and not by witchcraft,

And wilt depend on dilatory time. Does 't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee, 380

And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio.

Though other things grow fair against the sun,

Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe: Content thyself awhile. By the mass, 't is morning;

Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.

Retire thee; go where thou art billeted: Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:

Nay, get thee gone. *Exit RODERIGO.*

Two things are to be done;

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;  
 I'll set her on; 390  
 Myself the while to draw the Moor apart,  
 And bring him jump when he may Cassio find  
 Soliciting his wife: ay, that's the way:  
 Dull not device by coldness and delay. *Exit.*

## ACT III

## SCENE I.—Cyprus. Before the Castle.

*Enter CASSIO and some Musicians.*

*Cas.* Masters, play here; I will content your pains;  
 Something that's brief; and bid 'Good morrow, general.' *Music.*

*Enter Clown.*

*Clo.* Why, masters, have your instruments been in Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus?

*First Mus.* How, sir, how?

*Clo.* Are these, I pray you, wind-instruments?

*First Mus.* Ay, marry, are they, sir.

*Clo.* O! thereby hangs a tail.

*First Mus.* Whereby hangs a tale, sir? 9

*Clo.* Marry, sir, by many a wind-instrument that I know. But, masters, here's money for you; and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, for love's sake, to make no more noise with it.

*First Mus.* Well, sir, we will not.

*Clo.* If you have any music that may not be heard, to 't again; but, as they say, to hear music the general does not greatly care.

*First Mus.* We have none such, sir.

*Clo.* Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away. Go; vanish into air; away! 21

*Exeunt Musicians.*

*Cas.* Dost thou hear, mine honest friend?

*Clo.* No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

*Cas.* Prithce, keep up thy quillets. There's a poor piece of gold for thee. If the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech: wilt thou do this?

*Clo.* She is stirring, sir; if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her. 31

*Cas.* Do, good my friend. *Exit Clown.*

*Enter IAGO.*

In happy time, Iago.

*Iago.* You have not been a-bed, then?

*Cas.* Why, no; the day had broke before we parted. I have made bold, Iago, to send in to your wife; my suit to her is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona procure me some access.

*Iago.* I'll send her to you presently; And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor out of the way, that your converse and business 40

May be more free.

*Cas.* I humbly thank you for 't.

*Exit IAGO.*

I never knew  
 A Florentine more kind and honest.

*Enter EMILIA.*

*Emil.* Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry  
 For your displeasure; but all will sure be well.

The general and his wife are talking of it,  
 And she speaks for you stoutly: the Moor replies

That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus  
 And great affinity, and that in wholesome wisdom

He might not but refuse you; but he protests he loves you, 50

And needs no other suitor but his likings  
 To take the safest occasion by the front  
 To bring you in again.

*Cas.* Yet, I beseech you,  
 If you think fit, or that it may be done,  
 Give me advantage of some brief discourse  
 With Desdemona alone.

*Emil.* Pray you, come in:  
 I will bestow you where you shall have time  
 To speak your bosom freely.

*Cas.* I am much bound to you.  
*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.

*Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentlemen.*

*Oth.* These letters give, Iago, to the pilot,  
 And by him do my duties to the senate;  
 That done, I will be walking on the works;  
 Repair there to me.

*Iago.* Well, my good lord, I'll do 't.  
*Oth.* This fortification, gentlemen, shall we see 't?

*Gent.* We'll wait upon your lordship.  
*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—The Garden of the Castle.

*Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA.*

*Des.* Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do  
 All my abilities in thy behalf.

*Emil.* Good madam, do: I warrant it grieves my husband,  
 As if the cause were his.

*Des.* O! that's an honest fellow. Do not doubt, Cassio,  
 But I will have my lord and you again  
 As friendly as you were.

*Cas.* Bounteous madam,  
 Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,  
 He's never any thing but your true servant.

*Des.* I know 't; I thank you. You do love my lord; 10  
 You have known him long; and be you well assur'd

He shall in strangeness stand no further off  
 Than in a politic distance.

*Cas.* Ay, but, lady,  
 That policy may either last so long,  
 Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,  
 Or breed itself so out of circumstance,

That, I being absent and my place supplied,  
My general will forget my love and service.  
*Des.* Do not doubt that; before Emilia  
here  
I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure  
thee, 20  
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it  
To the last article; my lord shall never rest;  
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of  
patience;  
His bed shall seem a school, his board a  
shift;  
I'll intermingle every thing he does  
With Cassio's suit. Therefore be merry,  
Cassio;  
For thy solicitor shall rather die  
Than give thy cause away.

*Enter OTHELLO and IAGO, at a distance.*

*Emil.* Madam, here comes my lord.  
*Cas.* Madam, I'll take my leave. 30  
*Des.* Why, stay, and hear me speak.  
*Cas.* Madam, not now; I am very ill at  
ease.

Unfit for mine own purposes.

*Des.* Well, do your discretion.

*Exit CASSIO.*

*Iago.* Ha! I like not that.

*Oth.* What dost thou say?

*Iago.* Nothing, my lord: or if—I know  
not what.

*Oth.* Was not that Cassio parted from my  
wife?

*Iago.* Cassio, my lord? No, sure, I can-  
not think it

That he would steal away so guilty-like,  
Seeing you coming.

*Oth.* I do believe 't was he.

*Des.* How now, my lord!

I have been talking with a suitor here,  
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

*Oth.* Who is 't you mean?

*Des.* Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good  
my lord,

If I have any grace or power to move you,  
His present reconciliation take;

For if he be not one that truly loves you,  
That errs in ignorance and not in cunning,

I have no judgment in an honest face. 50  
I prithee call him back.

*Oth.* Went he hence now?

*Des.* Ay, sooth; so humbled

That he hath left part of his grief with me,  
To suffer with him. Good love, call him  
back.

*Oth.* Not now, sweet Desdemona; some  
other time.

*Des.* But shall 't be shortly?

*Oth.* The sooner, sweet, for you.

*Des.* Shall 't be to-night at supper?

*Oth.* No, not to-night.

*Des.* To-morrow dinner then?

*Oth.* I shall not dine at home  
I meet the captains at the citadel.

*Des.* Why, then, to-morrow night; or  
Tuesday morn; 60

On Tuesday noon, or night; on Wednesday  
morn:

I prithee name the time, but let it not

Exceed three days: in faith, he 's penitent;  
And yet his trespass, in our common reason,  
Save that they say the wars must make  
examples

Out of the best, is not almost a fault  
To incur a private check. When shall he  
come?

Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul,  
What you could ask me that I should deny,  
Or stand so mammering on. What! Michael  
Cassio, 70

That came a-wooing with you, and so many  
a time,

When I have spoke of you disparagingly,  
Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do  
To bring him in! Trust me, I could do  
much—

*Oth.* Prithee, no more; let him come  
when he will;

I will deny thee nothing.

*Des.* Why, this is not a boon;  
'T is as I should entreat you wear your  
gloves,

Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you  
warm,

Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit

To your own person; nay, when I have a  
suit 80

Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,  
It shall be full of poise and difficult weight,  
And fearful to be granted.

*Oth.* I will deny thee nothing:  
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,  
To leave me but a little to myself.

*Des.* Shall I deny you? no: farewell, my  
lord.

*Oth.* Farewell, my Desdemona: I'll come  
to thee straight.

*Des.* Emilia, come. Be as your fancies  
teach you;

What'er you be, I am obedient.

*Exit, with EMILIA.*

*Oth.* Excellent wretch! Perdition catch  
my soul 90

But I do love thee! and when I love thee  
not,

Chaos is come again.

*Iago.* My noble lord,—

*Oth.* What dost thou say, Iago?

*Iago.* Did Michael Cassio, when you  
woo'd my lady,

Know of your love?

*Oth.* He did, from first to last: why dost  
thou ask?

*Iago.* But for a satisfaction of my thought;  
No further harm.

*Oth.* Why of thy thought, Iago?

*Iago.* I did not think he had been ac-  
quainted with her.

*Oth.* O! yes; and went between us very  
oft. 100

*Iago.* Indeed!

*Oth.* Indeed! ay, indeed; discern'st thou  
aught in that?

Is he not honest?

*Iago.* Honest, my lord!

*Oth.* Honest! ay, honest.

*Iago.* My lord, for aught I know.

*Oth.* What dost thou think?

*Iago.* Think, my lord!

*Oth.* Think, my lord!  
By heaven, he echoes me,  
As if there were some monster in his thought  
Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean something:

I heard thee say even now, thou lik'st not that,

When Cassio left my wife; what didst not like? 110

And when I told thee he was of my counsel  
In my whole course of wooing, thou cried'st  
'Indeed!'

And didst contract and purse thy brow together,

As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain  
Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,  
Show me thy thought.

*Iago.* My lord, you know I love you.

*Oth.* I think thou dost;  
And, for I know thou art full of love and honesty,  
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,

Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more; 120

For such things in a false disloyal knave  
Are tricks of custom, but in a man that's just

They're close delations, working from the heart

That passion cannot rule.

*Iago.* For Michael Cassio,  
I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.

*Oth.* I think so too.

*Iago.* Men should be what they seem;  
Or those that be not, would they might seem none!

*Oth.* Certain, men should be what they seem.

*Iago.* Why then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

*Oth.* Nay, yet there's more in this. 130  
I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,  
As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst  
of thoughts

The worst of words.

*Iago.* Good my lord, pardon me;  
Though I am bound to every act of duty,  
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.  
Utter my thoughts? Why, say they are vile  
and false;

As where 's that palace whereinto foul things  
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast  
so pure

But some uncleanly apprehensions

Keep leets and law-days, and in session sit 140

With meditations lawful?

*Oth.* Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,

If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear

A stranger to thy thoughts.

*Iago.* I do beseech you,  
Though I perchance am vicious in my guess,

As, I confess, it is my nature's plague  
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy

Shapes faults that are not, that your wisdom yet,

From one that so imperfectly conceits,  
Would take no notice, nor build yourself a trouble 150

Out of his scattering and unsure observance.  
It were not for your quiet nor your good,  
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,  
To let you know my thoughts.

*Oth.* What dost thou mean?

*Iago.* Good name in man and woman,  
dear my lord,

Is the immediate jewel of their souls:

Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;

'T is mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands:

But he that filches from me my good name  
Robs me of that which not enriches him, 160  
And makes me poor indeed.

*Oth.* By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts.

*Iago.* You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;

Nor shall not, whilst 't is in my custody.

*Oth.* Ha!

*Iago.* O! beware, my lord, of jealousy;  
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock  
The meat it feeds on; that cuckold lives in bliss

Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;

But, O! what damned minutes tells he o'er  
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet soundly loves. 170

*Oth.* O misery!

*Iago.* Poor and content is rich and rich enough.

But riches fineless is as poor as winter  
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.

Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend

From jealousy!

*Oth.* Why, why is this?

Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,  
To follow still the changes of the moon

With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt

Is once to be resolv'd. Exchange me for a goat 180

When I shall turn the business of my soul  
To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,

Matching thy inference. 'T is not to make me jealous

To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,

Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;

Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:  
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw

The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt;  
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago,

I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove; 190

And on the proof there is no more but this,  
Away at once with love or jealousy!

*Iago.* I am glad of it; for now I shall have reason

To show the love and duty that I bear you

With franker spirit; therefore, as I am bound,  
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.

Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;

Wear your eye thus, not jealous nor secure: I would not have your free and noble nature Out of self-bounty be abus'd; look to 't. 200  
I know our country disposition well; In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience Is not to leave 't undone, but keep 't unknown.

*Oth.* Dost thou say so?

*Iago.* She did deceive her father, marrying you;  
And when she seem'd to shake and fear your looks  
She lov'd them most.

*Oth.* And so she did.

*Iago.* Why, go to, then; She that so young could give out such a seeming,  
To seal her father's eyes up close as oak, 210  
He thought 't was witchcraft; but I am much to blame;

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon For too much loving you.

*Oth.* I am bound to thee for ever.

*Iago.* I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

*Oth.* Not a jot, not a jot.

*Iago.* I' faith, I fear it has.  
I hope you will consider what is spoke Comes from my love. But I do see you're mov'd;

I am to pray you not to strain my speech To grosser issues nor to larger reach  
Than to suspicion. 220

*Oth.* I will not.

*Iago.* Should you do so, my lord,  
My speech should fall into such vile success

As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy friend—  
My lord, I see you're mov'd.

*Oth.* No, not much mov'd: I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

*Iago.* Long live she so! and long live you to think so!

*Oth.* And yet, how nature erring from itself,—

*Iago.* Ay, there's the point: as, to be bold with you,

Not to affect many proposed matches 229  
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,  
Whereto we see in all things nature tends;  
Foh! one may smell, in such, a will most rank,

Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.

But pardon me; I do not in position

Distinctly speak of her, though I may fear

Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,  
May fall to match you with her country forms

And happily repent.

*Oth.*

Farewell, farewell:

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;

Set on thy wife to observe. Leave me, Iago.  
*Iago.* My lord, I take my leave. *Going.*

*Oth.* Why did I marry? This honest creature, doubtless, 242  
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

*Iago.* *Returning.* My lord, I would I might entreat your honour  
To scan this thing no further: leave it to time.

Although 't is fit that Cassio have his place,  
For sure he fills it up with great ability,  
Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,  
You shall by that perceive him and his means:

Note if your lady strain his entertainment 250  
With any strong or vehement importunity;  
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,

Let me be thought too busy in my fears,  
As worthy cause I have to fear I am,  
And hold her free, I do beseech your honor.

*Oth.* Fear not my government.

*Iago.* I once more take my leave. *Exit.*

*Oth.* This fellow's of exceeding honesty,  
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,

Of human dealings; if I do prove her haggard, 260  
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,

I'd whistle her off and let her down the wind,

To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black  
And have not those soft parts of conversation

That chamberers have, or for I am declin'd  
Into the vale of years, yet that's not much,

She's gone. I am abus'd; and my relief  
Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage!  
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,

And not their appetites. I had rather be a toad, 270

And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,  
Than keep a corner in the thing I love

For others' uses. Yet, 't is the plague of great ones;

Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;  
'T is destiny unshunnable, like death:

Even then this forked plague is fated to us  
When we do quicken. Look! Desdemona comes.

If she be false, O! then heaven mocks itself.  
I'll not believe 't.

*Re-enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.*

*Des.* How now, my dear Othello!  
Your dinner and the generous islanders 280  
By you invited, do attend your presence.

*Oth.* I am to blame.

*Des.* Why do you speak so faintly?  
Are you not well?

*Oth.* I have a pain upon my forehead here.

*Des.* Faith, that's with watching; 't will away again:

Let me but bind it hard, within this hour  
It will be well.

*Oth.* Your napkin is too little;  
*She drops her handkerchief.*  
Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

*Des.* I am very sorry that you are not well.

*Exeunt OTHELLO and DESDEMONA.*

*Emil.* I am glad I have found this napkin;  
This was her first remembrance from the  
Moor;

My wayward husband hath a hundred times  
Woo'd me to steal it, but she so loves the  
token,

For he conjur'd her she should ever keep it,  
That she reserves it evermore about her.  
To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en  
out

And give 't Iago:  
What he will do with it heaven knows, not I;  
I nothing but to please his fantasy.

*Re-enter IAGO.*

*Iago.* How now! what do you here alone?

*Emil.* Do not you chide; I have a thing  
for you.

*Iago.* A thing for me? it is a common  
thing—

*Emil.* Ha!

*Iago.* To have a foolish wife.

*Emil.* O! is that all? What will you give  
me now

For that same handkerchief?

*Iago.* What handkerchief?

*Emil.* What handkerchief!

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;  
That which so often you did bid me steal.

*Iago.* Hast stol'n it from her?

*Emil.* No faith; she let it drop by negli-  
gence,

And, to the advantage, I, being here, took 't  
up.

Look, here it is.

*Iago.* A good wench; give it me.

*Emil.* What will you do with 't, that you  
have been so earnest

To have me filch it?

*Iago.* Why, what's that to you?

*Snatches it.*

*Emil.* If it be not for some purpose of  
import

Give 't me again; poor lady! she'll run mad  
When she shall lack it.

*Iago.* Be not known on 't; I have use  
for it.

Go, leave me. *Exit EMILIA.*

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,  
And let him find it; trifles light as air

Are to the jealous confirmations strong  
As proofs of holy writ; this may do some-  
thing.

The Moor already changes with my poison:  
Dangerous conceits are in their natures  
poisons,

Which at the first are scarce found to dis-  
taste,

But with a little act upon the blood,  
Burn like the mines of sulphur. I did say so:

Look! where he comes.

*Re-enter OTHELLO.*

Not poppy, nor mandragora,  
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world, 331  
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep  
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

*Oth.* Ha! ha! false to me?  
*Iago.* Why, how now, general! no more  
of that.

*Oth.* Avault! be gone! thou hast set me  
on the rack;

I swear 't is better to be much abus'd  
Than but to know 't a little.

*Iago.* How now, my lord!  
*Oth.* What sense had I of her stol'n hours  
of lust?

I saw 't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me;  
I slept the next night well, was free and  
merry; 340

I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips;  
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,  
Let him not know 't and he's not robb'd at  
all.

*Iago.* I am sorry to hear this.

*Oth.* I had been happy, if the general  
camp,

Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,  
So I had nothing known. O! now, for ever  
Farewell the tranquil mind; farewell con-  
tent!

Farewell the plumed troop and the big wars  
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell! 350

Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill  
trump,

The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing  
fife,

The royal banner, and all quality,  
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious  
war!

And, O you mortal engines, whose rude  
throats

The immortal Jove's dread clamours coun-  
terfeit,

Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

*Iago.* Is 't possible, my lord?

*Oth.* Villain, be sure thou prove my love a  
whore,

Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof; 360  
Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,

Thou hadst been better have been born a  
dog

Than answer my wak'd wrath.

*Iago.* Is 't come to this?

*Oth.* Make me to see 't; or, at the least,  
so prove it,

That the probation bear no hinge nor loop  
To hang a doubt on; or woe upon thy life!

*Iago.* My noble lord,—

*Oth.* If thou dost slander her and torture  
me,

Never pray more; abandon all remorse;  
On horror's head horrors accumulate; 370

Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth  
amaz'd;

For nothing canst thou to damnation add  
Greater than that.

*Iago.* O grace! O heaven forgive me!  
Are you a man? have you a soul or sense?

God be wi' you; take mine office. O  
wretched fool!

That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice.  
 O monstrous world! Take note, take note,  
 O world!  
 To be direct and honest is not safe.  
 I thank you for this profit, and from hence  
 I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such of-  
 fence. 380  
*Oth.* Nay, stay; thou should'st be honest.  
*Iago.* I should be wise; for honesty's a  
 fool,  
 And loses that it works for.  
*Oth.* By the world,  
 I think my wife be honest and think she is  
 not;  
 I think that thou art just and think thou art  
 not.  
 I'll have some proof. Her name, that was  
 as fresh  
 As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black  
 As mine own face. If there be cords or  
 knives,  
 Poison or fire or suffocating streams,  
 I'll not endure it. Would I were satisfied!  
*Iago.* I see, sir, you are eaten up with pas-  
 sion. 391  
 I do repent me that I put it to you.  
 You would be satisfied?  
*Oth.* Would! nay, I will.  
*Iago.* And may; but how? how satisfied,  
 my lord?  
 Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on;  
 Behold her tupp'd?  
*Oth.* Death and damnation! O!  
*Iago.* It were a tedious difficulty, I think,  
 To bring them to that prospect; damn them  
 then  
 If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster  
 More than their own! What then? how  
 then? 400  
 What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?  
 It is impossible you should see this,  
 Were they as prime as goats, as hot as  
 monkeys,  
 As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross  
 As ignorance made drunk; but yet, I say,  
 If imputation and strong circumstances,  
 Which lead directly to the door of truth,  
 Will give you satisfaction, you might have 't.  
*Oth.* Give me a living reason she's dis-  
 loyal.  
*Iago.* I do not like the office; 410  
 But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,  
 Prick'd to 't by foolish honesty and love,  
 I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;  
 And, being troubled with a raging tooth,  
 I could not sleep.  
 There are a kind of men so loose of soul  
 That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs;  
 One of this kind is Cassio.  
 In sleep I heard him say "Sweet Desdemona,  
 Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!" 420  
 And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my  
 hand,  
 Cry "O sweet creature!" and then kiss me  
 hard,  
 As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,  
 That grew upon my lips; then laid his leg  
 Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and  
 then

Cried "Cursed fate that gave thee to the  
 Moor!"  
*Oth.* O monstrous! monstrous!  
*Iago.* Nay, this was but his dream.  
*Oth.* But this denoted a foregone conclu-  
 sion;  
 'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a  
 dream.  
*Iago.* And this may help to thicken other  
 proofs 430  
 That do demonstrate thinly.  
*Oth.* I'll tear her all to pieces.  
*Iago.* Nay, but be wise; yet we see noth-  
 ing done;  
 She may be honest yet. Tell me but this:  
 Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief  
 Spotted with strawberries in your wife's  
 hand?  
*Oth.* I gave her such a one; 't was my  
 first gift.  
*Iago.* I know not that; but such a hand-  
 kerchief,  
 I am sure it was your wife's, did I to-day  
 See Cassio wipe his beard with.  
*Oth.* If it be that,—  
*Iago.* If it be that, or any that was hers, 440  
 It speaks against her with the other proofs.  
*Oth.* O! that the slave had forty thousand  
 lives;  
 One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.  
 Now do I see 't is true. Look here, Iago;  
 All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven:  
 'T is gone.  
 Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow  
 hell!  
 Yield up, O love! thy crown and hearted  
 throne  
 To tyrannous hate. Swell, bosom, with thy  
 fraught,  
 For 't is of aspics' tongues!  
*Iago.* Yet be content.  
*Oth.* O! blood, blood, blood! 451  
*Iago.* Patience, I say; your mind perhaps  
 may change.  
*Oth.* Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,  
 Whose icy current and compulsive course  
 Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on  
 To the Propontic and the Hellespont,  
 Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent  
 pace,  
 Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble  
 love,  
 Till that a capable and wide revenge  
 Swallow them up. *Kneels.*  
 Now, by yond marble heaven,  
 In the due reverence of a sacred vow 461  
 I here engage my words.  
*Iago.* Do not rise yet. *Kneels.*  
 Witness, you ever-burning lights above!  
 You elements that clip us round about!  
 Witness that here Iago doth give up  
 The execution of his wit, hands, heart,  
 To wrong'd Othello's service! Let him com-  
 mand,  
 And to obey shall be in me remorse,  
 What bloody business ever.  
*Oth.* I greet thy love,  
 Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance  
 bounteous, 470

And will upon the instant put thee to 't:  
 Within these three days let me hear thee

say  
 That Cassio's not alive.

*Iago.* My friend is dead; 'tis done at  
 your request:

But let her live.

*Oth.* Damn her, lewd minx! O! damn  
 her.

Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw  
 To furnish me with some swift means of  
 death.

For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieu-  
 tenant.

*Iago.* I am your own for ever. *Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.—Before the Castle.

*Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Clown.*

*Des.* Do you know, sirrah, where Lieu-  
 tenant Cassio lies?

*Clo.* I dare not say he lies any where.

*Des.* Why, man?

*Clo.* He's a soldier; and for one to say  
 a soldier lies, is stabbing.

*Des.* Go to; where lodges he?

*Clo.* To tell you where he lodges is to tell  
 you where I lie.

*Des.* Can any thing be made of this? 10

*Clo.* I know not where he lodges, and for  
 me to devise a lodging, and say he lies here  
 or he lies there, were to lie in mine own  
 throat.

*Des.* Can you inquire him out, and be edi-  
 fied by report?

*Clo.* I will catechize the world for him;  
 that is, make questions, and by them an-  
 swer.

*Des.* Seek him, bid him come hither; tell  
 him I have moved my lord in his behalf, and  
 hope all will be well. 20

*Clo.* To do this is within the compass of  
 man's wit, and therefore I will attempt the  
 doing it. *Exit.*

*Des.* Where should I lose that handker-  
 chief, Emilia?

*Emil.* I know not, madam.

*Des.* Believe me, I had rather have lost  
 my purse

Full of cruzadoes; and, but my noble Moor  
 Is true of mind and made of no such base-  
 ness

As jealous creatures are, it were enough  
 To put him to ill thinking.

*Emil.* Is he not jealous?

*Des.* Who? he! I think the sun where  
 he was born 30

Drew all such humours from him.

*Emil.* Look! where he comes.

*Des.* I will not leave him now till Cassio  
 Be call'd to him.

*Enter OTHELLO.*

How is 't with you, my lord?

*Oth.* Well, my good lady. *Aside.* O!  
 hardness to dissemble.

How do you, Desdemona?

*Des.* Well, my good lord.

*Oth.* Give me your hand. This hand is  
 moist, my lady.

*Des.* It yet has felt no age nor known no  
 sorrow.

*Oth.* This argues fruitfulness and liberal  
 heart;

Hot, hot, and moist; this hand of yours re-  
 quires

A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,  
 Much castigation, exercise devout; 41

For here's a young and sweating devil  
 here,

That commonly rebels. 'T is a good hand,  
 A frank one.

*Des.* You may, indeed, say so;  
 For 't was that hand that gave away my  
 heart.

*Oth.* A liberal hand; the hearts of old  
 gave hands,

But our new heraldry is hands not hearts.

*Des.* I cannot speak of this. Come now,  
 your promise.

*Oth.* What promise, chuck?

*Des.* I have sent to bid Cassio come speak  
 with you. 50

*Oth.* I have a salt and sorry rheum offends  
 me.

Lend me thy handkerchief.

*Des.* Here, my lord.

*Oth.* That which I gave you.

*Des.* I have it not about me.

*Oth.* Not?

*Des.* No, indeed, my lord.

*Oth.* That is a fault.

That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give;

She was a charmer, and could almost read  
 The thoughts of people; she told her, while  
 she kept it,

'T would make her amiable and subdue my  
 father

Entirely to her love, but if she lost it

Or made a gift of it, my father's eye

Should hold her loathed, and his spirits  
 should hunt

After new fancies. She dying gave it me;  
 And bid me, when my fate would have me

wive,

To give it her. I did so: and take heed on 't;  
 Make it a darling like your precious eye;

To lose 't or give 't away were such perdi-  
 tion

As nothing else could match.

*Des.* Is 't possible?

*Oth.* 'T is true; there's magic in the web  
 of it;

A sibyl, that had number'd in the world 70  
 The sun to course two hundred compasses,

In her prophetic fury sew'd the work;  
 The worms were hallow'd that did breed the

silk,

And it was dy'd in mummy which the skilful  
 Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

*Des.* Indeed! is 't true?

*Oth.* Most veritable; therefore look to 't  
 well.

*Des.* Then would to God that I had never  
 seen 't!

*Oth.* Ha! wherefore?

*Des.* Why do you speak so startlingly and  
 rash?

*Oth.* Is 't lost? is 't gone? speak, is it out  
o' the way? 80  
*Des.* Heaven bless us!  
*Oth.* Say you?  
*Des.* It is not lost; but what an if it were?  
*Oth.* How!  
*Des.* I say it is not lost.  
*Oth.* Fetch 't, let me see 't.  
*Des.* Why, so I can, sir, but I will not  
now.  
This is a trick to put me from my suit:  
Pray you let Cassio be receiv'd again.  
*Oth.* Fetch me the handkerchief; my  
mind misgives.  
*Des.* Come, come; 90  
You 'll never meet a more sufficient man.  
*Oth.* The handkerchief!  
*Des.* I pray, talk me of Cassio.  
*Oth.* The handkerchief!  
*Des.* A man that all his time  
Hath founded his good fortunes on your  
love.  
Shar'd dangers with you,—  
*Oth.* The handkerchief!  
*Des.* In sooth, you are to blame.  
*Oth.* Away! *Exit.*  
*Emil.* Is not this man jealous?  
*Des.* I ne'er saw this before. 100  
Sure, there 's some wonder in this handker-  
chief;  
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.  
*Emil.* 'T is not a year or two shows us a  
man:  
They are all but stomachs, and we all but  
food:  
They eat us hungerly, and when they are  
full  
They belch us. Look you! Cassio and my  
husband.  
*Enter IAGO and CASSIO.*  
*Iago.* There is no other way; 'tis she  
must do 't:  
And, lo! the happiness: go and importune  
her.  
*Des.* How now, good Cassio! what 's the  
news with you?  
*Cas.* Madam, my former suit: I do be-  
seech you 110  
That by your virtuous means I may again  
Exist, and be a member of his love  
Whom I with all the office of my heart  
Entirely honour; I would not be delay'd.  
If my offence be of such mortal kind  
That nor my service past, nor present sor-  
rows,  
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,  
Can ransom me into his love again,  
But to know so must be my benefit;  
So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content, 120  
And shut myself up in some other course  
To fortune's alms.  
*Des.* Alas! thrice-gentle Cassio,  
My advocacy is not now in tune;  
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know  
him,  
Were he in favour as in humour alter'd.  
So help me every spirit sanctified,  
As I have spoken for you all my best  
And stood within the blank of his dis-  
pleasure  
For my free speech. You must awhile be  
patient;  
What I can do I will, and more I will 130  
Than for myself I dare; let that suffice you.  
*Iago.* Is my lord angry?  
*Emil.* He went hence but now,  
And certainly in strange unequity.  
*Iago.* Can he be angry? I have seen the  
cannon,  
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,  
And, like the devil, from his very arm  
Puff'd his own brother; and can he be  
angry?  
Something of moment then; I will go meet  
him;  
There 's matter in 't indeed, if he be angry.  
*Des.* I prithee, do so. *Exit IAGO.*  
Something, sure, of state,  
Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd prac-  
tice 141  
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to  
him,  
Hath puddled his clear spirit; and in such  
cases  
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,  
Though great ones are their object. 'T is  
even so;  
For let our finger ache, and it indues  
Our other healthful members ev'n to that  
sense  
Of pain. Nay, we must think men are not  
gods,  
Nor of them look for such observancy  
As fits the bridal. Beshrew me much,  
*Emilia,*  
I was, unhandsome warrior as I am, 151  
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;  
But now I find I had suborn'd the witness,  
And he 's indicted falsely.  
*Emil.* Pray heaven it be state-matters, as  
you think,  
And no conception nor no jealous toy  
Concerning you.  
*Des.* Alas the day! I never gave him  
cause.  
*Emil.* But jealous souls will not be an-  
swer'd so;  
They are not ever jealous for the cause, 160  
But jealous for they are jealous; 'tis a  
monster  
Begot upon itself, born on itself.  
*Des.* Heaven keep that monster from  
Othello's mind!  
*Emil.* Lady, amen.  
*Des.* I will go seek him. Cassio, walk  
hereabout;  
If I do find him fit, I 'll move your suit  
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.  
*Cas.* I humbly thank your ladyship.  
*Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA.*  
*Enter BIANCA.*  
*Bian.* Save you, friend Cassio!  
*Cas.* What make you from home?  
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca? 170  
I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your  
house.

*Bian.* And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.  
What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?  
Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,  
More tedious than the dial eight score times?  
O weary reckoning!

*Cas.* Pardon me, Bianca;  
I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd,  
But I shall, in a more continue time,  
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,

*Giving her DESDEMONA'S handkerchief.*  
Take me this work out.

*Bian.* O Cassio! whence came this?  
This is some token from a newer friend; 181  
To the felt absence now I feel a cause;  
Is it come to this? Well, well.

*Cas.* Go to, woman!  
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,  
From whence you have them. You are jealous now  
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance:

No, in good troth, Bianca.  
*Bian.* Why, whose is it?  
*Cas.* I know not, sweet; I found it in my chamber.

I like the work well; ere it be demanded,  
As like enough it will, I 'd have it copied; 190  
Take it and do 't, and leave me for this time.

*Bian.* Leave you! wherefore?  
*Cas.* I do attend here on the general,  
And think it no addition nor my wish  
To have him see me woman'd.

*Bian.* Why, I pray you?  
*Cas.* Not that I love you not.  
*Bian.* But that you do not love me.  
I pray you, bring me on the way a little,  
And say if I shall see you soon at night.

*Cas.* 'T is but a little way that I can bring you,

For I attend here; but I 'll see you soon. 200  
*Bian.* 'T is very good; I must be circumstanc'd. *Exeunt.*

## ACT IV

SCENE I.—Cyprus. Before the Castle.

*Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.*

*Iago.* Will you think so?

*Oth.* Think so, Iago!

*Iago.* What!  
To kiss in private?

*Oth.* An unauthoriz'd kiss.

*Iago.* Or to be naked with her friend a-bed,

An hour or more, not meaning any harm?

*Oth.* Naked a-bed, Iago, and not mean harm?

It is hypocrisy against the devil:

They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,  
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.

*Iago.* If they do nothing, 't is a venial slip;  
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,— 10

*Oth.* What then?

*Iago.* Why, then, 't is hers, my lord; and, being hers,

She may, I think, bestow 't on any man.

*Oth.* She is protectress of her honour too;  
May she give that?

*Iago.* Her honour is an essence that 's not seen;

They have it very oft that have it not:

But for the handkerchief,—

*Oth.* By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it. 19

Thou said'st,—O! it comes o'er my memory,  
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,  
Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief.

*Iago.* Ay, what of that?

*Oth.* That 's not so good now.

*Iago.* What  
If I had said I had seen him do you wrong?  
Or heard him say, as knaves be such abroad,  
Who having, by their own importunate suit,  
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,  
Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose  
But they must blab.

*Oth.* Hath he said any thing?

*Iago.* He hath, my lord; but be you well assur'd, 30

No more than he 'll unswear.

*Oth.* What hath he said?

*Iago.* Faith, that he did—I know not what he did.

*Oth.* What? what?

*Iago.* Lie—

*Oth.* With her?

*Iago.* With her, on her; what you will.

*Oth.* Lie with her! lie on her! We say  
lie on her when they belie her. Lie with  
her! that 's fulsome. Handkerchief,—con-  
fessions,—handkerchief. To confess, and  
be hanged for his labour. First, to be  
hanged, and then to confess: I tremble at  
it. Nature would not invest herself in such  
shadowing passion without some instruc-  
tion. It is not words that shakes me thus.  
Pish! Noses, ears, and lips. Is 't possible?  
Confess!—Handkerchief!—O devil! 45

*Falls in a trance.*

*Iago.* Work on,

My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools  
are caught;

And many worthy and chaste dames even  
thus,

All guiltless, meet reproach. What, ho!  
my lord!

My lord, I say! Othello!

*Enter CASSIO.*

How now, Cassio!

*Cas.* What 's the matter? 50

*Iago.* My lord is fall'n into an epilepsy;  
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

*Cas.* Rub him about the temples.

*Iago.* No, forbear;

The lethargy must have his quiet course,  
If not he foams at mouth, and by and by  
Breaks out to savage madness. Look! he  
stirs;

Do you withdraw yourself a little while,

He will recover straight; when he is gone,  
I would on great occasion speak with you.

*Exit CASSIO.*

How is it, general? have you hurt your  
head?

*Oth.* Dost thou mock me?

*Iago.* I mock you! no, by heaven.  
Would you would bear your fortune like a  
man!

*Oth.* A horned man's a monster and a  
beast.

*Iago.* There's many a beast then in a  
populous city,

And many a civil monster.

*Oth.* Did he confess it?

*Iago.* Good sir, be a man;  
Think every bearded fellow that's but  
yok'd

May draw with you; there's millions now  
alive

That nightly lie in those unproper beds  
Which they dare swear peculiar; your case  
is better.

O! 't is the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-  
mock,

To lip a wanton in a secure couch,  
And to suppose her chaste. No, let me  
know;

And knowing what I am I know what she  
shall be.

*Oth.* O! thou art wise; 't is certain.

*Iago.* Stand you awhile apart;  
Confine yourself but in a patient list.

Whilst you were here overwhelmed with  
your grief,

A passion most unsuited such a man,  
Cassio came hither; I shifted him away,  
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy; 80

Bade him anon return and here speak with  
me;

The which he promis'd. Do but encave  
yourself,

And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable  
scorns,

That dwell in every region of his face;  
For I will make him tell the tale anew.

Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and  
when

He hath, and is again to cope your wife:  
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, pa-  
tience;

Or I shall say you are all in all in spleen, 89  
And nothing of a man.

*Oth.* Dost thou hear, Iago?  
I will be found most cunning in my patience;

But, dost thou hear? most bloody.

*Iago.* That's not amiss;  
But yet keep time in all. Will you with-  
draw?

*OTHELLO goes apart.*  
Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,

A housewife that by selling her desires  
Buys herself bread and clothes; it is a  
creature

That dotes on Cassio; as 't is the strumpets'  
plague

To beguile many and be beguil'd by one.  
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain

From the excess of laughter. Here he  
comes;

*Re-enter CASSIO.*

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad; 101  
And his unbookish jealousy must construe  
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light  
behaviour

Quite in the wrong. How do you now, lieu-  
tenant?

*Cas.* The worser that you give me the  
addition

Whose want even kills me.

*Iago.* Ply Desdemona well, and you are  
sure on 't.

*Speaking lower.* Now, if this suit lay in  
Bianca's power,

How quickly should you speed!

*Cas.* Alas! poor caitiff.

*Oth.* Look! how he laughs already. 110

*Iago.* I never knew woman love man so.

*Cas.* Alas! poor rogue, I think, i' faith,  
she loves me.

*Oth.* Now he denies it faintly, and laughs  
it out.

*Iago.* Do you hear, Cassio?

*Oth.* Now he importunes him  
To tell it o'er. Go to; well said, well said.

*Iago.* She gives it out that you shall marry  
her;

Do you intend it?

*Cas.* Ha, ha, ha! 120

*Oth.* Do you triumph, Roman? do you  
triumph?

*Cas.* I marry her! what! a customer? I  
prithee, bear some charity to my wit; do not  
think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

*Oth.* So, so, so, so. They laugh that win.

*Iago.* Faith, the cry goes that you shall  
marry her.

*Cas.* Prithee, say true.

*Iago.* I am a very villain else.

*Oth.* Have you scored me? Well. 130

*Cas.* This is the monkey's own giving out;  
she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her  
own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

*Oth.* Iago beckons me; now he begins the  
story.

*Cas.* She was here even now; she haunts  
me in every place. I was the other day  
talking on the sea bank with certain Vene-  
tians, and thither comes the bauble, and, by  
this hand, she falls me thus about my  
neck;— 140

*Oth.* Crying 'O dear Cassio!' as it were;  
his gesture imports it.

*Cas.* So hangs and lolls and weeps upon  
me; so hales and pulls me; ha, ha, ha!

*Oth.* Now he tells how she plucked him  
to my chamber. O! I see that nose of  
yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to.

*Cas.* Well, I must leave her company.

*Iago.* Before me! look, where she comes.

*Cas.* 'T is such another fitchew! marry,  
a perfumed one. 150

*Enter BIANCA.*

What do you mean by this haunting of me?

*Bian.* Let the devil and his dam haunt  
you! What did you mean by that same  
handkerchief you gave me even now? I  
was a fine fool to take it. I must take out

the work! A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and know not who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work! There, give it your hobby-horse; wheresoever you had it I'll take out no work on 't. 161

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca! how now, how now!

Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!

Bian. An you 'll come to supper to-night, you may; an you will not, come when you are next prepared for. *Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. Faith, I must; she'll rail in the street else. 171

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas. Faith, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you, for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Prithee, come; will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more. *Exit CASSIO.*

Oth. *Advancing.* How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice? 181

Oth. O! Iago.

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand; and to see how he prizes the foolish woman, your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a-killing. A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that. 190

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night; for she shall not live. No, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O! the world hath not a sweeter creature; she might lie by an emperor's side and command him tasks. 196

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is. So delicate with her needle! An admirable musician! O! she will sing the savageness out of a bear. Of so high and plenteous wit and invention! 201

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. O! a thousand, a thousand times. And then, of so gentle a condition!

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain; but yet the pity of it, Iago! O! Iago, the pity of it, Iago.

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody. 210

Oth. I will chop her into messes. Cuck-old me!

Iago. O! 't is foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago; this night: I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again. This night, Iago. 219

Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good; the justice of it pleases; very good.

Iago. And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker; you shall hear more by midnight.

*A trumpet within.*

Oth. Excellent good. What trumpet is that same?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'T is Lodovico, Come from the duke; and, see, your wife is with him.

*Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.*

Lod. God save the worthy general!

Oth. With all my heart, sir.

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you. *Gives him a packet.* 230

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures. *Opens the packet, and reads.*

Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior; Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio?

Iago. Lives, sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my lord

An unkind breach; but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My lord? 239

Oth. *This fail you not to do, as you will—*

Lod. He did not call; he's busy in the paper.

Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?

Des. A most unhappy one; I would do much

To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone!

Des. My lord?

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What! is he angry?

Lod. May be the letter mov'd him; For, as I think, they do command him home, Deputing Cassio in his government.

Des. Trust me, I am glad on 't.

Oth. Indeed!

Des. My lord?

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. Why, sweet Othello!

Oth. Devil! *Strikes her.*

Des. I have not deserv'd this. 252

Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,

Though I should swear I saw 't; 't is very much;

Make her amends, she weeps.

Oth. O devil, devil!

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,

Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile. Out of my sight!

Des. I will not stay to offend you. *Going.*

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady; 259

I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

Oth. Mistress!

*Des.* My lord?  
*Oth.* What would you with her, sir?  
*Lod.* Who, I, my lord?  
*Oth.* Ay; you did wish that I would make her turn:  
 Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,  
 And turn again; and she can weep, sir,  
 weep;  
 And she's obedient, as you say, obedient,  
 Very obedient. Proceed you in your tears.  
 Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion!  
 I am commanded home. Get you away;  
 I'll send for you anon. Sir, I obey the man-  
 date, 270  
 And will return to Venice. Hence! avaunt!  
*Exit DESDEMONA.*  
 Cassio shall have my place. And, sir, to-  
 night,  
 I do entreat that we may sup together;  
 You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus. Goats and  
 monkeys! *Exit.*  
*Lod.* Is this the noble Moor whom our  
 full senate  
 Call all-in-all sufficient? Is this the nature  
 Whom passion could not shake? whose  
 solid virtue  
 The shot of accident nor dart of chance  
 Could neither graze nor pierce?  
*Iago.* He is much chang'd.  
*Lod.* Are his wits safe? is he not light of  
 brain? 280  
*Iago.* He's that he is; I may not breathe  
 my censure.  
 What he might be, if what he might he is  
 not,  
 I would to heaven he were!  
*Lod.* What! strike his wife!  
*Iago.* Faith, that was not so well; yet  
 would I knew  
 That stroke would prove the worst.  
*Lod.* Is it his use?  
 Or did the letters work upon his blood,  
 And new-create this fault?  
*Iago.* Alas, alas!  
 It is not honesty in me to speak  
 What I have seen and known. You shall  
 observe him,  
 And his own courses will denote him so 290  
 That I may save my speech. Do but go  
 after  
 And mark how he continues.  
*Lod.* I am sorry that I am deceiv'd in him.  
*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.

*Enter OTHELLO and EMILIA.*

*Oth.* You have seen nothing then?  
*Emil.* Nor ever heard, nor ever did sus-  
 pect.  
*Oth.* Yes, you have seen Cassio and she  
 together.  
*Emil.* But then I saw no harm, and then  
 I heard  
 Each syllable that breath made up between  
 them.  
*Oth.* What! did they never whisper?  
*Emil.* Never, my lord.

*Oth.* Nor send you out o' the way?  
*Emil.* Never.  
*Oth.* To fetch her fan, her gloves, her  
 mask, nor nothing?  
*Emil.* Never, my lord. 10  
*Oth.* That's strange.  
*Emil.* I durst, my lord, to wager she is  
 honest,  
 Lay down my soul at stake: if you think  
 other,  
 Remove your thought; it doth abuse your  
 bosom.  
 If any wretch hath put this in your head,  
 Let heaven requite it with the serpent's  
 curse!  
 For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,  
 There's no man happy; the purest of their  
 wives  
 Is foul as slander.  
*Oth.* Bid her come hither; go.  
*Exit EMILIA.*  
 She says enough; yet she's a simple bawd  
 That cannot say as much. This is a subtle  
 whore, 21  
 A closet lock and key of villanous secrets;  
 And yet she'll kneel and pray; I have seen  
 her do 't.  
*Re-enter EMILIA, with DESDEMONA.*  
*Des.* My lord, what is your will?  
*Oth.* Pray, chuck, come hither.  
*Des.* What is your pleasure?  
*Oth.* Let me see your eyes;  
 Look in my face.  
*Des.* What horrible fancy's this?  
*Oth.* To EMILIA. Some of your func-  
 tion, mistress;  
 Leave procreants alone and shut the door;  
 Cough or cry 'hem' if any body come;  
 Your mystery, your mystery; nay, dis-  
 patch. *Exit EMILIA.* 30  
*Des.* Upon my knees, what doth your  
 speech import?  
 I understand a fury in your words,  
 But not the words.  
*Oth.* Why, what art thou?  
*Des.* Your wife, my lord; your true  
 And loyal wife.  
*Oth.* Come, swear it, damn thyself;  
 Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils  
 themselves  
 Should fear to seize thee; therefore be  
 double damn'd;  
 Swear thou art honest.  
*Des.* Heaven doth truly know it.  
*Oth.* Heaven truly knows that thou art  
 false as hell.  
*Des.* To whom, my lord? with whom?  
 how am I false?  
*Oth.* Ah! Desdemona; away, away,  
 away!  
*Des.* Alas! the heavy day. Why do you  
 weep?  
 Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?  
 If haply you my father do suspect  
 An instrument of this your calling back,  
 Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost  
 him,  
 Why, I have lost him too.

*Oth.* Had it pleas'd heaven  
To try me with affliction, had they rain'd  
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare  
head,  
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips, 50  
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,  
I should have found in some place of my soul  
A drop of patience; but, alas! to make me  
A fixed figure for the time of scorn  
To point his slow unmoving finger at;  
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:  
But there, where I have garner'd up my  
heart,

Where either I must live or bear no life,  
The fountain from the which my current runs  
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence! 60  
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads  
To knot and gender in! Turn thy complexion  
there,  
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cher-  
ubim;

Ay, there, look grim as hell!

*Des.* I hope my noble lord esteems me  
honest.

*Oth.* O! ay; as summer flies are in the  
shambles,  
That quicken even with blowing. O thou  
weed!

Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet  
That the sense aches at thee, would thou  
hadst ne'er been born.

*Des.* Alas! what ignorant sin have I com-  
mitted? 70

*Oth.* Was this fair paper, this most goodly  
book,

Made to write 'whore' upon? What com-  
mitted!

Committed! O thou public commoner!  
I should make very forges of my cheeks,  
That would to cinders burn up modesty,  
Did I but speak thy deeds. What com-  
mitted!

Heaven stops the nose at it and the moon  
winks,

The bawdy wind that kisses all it meets  
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,  
And will not hear it. What committed! 80  
Impudent strumpet!

*Des.* By heaven, you do me wrong.  
*Oth.* Are not you a strumpet?

*Des.* No, as I am a Christian.  
If to preserve this vessel for my lord  
From any other foul unlawful touch  
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

*Oth.* What! not a whore?

*Des.* No, as I shall be sav'd.

*Oth.* Is't possible?

*Des.* O! heaven forgive us.

*Oth.* I cry you mercy then;  
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice  
That married with Othello. You, mis-  
tress, 90

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,  
And keep the gate of hell!

*Re-enter EMILIA.*

You, you, ay, you!  
We have done our course; there's money  
for your pains:

I pray you, turn the key and keep our coun-  
sel.

*Emil.* Alas! what does this gentleman  
conceive? *Exit.*

How do you, madam? how do you, my good  
lady?

*Des.* Faith, half asleep.

*Emil.* Good madam, what's the matter  
with my lord?

*Des.* With who?

*Emil.* Why, with my lord, madam. 100

*Des.* Who is thy lord?

*Emil.* He that is yours, sweet lady.

*Des.* I have none; do not talk to me,  
Emilia;

I cannot weep, nor answer have I none  
But what should go by water. Prithee, to-  
night

Lay on my bed my wedding sheets: remem-  
ber:

And call thy husband hither.

*Emil.* Here's a change indeed!  
*Exit.*

*Des.* 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very  
meet.

How have I been behav'd, that he might  
stick

The small'st opinion on my least misuse?

*Re-enter EMILIA with IAGO.*

*Iago.* What is your pleasure, madam?  
How is 't with you? 110

*Des.* I cannot tell. Those that do teach  
young babes

Do it with gentle means and easy tasks;  
He might have chid me so; for, in good  
faith,

I am a child to chiding.

*Iago.* What's the matter, lady?

*Emil.* Alas! Iago, my lord hath so be-  
whor'd her,

Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon  
her,

As true hearts cannot bear.

*Des.* Am I that name, Iago?

*Iago.* What name, fair lady?

*Des.* Such as she says my lord did say  
I was.

*Emil.* He call'd her whore; a beggar in  
his drink 120

Could not have laid such terms upon his  
callat.

*Iago.* Why did he so?

*Des.* I do not know; I am sure I am none  
such.

*Iago.* Do not weep, do not weep. Alas  
the day!

*Emil.* Hath she forsook so many noble  
matches,

Her father and her country and her friends,  
To be call'd whore? would it not make one  
weep?

*Des.* It is my wretched fortune.

*Iago.* Beshrew him for 't!

How comes this trick upon him?

*Des.* Nay, heaven doth know.

*Emil.* I will be hang'd, if some eternal  
villain, 130

Some busy and insinuating rogue,

Some cogg'ing cozening slave, to get some office,

Have not devis'd this slander; I'll be hang'd else.

*Iago.* Fie! there is no such man; it is impossible.

*Des.* If any such there be, heaven pardon him!

*Emil.* A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones?

Why should he call her whore? who keeps her company?

What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?

The Moor's abus'd by some most villanous knave,

Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow. 140

O heaven! that such companions thou 'dst unfold,

And put in every honest hand a whip To lash the rascals naked through the world,

Even from the east to the west!

*Iago.* Speak within door.  
*Emil.* O! fie upon them. Some such squire he was

That turn'd your wit the seamy side without, And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

*Iago.* You are a fool; go to.

*Des.* O good Iago! What shall I do to win my lord again?

Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven, 150

I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel: If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,

Either in discourse of thought or actual deed,

Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense, Delighted them in any other form;

Or that I do not yet, and ever did, And ever will, though he do shake me off

To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly, Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;

And his unkindness may defeat my life, 160 But never taint my love. I cannot say 'whore':

It does abhor me now I speak the word; To do the act that might the addition earn

Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

*Iago.* I pray you, be content, 't is but his humour;

The business of the state does him offence, And he does chide with you.

*Des.* If 't were no other,—

*Iago.* 'T is but so, I warrant. *Trumpets.*

Hark! how these instruments summon to supper;

The messengers of Venice stay the meat: 170 Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

*Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA.*

*Enter RODERIGO.*

How now, Roderigo!

*Rod.* I do not find that thou dealest justly with me.

*Iago.* What in the contrary? 175

*Rod.* Every day thou daffest me with some device, Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now, keepest from me all conveniency than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will indeed no longer endure it, nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered. 182

*Iago.* Will you hear me, Roderigo?

*Rod.* Faith, I have heard too much, for your words and performances are no kin together.

*Iago.* You charge me most unjustly.

*Rod.* With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me to deliver to Desdemona would half have corrupted a votarist; you have told me she hath received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance, but I find none. 193

*Iago.* Well; go to; very well.

*Rod.* Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 't is not very well: by this hand, I say it is very scurvy, and begin to find myself fobbed in it.

*Iago.* Very well. 198

*Rod.* I tell you 't is not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona; if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of you.

*Iago.* You have said now.

*Rod.* Ay, and I have said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing. 206

*Iago.* Why, now I see there's mettle in thee, and even from this instant do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo; thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet I protest I have dealt most directly in thy affair. 212

*Rod.* It hath not appeared.

*Iago.* I grant indeed it hath not appeared, and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever, I mean purpose, courage, and valour, this night show it; if thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery and devise engines for my life. 222

*Rod.* Well, what is it? is it within reason and compass?

*Iago.* Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

*Rod.* Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

*Iago.* O! no, he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio. 233

*Rod.* How do you mean, removing of him?

*Iago.* Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

*Rod.* And that you would have me do?

*Iago.* Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit and a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him; he knows not yet of his honourable fortune. If you will watch his going thence, which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one, you may take him at your pleasure; I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste; about it. 250

*Rod.* I will hear further reason for this.

*Iago.* And you shall be satisfied. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the Castle.*

*Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Attendants.*

*Lod.* I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

*Oth.* O! pardon me; 't will do me good to walk.

*Lod.* Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

*Des.* Your honour is most welcome.

*Oth.* Will you walk, sir?

O! Desdemona.

*Des.* My lord?

*Oth.* Get you to bed on the instant, I will be returned forthwith; dismiss your attendant there; look it be done.

*Des.* I will, my lord. 10

*Exeunt OTHELLO, LODOVICO, and Attendants.*

*Emil.* How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

*Des.* He says he will return incontinent; He hath commanded me to go to bed, And bade me to dismiss you.

*Emil.* Dismiss me!

*Des.* It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,

Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu: We must not now displease him.

*Emil.* I would you had never seen him.

*Des.* So would not I; my love doth so approve him,

That even his stubbornness, his checks and frowns,— 20

*Prithee*, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.

*Emil.* I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

*Des.* All 'sone. Good faith! how foolish are our minds:

If I do die before thee, prithee, shroud me in one of those same sheets.

*Emil.* Come, come, you talk.

*Des.* My mother had a maid call'd Barbara;

She was in love, and he she lov'd prov'd mad

And did forsake her; she had a song of 'willow';

An old thing 't was, but it express'd her fortune,

And she died singing it; that song to-night Will not go from my mind; I have much to do 13

But to go hang my head all at one side, And sing it like poor Barbara. Prithee, dispatch.

*Emil.* Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

*Des.* No, unpin me here.

This Lodovico is a proper man.

*Emil.* A very handsome man.

*Des.* He speaks well.

*Emil.* I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip. 40

*Des.* The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,

*Sing* all a green willow;

*Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,*

*Sing* willow, willow, willow:

*The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;*

*Sing* willow, willow, willow;

*Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones:—*

Lay by these.—

*Sing* willow, willow, willow.

Prithee, hie thee; he'll come anon.— 50

*Sing* all a green willow must be my garland.

*Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,—*

Nay, that 's not next. Hark! who is 't that knocks?

*Emil.* It is the wind.

*Des.* I call'd my love false love; but what said he then?

*Sing* willow, willow, willow:

*If I court moe women, you'll couch with moe men.*

So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;

Doth that bode weeping?

*Emil.* 'T is neither here nor there.

*Des.* I have heard it said so. O! these men, these men. 60

Dost thou in conscience think, tell me, Emilia,

That there be women do abuse their husbands

In such gross kind?

*Emil.* There be some such, no question.

*Des.* Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

*Emil.* Why, would not you?

*Des.* No, by this heavenly light!

*Emil.* Nor I neither by this heavenly light; I might do 't as well i' the dark.

*Des.* Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

*Emil.* The world's a huge thing; it is a great price 69

For a small vice.

*Des.* In troth, I think thou would'st not.

*Emil.* In troth, I think I should, and undo 't when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures

of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition; but for the whole world; why, who would not make her husband a cuckold to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.

*Des.* Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong.  
79

For the whole world.

*Emil.* Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world; and having the world for your labour 't is a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

*Des.* I do not think there is any such woman.

*Emil.* Yes, a dozen; and as many to the vantage as would store the world they played for.

But I do think it is their husbands' faults If wives do fall. Say that they slack their duties,

And pour our treasures into foreign laps, Or else break out in peevish jealousies 90 Throwing restraint upon us; or say they strike us,

Or scant our former having in despite; Why, we have galls, and though we have some grace,

Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know

Their wives have sense like them; they see and smell,

And have their palates both for sweet and sour,

As husbands have. What is it that they do When they change us for others? Is it sport?

I think it is; and doth affection breed it? I think it doth; is 't frailty that thus errs? 100 It is so too; and have not we affections, Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have? Then let them use us well; else let them know,

The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

*Des.* Good night, good night; heaven me such uses send,

Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend!  
*Exeunt.*

# ACT V

SCENE I—*Cyprus. A Street.*

*Enter IAGO and RODERIGO.*

*Iago.* Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come:

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home. Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow.

It makes us, or it mars us; think on that, And fix most firm thy resolution.

*Rod.* Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.

*Iago.* Here, at thy hand: be bold, and take thy stand. *Retires.*

*Rod.* I have no great devotion to the deed;

And yet he has given me satisfying reasons; 'T is but a man gone; forth, my sword; he dies.  
10

*Iago.* I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense, And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,

Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other, Every way makes my gain: live Roderigo,

He calls me to a restitution large Of gold and jewels that I bobb'd from him,

As gifts to Desdemona; It must not be: if Cassio do remain,

He hath a daily beauty in his life That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor

May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril. 21

No, he must die. But so: I hear him coming.

*Enter CASSIO.*

*Rod.* I know his gait: 't is he. Villain, thou diest! *Makes a pass at CASSIO.*

*Cas.* That thrust had been mine enemy indeed

But that my coat is better than thou know'st; I will make proof of thine.

*Draws, and wounds RODERIGO.*  
*Rod.* O! I am slain.

*IAGO from behind wounds CASSIO in the leg, and exit.*

*Cas.* I am maim'd for ever. Help, ho! murder! murder!  
*Falls.*

*Enter OTHELLO, at a distance.*

*Oth.* The voice of Cassio: Iago keeps his word.

*Rod.* O! villain that I am.  
*Oth.* It is even so.

*Cas.* O, help, ho! light! a surgeon! 30  
*Oth.* 'T is he. O brave Iago, honest and just!

That hath such noble sense of thy friend's wrong;

Thou teachest me. Minion, your dear lies dead,

And your unblest fate hies; strumpet, I come!

Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;

Thy bed lust-stain'd shall with lust's blood be spotted. *Exit.*

*Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO, at a distance.*

*Cas.* What, ho! no watch? no passage? murder! murder!

*Gra.* 'T is some mischance; the cry is very direful.

*Cas.* O, help!  
*Lod.* Hark!

*Rod.* O wretched villain!  
*Lod.* Two or three groan; it is a heavy night;

These may be counterfeits; let's think 't unsafe

To come in to the cry without more help.

*Rod.* Nobody come? then shall I bleed to death.

*Lod.* Hark!

*Re-enter IAGO, with a light.*

*Gra.* Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

*Iago.* Who's there? whose noise is this that cries on murder?

*Lod.* We do not know.

*Iago.* Did not you hear a cry?

*Cas.* Here, here! for heaven's sake, help me!

*Iago.* What's the matter? 50

*Gra.* This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

*Lod.* The same indeed; a very valiant fellow.

*Iago.* What are you here that cry so grievously?

*Cas.* Iago? O! I am spoil'd, undone by villains:

Give me some help.

*Iago.* O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

*Cas.* I think that one of them is hereabout, And cannot make away.

*Iago.* O treacherous villains!

To *LODOVICO* and *GRATIANO*. What are you there? come in, and give some help!

*Rod.* O! help me here. 60

*Cas.* That's one of them.

*Iago.* O murderous slave! O villain!

*Stabs RODERIGO.*

*Rod.* O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!

*Iago.* Kill men i' the dark! Where be these bloody thieves?

How silent is this town! Ho! murder! murder!

What may you be? are you of good or evil?

*Lod.* As you shall prove us, praise us.

*Iago.* Signior Lodovico?

*Lod.* He, sir.

*Iago.* I cry you mercy. Here's Cassio hurt by villains.

*Gra.* Cassio! 70

*Iago.* How is't, brother?

*Cas.* My leg is cut in two.

*Iago.* Marry, heaven forbid!

Light, gentlemen; I'll bind it with my shirt.

*Enter BIANCA.*

*Bian.* What is the matter, ho? who is 't that cried?

*Iago.* Who is 't that cried!

*Bian.* O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!

O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!

*Iago.* O notable strumpet! Cassio, may you suspect

Who they should be that have thus mangled you?

*Cas.* No. 80

*Gra.* I am sorry to find you thus; I have been to seek you.

*Iago.* Lend me a garter. So. O! for a chair,

To bear him easily hence.

*Bian.* Alas! he faints. O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!

*Iago.* Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash

To be a party in this injury.

Patience awhile, good Cassio. Come, come.

Lend me a light. Know we this face or no? Alas! my friend and my dear countryman, Roderigo; no; yes, sure. O heaven! Roderigo.

*Gra.* What! of Venice? 90

*Iago.* Even he, sir; did you know him?

*Gra.* Know him! ay.

*Iago.* Signior Gratiano! I cry you gentle pardon;

These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,

That so neglected you.

*Gra.* I am glad to see you.

*Iago.* How do you, Cassio? O! a chair, a chair.

*Gra.* Roderigo!

*Iago.* He, he, 't is he. A chair brought in. O! that's well said; the chair.

Some good man bear him carefully from hence;

I'll fetch the general's surgeon. To *BIANCA*.

For you, mistress, 100

Save you your labour. He that lies slain here, Cassio,

Was my dear friend. What malice was between you?

*Cas.* None in the world; nor do I know the man.

*Iago.* To *BIANCA*. What! look you pale? O! bear him out o' the air.

*CASSIO* and *RODERIGO* are borne off.

Stay you, good gentlemen. Look you pale, mistress?

Do you perceive the ghastness of her eye? Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.

Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her:

Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak

Though tongues were out of use. 110

*Enter EMILIA.*

*Emil.* 'Las! what's the matter? what's the matter, husband?

*Iago.* Cassio hath here been set on in the dark

By Roderigo and fellows that are 'scap'd. He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

*Emil.* Alas! good gentleman; alas! good Cassio.

*Iago.* This is the fruits of whoring. Prithee, Emilia,

Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night. To *BIANCA*. What! do you shake at that?

*Bian.* He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not.

*Iago.* O! did he so? I charge you, go with me. 120

*Emil.* Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet!

*Bian.* I am no strumpet, but of life as honest

As you that thus abuse me.

*Emil.* As I foh! fie upon thee!

*Iago.* Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dress'd.

Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale.

Emilia, run you to the citadel, And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd.

Will you go on afore? *Aside.* This is the night  
That either makes me or fordoes me quite.  
*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Bedchamber in the Castle.*  
DESDEMONA in bed asleep. A light burning.

*Enter OTHELLO.*

*Oth.* It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul;  
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!  
It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood,  
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,  
And smooth as monumental alabaster.  
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.

Put out the light, and then put out the light:  
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,  
I can again thy former light restore,  
Should I repent me; but once put out thy light,  
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,  
I know not where is that Promethean heat  
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd the rose,

I cannot give it vital growth again,  
It needs must wither: I'll smell it on the tree.  
*Kisses her.*  
O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade  
Justice to break her sword! One more, one more.

Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,  
And love thee after. One more, and this the last:

So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep, 20  
But they are cruel tears; this sorrow 's heavenly,

It strikes where it doth love. She wakes.

*Des.* Who 's there? Othello?

*Oth.* Ay, Desdemona.

*Des.* Will you come to bed, my lord?

*Oth.* Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

*Des.* Ay, my lord.

*Oth.* If you bethink yourself of any crime  
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,  
Solicit for it straight.

*Des.* Alas! my lord, what may you mean by that?

*Oth.* Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by: 30

I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;  
No; heaven forbid! I would not kill thy soul.

*Des.* Talk you of killing?

*Oth.* Ay, I do.

*Des.* Then heaven

Have mercy on me!

*Oth.* Amen! with all my heart.

*Des.* If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

*Oth.* Hum!

*Des.* And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then

When your eyes roll so. Why I should fear I know not.

Since guiltiness I know not; but yet I feel I fear.

*Oth.* Think on thy sins.

*Des.* They are loves I bear to you.

*Oth.* Ay, and for that thou diest. 41

*Des.* That death 's unnatural that kills for loving.

Alas! why gnaw you so your nether lip?  
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame;

These are portents, but yet I hope, I hope  
They do not point on me.

*Oth.* Peace, and be still!

*Des.* I will so. What 's the matter?

*Oth.* That handkerchief which I so lov'd  
and gave thee

Thou gav'st to Cassio.

*Des.* No, by my life and soul!

Send for the man and ask him.

*Oth.* Sweet soul, take heed,

Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy death-bed. 51

*Des.* Ay, but not yet to die.

*Oth.* Yes, presently;

Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;

For to deny each article with oath

Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception

That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

*Des.* Then Lord have mercy on me!

*Oth.* I say, amen.

*Des.* And have you mercy too! I never did

Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio

But with such general warranty of heaven 60

As I might love; I never gave him token.

*Oth.* By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in 's hand.

O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,

And mak'st me call what I intend to do

A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:

I saw the handkerchief.

*Des.* He found it then;

I never gave it him. Send for him hither;

Let him confess a truth.

*Oth.* He hath confess'd.

*Des.* What, my lord? 69

*Oth.* That he hath us'd thee.

*Des.* How? unlawfully?

*Oth.* Ay.

*Des.* He will not say so.

*Oth.* No; his mouth is stopp'd:

Honest Iago hath ta'en order for 't.

*Des.* O! my fear interprets. What! is he dead?

*Oth.* Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge

Had stomach for them all.

*Des.* Alas! he is betray'd and I undone.

*Oth.* Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my face?

*Des.* O! banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

*Oth.* Down, strumpet!

*Des.* Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night. 80

*Oth.* Nay, if you strive,—

*Des.* But half an hour!

*Oth.* Being done, there is no pause.

*Des.* But while I say one prayer.

*Oth.* It is too late.  
*He stifles her.*

*Emil. Within.* My lord, my lord! what,  
ho! my lord, my lord!

*Oth.* What noise is this? Not dead? not  
yet quite dead?

I that am cruel am yet merciful;  
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.

So, so.

*Emil. Within.* What, ho! my lord, my  
lord!

*Oth.* Who's there?

*Emil. Within.* O! good my lord, I would  
speak a word with you. 90

*Oth.* Yes; 't is Emilia: by and by. She  
's dead.

'T is like she comes to speak of Cassio's  
death;

The noise was here. Ha! no more moving?  
Still as the grave. Shall she come in?

Were 't good?

I think she stirs again: no. What's best  
to do?

If she come in she 'll sure speak to my wife:  
My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no  
wife!

O, insupportable! O heavy hour!  
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse  
Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted  
globe

Should yawn at alteration.

*Emil. Within.* I do beseech you 101

That I may speak with you, O, good my lord!

*Oth.* I had forgot thee. O! come in,  
Emilia.

Soft, by and by: let me the curtains draw.  
Where art thou? *Unlocks the door.*

*Enter EMILIA.*

What's the matter with thee now?

*Emil.* O! my good lord, yonder 's foul  
murder done.

*Oth.* What! now?

*Emil.* But now, my lord.

*Oth.* It is the very error of the moon;

She comes more nearer earth than she was  
wont, 110

And makes men mad.

*Emil.* Cassio, my lord, has kill'd a young  
Venetian

Call'd Roderigo.

*Oth.* Roderigo kill'd!

And Cassio kill'd!

*Emil.* No, Cassio is not kill'd.

*Oth.* Not Cassio kill'd! Then murder 's  
out of tune,

And sweet revenge grows harsh.

*Des.* O! falsely, falsely murder'd.

*Emil.* Alas! what cry is that?

*Oth.* That! what?

*Emil.* Out, and alas! that was my lady's  
voice: 119

Help! help, ho! help! O lady, speak  
again!

Sweet Desdemona! O! sweet mistress,  
speak.

*Des.* A guiltless death I die.

*Emil.* O! who hath done this deed?

*Des.* Nobody; I myself; farewell;

Commend me to my kind lord. O! fare-  
well! *Dies.*

*Oth.* Why, how should she be murder'd?

*Emil.* Alas! who knows?

*Oth.* You heard her say herself it was  
not I.

*Emil.* She said so; I must needs report  
the truth.

*Oth.* She 's like a liar gone to burning  
hell;

'T was I that kill'd her.

*Emil.* O! the more angel she,  
And you the blacker devil. 131

*Oth.* She turn'd to folly, and she was a  
whore.

*Emil.* Thou dost belie her, and thou art a  
devil.

*Oth.* She was false as water.

*Emil.* Thou art rash as fire to say  
That she was false: O! she was heavenly  
true.

*Oth.* Cassio did tup her; ask thy husband  
else.

O! I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell  
But that I did proceed upon just grounds  
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it  
all.

*Emil.* My husband! 140

*Oth.* Thy husband.

*Emil.* That she was false to wedlock?

*Oth.* Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been  
true,

If heaven would make me such another  
world

Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,

I'd not have sold her for it.

*Emil.* My husband!

*Oth.* Ay, 't was he that told me first:  
An honest man he is, and hates the slime  
That sticks on filthy deeds.

*Emil.* My husband!

*Oth.* What needs this iterance, woman?  
I say thy husband. 150

*Emil.* O mistress! villany hath made  
mocks with love.

My husband say that she was false!

*Oth.* He, woman;  
I say thy husband: dost understand the  
word?

My friend, thy husband, honest, honest  
Iago.

*Emil.* If he say so, may his pernicious  
soul

Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the  
heart:

She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

*Oth.* Ha!

*Emil.* Do thy worst; 159

This deed of thine is no more worthy  
heaven

Than thou wast worthy her.

*Oth.* Peace! you were best.

*Emil.* Thou hast not half that power to do  
me harm

As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!

As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a  
deed,—

I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,  
Though I lost twenty lives. Help! help, ho! help!  
The Moor has kill'd my mistress! Murder! murder!

*Enter* MONTANO, GRATIANO, IAGO, and Others.

*Mon.* What is the matter? How now, general!

*Emil.* O! are you come, Iago? you have done well,

That men must lay their murders on your neck. 170

*Gra.* What is the matter?

*Emil.* Disprove this villain if thou be'st a man:

He says thou told'st him that his wife was false.

I know thou didst not, thou 'rt not such a villain.

Speak, for my heart is full.

*Iago.* I told him what I thought, and told no more

Than what he found himself was apt and true.

*Emil.* But did you ever tell him she was false?

*Iago.* I did.

*Emil.* You told a lie, an odious, damned lie; 180

Upon my soul, a lie, a wicked lie.

She false with Cassio! Did you say with Cassio?

*Iago.* With Cassio, mistress. Go to, charm your tongue.

*Emil.* I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak.

My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed.

*All.* O heavens forbend!

*Emil.* And your reports have set the murder on.

*Oth.* Nay, stare not, masters; it is true, indeed.

*Gra.* 'T is a strange truth.

*Mon.* O monstrous act!

*Emil.* Villany! villany! villany!

I think upon 't, I think, I smell 't: O villany! 191

I thought so then: I'll kill myself for grief. O! villany, villany.

*Iago.* What! are you mad? I charge you, get you home.

*Emil.* Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak:

'T is proper I obey him, but not now. Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

*Oth.* O! O! O! *Falls on the bed.*

*Emil.* Nay, lay thee down and roar, For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent That e'er did lift up eye.

*Oth.* Rising. O! she was foul. I scarce did know you, uncle. There lies your niece, 201

Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd:

I know this act shows horrible and grim.

*Gra.* Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead.

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief

Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,

This sight would make him do a desperate turn,

Yea, curse his better angel from his side, And fall to reprobance.

*Oth.* 'T is pitiful; but yet Iago knows 210 That she with Cassio hath the act of shame

A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd it:

And she did gratify his amorous works With that recognizance and pledge of love

Which I first gave her. I saw it in his hand:

It was a handkerchief, an antique token My father gave my mother.

*Emil.* O heaven! O heavenly powers! *Iago.* Come, hold your peace.

*Emil.* 'T will out, 't will out; I hold my peace, sir; no;

No, I will speak as liberal as the north; 220 Let heaven and men and devils, let them all,

All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

*Iago.* Be wise, and get you home. *Emil.* I will not.

*IAGO offers to stab EMILIA.* Fie!

*Gra.* Your sword upon a woman?

*Emil.* O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st of

I found by fortune and did give my husband; For often, with a solemn earnestness,

More than indeed belong'd to such a trifle, He begg'd of me to steal it.

*Iago.* Villanous whore! *Emil.* She give it Cassio! no, alas! I found it, 230

And I did give 't my husband. *Iago.* Filtch, thou liest!

*Emil.* By heaven, I do not, I do not, gentlemen.

O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool

Do with so good a wife? *Oth.* Are there no stones in heaven

But what serve for the thunder? Precious villain! *He runs at IAGO: IAGO stabs EMILIA, and exit.*

*Gra.* The woman falls; sure, he hath kill'd his wife.

*Emil.* Ay, ay. O! lay me by my mistress' side.

*Gra.* He's gone; but his wife's kill'd. *Mon.* 'T is a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,

Which I have here recover'd from the Moor. Come, guard the door without; let him not pass, 241

But kill him rather. I'll after that same villain,

For 't is a damned slave.

*Exeunt* MONTANO and GRATIANO. *Oth.* I am not valiant neither,

But every puny whipster gets my sword.

But why should honour outlive honesty?  
Let it go all.

*Emil.* What did thy song bode, lady?  
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the  
swan,  
And die in music.

*Willow, willow, willow.*

Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel  
Moor; 249

So come my soul to bliss as I speak true;  
So speaking as I think, I die, I die. *Dies.*

*Oth.* I have another weapon in this  
chamber;

It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's  
temper.

O! here it is. Uncle, I must come forth.

*Gra. Within.* If thou attempt it, it will  
cost thee dear:

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must  
suffer.

*Oth.* Look in upon me then, and speak  
with me,  
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

*Re-enter GRATIANO.*

*Gra.* What is the matter?

*Oth.* Behold! I have a weapon;  
A better never did itself sustain 260

Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day,  
That with this little arm, and this good  
sword,

I have made my way through more imped-  
ments

Than twenty times your stop: but, O vain  
boast!

Who can control his fate? 't is not so now.  
Be not afraid, though you do see me weap-  
on'd;

Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,  
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.

Do you go back dismay'd? 't is a lost fear;  
Man but a rush against Othello's breast, 270

And he retires. Where should Othello go?  
Now how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd  
wench!

Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at  
compt,

This look of thine will hurl my soul from  
heaven,

And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold,  
my girl!

Even like thy chastity.

O! cursed, cursed slave. Whip me, ye  
devils,

From the possession of this heavenly sight!  
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sul-  
phur!

Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!  
O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead! 281

Oh! oh! oh!

*Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO car-  
ried in a chair, and Officers with IAGO,  
prisoner.*

*Lod.* Where is this rash and most unfor-  
tunate man?

*Oth.* That 's he that was Othello; here  
I am.

*Lod.* Where is that viper? bring the  
villain forth.

*Oth.* I look down towards his feet; but  
that 's a fable:

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.  
*Wounds IAGO.*

*Lod.* Wrench his sword from him.

*Iago.* I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.

*Oth.* I am not sorry neither; I'd have thee  
live;

For, in my sense, 't is happiness to die. 290

*Lod.* O thou Othello! that wert once so  
good,

Fall'n in the practice of a damned slave,  
What shall be said to thee?

*Oth.* Why, any thing:  
An honourable murderer, if you will;

For nought did I in hate, but all in honour.

*Lod.* This wretch hath part confess'd his  
villany;

Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

*Oth.* Ay.

*Cas.* Dear general, I never gave you  
cause.

*Oth.* I do believe it, and I ask you par-  
don. 300

Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil  
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and

body?

*Iago.* Demand me nothing: what you  
know, you know:

From this time forth I never will speak word.

*Lod.* What! not to pray?

*Gra.* Torments will ope your lips.

*Oth.* Well, thou dost best.

*Lod.* Sir, you shall understand what hath  
befall'n,

Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a  
letter

Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo,  
And here another; the one of them imports

The death of Cassio to be undertook 311

By Roderigo.

*Oth.* O villain!

*Cas.* Most heathenish and most gross!

*Lod.* Now here 's another discontented  
paper,

Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,  
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned

villain,

But that, belike, Iago in the interim  
Came in and satisfied him.

*Oth.* O the pernicious caitiff!

How came you, Cassio, by that handker-  
chief

That was my wife's?

*Cas.* I found it in my chamber;  
And he himself confess'd but even now 321

That there he dropp'd it for a special purpose  
Which wrought to his desire.

*Oth.* O fool! fool! fool!

*Cas.* There is besides in Roderigo's letter  
How he upbraids Iago that he made him  
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came  
That I was cast: and even but now he spake,  
After long seeming dead, Iago hurt him,  
Iago set him on.

*Lod.* You must forsake this room and go  
with us; 330

Your power and your command is taken  
off,  
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,  
If there be any cunning cruelty  
That can torment him much and hold him  
long,  
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner  
rest,  
Till that the nature of your fault be known  
To the Venetian state. Come, bring him  
away.

*Oth.* Soft you; a word or two before you  
go.

I have done the state some service, and  
they know 't; 339

No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,  
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,  
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,  
Nor set down aught in malice: then must  
you speak

Of one that lov'd not wisely but too well;  
Of one not easily jealous, but, being  
wrought,

Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose  
hand,

Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away  
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose  
subdu'd eyes,

Albeit unused to the melting mood,  
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees 350

Their medicinable gum. Set you down  
this;

And say besides, that in Aleppo once,  
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk  
Beat a Venetian and traduc'd the state,  
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,  
And smote him, thus. *Stabs himself.*

*Lod.* O bloody period!

*Gra.* All that 's spoke is marr'd.  
*Oth.* I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee; no  
way but this,

*Falling upon DESDEMONA.*

Killing myself to die upon a kiss. *Dies.*

*Cas.* This did I fear, but thought he had  
no weapon; 360

For he was great of heart.

*Lod. To IAGO.* O Spartan dog!

More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea,  
Look on the tragic loading of this bed;

This is thy work; the object poisons sight;  
Let it be hid. Gratiano, keep the house,  
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,  
For they succeed on you. To you, lord  
governor,

Remains the censure of this hellish villain,  
The time, the place, the torture; O! enforce  
it.

Myself will straight aboard, and to the state  
This heavy act with heavy heart relate. 371

*Exeunt.*

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

IT is doubtful if there can be found within the entire range of the drama a more wonderful opening scene than that in *Antony and Cleopatra*. It is more than an exposition; it is an epitome. To the average reader who finishes the play dazed by its paradoxes, its portrayal of strength in weakness and of weakness in strength, of shame in glory and of the glorification of shame, no more helpful advice can be given than that he re-read at once this first scene in the light of the entire play and find its meaning there. There he will find a picture of Antony's past glory and present bondage, his reaction to the call of duty—"Grates me; the sum"—the character of Cleopatra in its essential features, the love of the pair removed from the sphere of earthly judgment into "a new heaven and a new earth"—a love compared with which it is of no moment that Rome should "in Tiber melt, and the wide arch of the rang'd empire fall"; and, not least significant, report in Rome—"the common liar"—proved true in Antony's behavior. Indeed we shall do well to "rest happy" and "hope Of better deeds to-morrow." We know, however, without the gift of prescience, that no lovers, not even a royal pair, to whom "kingdoms are clay" and who see in life no other nobility than that of loving, can long retain earthly power. And we know this all the more surely when that love demands that "not a minute of our lives should stretch without some pleasure now." If one is reading this play for a moral lesson one need scarcely read further, for the moral is here, only too obvious. And it is the very obviousness of the moral that makes it practically certain that Shakespeare, in writing the play, was not primarily concerned with an ethical problem.

This play is the product of Shakespeare's maturer thought and style. It was written about six years later than his first Roman play, *Julius Cæsar*, during which interval *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *King Lear*, and *Macbeth* had appeared, probably in the order named. In each of these great plays, whatever the particular problem dealt with, the fortunes of the state are inextricably interwoven with the fortunes of the hero; and *Antony and Cleopatra* is no exception to this rule, although here the scope is enlarged to embrace the fortunes of the world. It is as if Shakespeare, having scaled the very heights of tragedy, sought out some herculean task in which to breathe himself and test his powers indeed. If in some particulars he was foredoomed to failure because of the exigencies of the stage and the range of his material, in others, notably the opening scene, the drinking scene, the glorious poetry of the later scenes and the characterization of Cleopatra, he is unsurpassed even by himself.

Interest in this play centers chiefly in the fortunes of a great but frankly tarnished pair of lovers with whose fate is bound up the fate of the world. It is essentially a tragedy of middle life and in its essential features is being reënacted to-day and will continue to be enacted so long as men remain susceptible to enchantresses, though the sky rain Fulvias and Octavias. Idealism and inexperience will ever protect youth from a similar tragedy, and age is exempted by coldness of blood; but middle life, with the dimming of its idealism, its awakening sense of the worthlessness of earthly honor and its consciousness of abundant physical powers, will always be peculiarly susceptible to mistaking a new and strong sexual appeal for the "nobility of life." This play, so far as its ethical value is concerned, merits particularly the attention of those of middle age. But this is far from saying that Shakespeare aimed primarily in this play to teach a moral lesson. Had he done so, he would never have dismissed these lovers from this earthly scene in a blaze of glory. There can be little question that he aims to awaken and to hold our sympathy for this great pair until the end and to keep us, so far as possible, from passing judgment on their lives. Throughout the play the moral is kept in the background while we, but dimly conscious of it, sit under the spell of the enchantress, not as participants, but as onlookers; not as desiring to share with Antony in his

experiences, but with the feeling that not to have been witnesses would discredit our travel. The moral power of the play lies in Shakespeare's consummate art in intertwining the fate of the lovers with the fate of the world.

With respect to Cleopatra, it does not occur to us to judge her morally. Antony is not deceived; he is bewitched. He found her "as a morsel cold upon Dead Cæsar's trencher" and paid his heart for her. Nor does it occur to us to censure Antony for conjugal infidelity. Fulvia's death is early announced and the union with Octavia appears in the light of a mere expedient on Cæsar's part to insure peace with Antony. Our censure of Antony is for neglect of public duty for private pleasure. And even this censure is modified by the gross materialism of the world that drums him from his sport. May it not be that as he approached the catastrophe in this play Shakespeare recalled that line he had written in *King Lear*: "None does offend, none, I say, none"? May it not be that there is compensation in losing a world "which in thy absence is no better than a sty," when one can say with Cleopatra: "My desolation does begin to make A better life"? And is there any earthly duty the performance of which can prepare us to face death with a more triumphant cry than

"I have  
Immortal longings in me. . . .  
Methinks I hear  
Antony call; I see him rouse himself  
To praise my noble act; . . .  
. . . . . husband, I come:  
Now to that name my courage prove my title!"?

# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MARK ANTONY, }  
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, } *Triumvirs.*  
M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS, }

SEXTUS POMPEIUS, }  
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS, }  
VENTIDIUS, }  
EROS, } *Friends to*  
SCARUS, } *Antony.*  
DERCETAS, }  
DEMETRIUS, }  
PHILO, }

MECÆNAS, }  
AGRIPPA, } *Friends to Cæsar.*  
DOLABELLA, }  
PROCULEIUS, }  
THYREUS, }  
GALLUS, }

MENAS, }  
MENECRATES, } *Friends to Pompey.*  
VARRIUS, }

TAURUS, *Lieutenant-General to Cæsar.*  
CANIDIUS, *Lieutenant-General to Antony.*  
SILIUS, *an Officer under Ventidius.*  
EUPHRONIUS, *an Ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.*

ALEXAS, }  
MARDIAN, *an Eunuch,* } *Attendants on*  
SELEUCUS, } *Cleopatra.*  
DIOMEDES, }

*A Soothsayer.*

*A Clown.*

CLEOPATRA, *Queen of Egypt.*

OCTAVIA, *Sister to Cæsar, and Wife to Antony.*

CHARMIAN, }  
IRAS, } *Attendants on Cleopatra.*

*Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.*

*SCENE.—In several parts of the Roman Empire.*

### ACT I

SCENE I.—*Alexandria. A Room in CLEOPATRA'S Palace.*

*Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.*

*Phi.* Nay, but this dotage of our general's  
O'erflows the measure; those his goodly  
eyes,

That o'er the files and musters of the war  
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend,  
now turn,

The office and devotion of their view  
Upon a tawny front; his captain's heart,  
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath  
burst

The buckles on his breast, reneges all  
temper,

And is become the bellows and the fan  
To cool a gipsy's lust. Look! where they  
come.

*Flourish. Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA,  
with their Trains; Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you shall see in  
him

The triple pillar of the world transform'd  
Into a strumpet's fool; behold and see.

*Cleo.* If it be love indeed, tell me how  
much.

*Ant.* There's beggary in the love that can  
be reckon'd.

*Cleo.* I'll set a bourn how far to be be-  
lov'd.

*Ant.* Then must thou needs find out new  
heaven, new earth.

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Att.* News, my good lord, from Rome.

*Ant.* Grates me; the sum.

*Cleo.* Nay, hear them, Antony:  
Fulvia perchance is angry; or, who knows so  
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent  
His powerful mandate to you, 'Do this, or  
this;

Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;  
Perform 't, or else we damn thee'?

*Ant.* How, my love!

*Cleo.* Perchance! nay, and most like;  
You must not stay here longer; your dis-  
mission

Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it,  
Antony.

Where 's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's I  
would say? both?

Call in the messengers. As I am Egypt's  
queen,

Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of  
thine

Is Cæsar's homager; else so thy cheek  
pays shame

When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds. The  
messengers!

*Ant.* Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the  
wide arch

Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space.  
Kingdoms are clay; our duny earth alike

Feeds beast as man; the nobleness of life  
Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair

*Embracing.*  
And such a twain can do 't, in which I bind.

On pain of punishment, the world to weet  
We stand up peerless.

*Cleo.* Excellent falsehood!  
Why did he marry Fulvia and not love her?  
I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony 42  
Will be himself.

*Ant.* But stirr'd by Cleopatra.  
Now, for the love of Love and her soft hours,  
Let's not confound the time with conference  
harsh:

There's not a minute of our lives should  
stretch  
Without some pleasure now. What sport  
to-night?

*Cleo.* Hear the ambassadors.

*Ant.* Fie, wrangling queen!  
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to  
laugh,

To weep; whose every passion fully  
strives 50

To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd.  
No messenger; but thine, and all alone,  
To-night we'll wander through the streets  
and note

The qualities of people. Come, my queen;  
Last night you did desire it: speak not to us.

*Exeunt ANTONY and CLEOPATRA with  
their Train.*

*Dem.* Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so  
slight?

*Phi.* Sir, sometimes, when he is not An-  
tony,  
He comes too short of that great property  
Which still should go with Antony.

*Dem.* I am full sorry  
That he approves the common liar, who 60  
Thus speaks of him at Rome; but I will  
hope

Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!  
*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. Another Room.*

*Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a  
Soothsayer.*

*Char.* Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most  
any thing Alexas, almost most absolute  
Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you  
praised so to the queen? O! that I knew  
this husband, which, you say, must charge  
his horns with garlands.

*Alex.* Soothsayer!

*Sooth.* Your will?

*Char.* Is this the man? Is't you, sir,  
that know things?

*Sooth.* In nature's infinite book of secrecy  
A little I can read.

*Alex.* Show him your hand.

*Enter ENOBARBUS.*

*Eno.* Bring in the banquet quickly; wine  
enough 11  
Cleopatra's health to drink.

*Char.* Good sir, give me good fortune.

*Sooth.* I make not, but foresee.

*Char.* Pray then, foresee me one.

*Sooth.* You shall be yet far fairer than  
you are.

*Char.* He means in flesh.

*Ir.* No, you shall paint when you are  
old.

*Char.* Wrinkles forbid!

*Alex.* Vex not his prescience; be atten-  
tive.

*Char.* Hush! 21

*Sooth.* You shall be more beloved than  
belov'd.

*Char.* I had rather heat my liver with  
drinking.

*Alex.* Nay, hear him.

*Char.* Good now, some excellent fortune!  
Let me be married to three kings in a fore-  
noon, and widow them all; let me have a  
child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may  
do homage; find me to marry with Octavius  
Cæsar, and companion me with my mis-  
tress. 30

*Sooth.* You shall outlive the lady whom  
you serve.

*Char.* O excellent! I love long life better  
than figs.

*Sooth.* You have seen and prov'd a fairer  
former fortune  
Than that which is to approach.

*Char.* Then, belike, my children shall  
have no names; prithee, how many boys  
and wenches must I have?

*Sooth.* If every of your wishes had a  
womb,

And fertile every wish, a million.

*Char.* Out, fool! I forgive thee for a  
witch.

*Alex.* You think none but your sheets are  
privy to your wishes. 41

*Char.* Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

*Alex.* We'll know all our fortunes.

*Eno.* Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-  
night, shall be—drunk to bed.

*Ir.* There's a palm presages chastity,  
if nothing else.

*Char.* E'en as the o'erflowing Nilus pres-  
ageth famine. 50

*Ir.* Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot  
soothsay.

*Char.* Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruit-  
ful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine  
ear. Prithee, tell her but a worky-day for-  
tune.

*Sooth.* Your fortunes are alike.

*Ir.* But how? but how? give me partic-  
ulars.

*Sooth.* I have said.

*Ir.* Am I not an inch of fortune better  
than she? 60

*Char.* Well, if you were but an inch of  
fortune better than I, where would you  
choose it?

*Ir.* Not in my husband's nose.

*Char.* Our worse thoughts heavens  
mend! Alexas,—come, his fortune, his for-  
tune. O! let him marry a woman that can-  
not go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee; and let  
her die too, and give him a worse; and let  
worse follow worse, till the worst of all fol-  
low him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a  
cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer,  
though thou deny me a matter of more  
weight; good Isis, I beseech thee! 72

*Ir.* Amen. Dear goddess, hear that  
prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-  
breaking to see a handsome man loose-

wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded: therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

*Char.* Amen.

*Alex.* Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores but they 'd do't. 82

*Eno.* Hush! here comes Antony.

*Char.* Not he; the queen.

*Enter CLEOPATRA.*

*Cleo.* Saw you my lord?

*Eno.* No, lady.

*Cleo.* Was he not here?

*Char.* No, madam.

*Cleo.* He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden

A Roman thought hath struck him. *Enobarbus!*

*Eno.* Madam!

*Cleo.* Seek him, and bring him hither.

Where's Alexas?

*Alex.* Here, at your service. My lord approaches. 90

*Enter ANTONY with a Messenger and Attendants.*

*Cleo.* We will not look upon him; go with us.

*Exeunt CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, ALEXAS, IRAS, CHARMIAN, Soothsayer, and Attendants.*

*Mess.* Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

*Ant.* Against my brother Lucius?

*Mess.* Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state

Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar,

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy Upon the first encounter drave them.

*Ant.* Well, what worst?

*Mess.* The nature of bad news infects the teller.

*Ant.* When it concerns the fool or coward.

*On:* 100

Things that are past are done with me. 'Tis thus:

Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,

I hear him as he flatter'd.

*Mess.* Labienus,

This is stiff news, hath with his Parthian force

Extended Asia; from Euphrates

His conquering banner shook from Syria

To Lydia and to Ionia: whilst—

*Ant.* Antony, thou would'st say,—

*Mess.* O! my lord.

*Ant.* Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue;

Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome; 110 Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults

With such full license as both truth and malice

Have power to utter. O! then we bring forth weeds

When our quick minds lie still; and our ills told us

Is as our earing. Fare thee well awhile.

*Mess.* At your noble pleasure. *Exit.*

*Ant.* From Sicyon, ho, the news! Speak there!

*First Att.* The man from Sicyon, is there such an one?

*Second Att.* He stays upon your will.

*Ant.* Let him appear.

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break, Or lose myself in dotage. 121

*Enter another Messenger.*

What are you?

*Second Mess.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.

*Ant.* Where died she?

*Second Mess.* In Sicyon:

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious

Importeth thee to know, this bears.

*Gives a letter.*

*Ant.* Forbear me.

*Exit Second Messenger.*

There's a great spirit gone. Thus did I desire it:

What our contempts do often hurl from us We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,

By revolution lowering, does become The opposite of itself: she's good, being

gone; 130 The hand could pluck her back that shov'd her on.

I must from this enchanting queen break off;

Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,

My idleness doth hatch. How now! *Enobarbus!*

*Re-enter ENOBARBUS.*

*Eno.* What's your pleasure, sir?

*Ant.* I must with haste from hence.

*Eno.* Why, then, we kill all our women. We see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

*Ant.* I must be gone. 140

*Eno.* Under a compelling occasion let women die; it were pity to cast them away for nothing; though between them and a great cause they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment. I do think there is mettle in death which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying. 149

*Ant.* She is cunning past man's thought.

*Eno.* Alack! sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report; this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove. 157

*Ant.* Would I had never seen her!

*Eno.* O, sir! you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work, which not to have

been blessed withal would have discredited your travel.

*Ant.* Fulvia is dead.

*Eno.* Sir?

*Ant.* Fulvia is dead.

*Eno.* Fulvia!

*Ant.* Dead.

*Eno.* Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat; and indeed the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow. 177

*Ant.* The business she hath broached in the state  
Cannot endure my absence.

*Eno.* And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode. 182

*Ant.* No more light answers. Let our officers

Have notice what we purpose. I shall break

The cause of our expedience to the queen,  
And get her leave to part. For not alone  
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,

Do strongly speak to us, but the letters too  
Of many our contriving friends in Rome  
Petition us at home. Sextus Pompeius 190  
Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands  
The empire of the sea; our slippery people,  
Whose love is never link'd to the deser-  
Till his deserts are past, begin to throw  
Pompey the Great and all his dignities  
Upon his son; who, high in name and power,  
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up  
For the main soldier, whose quality, going on,

The sides o' the world may danger. Much is breeding,

Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life, 200

And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,

To such whose place is under us, requires  
Our quick remove from hence.

*Eno.* I shall do 't. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. Another Room.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.*

*Cleo.* Where is he?

*Char.* I did not see him since.

*Cleo.* See where he is, who's with him, what he does;

I did not send you: if you find him sad,

Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report

That I am sudden sick: quick, and return.

*Exit ALEXAS.*

*Char.* Madam, methinks if you did love him dearly,

You do not hold the method to enforce  
The like from him.

*Cleo.* What should I do I do not?

*Char.* In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

*Cleo.* Thou teachest like a fool; the way to lose him. 10

*Char.* Tempt him not so too far; I wish, forbear:

In time we hate that which we often fear.

*Enter ANTONY.*

But here comes Antony.

*Cleo.* I am sick and sullen.

*Ant.* I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—

*Cleo.* Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall:

It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature  
Will not sustain it.

*Ant.* Now, my dearest queen,—

*Cleo.* Pray you, stand further from me.

*Ant.* What's the matter?

*Cleo.* I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.

What says the married woman? You may go;

Would she had never given you leave to come! 21

Let her not say 't is I that keep you here;  
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

*Ant.* The gods best know,—

*Cleo.* O! never was there queen  
So mightily betray'd; yet at the first  
I saw the treasons planted.

*Ant.* Cleopatra,—

*Cleo.* Why should I think you can be mine and true,

Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,

Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,

To be entangled with those mouth-made vows, 30

Which break themselves in swearing!

*Ant.* Most sweet queen,—

*Cleo.* Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,

But bid farewell, and go; when you sued staying

Then was the time for words; no going then:  
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,

Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor

But was a race of heaven; they are so still,  
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,

Art turn'd the greatest liar.

*Ant.* How now, lady!

*Cleo.* I would I had thy inches; thou should'st know 40

There were a heart in Egypt.

*Ant.* Hear me, queen;

The strong necessity of time commands  
Our services awhile, but my full heart

Remains in use with you. Our Italy  
Shines o'er with civil swords; Sextus Pom-

peius

Makes his approaches to the port of Rome;  
Equality of two domestic powers  
Breed scrupulous faction. The hated,  
grown to strength,  
Are newly grown to love; the condemn'd  
Pompey,

Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace 50  
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd  
Upon the present state, whose numbers  
threaten;

And quietness, grown sick of rest, would  
purge  
By any desperate change. My more par-  
ticular,

And that which most with you should safe  
my going,  
Is Fulvia's death.

*Cleo.* Though age from folly could not  
give me freedom,

It does from childishness: can Fulvia die?  
*Ant.* She's dead, my queen. 59

Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure  
read

The garboils she awak'd; at the last, best,  
See when and where she died.

*Cleo.* O most false love!  
Where be the sacred vials thou should'st  
fill

With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,  
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall  
be.

*Ant.* Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to  
know

The purposes I bear, which are, or cease,  
As you shall give the advice. By the fire  
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence  
Thy soldier, servant, making peace or war 70  
As thou affect'st.

*Cleo.* Cut my lace, Charmian, come;  
But let it be: I am quickly ill,—and well,  
So Antony loves.

*Ant.* My precious queen, forbear,  
And give true evidence to his love which  
stands

An honourable trial.  
*Cleo.* So Fulvia told me.

I prithee, turn aside and weep for her;  
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears  
Belong to Egypt: good now, play one scene  
Of excellent dissembling, and let it look  
Like perfect honour.

*Ant.* You'll heat my blood; no more.  
*Cleo.* You can do better yet, but this is  
meetly. 81

*Ant.* Now, by my sword,—  
*Cleo.* And target. Still he mends;

But this is not the best. Look, prithee,  
Charmian,

How this Herculean Roman does become  
The carriage of his chafe.

*Ant.* I'll leave you, lady.  
*Cleo.* Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it:  
Sir, you and I have lov'd, but there's not it;  
That you know well: something it is I  
would,—

O! my oblivion is a very Antony, 90  
And I am all forgotten.

*Ant.* But that your royalty

Holds idleness your subject, I should take  
you

For idleness itself.

*Cleo.* 'T is sweating labour  
To bear such idleness so near the heart  
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;  
Since my becomings kill me when they do  
not

Eye well to you: your honour calls you  
hence;

Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,  
And all the gods go with you! Upon your  
sword

Sit laurel victory, and smooth success 100  
Be strew'd before your feet!

*Ant.* Let us go. Come;

Our separation so abides and flies,  
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,  
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.  
Away! *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Rome. A Room in CÆSAR'S  
House.*

*Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, and  
Attendants.*

*Cæs.* You may see, Lepidus, and hence-  
forth know,

It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate  
Our great competitor. From Alexandria  
This is the news: he fishes, drinks, and  
wastes

The lamps of night in revel; is not more  
man-like

Than Cleopatra, nor the queen of Ptolemy  
More womanly than he; hardly gave audi-  
ence, or

Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: you  
shall find there

A man who is the abstract of all faults  
That all men follow.

*Lep.* I must not think there are  
Evils enow to darken all his goodness; 11  
His faults in him seem as the spots of  
heaven,

More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary  
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot  
change

Than what he chooses.

*Cæs.* You are too indulgent. Let us  
grant it is not

Amisss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy,  
To give a kingdom for a mirth, to sit

And keep the turn of tipping with a slave,  
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the  
buffet 20

With knaves that smell of sweat; say this  
becomes him,

As his composure must be rare indeed  
Whom these things cannot blemish, yet  
must Antony

No way excuse his soils, when we do bear  
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd

His vacancy with his voluptuousness,  
Full surfeits and the dryness of his bones

Call on him for't; but to confound such  
time

That drums him from his sport, and speaks  
as loud

As his own state and ours, 't is to be chid 30  
 As we rate boys, who, being mature in  
 knowledge,  
 Pawn their experience to their present  
 pleasure,  
 And so rebel to judgment.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Lep.* Here's more news.  
*Mess.* Thy biddings have been done, and  
 every hour,  
 Most noble Caesar, shalt thou have report  
 How 't is abroad. Pompey is strong at sea,  
 And it appears he is belov'd of those  
 That only have fear'd Caesar; to the ports  
 The discontents repair, and men's reports 39  
 Give him much wrong'd.

*Cæs.* I should have known no less.  
 It hath been taught us from the primal state,  
 That he which is was wish'd until he were;  
 And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er  
 worth love,  
 Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This com-  
 mon body,  
 Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,  
 Goes to and back, lacking the varying tide,  
 To rot itself with motion.

*Mess.* Caesar, I bring thee word,  
 Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,  
 Make the sea serve them, which they ear  
 and wound 49  
 With keels of every kind: many hot inroads  
 They make in Italy; the borders maritime  
 Lack blood to think on 't, and flush youth  
 revolt;  
 No vessel can peep forth, but 't is as soon  
 Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes  
 more  
 Than could his war resisted.

*Cæs.* *Antony,*  
 Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou  
 once  
 Wast beaten from Modena, where thou  
 slew'st  
 Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel  
 Did famine follow, whom thou fought'st  
 against,  
 Though daintily brought up, with patience 60  
 more  
 Than savages could suffer; thou didst  
 drink  
 The stale of horses and the gilded puddle  
 Which beasts would cough at; thy palate  
 then did deign  
 The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;  
 Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture  
 sheets,  
 The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the  
 Alps  
 It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,  
 Which some did die to look on; and all this,  
 It wounds thine honour that I speak it now,  
 Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek 70  
 So much as lank'd not.

*Lep.* 'T is pity of him.  
*Cæs.* Let his shames quickly  
 Drive him to Rome. 'T is time we twain  
 Did show ourselves i' the field; and to that  
 end

Assemble we immediate council; Pompey  
 Thrives in our idleness.

*Lep.* To-morrow, Caesar,  
 I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly  
 Both what by sea and land I can be able  
 To front this present time.

*Cæs.* Till which encounter,  
 It is my business too. Farewell. 80

*Lep.* Farewell, my lord. What you shall  
 know meantime

Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,  
 To let me be partaker.

*Cæs.* Doubt not, sir;  
 I knew it for my bond. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Alexandria. A Room in the  
 Palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and  
 MARDIAN.*

*Cleo.* Charmian!

*Char.* Madam!

*Cleo.* Ha, ha!

Give me to drink mandragora.

*Char.* Why, madam?

*Cleo.* That I might sleep out this great  
 gap of time

My Antony is away.

*Char.* You think of him too much.

*Cleo.* O! 't is treason.

*Char.* Madam, I trust, not so.

*Cleo.* Thou, eunuch Mardian!

*Mar.* What's your highness' pleasure?

*Cleo.* Not now to hear thee sing; I take  
 no pleasure

In aught an eunuch has. 'T is well for  
 thee, 10

That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts  
 May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affec-  
 tions?

*Mar.* Yes, gracious madam.

*Cleo.* Indeed!

*Mar.* Not in deed, madam; for I can do  
 nothing

But what indeed is honest to be done;  
 Yet have I fierce affections, and think

What Venus did with Mars.

*Cleo.* O Charmian!

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he,  
 or sits he?

Or does he walk? or is he on his horse? 20  
 O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!

Do bravely, horse, for wott'st thou whom  
 thou movest?

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm  
 And burget of men. He's speaking now,

Or murmuring 'Where's my serpent of old  
 Nile?'

For so he calls me. Now I feed myself  
 With most delicious poison. Think on me,

That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches  
 black,

And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted  
 Caesar, 29

When thou wast here above the ground I  
 was

A morsel for a monarch, and great Pompey  
 Would stand and make his eyes grow in my  
 brow;

There would he anchor his aspect and die  
With looking on his life.

*Enter ALEXAS.*

*Alex.* Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

*Cleo.* How much unlike art thou Mark  
Antony!

Yet, coming from him, that great medicine  
hath

With his tinct gilded thee.

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

*Alex.* Last thing he did, dear queen,  
He kiss'd, the last of many doubled kisses, 40  
This orient pearl. His speech sticks in my  
heart.

*Cleo.* Mine ear must pluck it thence.

*Alex.* 'Good friend,' quoth he,  
'Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends  
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,  
To mend the petty present, I will piece  
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; all the  
east,

Say thou, shall call her mistress.' So he  
nodded,

And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,  
Who neigh'd so high that what I would have  
spoke

Was beastly dumb'd by him.

*Cleo.* What! was he sad or merry?

*Alex.* Like to the time o' the year between  
the extremes 51

Of hot and cold; he was nor sad nor merry.

*Cleo.* O well-divided disposition! Note  
him,

Note him, good Charmian, 't is the man, but  
note him;

He was not sad, for he would shine on those  
That make their looks by his; he was not  
merry,

Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance  
lay

In Egypt with his joy; but between both:  
O heavenly mingle! Be'st thou sad or  
merry,

The violence of either thee becomes, 60  
So does it no man else. Mett'st thou my  
posts?

*Alex.* Ay, madam, twenty several mes-  
sengers.

Why do you send so thick?

*Cleo.* Who's born that day  
When I forget to send to Antony,

Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Char-  
mian.

Welcome, my good Alexas. Did I, Char-  
mian,

Ever love Cæsar so?

*Char.* O! that brave Cæsar.  
*Cleo.* Be chok'd with such another em-  
phasis!

Say, the brave Antony.

*Char.* The valiant Cæsar!  
*Cleo.* By Isis, I will give thee bloody  
teeth, 70

If thou with Cæsar paragon again

My man of men.

*Char.* By your most gracious pardon,  
I sing but after you.

*Cleo.* My salad days,

When I was green in judgment, cold in  
blood,

To say as I said then! But come, away;

Get me ink and paper:

He shall have every day a several greeting,  
Or I'll unpeople Egypt. *Exeunt.*

## ACT II

SCENE I.—*Messina. A Room in POMPEY'S  
House.*

*Enter POMPEY, MENEKRATES, and MENAS.*

*Pom.* If the great gods be just, they shall  
assist

The deeds of justest men.

*Mene.* Know, worthy Pompey,  
That what they do delay, they not deny.

*Pom.* Whiles we are suitors to their  
throne, decays

The thing we sue for.

*Mene.* We, ignorant of ourselves,  
Beg often our own harms, which the wise  
powers

Deny us for our good; so find we profit

By losing of our prayers.

*Pom.* I shall do well:  
The people love me, and the sea is mine;

My powers are crescent, and my auguring  
hope 10

Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony  
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make

No wars without doors; Cæsar gets money  
where

He loses hearts; Lepidus flatters both,  
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,  
Nor either cares for him.

*Mene.* Cæsar and Lepidus  
Are in the field; a mighty strength they  
carry.

*Pom.* Where have you this? 't is false.

*Mene.* From Silviu's, sir.  
*Pom.* He dreams; I know they are in

Rome together,  
Looking for Antony. But all the charms of  
love, 20

Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip!

Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with  
both!

Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,  
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks  
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite,  
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his  
honour

Even till a Lethe'd dulness!

*Enter VARRIUS.*

*Var.* How now, Varrius!  
This is most certain that I shall de-  
liver:

Mark Antony is every hour in Rome  
Expected; since he went from Egypt 't is 30  
A space for further travel.

*Pom.* I could have given less matter  
A better ear. Menas, I did not think  
This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd  
his helm

For such a petty war; his soldiership  
Is twice the other twain. But let us rear  
The higher our opinion, that our stirring

Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck  
The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.

*Men.* I cannot hope  
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together;  
His wife that's dead did trespasses to  
Cæsar, 40  
His brother warr'd upon him, although I  
think

Not mov'd by Antony.

*Pom.* I know not, Menas,  
How lesser enmities may give way to  
greater.

Were 't not that we stand up against them  
all

'T were pregnant they should square be-  
tween themselves,

For they have entertained cause enough  
To draw their swords; but how the fear of us  
May cement their divisions and bind up  
The petty difference, we yet not know. 49  
Be 't as our gods will have 't! It only stands  
Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.  
Come, Menas. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Rome. A Room in LEPIDUS'S  
House.*

*Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.*

*Leb.* Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy  
deed,

And shall become you well, to entreat your  
captain

To soft and gentle speech.

*Eno.* I shall entreat him  
To answer like himself; if Cæsar move him,  
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,  
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,  
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,  
I would not shave 't to-day.

*Leb.* 'T is not a time  
For private stomaching.

*Eno.* Every time  
Serves for the matter that is then born  
in 't. 10

*Leb.* But small to greater matters must  
give way.

*Eno.* Not if the small come first.

*Leb.* Your speech is passion;  
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here  
comes

The noble Antony.

*Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.*

*Eno.* And yonder, Cæsar.

*Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.*

*Ant.* If we compose well here, to Parthia:  
Hark ye, Ventidius.

*Cæs.* I do not know,

Mecænas; ask Agrippa.

*Leb.* Noble friends,  
That which combin'd us was most great,  
and let not

A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,  
May it be gently heard; when we debate 20  
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit  
Murder in healing wounds; then, noble  
partners,

The rather for I earnestly beseech,

Touch you the sourest points with sweetest  
terms,

Nor curstness grow to the matter.

*Ant.* 'T is spoken well.

Were we before our armies, and to fight,  
I should do thus.

*Cæs.* Welcome to Rome.

*Ant.* I thank you.

*Cæs.* Sit.

*Ant.* Sit, sir.

*Cæs.* Nay, then.

*Ant.* I learn, you take things ill which are  
not so,

Or being, concern you not.

*Cæs.* I must be laugh'd at  
If, or for nothing or a little, I 31

Should say myself offended, and with you  
Chiefly i' the world; more laugh'd at that  
I should

Once name you derogately, when to sound  
your name

It not concern'd me.

*Ant.* My being in Egypt, Cæsar,  
What was 't to you?

*Cæs.* No more than my residing here at  
Rome

Might be to you in Egypt; yet, if you there  
Did practise on my state, your being in  
Egypt

Might be my question.

*Ant.* How intend you, practis'd?

*Cæs.* You may be pleas'd to catch at mine  
intent 41

By what did here befall me. Your wife and  
brother

Made wars upon me, and their contestation  
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

*Ant.* You do mistake your business; my  
brother never

Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it;

And have my learning from some true re-  
ports,

That drew their swords with you. Did he  
not rather

Discredit my authority with yours,

And make the wars alike against my stom-  
ach, 50

Having alike your cause? Of this my letters  
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a

quarrel,

As matter whole you have not to make it  
with,

It must not be with this.

*Cæs.* You praise yourself  
By laying defects of judgment to me, but

You patch'd up your excuses.

*Ant.* Not so, not so;  
I know you could not lack, I am certain on 't,

Very necessity of this thought, that I,  
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he

fought,

Could not with graceful eyes attend those  
wars 60

Which fronted mine own peace. As for my  
wife,

I would you had her spirit in such another:  
The third o' the world is yours, which with a  
snaffle

You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

*Eno.* Would we had all such wives, that the men might go to wars with the women!

*Ant.* So much uncurbable, her garboils,  
*Cæsar,*  
Made out of her impatience, which not wanted

Shrewdness of policy too, I grieving grant  
Did you too much disquiet; for that you must

But say I now did not help it.

*Cæs.* I wrote to you  
When rioting in Alexandria; you  
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts  
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

*Ant.* Sir,  
He fell upon me ere admitted: then  
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want

Of what I was i' the morning; but next day  
I told him of myself, which was as much  
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this follow

Be nothing of our strife; if we contend, so  
Out of our question wipe him.

*Cæs.* You have broken  
The article of your oath, which you shall never

Have tongue to charge me with.

*Lep.* Soft, Cæsar!  
*Ant.* No,

Lepidus, let him speak;  
The honour 's sacred which he talks on now,  
Supposing that I lack'd it. But on, Cæsar;  
The article of my oath.

*Cæs.* To lend me arms and aid when I  
requir'd them,

The which you both denied.

*Ant.* Neglected, rather;  
And then when poison'd hours had bound me up

From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,  
I'll play the penitent to you; but mine honesty

Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power

Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,  
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;  
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do  
So far ask pardon as befits mine honour

To stoop in such a case.

*Lep.* 'T is noble spoken.  
*Mec.* If it might please you, to enforce no further

The griefs between ye: to forget them quite  
Were to remember that the present need  
Speaks to atone you.

*Lep.* Worthily spoken, Mecænas.

*Eno.* Or, if you borrow one another's love  
for the instant, you may, when you hear no  
more words of Pompey, return it again: you  
shall have time to wrangle in when you have  
nothing else to do.

*Ant.* Thou art a soldier only; speak no more.

*Eno.* That truth should be silent I had almost forgot.

*Ant.* You wrong this presence; therefore speak no more.

*Eno.* Go to, then; your considerate stone.

*Cæs.* I do not much dislike the matter, but

The manner of his speech; for 't cannot be  
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions

So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew  
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge

O' the world I would pursue it.

*Ag.* Give me leave, Cæsar,

*Cæs.* Speak, Agrippa.

*Ag.* Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,

Admir'd Octavia; great Mark Antony is now a widower.

*Cæs.* Say not so, Agrippa;  
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof

Were well deserv'd of rashness.

*Ant.* I am not married, Cæsar; let me hear Agrippa further speak.

*Ag.* To hold you in perpetual amity,  
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts

With an unslipping knot, take Antony Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims

No worse a husband than the best of men,

Whose virtue and whose general graces speak

That which none else can utter. By this marriage,

All little jealousies which now seem great,  
And all great fears which now import their dangers,

Would then be nothing; truths would be tales

Where now half tales be truths; her love to both

Would each to other and all loves to both  
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,

For 't is a studied, not a present thought, By duty ruminated.

*Ant.* Will Cæsar speak?

*Cæs.* Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd

With what is spoke already.

*Ant.* What power is in Agrippa,  
If I would say, 'Agrippa, be it so,'

To make this good?

*Cæs.* The power of Cæsar, and His power unto Octavia.

*Ant.* May I never  
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,  
Dream of impediment! Let me have thy hand;

Further this act of grace, and from this hour

The heart of brothers govern in our loves  
And sway our great designs!

*Cæs.* There is my hand.  
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother

Did ever love so dearly; let her live  
To join our kingdoms and our hearts, and never

Fly off our loves again!

*Lep.* Happily, amen!

*Ant.* I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey,

For he hath laid strange courtesies and  
great  
Of late upon me; I must thank him only,  
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;  
At heel of that, defy him.

*Lep.* Time calls upon 's:  
Of us must Pompey presently be sought, 161  
Or else he seeks out us.

*Ant.* Where lies he?

*Cæs.* About the Mount Misenum.

*Ant.* What is his strength  
By land?

*Cæs.* Great and increasing; but by sea  
He is an absolute master.

*Ant.* So is the fame.  
Would we had spoke together! Haste we  
for it;

Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch  
we

The business we have talk'd of.

*Cæs.* With most gladness;  
And do invite you to my sister's view, 170  
Whither straight I'll lead you.

*Ant.* Let us, Lepidus,  
Not lack your company.

*Lep.* Noble Antony.

Not sickness should detain me.  
*Flourish.* *Exeunt CÆSAR, ANTONY,  
and LEPIDUS.*

*Mec.* Welcome from Egypt, sir.

*Eno.* Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy  
Mecænas!

My honourable friend, Agrippa!

*Agr.* Good Enobarbus!

*Mec.* We have cause to be glad that mat-  
ters are so well digested. You stayed well  
by 't in Egypt. 180

*Eno.* Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of  
countenance, and made the night light with  
drinking.

*Mec.* Eight wild boars roasted whole at a  
breakfast, and but twelve persons there; is  
this true?

*Eno.* This was but as a fly by an eagle;  
we had much more monstrous matter of  
feast, which worthily deserved noting.

*Mec.* She's a most triumphant lady, if  
report be square to her. 190

*Eno.* When she first met Mark Antony  
she pursed up his heart, upon the river of  
Cydnus.

*Agr.* There she appeared indeed, or my  
reporter devised well for her.

*Eno.* I will tell you.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd  
throne,

Burn'd on the water; the poop was beaten  
gold,

Purple the sails, and so perfumed that  
The winds were love-sick with them; the  
oars were silver,

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and  
made 200

The water which they beat to follow faster,  
As amorous of their strokes. For her own  
person,

It beggar'd all description; she did lie  
In her pavilion, cloth-of-gold of tissue,  
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see

The fancy outwork nature; on each side  
her

Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling  
Cupids,

With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did  
seem

To glow the delicate cheeks which they did  
cool, 209

And what they undid did.

*Agr.*

O! rare for Antony.

*Eno.* Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,  
So many mermaids, tended her i' the  
eyes,

And made their bends adornings; at the  
helm

A seeming mermaid steers; the silken  
tackle

Swell with the touches of those flower-soft  
hands,

That yarely frame the office. From the  
barge

A strange invisible perfume hits the sense  
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast

Her people out upon her, and Antony,  
Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,

Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,  
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too 222

And made a gap in nature.

*Agr.*

Rare Egyptian!

*Eno.* Upon her landing Antony sent to  
her,

Invited her to supper; she replied

It should be better he became her guest,  
Which she entreated. Our courteous An-  
tony,

Whom ne'er the word of 'No' woman heard  
speak,

Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the  
feast,

And for his ordinary pays his heart 230  
For what his eyes eat only.

*Agr.*

Royal wench!

She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed;  
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

*Eno.*

I saw her once  
Hop forty paces through the public street;

And having lost her breath, she spoke, and  
panted,

That she did make defects perfection,  
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

*Mec.* Now Antony must leave her utterly.

*Eno.* Never; he will not.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale 240  
Her infinite variety; other women cloy

The appetites they feed, but she makes hun-  
gry

Where most she satisfies; for vilest things  
Become themselves in her, that the holy

priests  
Bless her when she is riggish.

*Mec.* If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can  
settle

The heart of Antony, Octavia is  
A blessed lottery to him.

*Agr.*

Let us go.

Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest  
Whilst you abide here.

*Eno.* Humbly, sir, I thank you.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Room in CÆSAR'S House.*

*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between them; Attendants.*

*Ant.* The world and my great office will sometimes  
Divide me from your bosom.

*Octa.* All which time  
Before the gods my knee shall bow my pray-  
ers

To them for you.

*Ant.* Good night, sir. My Octavia,  
Read not my blemishes in the world's re-  
port;

I have not kept my square, but that to come  
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night,  
dear lady.

Good night, sir.

*Cæs.* Good night.

*Exeunt CÆSAR and OCTAVIA.*

*Enter Soothsayer.*

*Ant.* Now, sirrah; you do wish yourself  
in Egypt? 10

*Sooth.* Would I had never come from  
thence, nor you

Thither!

*Ant.* If you can, your reason?

*Sooth.* I see it in  
My motion, have it not in my tongue: but  
yet

Hie you to Egypt again.

*Ant.* Say to me,  
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's  
or mine?

*Sooth.* Cæsar's.

Therefore, O Antony! stay not by his side;  
Thy demon, that's thy spirit which keeps  
thee, is

Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable, 20  
Where Cæsar's is not; but near him thy  
angel

Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd; there-  
fore

Make space enough between you.

*Ant.* Speak this no more.  
*Sooth.* To none but thee; no more but  
when to thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game  
Thou art sure to lose, and of that natural  
luck,

He beats thee 'gainst the odds; thy lustre  
thickens

When he shines by. I say again, thy spirit  
Is all afraid to govern thee near him,  
But he away, 't is noble.

*Ant.* Get thee gone:  
Say to Ventidius I would speak with him. 31  
*Exit Soothsayer.*

He shall to Parthia. Be it art or hap  
He hath spoken true; the very dice obey  
him,

And in our sports my better cunning faints  
Under his chance; if we draw lots he  
speeds,

His cocks do win the battle still of mine,  
When it is all to nought, and his quails ever  
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to  
Egypt;

And though I make this marriage for my  
peace,

I' the east my pleasure lies.

*Enter VENTIDIUS.*

O! come, Ventidius,

You must to Parthia; your commission's  
ready; 41

Follow me, and receive 't. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Same. A Street.*

*Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.*

*Lep.* Trouble yourselves no further; pray  
you, hasten

Your generals after.

*Agr.* Sir, Mark Antony

Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we 'll follow.

*Lep.* Till I shall see you in your soldier's  
dress,

Which will become you both, farewell.

*Mec.*

We shall,

As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount  
Before you, Lepidus.

*Lep.*

Your way is shorter;

My purposes do draw me much about:

You 'll win two days upon me.

*Mec., Agr.*

Sir, good success!

*Lep.* Farewell.

*Exeunt.* 10

SCENE V.—*Alexandria. A Room in the  
Palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and  
ALEXAS.*

*Cleo.* Give me some music; music, moody  
food

Of us that trade in love.

*Attendants.*

The music, ho!

*Enter MARDIAN.*

*Cleo.* Let it alone; let's to billiards;  
come, Charmian.

*Char.* My arm is sore; best play with  
Mardian.

*Cleo.* As well a woman with an eunuch  
play'd

As with a woman. Come, you 'll play with  
me, sir?

*Mar.* As well as I can, madam.

*Cleo.* And when good will is show'd,  
though 't come too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I 'll none now.  
Give me mine angle; we 'll to the river:  
there, 10

My music playing far off, I will betray  
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall  
 pierce

Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,  
I 'll think them every one an Antony,  
And say 'Ah, ha! you 're caught.'

*Char.*

'T was merry when

You wager'd on your angling; when your  
diver

Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he  
With fervency drew up.

*Cleo.*

That time—O times!—

I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night  
I laugh'd him into patience; and next  
morn, 20

Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;  
Then put my tires and mantles on him,  
whilst  
I wore his sword Philippan.

*Enter a Messenger.*

O! from Italy;  
Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,  
That long time have been barren.

*Mess.* Madam, madam,—  
*Cleo.* Antony's dead! If thou say so,  
villain,

Thou kill'st thy mistress; but well and free,  
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and  
here

My bluest veins to kiss; a hand that kings  
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing. 30

*Mess.* First, madam, he is well.

*Cleo.* Why, there's more gold.

But, sirrah, mark, we use

To say the dead are well: bring it to that,  
The gold I give thee will I melt, and pour  
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

*Mess.* Good madam, hear me.

*Cleo.* Well, go to, I will;  
But there's no goodness in thy face; if An-  
tony

Be free and healthful, so tart a favour  
To trumpet such good tidings! if not well,  
Thou should'st come like a Fury crown'd  
with snakes, 40

Not like a formal man.

*Mess.* Will 't please you hear me?

*Cleo.* I have a mind to strike thee ere  
thou speak'st:

Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,  
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to  
him,

I'll set thee in a shower of gold and hail  
Rich pearls upon thee.

*Mess.* Madam, he's well.

*Cleo.* Well said.

*Mess.* And friends with Cæsar.

*Cleo.* Thou 'rt an honest man.

*Mess.* Cæsar and he are greater friends  
than ever.

*Cleo.* Make thee a fortune from me.

*Mess.* But yet, madam,—

*Cleo.* I do not like 'but yet,' it does allay 50  
The good precedence; fie upon 'but yet'!  
'But yet' is as a gaoler to bring forth  
Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee,  
friend,

Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,  
The good and bad together. He's friends  
with Cæsar;

In state of health, thou say'st; and, thou  
say'st, free.

*Mess.* Free, madam! no; I made no such  
report:

He's bound unto Octavia.

*Cleo.* For what good turn?

*Mess.* For the best turn i' the bed.

*Cleo.* I am pale, Charmian!

*Mess.* Madam, he's married to Octa-  
via. 60

*Cleo.* The most infectious pestilence  
upon thee! *Strikes him down.*

*Mess.* Good madam, patience.

*Cleo.*

What say you? Hence.

*Strikes him again.*

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes  
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head:  
*She hales him up and down.*  
Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd  
in brine,

Smarting in lingering pickle.

*Mess.* Gracious madam,  
I that do bring the news made not the  
match.

*Cleo.* Say 't is not so, a province I will  
give thee,  
And make thy fortunes proud; the blow  
thou hadst 69

Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage,  
And I will boot thee with what gift beside  
Thy modesty can beg.

*Mess.* He's married, madam.

*Cleo.* Rogue! thou hast liv'd too long.  
*Draws a knife.*

*Mess.* Nay, then I'll run.

What mean you, madam? I have made no  
fault. *Exit.*

*Char.* Good madam, keep yourself within  
yourself;

The man is innocent.

*Cleo.* Some innocents' scape not the thun-  
derbolt. 77

Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures  
Turn all to serpents! Call the slave again:  
Though I am mad, I will not bite him. Call.

*Char.* He is afraid to come.

*Cleo.* I will not hurt him.

*Exit CHARMIAN.*

These hands do lack nobility, that they  
strike

A meaner than myself; since I myself  
Have given myself the cause.

*Re-enter CHARMIAN and Messenger.*

Come hither, sir.  
Though it be honest, it is never good  
To bring bad news; give to a gracious mes-  
sage

An host of tongues, but let ill tidings tell  
Themselves when they be felt.

*Mess.* I have done my duty.

*Cleo.* Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worse than I do 90  
If thou again say 'Yes.'

*Mess.* He's married, madam.

*Cleo.* The gods confound thee! dost thou  
hold there still?

*Mess.* Should I lie, madam?

*Cleo.* O! I would thou didst,  
So half my Egypt were submerg'd and made  
A cistern for scald snakes. Go, get thee  
hence;

Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me  
Thou would'st appear most ugly. He is  
married?

*Mess.* I crave your highness' pardon.

*Cleo.* He is married?

*Mess.* Take no offence that I would not  
offend you;

To punish me for what you make me do 100  
Seems much unequal; he's married to  
Octavia.

*Cleo.* O! that his fault should make a knave of thee,  
That art not what thou 'rt sure of. Get thee hence;  
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome  
Are all too dear for me; lie they upon thy hand,  
And be undone by 'em! *Exit Messenger.*  
*Char.* Good your highness, patience.  
*Cleo.* In praising Antony I have disprais'd Cæsar.  
*Char.* Many times, madam.  
*Cleo.* I am paid for 't now.  
Lead me from hence;  
I faint: O Iras! Charmian! 'T is no matter.  
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him  
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,  
Her inclinations, let him not leave out  
The colour of her hair: bring me word quickly. *Exit ALEXAS.*  
Let him for ever go:—let him not—Charmian!  
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,  
The other way's a Mars. *To MARDIAN.*  
Bid you Alexas  
Bring me word how tall she is. Pity me,  
Charmian,  
But do not speak to me. Lead me to my chamber. *Exeunt.*

## SCENE VI.—Near Misenum.

*Flourish.* Enter POMPEY and MENAS at one side, with drum and trumpet; at another, CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, ENO-BARBUS, MECÆNAS, with Soldiers marching.

*Pom.* Your hostages I have, so have you mine;  
And we shall talk before we fight.

*Cæs.* Most meet  
That first we come to words, and therefore have we

Our written purposes before us sent;  
Which if thou hast consider'd, let us know  
If 't will tie up thy discontented sword,  
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth  
That else must perish here.

*Pom.* To you all three,  
The senators alone of this great world,  
Chief factors for the gods, I do not know  
Wherefore my father should revengers want,

Having a son and friends: since Julius Cæsar,  
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,  
There saw you labouring for him. What was 't

That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? and what

Made the all-honour'd, honest Roman, Brutus,  
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,

To drench the Capitol, but that they would  
Have one man but a man? And that is it  
Hath made me rig my navy, at whose burden

The anger'd ocean foams, with which I meant  
To scourge the ingratitude that spiteful Rome

Cast on my noble father.

*Cæs.* Take your time.  
*Ant.* Thou canst not fear us, Pompey,  
with thy sails;

We 'll speak with thee at sea; at land, thou know'st

How much we do o'er-count thee.

*Pom.* At land, indeed,  
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house;

But since the cuckoo builds not for himself,  
Remain in 't as thou may'st.

*Lep.* Be pleas'd to tell us,  
For this is from the present, how you take  
The offers we have sent you.

*Cæs.* There's the point.

*Ant.* Which do not be entreated to, but weigh

What it is worth embrac'd.

*Cæs.* And what may follow,  
To try a larger fortune.

*Pom.* You have made me offer  
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must  
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send  
Measures of wheat to Rome; this 'greed upon,

To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back  
Our targes undinted.

*Cæs., Ant., Lep.* That's our offer.

*Pom.* Know then,  
I came before you here a man prepar'd  
To take this offer; but Mark Antony  
Put me to some impatience. Though I lose  
The praise of it by telling, you must know,  
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,

Your mother came to Sicily and did find  
Her welcome friendly.

*Ant.* I have heard it, Pompey;  
And am well studied for a liberal thanks  
Which I do owe you.

*Pom.* Let me have your hand:  
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

*Ant.* The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks to you,

That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither,

For I have gain'd by 't.

*Cæs.* Since I saw you last  
There is a change upon you.

*Pom.* Well, I know not  
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face,

But in my bosom shall she never come  
To make my heart her vassal.

*Lep.* Well met here.  
*Pom.* I hope so, Lepidus. Thus we are agreed.

I crave our composition may be written  
And seal'd between us.

*Cæs.* That's the next to do.

*Pom.* We 'll feast each other ere we part;  
and let's

Draw lots who shall begin.

*Ant.* That will I, Pompey.

*Pom.* No, Antony, take the lot:  
But, first or last, your fine Egyptian cookery  
Shall have the fame. I have heard that  
Julius Cæsar

Grew fat with feasting there.

*Ant.* You have heard much.

*Pom.* I have fair meanings, sir.

*Ant.* And fair words to them.

*Pom.* Then so much have I heard;

And I have heard Apollodorus carried—

*Eno.* No more of that: he did so.

*Pom.* What, I pray you?

*Eno.* A certain queen to Cæsar in a mat-  
tress.

*Pom.* I know thee now; how far'st thou,  
soldier?

*Eno.* Well;

And well am like to do; for I perceive  
Four feasts are toward.

*Pom.* Let me shake thy hand;  
I never hated thee. I have seen thee fight,  
When I have envied thy behaviour.

*Eno.* Sir,  
I never lov'd you much, but I ha' prais'd ye  
When you have well deserv'd ten times as  
much

As I have said you did.

*Pom.* Enjoy thy plainness,  
It nothing ill becomes thee.

Aboard my galley I invite you all:

Will you lead, lords?

*Cæs., Ant., Lep.* Show us the way, sir.

*Pom.* Come.

*Exeunt POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY,  
LEPIDUS, Soldiers, and Attendants.*

*Men.* Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er  
have made this treaty. You and I have  
known, sir.

*Eno.* At sea, I think.

*Men.* We have, sir.

*Eno.* You have done well by water.

*Men.* And you by land.

*Eno.* I will praise any man that will praise  
me; though it cannot be denied what I have  
done by land.

*Men.* Nor what I have done by water.

*Eno.* Yes, something you can deny for  
your own safety; you have been a great  
thief by sea.

*Men.* And you by land.

*Eno.* There I deny my land service. But  
give me your hand, Menas; if our eyes had  
authority, here they might take two thieves  
kissing.

*Men.* All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er  
their hands are.

*Eno.* But there is never a fair woman has  
a true face.

*Men.* No slander; they steal hearts.

*Eno.* We came hither to fight with you.

*Men.* For my part, I am sorry it is turned  
to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh  
away his fortune.

*Eno.* If he do, sure he cannot weep 't  
back again.

*Men.* You've said, sir. We looked not  
for Mark Antony here: pray you, is he  
married to Cleopatra?

*Eno.* Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

*Men.* True, sir; she was the wife of  
Caius Marcellus.

*Eno.* But she is now the wife of Marcus  
Antonius.

*Men.* Pray ye, sir?

*Eno.* 'T is true.

*Men.* Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit  
together.

*Eno.* If I were bound to divine of this  
unity, I would not prophesy so.

*Men.* I think the policy of that purpose  
made more in the marriage than the love of  
the parties.

*Eno.* I think so too; but you shall find  
the band that seems to tie their friendship  
together will be the very strangler of their  
amity. Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still  
conversation.

*Men.* Who would not have his wife so?

*Eno.* Not he that himself is not so; which  
is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian  
dish again; then shall the sighs of Octavia  
blow the fire up in Cæsar, and as I said  
before, that which is the strength of their  
amity shall prove the immediate author of  
their variance. Antony will use his affection  
where it is; he married but his occasion  
here.

*Men.* And thus it may be. Come, sir,  
will you aboard? I have a health for you.

*Eno.* I shall take it, sir; we have used  
our throats in Egypt.

*Men.* Come; let's away.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—On board POMPEY'S Galley,  
off Misenum.

*Music.* Enter two or three Servants with a  
banquet.

*First Serv.* Here they'll be, man. Some  
o' their plants are ill-rooted already; the  
least wind 't the world will blow them down.

*Second Serv.* Lepidus is high-coloured.

*First Serv.* They have made him drink  
almsdrink.

*Second Serv.* As they pinch one another  
by the disposition, he cries out 'No more,'  
reconciles them to his entreaty, and him-  
self to the drink.

*First Serv.* But it raises the greater war  
between him and his discretion.

*Second Serv.* Why, this it is to have a  
name in great men's fellowship; I had as  
lief have a reed that will do me no service  
as a partisan I could not heave.

*First Serv.* To be called into a huge  
sphere, and not to be seen to move in 't, are  
the holes where eyes should be, which piti-  
fully disaster the cheeks.

*A sennet sounded.* Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY,  
LEPIDUS, POMPEY, AGRIPPA, MECÆ-  
NAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other  
Captains.

*Ant.* Thus do they, sir. They take the  
flow o' the Nile

By certain scales i' the pyramid: they know  
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if  
d=arth

Or foison follow. The higher Nilus swells

The more it promises; as it ebbs, the seeds-  
man

Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,  
And shortly comes to harvest.

*Lep.* You 've strange serpents there.

*Ant.* Ay, Lepidus.

*Lep.* Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of  
your mud by the operation of your sun; so  
is your crocodile. 31

*Ant.* They are so.

*Pom.* Sit,—and some wine! A health to  
Lepidus!

*Lep.* I am not so well as I should be, but  
I'll ne'er out.

*Eno.* Not till you have slept; I fear me  
you 'll be in till then.

*Lep.* Nay, certainly, I have heard the  
Ptolemies' pyramises are very goodly things;  
without contradiction, I have heard that. 41

*Men.* Pompey, a word.

*Pom.* Say in mine ear; what is 't?

*Men.* Forsake thy seat, I do beseech  
thee, captain,  
And hear me speak a word.

*Pom.* Forbear me till anon.

This wine for Lepidus!

*Lep.* What manner o' thing is your  
crocodile?

*Ant.* It is shaped, sir, like itself, and it is  
as broad as it hath breadth; it is just so  
high as it is, and moves with it own organs;  
it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the  
elements once out of it, it transmi-  
grates. 51

*Lep.* What colour is it of?

*Ant.* Of it own colour too.

*Lep.* 'T is a strange serpent.

*Ant.* 'T is so; and the tears of it are  
wet.

*Cæs.* Will this description satisfy him?

*Ant.* With the health that Pompey gives  
him, else he is a very epicure.

*Pom.* Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of  
that? away!  
Do as I bid you. Where 's this cup I call'd  
for? 60

*Men.* If for the sake of merit thou wilt  
hear me,  
Rise from thy stool.

*Pom.* I think thou 'rt mad. The matter?  
*Walks aside.*

*Men.* I have ever held my cap off to thy  
fortunes.

*Pom.* Thou hast serv'd me with much  
faith.

What 's else to say?

Be jolly, lords.

*Ant.* These quick-sands, Lepidus,  
Keep off them, for you sink.

*Men.* Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

*Pom.* What say'st thou?

*Men.* Wilt thou be lord of the whole  
world? That 's twice.

*Pom.* How should that be?

*Men.* But entertain it,  
And, though thou think me poor, I am the  
man 70

Will give thee all the world.

*Pom.* Hast thou drunk well?

*Men.* No, Pompey, I have kept me from  
the cup.

Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:  
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,  
Is thine, if thou wilt ha 't.

*Pom.*

Show me which way.

*Men.* These three world-sharers, these  
competitors,

Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable;  
And, when we are put off, fall to their  
throats:

All there is thine.

*Pom.* Ah! this thou should'st have  
done,

And not have spoke on 't. In me 't is vil-  
lany;

In thee 't had been good service. Thou  
must know 81

'T is not my profit that does lead mine hon-  
our;

Mine honour, it. Repent that e'er thy  
tongue

Hath so betray'd thine act; being done un-  
known,

I should have found it afterwards well done.  
But must condemn it now. Desist, and  
drink.

*Men. Aside.* For this,  
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.

Who seeks, and will not take when once 't is  
offer'd,

Shall never find it more.

*Pom.* This health to Lepidus!

*Ant.* Bear him ashore. I'll pledge it for  
him, Pompey. 91

*Eno.* Here 's to thee, Menas!

*Men.* Enobarbus, welcome!

*Pom.* Fill till the cup be hid.

*Eno.* There 's a strong fellow, Menas.

*Pointing to the Attendant who carries  
off LEPIDUS.*

*Men.* Why?

*Eno.* A' bears the third part of the world,  
man; see'st not?

*Men.* The third part then is drunk;  
would it were all,

That it might go on wheels!

*Eno.* Drink thou; increase the reels. 100

*Men.* Come.

*Pom.* This is not yet an Alexandrian  
feast.

*Ant.* It ripens towards it. Strike the  
vessels, ho!

Here is to Cæsar!

*Cæs.* I could well forbear 't.  
It 's monstrous labour, when I wash my  
brain,

And it grows fouler.

*Ant.* Be a child o' the time.

*Cæs.* Possess it, I'll make answer;  
But I had rather fast from all four days

Than drink so much in one. 109

*Eno.* To ANTONY. Ha! my brave em-  
peror;

Shall we dance now the Egyptian Baccha-  
nals,

And celebrate our drink?

*Pom.* Let 's ha 't, good soldier.

*Ant.* Come, let us all take hands,

Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd  
our sense  
In soft and delicate Lethe.  
*Eno.* All take hands.  
Make battery to our ears with the loud  
music;  
The while I'll place you; then the boy shall  
sing,  
The holding every man shall bear as loud  
As his strong sides can volley.

*Music plays. ENOBARBUS places them  
hand in hand.*

## SONG.

*Come, thou monarch of the vine, 120  
Plumby Bacchus with pink eyne!  
In thy vats our cares be drown'd,  
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd:  
Cup us, till the world go round,  
Cup us, till the world go round!*

*Cæs.* What would you more? *Pompey,*  
good night. Good brother,  
Let me request you off; our graver business  
Frowns at this levity. Gentle lords, let 's  
part;  
You see we have burnt our cheeks; strong  
*Enobarb*  
Is weaker than the wine, and mine own  
tongue 130  
Splits what it speaks; the wild disguise  
hath almost  
Antick'd us all. What needs more words?  
Good night.

Good Antony, your hand.

*Pom.* I'll try you on the shore.

*Ant.* And shall, sir. Give 's your hand.

*Pom.* O Antony!

You have my father's house,—But what?  
we are friends.

Come down into the boat.

*Eno.* Take heed you fall not.

*Exeunt POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY,  
and Attendants.*

*Menas,* I'll not on shore.

*Men.* No, to my cabin.  
These drums! these trumpets, flutes!  
what!

Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell  
To these great fellows: sound and be  
hang'd! sound out!

*A flourish of trumpets, with drums.*

*Eno.* Hoo! says a'. There 's my cap. 141

*Men.* Hoo! Noble captain! come.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT III

## SCENE I.—A Plain in Syria.

*Enter VENTIDIUS as it were in triumph, with  
SILIUS, and other Romans, Officers, and  
Soldiers; the dead body of PACORUS  
borne before him.*

*Ven.* Now, darting Parthia, art thou  
struck; and now  
Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus'  
death

Make me revenger. Bear the king's son's  
body

Before our army. Thy Pacorus, Orides,  
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

*Sil.* Noble Ventidius,  
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is  
warm,  
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through  
Media,  
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither  
The routed fly; so thy grand captain Antony  
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots and 10  
Put garlands on thy head.

*Ven.* O Silius, Silius!  
I have done enough; a lower place, note  
well,  
May make too great an act; for learn this,  
*Silius,*

Better to leave undone than by our deed  
Acquire too high a fame when him we serve  
's away.

*Cæsar* and Antony have ever won  
More in their officer than person; *Sossius,*  
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,  
For quick accumulation of renown,  
Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his  
favour. 20

Who does i' the wars more than his captain  
can

Becomes his captain's captain; and ambi-  
tion,

The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of  
loss

Than gain which darkens him.  
I could do more to do Antonius good,  
But 't would offend him; and in his offence  
Should my performance perish.

*Sil.* Thou hast, Ventidius, that  
Without the which a soldier, and his sword,  
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write  
to Antony? 29

*Ven.* I'll humbly signify what in his  
name,

That magical word of war, we have effected;  
How, with his banners and his well-paid  
ranks,

The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia  
We have jaded out o' the field.

*Sil.* Where is he now?

*Ven.* He purposeth to Athens; whither,  
with what haste

The weight we must convey with 's will  
permit,

We shall appear before him. On, there;  
pass along. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Rome. A Room in CÆSAR'S  
House.

*Enter AGRIPPA and ENOBARBUS, meeting.*

*Agr.* What! are the brothers parted?

*Eno.* They have dispatch'd with Pompey;  
he is gone,

The other three are sealing. Octavia  
weeps

To part from Rome; Cæsar is sad; and  
*Lepidus,*

Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is  
troubled

With the green sickness.

*Agr.* 'T is a noble Lepidus.

*Eno.* A very fine one. O! how he loves  
Cæsar.

*Ag.* Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

*E.* Cæsar? Why, he 's the Jupiter of men.

*Ag.* What 's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

*E.* Spake you of Cæsar? How! the nonpareil!

*Ag.* O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

*E.* Would you praise Cæsar, say 'Cæsar'; go no further.

*Ag.* Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.

*E.* But he loves Cæsar best; yet he loves Antony.

Hoo! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number; hoo!

His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar, Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

*Ag.* Both he loves.

*E.* They are his shards, and he their beetle. *Trumpets within.*

So;  
This is to horse. Adieu, noble Agrippa. 21

*Ag.* Good fortune, worthy soldier, and farewell.

*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.*

*Ant.* No further, sir.

*Cæs.* You take from me a great part of myself;

Use me well in 't. Sister, prove such a wife As my thoughts make thee, and as my

furthest band Shall pass on thy approval. Most noble

Antony,

Let not the piece of virtue, which is set Betwixt us as the cement of our love

To keep it builded, be the ram to batter 30 The fortress of it; for better might we

Havelov'd without this mean, if on both parts This be not cherish'd.

*Ant.* Make me not offended In your distrust.

*Cæs.* I have said.

*Ant.* You shall not find, Though you be therein curious, the least

cause For what you seem to fear. So, the gods

keep you, And make the hearts of Romans serve your

ends! We will here part.

*Cæs.* Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well.

The elements be kind to thee, and make 40 Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

*Octa.* My noble brother!

*Ant.* The April 's in her eyes; it is love's spring,

And these the showers to bring it on. Be cheerful.

*Octa.* Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

*Cæs.* What, Octavia?

*Octa.* I 'll tell you in your ear.

*Ant.* Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can

Her heart inform her tongue,—the swan's down-feather,

That stands upon the swell at full of tide, And neither way inclines. 49

*E.* *Aside to AGRIPPA.* Will Cæsar weep?

*Ag.* He has a cloud in 's face.

*E.* He were the worse for that were he a horse;

So is he, being a man.

*Ag.* Why, Enobarbus, When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead

He cried almost to roaring; and he wept When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

*E.* That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;

What willingly he did confound he wail'd, Believe 't, till I wept too.

*Cæs.* No, sweet Octavia, You shall hear from me still; the time shall

not 60 Out-go my thinking on you.

*Ant.* Come, sir, come; I 'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:

Look, here I have you; thus I let you go, And give you to the gods.

*Cæs.* Adieu; be happy!

*Lep.* Let all the number of the stars give light

To thy fair way!

*Cæs.* Farewell, farewell!

*Ant.* Kisses OCTAVIA. Farewell!

*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.*

*Cleo.* Where is the fellow?

*Alex.* Half afraid to come.

*Cleo.* Go to, go to. Come hither, sir.

*Enter the Messenger.*

*Alex.* Good majesty,

Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you But when you are well pleas'd.

*Cleo.* That Herod's head I 'll have; but how, when Antony is gone

Through whom I might command it? Come thou near.

*Mess.* Most gracious majesty!

*Cleo.* Didst thou behold Octavia?

*Mess.* Ay, dread queen.

*Cleo.* Where?

*Mess.* Madam, in Rome;

I look'd her in the face, and saw her led 12 Between her brother and Mark Antony.

*Cleo.* Is she as tall as me?

*Mess.* She is not, madam.

*Cleo.* Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-tongued or low?

*Mess.* Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voiced.

*Cleo.* That 's not so good. He cannot like her long.

*Char.* Like her! O Isis! 't is impossible.  
*Cleo.* I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue, and dwarfish!  
 What majesty is in her gait? Remember, 20  
 If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

*Mess.* She creeps;  
 Her motion and her station are as one;  
 She shows a body rather than a life,  
 A statue than a breather.

*Cleo.* Is this certain?  
*Mess.* Or I have no observance.  
*Char.* Three in Egypt  
 Cannot make better note.

*Cleo.* He's very knowing,  
 I do perceive 't. There's nothing in her yet.  
 The fellow has good judgment.

*Char.* Excellent.  
*Cleo.* Guess at her years, I prithee.

*Mess.* Madam,  
 She was a widow, —

*Cleo.* Widow! Charmian, hark.  
*Mess.* And I do think she's thirty. 31

*Cleo.* Bear'st thou her face in mind? is 't  
 long or round?

*Mess.* Round even to faultiness.  
*Cleo.* For the most part, too, they are fool-  
 ish that are so.

Her hair, what colour?  
*Mess.* Brown, madam; and her forehead  
 As low as she would wish it.

*Cleo.* There's gold for thee:  
 Thou must not take my former sharpness ill.  
 I will employ thee back again; I find thee  
 Most fit for business. Go make thee ready;  
 Our letters are prepar'd. *Exit Messenger.*

*Char.* A proper man.  
*Cleo.* Indeed, he is so; I repent me much  
 That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by  
 him, 43

This creature's no such thing.  
*Char.* Nothing, madam.

*Cleo.* The man has seen some majesty,  
 and should know.

*Char.* Hath he seen majesty? Isis else  
 defend,

And serving you so long!  
*Cleo.* I have one thing more to ask him  
 yet, good Charmian:

But 't is no matter; thou shalt bring him to  
 me, 44

Where I will write. All may be well enough.  
*Char.* I warrant you, madam. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Athens. A Room in ANTONY'S House.*

*Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.*

*Ant.* Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,  
 That were excusable, that, and thousands  
 more

Of semblable import, but he hath wag'd  
 New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will,  
 and read it

To public ear:  
 Spoke scanty of me; when perforce he  
 could not

But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly  
 He vented them; most narrow measure lent  
 me;

When the best hint was given him, he not  
 took 't,

Or did it from his teeth.

*Octa.* O my good lord!  
 Believe not all; or, if you must believe, 11  
 Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,  
 If this division chance, ne'er stood between,  
 Praying for both parts:

The good gods will mock me presently,  
 When I shall pray, 'O! bless my lord and  
 husband';

Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,  
 'O! bless my brother.' Husband win, win  
 brother,

Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway  
 'Twixt these extremes at all.

*Ant.* Gentle Octavia,  
 Let your best love draw to that point which  
 seeks 21

Best to preserve it. If I lose mine honour  
 I lose myself; better I were not yours

Than yours so branchless. But, as you re-  
 quested,

Yourself shall go between's; the mean  
 time, lady,

I'll raise the preparation of a war  
 Shall stain your brother; make your soonest  
 haste,

So your desires are yours.

*Octa.* Thanks to my lord.  
 The Jove of power make me most weak,  
 most weak,

Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain  
 would be 30

As if the world should cleave, and that slain  
 men

Should solder up the rift.

*Ant.* When it appears to you where this  
 begins,

Turn your displeasure that way; for our  
 faults

Can never be so equal that your love  
 Can equally move with them. Provide your  
 going;

Choose your own company, and command  
 what cost

Your heart has mind to. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Same. Another Room.*

*Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting.*

*Eno.* How now, friend Eros!

*Eros.* There's strange news come, sir.

*Eno.* What, man?

*Eros.* Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars  
 upon Pompey.

*Eno.* This is old: what is the success?

*Eros.* Cæsar, having made use of him in  
 the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied  
 him rivalry, would not let him partake in  
 the glory of the action; and not resting here,  
 accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote  
 to Pompey; upon his own appeal, seizes  
 him: so the poor third is up, till death en-  
 large his confine. 13

*Eno.* Then, world, thou hast a pair of  
 chaps, no more;

And throw between them all the food thou  
 hast,

They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony?

*Eros.* He's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns The rush that lies before him; cries 'Fool, Lepidus!'

And threats the throat of that his officer That murder'd Pompey.

*Eno.* Our great navy's rigg'd.

*Eros.* For Italy and Cæsar. More, Domitius; 21

My lord desires you presently: my news I might have told hereafter.

*Eno.* 'T will be naught;

But let it be. Bring me to Antony.

*Eros.* Come, sir. *Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Rome. A Room in CÆSAR'S House.*

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECÆNAS.*

*Cæs.* Contemning Rome, he has done all this, and more,

In Alexandria; here's the manner of 't; P the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd, Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold Were publicly enthron'd; at the feet sat Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son, And all the unlawful issue that their lust Since then hath made between them. Unto her

He gave the stablishment of Egypt; made her

Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, 10  
Absolute queen.

*Mec.* This in the public eye?

*Cæs.* P the common show-place, where they exercise.

His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings;

Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia

He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd

Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia. She

In the habiliments of the goddess Isis

That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience,

As 't is reported, so.

*Mec.*

Let Rome be thus

Inform'd.

*Ag.* Who, queasy with his insolence Already, will their good thoughts call from him. 21

*Cæs.* The people know it; and have now receiv'd

His accusations.

*Ag.* Whom does he accuse?

*Cæs.* Cæsar; and that, having in Sicily Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him

His part o' the isle; then does he say he lent me

Some shipping unrestor'd; lastly, he frets

That Lepidus of the triumvirate

Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain

All his revenue.

*Ag.* Sir, this should be answer'd.

*Cæs.* 'T is done already, and the messenger gone. 31

I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;

That he his high authority abus'd, And did deserve his change: for what I have conquer'd,

I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia, And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I Demand the like.

*Mec.* He'll never yield to that.

*Cæs.* Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

*Enter OCTAVIA, with her Train.*

*Octa.* Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!

*Cæs.* That ever I should call thee castaway! 40

*Octa.* You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

*Cæs.* Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come not

Like Cæsar's sister; the wife of Antony

Should have an army for an usher, and

The neighs of horse to tell of her approach

Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way

Should have borne men; and expectation faint'd,

Longing for what it had not; nay, the dust Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,

Rais'd by your populous troops. But you are come 50

A market-maid to Rome, and have prevented

The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown,

Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you

By sea and land, supplying every stage

With an augmented greeting.

*Octa.* Good my lord,

To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it

On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony, Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted

My grieved ear withal; whereon, I begg'd His pardon for return.

*Cæs.* Which soon he granted,

Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him. 61

*Octa.* Do not say so, my lord.

*Cæs.* I have eyes upon him,

And his affairs come to me on the wind.

Where is he now?

*Octa.* My lord, in Athens.

*Cæs.* No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra

Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire

Up to a whore; who now are levying

The kings o' the earth for war. He hath assembled

Bocchus, the King of Libya; Archelaus,

Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, King 70

Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adal-las;

King Malchus of Arabia; King of Pont;

Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, King

Of Comagene; Polemon and Amyntas,

The Kings of Mede and Lycaonia,  
With a more larger list of sceptres.

*Octa.* Ay me, most wretched,  
That have my heart parted betwixt two  
friends

That do afflict each other!

*Cæs.* Welcome hither:  
Your letters did withhold our breaking  
forth,

Till we perceiv'd both how you were wrong  
led

And we in negligent danger. Cheer your  
heart;

Be you not troubled with the time, which  
drives

O'er your content these strong necessities,  
But let determin'd things to destiny

Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to  
Rome;

Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd  
Beyond the mark of thought, and the high  
gods,

To do you justice, make their ministers  
Of us and those that love you. Best of com-  
fort,

And ever welcome to us.

*Ag.* Welcome, lady.  
*Mec.* Welcome, dear madam.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you;  
Only the adulterous Antony, most large  
In his abominations, turns you off,  
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,  
That noises it against us.

*Octa.* Is it so, sir?  
*Cæs.* Most certain. Sister, welcome;  
pray you,  
Be ever known to patience; my dear'st sister!  
*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—ANTONY'S *Camp, near the  
Promontory of Actium.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.*

*Cleo.* I will be even with thee, doubt it  
not.

*Eno.* But why, why, why?

*Cleo.* Thou hast forspoke my being in  
these wars,

And say'st it is not fit.

*Eno.* Well, is it, is it?

*Cleo.* If not denounc'd against us, why  
should not we

Be there in person?

*Eno. Aside.* Well, I could reply:

If we should serve with horse and mares  
together,

The horse were merely lost; the mares  
would bear

A soldier and his horse.

*Cleo.* What is 't you say?

*Eno.* Your presence needs must puzzle  
Antony;

Take from his heart, take from his brain,  
from 's time,

What should not then be spar'd. He is al-  
ready

Traduc'd for levity, and 't is said in Rome  
That Photinus, an eunuch, and your maids  
Manage this war.

*Cleo.* Sink Rome, and their tongues rot  
That speak against us! A charge we bear  
i' the war,

And, as the president of my kingdom, will  
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;  
I will not stay behind.

*Eno.* Nay, I have done. 20  
Here comes the emperor.

*Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.*

*Ant.* Is it not strange, Canidius,  
That from Tarentum and Brundisium  
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,  
And take in Toryne? You have heard on 't,  
sweet?

*Cleo.* Celerity is never more admir'd  
Than by the negligent.

*Ant.* A good rebuke,  
Which might have well becom'd the best of  
men,

To taunt at slackness. Canidius, we  
Will fight with him by sea.

*Cleo.* By sea! What else?

*Can.* Why will my lord do so?

*Ant.* For that he dares us to 't.

*Eno.* So hath my lord dar'd him to single  
fight.

*Can.* Ay, and to wage this battle at Phar-  
salia,

Where Cæsar fought with Pompey; but  
these offers,

Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes  
off;

And so should you.

*Eno.* Your ships are not well mann'd;  
Your mariners are muleters, reapers, people  
Ingross'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet  
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey  
fought:

Their ships are yare; yours, heavy. No dis-  
grace

Shall fall you for refusing him at sea, 30  
Being prepar'd for land.

*Ant.* By sea, by sea.

*Eno.* Most worthy sir, you therein throw  
away

The absolute soldiership you have by land;  
Distract your army, which doth most con-  
sist

Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted  
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego  
The way which promises assurance; and  
Give up yourself merely to chance and  
hazard

From firm security.

*Ant.* I'll fight at sea.

*Cleo.* I have sixty sails, Cæsar none bet-  
ter.

*Ant.* Our overplus of shipping will we  
burn;

And with the rest, full-mann'd, from the  
head of Actium

Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,  
We then can do 't at land.

*Enter a Messenger.*

Thy business?

*Mess.* The news is true, my lord; he is  
descried;

Cæsar has taken Toryne.

*Ant.* Can he be there in person? 't is impossible;  
Strange that his power should be. Canidius,  
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,  
And our twelve thousand horse. We'll to  
our ship:  
Away, my Thetis!

*Enter a Soldier.*

How now, worthy soldier! 60  
*Sold.* O noble emperor! do not fight by  
sea;  
Trust not to rotten planks: do you misdoubt  
This sword and these my wounds? Let the  
Egyptians  
And the Phœnicians go a-ducking; we  
Have used to conquer standing on the  
earth,  
And fighting foot to foot.

*Ant.* Well, well: away!

*Exeunt ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and  
ENOBARBUS.*

*Sold.* By Hercules, I think I am i' the  
right.

*Can.* Soldier, thou art; but his whole  
action grows 69

Not in the power on 't: so our leader's led,  
And we are women's men.

*Sold.* You keep by land  
The legions and the horse whole, do you  
not?

*Can.* Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,  
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea;  
But we keep whole by land. This speed of  
Cæsar's

Carries beyond belief.

*Sold.* While he was yet in Rome  
His power went out in such distractions as  
Beguil'd all spies.

*Can.* Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

*Sold.* They say, one Taurus.

*Can.* Well I know the man.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* The emperor calls Canidius. 80

*Can.* With news the time's with labour,  
and throes forth  
Each minute some. *Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—A Plain near Actium.

*Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, and  
Others.*

*Cæs.* Taurus!

*Taur.* My lord?

*Cæs.* Strike not by land; keep whole:  
provoke not battle,  
Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed  
The prescript of this scroll: our fortune lies  
Upon this jump. *Exeunt.*

*Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.*

*Ant.* Set we our squadrons on yond side  
o' the hill,  
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place  
We may the number of the ships behold,  
And so proceed accordingly. *Exeunt.* 10

*Enter CANIDIUS, marching with his land  
army one way over the stage; and TAU-  
RUS, the Lieutenant of CÆSAR, the other  
way. After their going in, is heard the  
noise of a sea-fight.*

*Alarum. Re-enter ENOBARBUS.*

*Eno.* Naught, naught, all naught! I can  
behold no longer.  
The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,  
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder;  
To see 't mine eyes are blasted.

*Enter SCARUS.*

*Scar.* Gods and goddesses,  
All the whole synod of them!

*Eno.* What's thy passion?

*Scar.* The greater cantele of the world is  
lost

With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away  
Kingdoms and provinces.

*Eno.* How appears the fight?

*Scar.* On our side like the token'd pesti-  
lence,

Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred nag of  
Egypt, 20

Whom leprosy o'ertake! i' the midst o' the  
fight,

When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,  
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,  
The breese upon her, like a cow in June,  
Hoists sails and flies.

*Eno.* That I beheld:

Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could  
not

Endure a further view.

*Scar.* She once being loof'd,  
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,  
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting  
mallard, 29

Leaving the fight in height, flies after her.  
I never saw an action of such shame;  
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before  
Did violate so itself.

*Eno.* Alack, alack!

*Enter CANIDIUS.*

*Can.* Our fortune on the sea is out of  
breath,  
And sinks most lamentably. Had our gen-  
eral

Been what he knew himself, it had gone  
well:  
O! he has given example for our flight  
Most grossly by his own.

*Eno.* Ay, are you thereabouts?

Why then good night indeed.

*Can.* Toward Peloponnesus are they  
fled. 40

*Scar.* 'T is easy to 't; and there I will at-  
tend

What further comes.

*Can.* To Cæsar will I render  
My legions and my horse; six kings already  
Show me the way of yielding.

*Eno.* I'll yet follow  
The wounded chance of Antony, though my  
reason

Sits in the wind against me. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter ANTONY and Attendants.*

*Ant.* Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon 't;  
It is asham'd to bear me. Friends, come hither:

I am so lated in the world that I  
Have lost my way for ever. I have a ship  
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,  
And make your peace with Cæsar.

*Att.* Fly! not we.  
*Ant.* I have fled myself, and have instructed cowards  
To run and show their shoulders. Friends, be gone;

I have myself resolv'd upon a course  
Which has no need of you; be gone: 10  
My treasure 's in the harbour, take it. O!  
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:  
My very hairs do mutiny, for the white  
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them

For fear and doting. Friends, be gone; you shall  
Have letters from me to some friends that will

Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,  
Nor make replies of loathness; take the hint

Which my despair proclaims; let that be left  
Which leaves itself; to the sea-side straight-way; 20

I will possess you of that ship and treasure.  
Leave me, I pray, a little; pray you now:  
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,

Therefore I pray you. I'll see you by and by. *Sits down.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA led by CHARMIAN and IRAS; EROS following.*

*Eros.* Nay, gentle madam, to him, comfort him.

*Iras.* Do, most dear queen.

*Char.* Do! Why, what else?

*Cleo.* Let me sit down. O Juno!

*Ant.* No, no, no, no, no.

*Eros.* See you here, sir? 30

*Ant.* O fie, fie, fie!

*Char.* Madam!

*Iras.* Madam; O good empress!

*Eros.* Sir, sir!

*Ant.* Yes, my lord, yes. He at Philippi kept

His sword e'en like a dancer, while I struck  
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 't was I  
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone  
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had  
In the brave squares of war: yet now—No matter. 40

*Cleo.* Ah! stand by.

*Eros.* The queen, my lord, the queen.

*Iras.* Go to him, madam, speak to him:  
He is unqualitied with very shame.

*Cleo.* Well then, sustain me: O!

*Eros.* Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches;

Her head 's declin'd, and death will seize her, but

Your comfort makes the rescue.

*Ant.* I have offended reputation,

A most unnoble swerving.

*Eros.* Sir, the queen.

*Ant.* O! whither hast thou led me, Egypt! 5

See,

How I convey my shame out of thine eyes  
By looking back on what I have left behind  
Stroy'd in dishonour.

*Cleo.* O my lord, my lord!  
Forgive my fearful sails: I little thought  
You would have follow'd.

*Ant.* Egypt, thou knew'st too well  
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,

And thou should'st tow me after; o'er my spirit

Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that  
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods 60

Command me.

*Cleo.* O! my pardon.

*Ant.* Now I must  
To the young man send humble treaties,  
dodge

And palter in the shifts of lowness, who  
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I

pleas'd,  
Making and marring fortunes. You did know

How much you were my conqueror, and that  
My sword, made weak by my affection, would

Obeys it on all cause.

*Cleo.* Pardon, pardon!

*Ant.* Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates

All that is won and lost. Give me a kiss; 70  
Even this repays me. We sent our schoolmaster;

Is he come back? Love, I am full of lead.  
Some wine, within there, and our viands!

Fortune knows  
We scorn her, most when most she offers blows. *Exeunt*

SCENE X.—*Egypt. CÆSAR'S Camp.*

*Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, and Others.*

*Cæs.* Let him appear that 's come from Antony.

Know you him?

*Dol.* Cæsar, 't is his schoolmaster:  
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither  
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,  
Which had superfluous kings for messengers  
Not many moons gone by.

*Enter EUPHRONIUS.*

*Cæs.* Approach, and speak.

*Euph.* Such as I am, I come from Antony:  
I was of late as petty to his ends  
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf  
To his grand sea.

*Cæs.* Be 't so. Declare thine office.

*Euph.* Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee and  
Requires to live in Egypt; which not granted,  
He lessens his requests, and to thee sues  
To let him breathe between the heavens  
and earth,

A private man in Athens; this for him.  
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness,  
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves  
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,  
Now hazarded to thy grace.

*Cæs.* For Antony,  
I have no ears to his request. The queen 20  
Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she  
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,  
Or take his life there; this if she perform,  
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

*Euph.* Fortune pursue thee!

*Cæs.* Bring him through the bands.

*Exit EUPHRONIUS.*

To THYREUS. To try thy eloquence, now  
'tis time; dispatch.

From Antony win Cleopatra; promise,  
And in our name, what she requires; add  
more,

From thine invention, offers. Women are  
not

In their best fortunes strong, but want will  
perjure 30

The ne'er-touch'd vestal. Try thy cunning,  
Thyreus;

Make thine own edict for thy pains, which  
we

Will answer as a law.

*Thyr.* Cæsar, I go.

*Cæs.* Observe how Antony becomes his  
flaw,

And what thou think'st his very action  
speaks

In every power that moves.

*Thyr.* Cæsar, I shall. *Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.—*Alexandria. A Room in the  
Palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHAR-  
MIAN, and IRAS.*

*Cleo.* What shall we do, Enobarbus?

*Eno.* Think, and die.

*Cleo.* Is Antony or we in fault for this?

*Eno.* Antony only, that would make his  
will

Lord of his reason. What though you fled  
From that great face of war, whose several  
ranges

Frighted each other, why should he follow?  
The itch of his affection should not then

Have nick'd his captainship; at such a  
point,

When half to half the world oppos'd, he be-  
ing

The mered question. 'T was a shame no  
less 10

Than was his loss, to course your flying  
flags,

And leave his navy gazing.

*Cleo.* Prithee, peace.

*Enter ANTONY, with EUPHRONIUS.*

*Ant.* Is that his answer?

*Euph.* Ay, my lord.

*Ant.* The queen shall then have courtesy,  
so she

Will yield us up.

*Euph.* He says so.

*Ant.*

Let her know 't.  
To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,  
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim

With principalities.

*Cleo.* That head, my lord?

*Ant.* To him again. Tell him he wears  
the rose 20

Of youth upon him, from which the world  
should note

Something particular; his coin, ships, le-  
gions,

May be a coward's, whose ministers would  
prevail

Under the service of a child as soon

As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him  
therefore

To lay his gay comparisons apart,

And answer me declin'd, sword against  
sword,

Ourselves alone. I'll write it: follow me.

*Exeunt ANTONY and EUPHRONIUS.*

*Eno. Aside.* Yes, like enough, high-bat-  
tled Cæsar will

Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the  
show 30

Against a sworder! I see men's judgments  
are

A parcel of their fortunes, and things out-  
ward

Do draw the inward quality after them,  
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,

Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will  
Answer his emptiness! Cæsar, thou hast  
subdu'd

His judgment too.

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Att.* A messenger from Cæsar.

*Cleo.* What! no more ceremony? See!  
my women:

Against the blown rose may they stop their  
nose,

That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him,  
sir. *Exit Attendant.*

*Eno. Aside.* Mine honesty and I begin to  
square. 41

The loyalty well held to fools does make  
Our faith mere folly; yet he that can endure

To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord,  
Does conquer him that did his master con-  
quer,

And earns a place i' the story.

*Enter THYREUS.*

*Cleo.* Cæsar's will?

*Thyr.* Hear it apart.

*Cleo.* None but friends; say boldly.

*Thyr.* So, haply, are they friends to An-  
tony.

*Eno.* He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar  
has,

Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our mas-  
ter 50

Will leap to be his friend; for us, you  
know  
Whose he is we are, and that is Cæsar's.

*Thyr.* So.  
Thus then, thou most renown'd: Cæsar en-  
treats,

Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,  
Further than he is Cæsar.

*Cleo.* Go on; right royal.

*Thyr.* He knows that you embrace not  
Antony

As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

*Cleo.* O!

*Thyr.* The scars upon your honour there-  
fore he

Does pity, as constrained blemishes, 59  
Not as deserv'd.

*Cleo.* He is a god, and knows  
What is most right. Mine honour was not  
yielded,

But conquer'd merely.

*Eno. Aside.* To be sure of that,  
I will ask Antony. Sir, sir, thou art so leaky,  
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for  
Thy dearest quit thee. *Exit.*

*Thyr.* Shall I say to Cæsar  
What you require of him? for he partly begs  
To be desir'd to give. It much would please  
him,

That of his fortunes you should make a staff  
To lean upon; but it would warm his spirits  
To hear from me you had left Antony, 70  
And put yourself under his shroud,  
The universal landlord.

*Cleo.* What's your name?

*Thyr.* My name is Thyreus.

*Cleo.* Most kind messenger,  
Say to great Cæsar this: in deputation  
I kiss his conquer'ing hand; tell him, I am  
prompt

To lay my crown at's feet, and there to  
kneel;

Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear  
The doom of Egypt.

*Thyr.* 'T is your noblest course.  
Wisdom and fortune combating together,  
If that the former dare but what it can, 80  
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to  
lay

My duty on your hand.

*Cleo.* Your Cæsar's father oft,  
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,  
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place  
As it rain'd kisses.

*Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.*

*Ant.* Favours, by Jove that thunders!  
What art thou, fellow?

*Thyr.* One that but performs  
The bidding of the fullest man, and worth-  
iest

To have command obey'd.

*Eno. Aside.* You will be whipp'd.

*Ant.* Approach, there! Ay, you kite!

Now, gods and devils!

Authority melts from me: of late, when I  
cried 'Ho!' 90

Like boys unto a muss, kings would start  
forth,

And cry 'Your will?' Have you no ears? I  
am

Antony yet,

*Enter Attendants.*

Take hence this Jack and whip him.

*Eno. Aside.* 'T is better playing with a  
lion's whelp

Than with an old one dying.

*Ant.* Moon and stars!

Whip him. Were 't twenty of the greatest  
tributaries

That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find  
them

So saucy with the hand of—she here, what's  
her name, 98

Since she was Cleopatra? Whip him, fel-  
lows,

Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face  
And whine aloud for mercy; take him hence.

*Thyr.* Mark Antony,—

*Ant.* Tug him away; being whipp'd,  
Bring him again; this Jack of Cæsar's shall  
Bear us an errand to him.

*Exeunt Attendants with THYREUS.*

You were half blasted ere I knew you: ha!  
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,  
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,  
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd  
By one that looks on feeders?

*Cleo.* Good my lord,—

*Ant.* You have been a boggler ever: 110  
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,  
O misery on 't! the wise gods seel our  
eyes;

In our own filth drop our clear judgments;  
make us

Adore our errors; laugh at 's, while we strut  
To our confusion.

*Cleo.* O! is 't come to this?

*Ant.* I found you as a morsel cold upon  
Dead Cæsar's trencher, nay; you were a  
fragment

Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter  
hours,

Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have  
Luxuriously pick'd out; for I am sure, 120

Though you can guess what temperance  
should be,

You know not what it is.

*Cleo.* Wherefore is this?

*Ant.* To let a fellow that will take rewards  
And say 'God quit you!' be familiar with

My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal  
And plighter of high hearts. O! that I were

Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar  
The horned herd; for I have savage cause;

And to proclaim it civilly were like  
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman

thank 130  
For being yare about him.

*Re-enter Attendants with THYREUS.*

Is he whipp'd?

*First Att.* Soundly, my lord.

*Ant.* Cried he? and begg'd a pardon?

*First Att.* He did ask favour.

*Ant.* If that thy father live, let him re-  
pent

Thou wast not made his daughter; and be  
thou sorry  
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since  
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him:  
henceforth

The white hand of a lady fever thee,  
Shake thou to look on 't. Get thee back to  
Cæsar,

Tell him thy entertainment; look thou say  
He makes me angry with him; for he seems  
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,  
Not what he knew I was: he makes me  
angry;

And at this time most easy 't is to do 't,  
When my good stars, that were my former  
guides,

Have empty left their orbs, and shot their  
fires

Into the abyssm of hell. If he mislike  
My speech and what is done, tell him he  
has

Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman,  
whom

He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or tor-  
ture,

As he shall like, to quit me: urge it thou:  
Hence! with thy stripes; be gone!

*Exit* THYREUS.

*Cleo.* Have you done yet?

*Ant.* Alack! our terrestre moon  
Is now eclips'd; and it portends alone  
The fall of Antony.

*Cleo.* I must stay his time.  
*Ant.* To flatter Cæsar would you mingle  
eyes

With one that ties his points?

*Cleo.* Not know me yet?  
*Ant.* Cold-hearted toward me?

*Cleo.* Ah! dear, if I be so,  
From my cold heart let heaven engender  
hail,

And poison it in the source; and the first  
stone

Drop in my neck: as it determines, so  
Dissolve my life. The next Cæsarion smite,  
Till by degrees the memory of my womb,  
Together with my brave Egyptians all,  
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,  
Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile  
Have buried them for prey!

*Ant.* I am satisfied.  
Cæsar sits down in Alexandria, where  
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land  
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too  
Have knit again, and fleet, threat'ning most  
sealike.

Where hast thou been, my heart? Dost thou  
hear, lady?

If from the field I shall return once more  
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;  
I and my sword will earn our chronicle:  
There's hope in 't yet.

*Cleo.* That's my brave lord!  
*Ant.* I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted,  
breath'd,

And fight maliciously; for when mine hours  
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives  
Of me for jests; but now I'll set my  
teeth

And send to darkness all that stop me.  
Come,

Let's have one other gaudy night: call to  
me

All my sad captains; fill our bowls once  
more;

Let's mock the midnight bell.

*Cleo.* It is my birth-day:  
I had thought to have held it poor; but since  
my lord

Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

*Ant.* We will yet do well.

*Cleo.* Call all his noble captains to my  
lord.

*Ant.* Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-  
night I'll force

The wine peep through their scars. Come  
on, my queen;

There's sap in 't yet. The next time I do  
fight

I'll make death love me, for I will contend  
Even with his pestilent scythe.

*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and  
*Attendants.*

*Eno.* Now he'll outstare the lightning. To  
be furious

Is to be frighted out of fear, and in that  
mood

The dove will peck the estridge; and I see  
still,

A diminution in our captain's brain  
Restores his heart. When valour preys on  
reason

It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek  
Some way to leave him. *Exit.* 201

## ACT IV

SCENE I.—*Before Alexandria.* CÆSAR'S  
Camp.

*Enter* CÆSAR, *reading a letter*; AGRIPPA,  
MECÆNAS, and Others.

*Cæs.* He calls me boy, and chides, as he  
had power

To beat me out of Egypt; my messenger  
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to  
personal combat,

Cæsar to Antony. Let the old ruffian know  
I have many other ways to die; meantime  
Laugh at his challenge.

*Mec.* Cæsar must think,  
When one so great begins to rage, he's  
hunted

Even to falling. Give him no breath, but  
now

Make boot of his distraction: never anger  
Made good guard for itself.

*Cæs.* Let our best heads  
Know that to-morrow the last of many bat-  
tles

We mean to fight. Within our files there  
are,

Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but  
late,

Enough to fetch him in. See it done;  
And feast the army; we have store to do 't,  
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor An-  
tony! *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and *Others.*

*Ant.* He will not fight with me, Domitius.

*Eno.* No.

*Ant.* Why should he not?

*Eno.* He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,

He is twenty men to one.

*Ant.* To-morrow, soldier, By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live, Or bathe my dying honour in the blood Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

*Eno.* I'll strike, and cry 'Take all.'

*Ant.* Well said; come on. Call forth my household servants; let's to-night

Be bounteous at our meal.

*Enter three or four Servitors.*

Give me thy hand. Thou hast been rightly honest; so hast thou;

Thou; and thou; and thou: you have serv'd me well,

And kings have been your fellows.

*Cleo. Aside to ENOBARBUS.* What means this?

*Eno.* 'Tis one of those odd tricks which sorrow shoots Out of the mind.

*Ant.* And thou art honest too. I wish I could be made so many men, And all of you clapp'd up together in An Antony, that I might do you service So good as you have done.

*Servitors.* The gods forbid! *Ant.* Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night:

Scant not my cups, and make as much of me As when mine empire was your fellow too, And suffer'd my command.

*Cleo. Aside to ENOBARBUS.* What does he mean?

*Eno.* To make his followers weep.

*Ant.* Tend me to-night; May be it is the period of your duty:

Haply you shall not see me more; or if, A mangled shadow: perchance to-morrow You'll serve another master. I look on you

As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,

I turn you not away; but, like a master Married to your good service, stay till death. Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more, And the gods yield you for't!

*Eno.* What mean you, sir, To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;

And I, an ass, am onion-eyed: for shame, Transform us not to women.

*Ant.* Ho, ho, ho! Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus: Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,

You take me in too dolorous a sense, For I spake to you for your comfort; did desire you

To burn this night with torches. Know, my hearts,

I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you

Where rather I'll expect victorious life Than death and honour. Let's to supper.

And drown consideration. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. Before the Palace.*

*Enter two Soldiers to their guard.*

*First Sold.* Brother, good-night; to-morrow is the day.

*Second Sold.* It will determine one way: fare you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

*First Sold.* Nothing. What news?

*Second Sold.* Belike 'tis but a rumour. Good night to you.

*First Sold.* Well, sir, good night.

*Enter two other Soldiers.*

*Second Sold.* Soldiers, have careful watch.

*Third Sold.* And you. Good night, good night. *The first two place themselves at their posts.*

*Fourth Sold.* Here we: *They take their posts.*

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope 10 Our landmen will stand up.

*Third Sold.* 'Tis a brave army, And full of purpose.

*Music of hautboys under the stage.* *Fourth Sold.* Peace! what noise?

*First Sold.* List, list!

*Second Sold.* Hark!

*First Sold.* Music! 'the air.

*Third Sold.* Under the earth.

*Fourth Sold.* It signs well, does it not?

*Third Sold.* No.

*First Sold.* Peace, I say!

What should this mean?

*Second Sold.* 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd, Now leaves him.

*First Sold.* Walk; let's see if other watchmen

Do hear what we do.

*They advance to another post.* *Second Sold.* How now, masters!

*Soldiers.* How now!—

How now!—do you hear this?

*First Sold.* Ay; is 't not strange?

*Third Sold.* Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

*First Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;

Let's see how 't will give off.

*Soldiers.* Content.—'Tis strange.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* ANTONY and CLEOPATRA; CHARMIAN and Others attending.

*Ant.* Eros! mine armour, Eros!

*Cleo.* Sleep a little.

*Ant.* No, my chuck. Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

*Enter* EROS with armour.

Come, good fellow, put mine iron on:

If fortune be not ours to-day, it is

Because we brave her. Come.

*Cleo.* Nay, I'll help too.

What's this for?

*Ant.* Ah! let be, let be; thou art The armourer of my heart: false, false; this, this.

*Cleo.* Sooth, la! I'll help: thus it must be.

*Ant.* Well, well;

We shall thrive now. Seest thou, my good fellow?

Go put on thy defences.

*Eros.* Briefly, sir. 10

*Cleo.* Is not this buckled well?

*Ant.* Rarely, rarely:

He that unbuckles this, till we do please

To doff 't for our repose, shall hear a storm.

Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a

squire

More tight at this than thou: dispatch. O

love!

That thou could'st see my wars to-day, and

knew'st

The royal occupation, thou should'st see

A workman in 't.

*Enter an armed Soldier.*

Good morrow to thee; welcome;

Thou look'st like him that knows a war-like

charge:

To business that we love we rise betime, 20

And go to 't with delight.

*Sold.* A thousand, sir,

Early though 't be, have on their riveted

trim,

And at the port expect you.

*Shout.* *Trumpets flourish.*

*Enter Captains and Soldiers.*

*Capt.* The morn is fair. Good morrow,

general.

*All.* Good morrow, general.

*Ant.* 'T is well blown, lads.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth

That means to be of note, begins betimes.

So, so; come, give me that: this way; well

said.

Fare thee well, dame, what'er becomes of

me;

This is a soldier's kiss. *Kisses her.*

*Rebukable* 30

And worthy shameful check it were, to

stand

On more mechanic compliment; I'll leave

thee

Now, like a man of steel. You that will fight, Follow me close; I'll bring you to 't. Adieu.

*Exeunt* ANTONY, EROS, Captains, and Soldiers.

*Char.* Please you, retire to your chamber.

*Cleo.* Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might

Determine this great war in single fight!

Then Antony,—but now—Well, on. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Alexandria. ANTONY'S Camp.*

*Trumpets sound. Enter* ANTONY and EROS; a Soldier meeting them.

*Sold.* The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

*Ant.* Would thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd

To make me fight at land!

*Sold.* Hadst thou done so, The kings that have revolted, and the soldier

That has this morning left thee, would have still

Follow'd thy heels.

*Ant.* Who's gone this morning?

*Sold.* Who!

One ever near thee; call for Enobarbus,

He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's

camp

Say 'I am none of thine.'

*Ant.* What say'st thou?

*Sold.* Sir,

He is with Cæsar.

*Eros.* Sir, his chests and treasure 10

He has not with him.

*Ant.* Is he gone?

*Sold.* Most certain.

*Ant.* Go, Eros, send his treasure after;

do it;

Detaim no jot, I charge thee. Write to him,

I will subscribe, gentle adieus and greet-

ings;

Say that I wish he never find more cause

To change a master. O! my fortunes have

Corrupted honest men. Dispatch. Enobar-

bus! *Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Alexandria. CÆSAR'S Camp.*

*Flourish. Enter* CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, ENOBARBUS, and Others.

*Cæs.* Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:

Our will is Antony be took alive; Make it so known.

*Agr.* Cæsar, I shall. *Exit.*

*Cæs.* The time of universal peace is near:

Prove this a prosperous day, the three-

nook'd world

Shall bear the olive freely.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Antony Is come into the field.

*Cæs.* Go charge Agrippa

Plant those that have revolted in the van,

That Antony may seem to spend his fury 10  
Upon himself.

*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train.*

*Eno.* Alexas did revolt, and went to Jewry  
on

Affairs of Antony; there did persuade  
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,  
And leave his master Antony: for this pains  
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius and the  
rest

That fell away have entertainment, but  
No honourable trust. I have done ill,  
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely  
That I will joy no more.

*Enter a Soldier of CÆSAR'S.*

*Sold.* Enobarbus, Antony  
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with 21  
His bounty overplus: the messenger  
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now  
Unloading of his mules.

*Eno.* I give it you.

*Sold.* Mock not, Enobarbus.  
I tell you true: best you saf'd the bringer  
Out of the host; I must attend mine office  
Or would have done 't myself. Your em-  
peror

Continues still a Jove.

*Exit.*

*Eno.* I am alone the villain of the earth, 30  
And feel I am so most. O Antony!  
Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou  
have paid

My better service, when my turpitude  
Thou dost so crown with gold. This blows  
my heart:

If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean  
Shall outstrike thought; but thought will  
do 't I feel.

I fight against thee! No: I will go seek  
Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best  
fits

My latter part of life.

*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—*Field of Battle between the  
Camps.*

*Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter  
AGRIPPA and Others.*

*Ag.* Retire, we have engag'd ourselves  
too far.

Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression  
Exceeds what we expected. *Exeunt.*

*Alarum. Enter ANTONY, and SCARUS  
wounded.*

*Scar.* O my brave emperor, this is fought  
indeed!

Had we done so at first, we had droven  
them home

With clouts about their heads.

*Ant.* Thou bleed'st apace.

*Scar.* I had a wound here that was like  
a T,

But now 't is made an H.

*Ant.* They do retire.

*Scar.* We'll beat 'em into bench-holes:  
I have yet

Room for six scotches more. 10

*Enter EROS.*

*Eros.* They are beaten, sir; and our ad-  
vantage serves  
For a fair victory.

*Scar.* Let us score their backs,  
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, be-  
hind:

'T is sport to maul a runner.

*Ant.* I will reward thee  
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold  
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

*Scar.* I'll halt after. *Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*Under the Walls of Alexan-  
dria.*

*Alarum. Enter ANTONY, marching;  
SCARUS and Forces.*

*Ant.* We have beat him to his camp; run  
one before

And let the queen know of our gests. To-  
morrow,

Before the sun shall see 's, we'll spill the  
blood

That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;  
For doughty-handed are you, and have  
fought

Not as you serv'd the cause, but as 't had  
been

Each man's like mine; you have shown all  
Hectors.

Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,  
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joy-  
ful tears

Wash the congealment from your wounds,  
and kiss 10

The honour'd gashes whole. Give me thy  
hand:

*Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.*

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,  
Make her thanks bless thee. O thou day  
o' the world!

Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire  
and all,

Through proof of harness to my heart, and  
there

Ride on the pants triumphing.

*Cleo.* Lord of lords!  
O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from  
The world's great snare uncaught?

*Ant.* My nightingale,  
We have beat them to their beds. What,

girl! though grey  
Do something mingle with our younger

brown, yet ha' we 20

A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can  
Get goal from goal of youth. Behold this

man;

Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand:  
Kiss it, my warrior; he hath fought to-day

As if a god, in hate of mankind, had  
Destroy'd in such a shape.

*Cleo.* I'll give thee, friend,  
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

*Ant.* He has deserv'd it, were it carbun-  
clad

Like holy Phœbus' car. Give me thy hand:  
Through Alexandria make a jolly march; 30

Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them:

Had our great palace the capacity  
To camp this host, we all would sup together  
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,  
Which promises royal peril. Trumpeters,  
With brazen din blast you the city's ear,  
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines,  
That heaven and earth may strike their  
sounds together,  
Applauding our approach. *Exeunt.*

## SCENE IX.—CÆSAR'S Camp.

*Sentinels at their Post.*

*First Sold.* If we be not reliev'd within this hour,

We must return to the court of guard: the night

Is shiny, and they say we shall embattle By the second hour i' the morn.

*Second Sold.* This last day was A shrewd one to 's.

*Enter ENOBARBUS.*

*Eno.* O bear me witness, night,—

*Third Sold.* What man is this?

*Second Sold.* Stand close and list him.

*Eno.* Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,

When men revolted shall upon record  
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did  
Before thy face repent!

*First Sold.* Enobarbus!

*Third Sold.* Peace!

*Hark further.*

*Eno.* O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,

The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me,

That life, a very rebel to my will,  
May hang no longer on me; throw my heart  
Against the flint and hardness of my fault,  
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,

And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony!

Nobler than my revolt is infamous,  
Forgive me in thine own particular;

But let the world rank me in register

A master-leaver and a fugitive.

O Antony! O Antony! *Dies.*

*Second Sold.* Let's speak

To him.

*First Sold.* Let's hear him, for the things he speaks

May concern Cæsar.

*Third Sold.* Let's do so. But he sleeps.

*First Sold.* Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his

Was never yet for sleep.

*Second Sold.* Go we to him.

*Third Sold.* Awake, sir, awake! speak to us.

*Second Sold.* Hear you, sir?

*First Sold.* The hand of death hath raught him. *Drums afar off.*

Hark! the drums

Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him

To the court of guard; he is of note: one hour

Is fully out. *33*

*Third Sold.* Come on then;  
He may recover yet. *Exeunt with the body.*

## SCENE X.—Between the two Camps.

*Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with Forces, marching.*

*Ant.* Their preparation is to-day by sea;  
We please them not by land.

*Scar.* For both, my lord.

*Ant.* I would they'd fight i' the fire or i' the air;

We'd fight there too. But this it is; our foot

Upon the hills, adjoining to the city

Shall stay with us; order for sea is given.

They have put forth the haven,

Where their appointment we may best discover

And look on their endeavour. *Exeunt.*

*Enter CÆSAR and his Forces, marching.*

*Cæs.* But being charg'd, we will be still by land,

Which, as I take't, we shall; for his best force

Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,  
And hold our best advantage! *Exeunt.*

*Re-enter ANTONY and SCARUS.*

*Ant.* Yet they are not join'd. Where yond pine does stand

I shall discover all; I'll bring thee word  
Straight how't is like to go. *Exit.*

*Scar.* Swallows have built  
In Cleopatra's sails their nests; the augurers

Say they know not, they cannot tell; look grimly,

And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony

Is valiant, and dejected; and by starts,

His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear

Of what he has and has not.

*Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.*

*Re-enter ANTONY.*

*Ant.* All's lost!

This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me;  
My fleet hath yielded to the foe, and yonder

They cast their caps up and carouse together  
Like friends long lost. Triple-turn'd whore!

't is thou  
Hast sold me to this novice, and my heart

Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly;  
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,

I have done all. Bid them all fly; be gone. *30*  
*Exit SCARUS.*

O sun! thy uprise shall I see no more;  
Fortune and Antony part here; even here

Do we shake hands. All come to this? The hearts

That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave  
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets

On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is  
bark'd,

That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am.  
 O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,  
 Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home,  
 Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,  
 Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,  
 Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.  
 What, Eros! Eros!

*Enter CLEOPATRA.*

Ah! thou spell. Avaunt!  
*Cleo.* Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?  
*Ant.* Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserv-  
 ing,  
 And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,  
 And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians;  
 Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot  
 Of all thy sex; most monster-like be shown  
 For poor'st diminutives, for dolts; and let so  
 Patient Octavia plough thy visage up  
 With her prepared nails. *Exit CLEOPATRA.*  
 'Tis well thou 'rt gone,

If it be well to live; but better 't were  
 Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death  
 Might have prevented many. Eros, ho!  
 The shirt of Nessus is upon me; teach me,  
 Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage;  
 Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the  
 moon;  
 And with those hands, that grasp'd the  
 heaviest club,  
 Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall  
 die;  
 To the young Roman boy she hath sold me,  
 and I fall  
 Under this plot; she dies for 't. Eros, ho!  
*Exit.*

SCENE XI.—*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.*

*Cleo.* Help me, my women! O! he is more mad  
 Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of  
 Thessaly  
 Was never so emboss'd.  
*Char.* To the monument!  
 There lock yourself, and send him word you  
 are dead.  
 The soul and body rive not more in parting  
 Than greatness going off.

*Cleo.* To the monument!  
 Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;  
 Say that the last I spoke was 'Antony,'  
 And word it, prithee, piteously. Hence,  
 Mardian, and bring me how he takes my  
 death.  
 To the monument! *Exeunt.* 10

SCENE XII.—*The Same. Another Room.*

*Enter ANTONY and EROS.*

*Ant.* Eros, thou yet behold 'st me?  
*Eros.* Ay, noble lord.

*Ant.* Sometime we see a cloud that's  
 dragonish;  
 A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,  
 A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,  
 A forked mountain, or blue promontory  
 With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world  
 And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen  
 these signs;  
 They are black vesper's pageants.  
*Eros.* Ay, my lord.  
*Ant.* That which is now a horse, even  
 with a thought  
 The rack dislimns, and makes it indis-  
 tinct,  
 As water is in water.

*Eros.* It does, my lord.  
*Ant.* My good knave Eros, now thy cap-  
 tain is  
 Even such a body: here I am Antony;  
 Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.  
 I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,  
 Whose heart I thought I had, for she had  
 mine,  
 Which whilst it was mine had annex'd unto 't  
 A million more, now lost; she, Eros, has  
 Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false-play'd  
 my glory  
 Unto an enemy's triumph. 20  
 Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us  
 Ourselves to end ourselves.

*Enter MARDIAN.*

O! thy vile lady;  
 She has robb'd me of my sword.  
*Mar.* No, Antony;  
 My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes  
 mingled  
 With thine entirely.

*Ant.* Hence, saucy eunuch; peace!  
 She hath betray'd me and shall die the  
 death.

*Mar.* Death of one person can be paid but  
 once,  
 And that she has discharg'd. What thou  
 would'st do  
 Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake  
 Was 'Antony! most noble Antony!' 30  
 Then in the midst a tearing groan did break  
 The name of Antony; it was divided  
 Between her heart and lips. She render'd  
 life,

Thy name so buried in her.  
*Ant.* Dead, then?  
*Mar.* Dead.

*Ant.* Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is  
 done,  
 And we must sleep. To MARDIAN. That  
 thou depart'st hence safe,  
 Does pay thy labour richly; go.

*Exit MARDIAN.*

Off, pluck off:  
 The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep  
 The battery from my heart. O! cleave, my  
 sides; 39  
 Heart, once be stronger than thy continent.  
 Crack thy frail case! Apace, Eros, apace.  
 No more a soldier; bruised pieces, go;  
 You have been nobly borne. From me  
 awhile. *Exit EROS.*

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and  
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now  
All length is torture; since the torch is out,  
Lie down and stray no further. Now all  
labour

Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles  
Itself with strength; seal then, and all is  
done.

Eros!—I come, my queen.—Eros!—Stay for  
me; <sup>50</sup>

Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll  
hand in hand,

And with our sprightly port make the ghosts  
gaze;

Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,  
And all the haunt be ours. Come, Eros!  
Eros!

*Re-enter EROS.*

Eros. What would my lord?

*Ant.* Since Cleopatra died,  
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods  
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword  
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Nep-  
tune's back

With ships made cities, condemn myself to  
lack

The courage of a woman; less noble mind <sup>60</sup>  
Than she which by her death our Cæsar tells  
'I am conqueror of myself.' Thou art sworn,  
Eros,

That when the exigent should come, which  
now

Is come indeed, when I should see behind  
me

The inevitable prosecution of  
Disgrace and horror, that on my command  
Thou then would'st kill me: do 't; the time  
is come.

Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou de-  
feat'st.

Put colour in thy cheek.

*Eros.* The gods withhold me!  
Shall I do that which all the Parthian  
darts, <sup>70</sup>

Though enemy, lost aim and could not?

*Ant.* Eros,  
Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome,  
and see

Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bend-  
ing down

His corrigible neck, his face subdued  
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd  
seat

Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him,  
branded

His baseness that ensued?

*Eros.* I would not see 't.

*Ant.* Come then; for with a wound I  
must be cur'd.

Draw that thy honest sword, which thou  
hast worn

Most useful for thy country.

*Eros.* O, sir! pardon me.

*Ant.* When I did make thee free, swor'st  
thou not then <sup>81</sup>

To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once,  
Or thy precedent services are all  
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble coun-  
tenance,

Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

*Ant.* Lo thee! *Turning from him.*

Eros. My sword is drawn.

*Ant.* Then let it do at once  
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,  
My captain, and my emperor, let me say, <sup>90</sup>  
Before I strike this stroke, farewell.

*Ant.* 'Tis said, man; and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I  
strike now?

*Ant.* Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then; thus I do escape  
the sorrow

Of Antony's death. *Kills himself.*

*Ant.* Thrice-nobler than myself!  
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what  
I should, and thou could'st not. My queen  
and Eros

Have by their brave instruction got upon me  
A nobleness in record; but I will be  
A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't <sup>100</sup>

As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,  
Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus  
*Falls on his sword.*

I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not  
dead?

The guard, ho! O! dispatch me.

*Enter DERCETAS and Guard.*

*First Guard.* What's the noise?  
*Ant.* I have done my work ill, friends:  
O! make an end  
Of what I have begun.

*Second Guard.* The star is fallen.

*First Guard.* And time is at his period.

*All.* Alas! and woe.

*Ant.* Let him that loves me strike me  
dead.

*First Guard.* Not I.

*Second Guard.* Nor I.

*Third Guard.* Nor any one. *Exeunt Guard.*

*Der.* Thy death and fortunes bid thy fol-  
lowers fly. <sup>111</sup>

This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this  
tidings,

Shall enter me with him.

*Enter DIOMEDES.*

*Dio.* Where's Antony?

*Der.* There, Diomed, there.

*Dio.* Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man? *Exit DERCETAS.*

*Ant.* Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy  
sword, and give me  
Sufficing strokes for death.

*Dio.* Most absolute lord,  
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

*Ant.* When did she send thee?

*Dio.* Now, my lord.

*Ant.* Where is she?

*Dio.* Lock'd in her monument. She had  
a prophesying fear <sup>120</sup>  
Of what hath come to pass; for when she  
saw,  
Which never shall be found, you did suspect

She had dispos'd with Cæsar, and that your  
rage  
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she  
was dead;  
But, fearing since how it might work, hath  
sent

Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,  
I dread, too late.

*Ant.* Too late, good Diomed. Call my  
guard, I prithee.

*Dio.* What, ho! the emperor's guard!  
The guard, what, ho!

Come; your lord calls. 130

*Enter four or five of the Guard of ANTONY.*

*Ant.* Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;

'T is the last service that I shall command  
you.

*First Guard.* Woe, woe are we, sir, you  
may not live to wear

All your true followers out.

*All.* Most heavy day!

*Ant.* Nay, good my fellows, do not please  
sharp fate

To grace it with sorrows; bid that welcome  
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it

Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up;

I have led you off; carry me now, good  
friends,

And have my thanks for all. 140

*Exeunt, bearing ANTONY.*

SCENE XIII.—*The Same. A Monument.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA and her maids, aloft,  
with CHARMIAN and IRAS.*

*Cleo.* O Charmian! I will never go from  
hence.

*Char.* Be comforted, dear madam.

*Cleo.* No, I will not.  
All strange and terrible events are welcome,

But comforts we despise; our size of sor-  
row,

Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great  
As that which makes it.

*Enter, below, DIOMEDES.*

How now! is he dead?

Look out o' the other side your monument;  
His guard have brought him thither.

*Enter, below, ANTONY, borne by the Guard.*

*Cleo.* O sun!  
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in; dark-  
ling stand 10

The varying shore o' the world. O Antony!  
Antony, Antony. Help! Charmian, help,

Irás, help;  
Help, friends below! let's draw him hither.

*Ant.* Peace!  
Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,

But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

*Cleo.* So it should be, that none but An-  
tony

Should conquer Antony; but woe 't is so!

*Ant.* I am dying, Egypt, dying; only  
I here importune death awhile, until

Of many thousand kisses the poor last 20  
I lay upon thy lips.

*Cleo.* I dare not, dear,—  
Dear my lord, pardon,—I dare not,  
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show

Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall  
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, ser-  
pents have

Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:  
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes

And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour  
Demuring upon me. But come, come, An-  
tony,— 29

Help me, my women,—we must draw thee  
up.

Assist, good friends.

*Ant.* O! quick, or I am gone.

*Cleo.* Here 's sport indeed! How heavy  
weighs my lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness,  
That makes the weight. Had I great Juno's

power,  
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch  
thee up.

And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a  
little,

Wishers were ever fools. O! come, come,  
come; *They heave ANTONY aloft to*

CLEOPATRA.

And welcome, welcome! die where thou  
hast liv'd;

Quicken with kissing; had my lips that  
power,

Thus would I wear them out.

*All.* A heavy sight!

*Ant.* I am dying, Egypt, dying: 41  
Give me some wine, and let me speak a  
little.

*Cleo.* No, let me speak; and let me rail  
so high,

That the false housewife Fortune break her  
wheel,

Provok'd by my offence.

*Ant.* One word, sweet queen.  
Of Cæsar seek your honour with your  
safety. O!

*Cleo.* They do not go together.

*Ant.* Gentle, hear me:  
None about Cæsar trust but Proculeius.

*Cleo.* My resolution and my hands I'll  
trust;

None about Cæsar. 50

*Ant.* The miserable change now at my  
end

Lament nor sorrow at; but please your  
thoughts

In feeding them with those my former for-  
tunes

Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the  
world,

The noblest; and do now not basely die,  
Not cowardly put off my helmet to

My countryman; a Roman by a Roman  
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is go-  
ing;

I can no more.

*Cleo.* Noblest of men, woo 't die?  
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide 60

In this dull world, which in thy absence is  
No better than a sty? O! see, my women,

ANTONY dies.

The crown o' the earth doth melt. My lord!  
O! wither'd is the garland of the war,  
The soldier's pole is fall'n: young boys and  
girls

Are level now with men; the odds is gone,  
And there is nothing left remarkable  
Beneath the visiting moon. *Swoons.*

*Char.* O! quietness, lady.

*Irás.* She is dead too, our sovereign.

*Char.* Lady!

*Irás.* Madam!

*Char.* O madam, madam, madam!

*Irás.* Royal Egypt!

*Empress!* 71

*Char.* Peace, peace, Irás!

*Cleo.* No more, but e'en a woman, and  
commanded

By such poor passion as the maid that milks  
And does the meanest chares. It were for  
me

To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;  
To tell them that this world did equal theirs  
Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but  
naught;

Patience is sottish, and impatience does  
Become a dog that's mad; then is it sin 80,  
To rush into the secret house of death,  
Ere death dare come to us? How do you,  
women?

What, what! good cheer! Why, how now  
Charmian!

My noble girls! Ah! women, women, look!  
Our lamp is spent, it's out. Good sirs, take  
heart;

We'll bury him; and then, what's brave,  
what's noble,

Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,  
And make death proud to take us. Come,  
away;

This case of that huge spirit now is cold;  
Ah! women, women. Come; we have no 90  
friend

But resolution, and the briefest end.

*Exeunt; those above bearing off*  
*ANTONY'S body.*

## ACT V

SCENE I.—*Alexandria. CÆSAR'S Camp.*

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, ME-  
CÆNAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and  
Others.*

*Cæs.* Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;  
Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks  
The pauses that he makes.

*Dol.* Cæsar, I shall. *Exit.*

*Enter DERCETAS, with the sword of  
ANTONY.*

*Cæs.* Wherefore is that? and what art  
thou that dar'st  
Appear thus to us?

*Der.* I am call'd Dercetas;  
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy  
Best to be serv'd; whilst he stood up and  
spoke

He was my master, and I wore my life  
To spend upon his haters. If thou please

To take me to thee, as I was to him 10  
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,  
I yield thee up my life.

*Cæs.* What is 't thou say'st?

*Der.* I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

*Cæs.* The breaking of so great a thing  
should make

A greater crack; the round world  
Should have shook lions into civil streets,  
And citizens to their dens. The death of

Antony  
Is not a single doom; in the name lay  
A moiety of the world.

*Der.* He is dead, Cæsar;

Not by a public minister of justice, 20

Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,

Which writ his honour in the acts it did,

Hath, with the courage which the heart did

lend it,

Split the heart. This is his sword;

I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd

With his most noble blood.

*Cæs.* Look you sad, friends?

The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings

To wash the eyes of kings.

*Agr.* And strange it is,

That nature must compel us to lament

Our most persisted deeds.

*Mec.* His taints and honours

Wag'd equal with him.

*Agr.* A rarer spirit never

Did steer humanity; but you, gods, will

give us 32

Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is

touch'd.

*Mec.* When such a spacious mirror's set  
before him,

He needs must see himself.

*Cæs.* O Antony!

I have follow'd thee to this; but we do lance

Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce

Have shown to thee such a declining day,

Or look on thine; we could not stall together

In the whole world. But yet let me lament,

With tears as sovereign as the blood of

hearts, 41

That thou, my brother, my competitor

In top of all design, my mate in empire,

Friend and companion in the front of war,

The arm of mine own body, and the heart

Where mine his thoughts did kindle, that

our stars,

Unreconcilable, should divide

Our equalness to this. Hear me, good

friends,—

*Enter an Egyptian.*

But I will tell you at some meetter season:  
The business of this man looks out of him; 50

We'll hear him what he says. Whence are  
you?

*Egypt.* A poor Egyptian yet. The queen  
my mistress,

Confin'd in all she has, her monument,  
Of thy intents desires instruction,

That she preparedly may frame herself  
To the way she's forc'd to.

*Cæs.* Bid her have good heart;

She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,

How honourable and how kindly we  
Determine for her; for Cæsar cannot live  
To be ungentle.

*Egypt.* So the gods preserve thee!

*Exit.*

*Cæs.* Come hither, Proculeius. Go and  
say,

We purpose her no shame; give her what  
comforts

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The quality of her passion shall require,  
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal  
stroke

She do defeat us; for her life in Rome  
Would be eternal in our triumph. Go,  
And with your speediest bring us what she  
says,

And how you find of her.

*Pro.* Cæsar, I shall. *Exit.*

*Cæs.* Gallus, go you along. *Exit* GALLUS.  
Where's Dolabella,

To second Proculeius?

*All.* Dolabella! 70

*Cæs.* Let him alone, for I remember now  
How he's employ'd; he shall in time be  
ready.

Go with me to my tent; where you shall see  
How hardly I was drawn into this war;  
How calm and gentle I proceeded still  
In all my writings. Go with me, and see  
What I can show in this. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. The Monument.*

*Enter, aloft, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and  
IRAS.*

*Cleo.* My desolation does begin to make  
A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;  
Not 'being Fortune, he's but Fortune's  
knave,

A minister of her will; and it is great  
To do that thing that ends all other deeds,  
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up  
change,

Which sleeps, and never palates more the  
dug,

The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

*Enter, below, PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, and  
Soldiers.*

*Pro.* Cæsar sends greeting to the Queen  
of Egypt;

And bids thee study on what fair demands 10  
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

*Cleo.* What's thy name?

*Pro.* My name is Proculeius.

*Cleo.* Antony

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but  
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,  
That have no use for trusting. If your  
master

Would have a queen his beggar, you must  
tell him,

That majesty, to keep decorum, must  
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please  
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,

He gives me so much of mine own as I 20  
Will kneel to him with thanks.

*Pro.* Be of good cheer;

You're fall'n into a princely hand, fear nothing.

Make your full reference freely to my lord,  
Who is so full of grace that it flows over  
On all that need; let me report to him  
Your sweet dependency, and you shall find  
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness  
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

*Cleo.*

Pray you, tell him

I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him  
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn 30  
A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly  
Look him i' the face.

*Pro.*

This I'll report, dear lady:

Have comfort, for I know your plight is  
pitied

Of him that caus'd it.

*Gal.* You see how easily she may be sur-  
pris'd.

PROCULEIUS and two of the Guard  
ascend the monument by a ladder,  
and come behind CLEOPATRA.  
Some of the Guard unbar and open  
the gates.

To PROCULEIUS and the Guard. Guard  
her till Cæsar come. *Exit.*

*Iras.* Royal queen!

*Char.* O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen.

*Cleo.* Quick, quick, good hands.

*Drawing a dagger.*

*Pro.*

Hold, worthy lady, hold!

*Seizes and disarms her.*

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in  
this

Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

*Cleo.*

What, of death too,

That rids our dogs of languish?

*Pro.*

Cleopatra,

Do not abuse my master's bounty by  
The undoing of yourself; let the world see  
His nobleness well acted, which your death  
Will never let come forth.

*Cleo.*

Where art thou, death?

Come hither, come! come, come, and take a  
queen

Worth many babes and beggars!

*Pro.*

O! temperance, lady.

*Cleo.* Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not  
drink, sir;

If idle talk will once be necessary,

I'll not sleep neither. This mortal house  
I'll ruin,

Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I  
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's  
court,

Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye  
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up  
And show me to the shouting variety  
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in  
Egypt

Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus'  
mud

Lay me stark naked, and let the water-  
flies

Blow me into abhorring! rather make 60  
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,  
And hang me up in chains!

*Pro.*

You do extend

These thoughts of horror further than you  
shall

Find cause in Cæsar.

*Enter DOLABELLA*

*Dol.* Proculeius,  
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar  
knows,  
And he hath sent for thee; for the queen,  
I'll take her to my guard.

*Pro.* So, Dolabella,  
It shall content me best; be gentle to her.  
*To CLEOPATRA.* To Cæsar I will speak  
what you shall please,  
If you'll employ me to him.

*Cleo.* Say, I would die.

*Exeunt PROCULEIUS and Soldiers.*  
*Dol.* Most noble empress, you have heard  
of me? 71

*Cleo.* I cannot tell.

*Dol.* Assuredly, you know me.

*Cleo.* No matter, sir, what I have heard  
or known:

You laugh when boys or women tell their  
dreams;

Is't not your trick?

*Dol.* I understand not, madam.

*Cleo.* I dream'd there was an Emperor  
Antony:

O! such another sleep, that I might see  
But such another man.

*Dol.* If it might please ye,—

*Cleo.* His face was as the heavens, and  
therein stuck

A sun and moon, which kept their course,  
and lighted 80

The little O, the earth.

*Dol.* Most sovereign creature,—

*Cleo.* His legs bestrid the ocean; his  
rear'd arm

Crested the world; his voice was propertied  
As all the tuned spheres, and that to  
friends;

But when he meant to quail and shake the  
orb,

He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,  
There was no winter in't, an autumn 't was  
That grew the more by reaping; his delights  
Were dolphin-like, they show'd his back  
above

The element they liv'd in; in his livery 90  
Walk'd crowns and crownets, realms and  
islands were

As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

*Dol.* Cleopatra,—

*Cleo.* Think you there was, or might be,  
such a man

As this I dream'd of?

*Dol.* Gentle madam, no.

*Cleo.* You lie, up to the hearing of the  
gods.

But, if there be, or ever were, one such,  
It's past the size of dreaming; nature wants  
stuff

To vie strange forms with fancy; yet to im-  
agine

An Antony were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,  
Condemning shadows quite.

*Dol.* Hear me, good madam.

Your loss is as yourself, great; and you  
bear it 101

As answering to the weight: would I might  
never

O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,  
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites  
My very heart at root,

*Cleo.* I thank you, sir.

Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?

*Dol.* I am loath to tell you what I would  
you knew.

*Cleo.* Nay, pray you, sir,—

*Dol.* Though he be honourable,—

*Cleo.* He'll lead me then in triumph?

*Dol.* Madam, he will; I know't. 110

*Cry within.* Make way there!—Cæsar!

*Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, ME-  
CÆNAS, SELEUCUS, and Attendants.*

*Cæs.* Which is the Queen of Egypt?

*Dol.* It is the emperor, madam,

*CLEOPATRA kneels.*

*Cæs.* Arise, you shall not kneel:

I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

*Cleo.* Sir, the gods

Will have it thus; my master and my lord  
I must obey.

*Cæs.* Take to you no hard thoughts;  
The record of what injuries you did us,  
Though written in our flesh, we shall re-  
member

As things but done by chance.

*Cleo.* Sole sir o' the world,  
I cannot project mine own cause so well, 120  
To make it clear; but do confess I have  
Been laden with like frailties which before  
Have often sham'd our sex.

*Cæs.* Cleopatra, know,  
We will extenuate rather than enforce:

If you apply yourself to our intents,  
Which towards you are most gentle, you  
shall find

A benefit in this change; but if you seek  
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking  
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself  
Of my good purposes, and put your chil-  
dren 131

To that destruction which I'll guard them  
from,

If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

*Cleo.* And may through all the world:  
't is yours; and we,

Your scutcheons and your signs of con-  
quest, shall

Hang in what place you please. Here, my  
good lord.

*Cæs.* You shall advise me in all for Cleo-  
patra.

*Cleo.* This is the brief of money, plate,  
and jewels,

I am possess'd of: 't is exactly valued; 140  
Not petty things admitted. Where's Seleu-  
cus?

*Sel.* Here, madam.

*Cleo.* This is my treasurer; let him  
speak, my lord,

Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd  
To myself nothing. Speak the truth Seleu-  
cus.

*Sel.* Madam,

I had rather seal my lips, than, to my peril,  
Speak that which is not.

*Cleo.* What have I kept back?

*Sel.* Enough to purchase what you have made known.

*Cæs.* Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve

Your wisdom in the deed.

*Cleo.* See! Cæsar; O! behold, How pomp is follow'd; mine will now be yours; 151

And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.

The ingratitude of this Seleucus does Even make me wild. O slave! of no more trust

Than love that's hir'd. What! goest thou back? thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes

Though they had wings: slave, soulless villain, dog!

O rarely base!

*Cæs.* Good queen, let us entreat you. *Cleo.* O Cæsar! what a wounding shame is this,

That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me, Doing the honour of thy lordliness 161 To one so meek, that mine own servant should.

Parcel the sum of my disgraces by Addition of his envy. Say, good Cæsar, That I some lady trifles have reserv'd, Immoment toys, things of such dignity As we greet modern friends withal; and say Some nobler token I have kept apart

For Livia and Octavia, to induce Their mediation; must I be unfolded 170 With one that I have bred? The gods! it smites me

Beneath the fall I have. To SELEUCUS. Prithee, go hence;

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits Through the ashes of my chance. Wert thou a man,

Thou would'st have mercy on me.

*Cæs.* Forbear, Seleucus. *Exit SELEUCUS.*

*Cleo.* Be it known that we, the greatest, are misthought

For things that others do; and, when we fall,

We answer others' merits in our name, Are therefore to be pitied.

*Cæs.* Cleopatra,

Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd, 180

Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be't yours,

Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe, Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you

Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;

Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear queen;

For we intend so to dispose you as Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:

Our care and pity is so much upon you, That we remain your friend; and so, adieu.

*Cleo.* My master, and my lord!

*Cæs.* Not so. Adieu.

*Flourish. Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train.*

*Cleo.* He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not 191

Be noble to myself: but hark thee, Charmian.

*Iras.* Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,

And we are for the dark.

*Cleo.* Hie thee again:

I have spoke already, and it is provided; Go, put it to the haste.

*Char.* Madam, I will.

*Re-enter DOLABELLA.*

*Dol.* Where is the queen?

*Char.* Behold, sir. *Exit.*

*Cleo.* Dolabella!

*Dol.* Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,

Which my love makes religion to obey, I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria 200

Intends his journey; and within three days

You with your children will he send before. Make your best use of this; I have per-

form'd

Your pleasure and my promise. *Cleo.* Dolabella,

I shall remain your debtor.

*Dol.* I your servant.

Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.

*Cleo.* Farewell, and thanks.

*Exit DOLABELLA.*

Now, Iras, what think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown In Rome, as well as I; mechanic slaves

With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall 210

Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths, Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,

And forc'd to drink their vapour.

*Iras.* The gods forbid!

*Cleo.* Nay, 't is most certain, Iras. Saucy lictors

Will catch at us, like strumpets, and scald rimers

Ballad us out o' tune; the quick comedians Extemporally will stage us, and present

Our Alexandrian revells. Antony Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall

see 219

Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness I' the posture of a whore.

*Iras.* O the good gods!

*Cleo.* Nay, that's certain.

*Iras.* I'll never see't; for I am sure my nails

Are stronger than mine eyes.

*Cleo.* Why, that's the way To fool their preparation, and to conquer Their most absurd intents.

*Re-enter CHARMIAN.*

Now, Charmian!

Show me, my women, like a queen; go fetch

My best attires; I am again for Cydnus, To meet Mark Antony. Sirrah Iras, go.

Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch in-  
 deed; 231  
 And when thou hast done this chare, I'll  
 give thee leave  
 To play till doomsday. Bring our crown and  
 all. *Exit IRAS. A noise within.*  
 Wherefore's this noise?

*Enter one of the Guard.*

*Guard.* Here is a rural fellow  
 That will not be denied your highness' pres-  
 ence:

He brings you figs.

*Cleo.* Let him come in. *Exit Guard.*

What poor an instrument  
 May do a noble deed! he brings me  
 liberty.

My resolution's place'd, and I have nothing  
 Of woman in me; now from head to foot  
 I am marble-constant, now the fleeting  
 moon 240  
 No planet is of mine.

*Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing  
 in a basket.*

*Guard.* This is the man.

*Cleo.* Avoid, and leave him. *Exit Guard.*  
 Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,  
 That kills and pains not?

*Clown.* Truly I have him; but I would  
 not be the party that should desire you to  
 touch him, for his biting is immortal; those  
 that do die of it do seldom or never recover.

*Cleo.* Rememberest thou any that have  
 died on't? 249

*Clown.* Very many, men and women too.  
 I heard of one of them no longer than yes-  
 terday; a very honest woman, but some-  
 thing given to lie, as a woman should not do  
 but in the way of honesty; how she died of  
 the biting of it, what pain she felt. Truly,  
 she makes a very good report o' the worm,  
 but he that will believe all that they say  
 shall never be saved by half that they do.  
 But this is most fallible, the worm's an  
 odd worm.

*Cleo.* Get thee hence; farewell. 250

*Clown.* I wish you all joy of the worm.  
*Sets down the basket.*

*Cleo.* Farewell.

*Clown.* You must think this, look you,  
 that the worm will do his kind.

*Cleo.* Ay, ay; farewell.

*Clown.* Look you, the worm is not to be  
 trusted to in the keeping of wise people;  
 for indeed there is no goodness in the worm.

*Cleo.* Take thou no care; it shall be  
 heeded.

*Clown.* Very good. Give it nothing, I  
 pray you, for it is not worth the feeding. 271

*Cleo.* Will it eat me?

*Clown.* You must not think I am so simple  
 but I know the devil himself will not eat a  
 woman; I know that a woman is a dish for  
 the gods, if the devil dress her not. But,  
 truly, these same whoreson devils do the  
 gods great harm in their women, for in  
 every ten that they make, the devils mar  
 five.

*Cleo.* Well, get thee gone; farewell. 280  
*Clown.* Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy o'  
 the worm. *Exit.*

*Re-enter IRAS with a robe, crown, etc.*

*Cleo.* Give me my robe, put on my crown;  
 I have  
 Immortal longings in me; now no more  
 The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this  
 lip.

Yare, yare, good Iras; quick. Methinks I  
 hear

Antony call; I see him rouse himself  
 To praise my noble act; I hear him mock  
 The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men  
 To excuse their after wrath: husband, I  
 come: 290

Now to that name my courage prove my  
 title!

I am fire and air; my other elements  
 I give to baser life. So; have you done?  
 Come then, and take the last warmth of my  
 lips.

Farewell, kind Charmian; Iras, long fare-  
 well.

*Kisses them. IRAS falls and dies.*  
 Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?  
 If thou and nature can so gently part,  
 The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,  
 Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie  
 still?

If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world  
 It is not worth leave-taking. 301

*Char.* Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain;  
 that I may say,

The gods themselves do weep.

*Cleo.* This proves me base:  
 If she first meet the curled Antony,  
 He'll make demand of her, and spend that  
 kiss

Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou  
 mortal wretch,

*To the asp, which she applies to her  
 breast.*

With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsi-  
 cate

Of life at once untie; poor venomous fool,  
 Be angry, and dispatch. O! could'st thou  
 speak,

That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass  
 Unpoliced. 311

*Char.* O eastern star!

*Cleo.* Peace, peace!  
 Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,  
 That sucks the nurse asleep?

*Char.* O, break! O, break!  
*Cleo.* As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as  
 gentle,—

O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too.

*Applying another asp to her arm.*  
 What should I stay— *Dies.*

*Char.* In this wide world? So, fare thee  
 well.

Now boast thee, Death, in thy possession  
 lies

A lass unparallel'd. Downy windows, close;  
 And golden Phœbus never be beheld 320  
 Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;  
 I'll mend it, and then play.

*Enter the Guard, rushing in.*

*First Guard.* Where is the queen?

*Char.* Speak softly; wake her not.

*First Guard.* Cæsar hath sent—

*Char.* Too slow a messenger.

*Applies an asp.*

O! come apace, dispatch; I partly feel thee.

*First Guard.* Approach, ho! All's not well; Cæsar's beguil'd.

*Second Guard.* There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar; call him.

*First Guard.* What work is here! Charmian, is this well done?

*Char.* It is well done, and fitting for a princess

Descended of so many royal kings. 330

Ah! soldier. *Dies.*

*Re-enter DOLABELLA.*

*Dol.* How goes it here?

*Second Guard.* All dead.

*Dol.* Cæsar, thy thoughts Touch their effects in this; thyself art coming

To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou So sought'st to hinder.

*Within.* A way there!—A way for Cæsar!

*Re-enter CÆSAR and all his Train.*

*Dol.* O! sir, you are too sure an augurer; That you did fear is done.

*Cæs.* Bravest at the last, She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,

Took her own way. The manner of their deaths? 340

I do not see them bleed.

*Dol.* Who was last with them?

*First Guard.* A simple countryman that brought her figs:

This was his basket.

*Cæs.* Poison'd then.

*First Guard.* O Cæsar!

This Charmian liv'd but now; she stood and spake:

I found her trimming up the diadem On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,

And on the sudden dropp'd.

*Cæs.* O noble weakness!

If they had swallow'd poison't would appear By external swelling; but she looks like sleep,

As she would catch another Antony 350 In her strong toil of grace.

*Dol.* Here, on her breast,

There is a vent of blood, and something blown;

The like is on her arm.

*First Guard.* This is an asp's trail; and these fig-leaves

Have slime upon them, such as the asp's leaves

Upon the caves of Nile.

*Cæs.* Most probable

That so she died; for her physician tells me

She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite Of easy ways to die. Take up her bed;

And bear her women from the monument. 360

She shall be buried by her Antony;

No grave upon the earth shall clip in it A pair so famous. High events as these

Strike those that make them; and their story is

No less in pity than his glory which Brought them to be lamented. Our army

shall In solemn show attend this funeral,

And then to Rome. Come, Dolabella, see High order in this great solemnity. *Exeunt.*

## CYMBELINE

WE should be on our guard in reading *Cymbeline* not to allow our admiration for the character of Imogen to blind us to the real significance of the play. This caution would seem unnecessary were it not for the fact that most critical discussions of the play center about the Posthumus-Imogen story. Indeed, some critics go so far as to insist that *Cymbeline* is a misnomer and that the play should properly have been named "Posthumus and Imogen." They apparently fail to see that the story of Posthumus and Imogen is subordinated throughout to the fortunes of the state.

We learn, for example, at the very beginning of the play, that Imogen is Cymbeline's daughter and heir to his kingdom. It is, therefore, primarily her relation to the state rather than her relation to Posthumus that gives significance to her story. Her imprisonment, Posthumus' banishment, her father's cruelty, the queen's hypocrisy, Cloten's hateful suit, Imogen's fidelity to her husband—all are of importance in the play chiefly as they affect the state. Had Imogen been indeed, as she wished, a "neat-herd's daughter" and Posthumus a "neighbor shepherd's son" their story would have found no place in *Cymbeline*.

Perhaps the most important piece of information we receive in the opening scene, so far as the real development of the plot is concerned, is that of the disappearance of the two princes. The manner in which this information is conveyed to us—"if this be worth your hearing, mark it"—is equivalent, if considered in connection with what has gone before, to the announcement that at some point in the play the princes will be found and the true succession to the throne established. It is with this expectation that we watch the developments of the first two Acts. If for the time we become so engrossed with Imogen that we almost forget about the lost princes, that is because Shakespeare has his own purpose to serve—a purpose that far transcends in its significance any love story that he ever wrote. For while holding us entranced with the Posthumus-Imogen story, he is at the same time incidentally conveying to us most important information concerning the peril that threatens the state from within. We learn of the queen's duplicity and unscrupulousness; we see that Cymbeline is utterly deceived by her and almost wholly within her power; that to gain her ends she is ready to poison those that oppose her; and that Imogen's fidelity to Posthumus and her loathing for Cloten are really preserving the state for the time being from one of the worst calamities that could befall it, namely, giving it wholly into the power of the wicked queen and her foolish and braggart son.

At the end of the second Act our interest in Posthumus and Imogen reaches its climax. At the beginning of the third Act Shakespeare turns directly to the central issue of the play and one of the gravest questions that can confront a state—the question of national sovereignty in its relation to peace and war.

Until his recent marriage with the queen Cymbeline had for many years faithfully paid the yearly tribute granted by Cassibelan to Rome "for him and his succession." Caius Lucius, ambassador from Augustus Cæsar, now arrives to demand the tribute which, he says, "lately is left untendered." Without raising any question of justice or honor, without proposing compromise, but relying solely upon Britain's power to resist payment, the queen and Cloten at once take their stand for national independence. It would be impossible to find among all the characters of Shakespeare a more perfect prototype of the modern "two-fisted, red-blooded, one-hundred-per-cent" nationalist than Cloten:

"Britain is

A world by itself, and we will nothing pay  
For wearing our own noses."

Cymbeline himself at last weakly follows the queen's lead and as a result Caius Lucius pronounces "war and confusion" against Britain in the name of Augustus Cæsar.

Never was there a more skillful presentation made of the menace of nationalism to the peace of the world. Here is no secret diplomacy; no clouding of issues; no blowing up of the fires of patriotism. A British audience is calmly asked to decide whether in this particular case, knowing thoroughly the character and motives of the queen, it will support her in an issue involving national sovereignty; or whether, in this instance at least, national sovereignty must remain subordinate to an ethical principle that transcends even the existence of the nation itself.

Having fixed this issue in our minds Shakespeare returns to Posthumus and Imogen. Pisanio is in receipt of a letter from Posthumus commanding him to entice Imogen to Milford-Haven, ostensibly to meet him there, and then to put her to death. Many words have been wasted in condemning Posthumus for his horrible and cowardly purpose. It is, of course, wholly out of character unless we assume that Iachimo's deception has driven him mad. But it is a dramatic necessity. It is the point to which every incident of the Posthumus-Imogen story has been leading. It serves the double purpose of sending Imogen to Milford-Haven and at the same time revealing the boundless resources of her character. Not even national limits can prescribe the loyalty of her heart:

"Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,  
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume  
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in 't;  
In a great pool a swan's nest: prithee, think  
There 's livers out of Britain."

Obviously Imogen is not so ardent a nationalist as Cloten, and we are at full liberty to choose between their two types of loyalty.

There is no more beautiful scene in the play than that at the cave of old Belarius: the meeting between brothers and sister, their instinctive attraction to one another, her seeming death, their singing her to the ground and covering her grave with flowers. Surely such a scene justifies Shakespeare's long delay in fulfilling his promise to discover to us the whereabouts of the missing sons of Cymbeline.

The victory of the Britons over the Romans at Milford-Haven is, in effect, a miracle. Cymbeline ascribes it rightly to the gods, whose instruments he recognizes in the poor peasant and the old man with his two sons "thought to be angels." His later discovery of their identity as Posthumus and the long lost princes renders them in his thought none the less divine instruments and intensifies his sense of obligation to the divine powers. The joy of re-union—the fruit of repentance, and forgiveness—teaches him the ways and purposes of the gods. Witness to the nobility of Posthumus' pardon to Iachimo, he learns to pardon all. Recipient of the divine promise of a future of peace and plenty for his kingdom, he is now ready to establish that kingdom on the principle of righteousness rather than on that of might. A throne preserved through the intervention of the gods cannot, with their approval, retain the fruits of a victory sought in injustice and dishonor even though renunciation involves the loss of sovereignty. Only righteousness exalteth a nation.

Surely Shakespeare must have been confident that his audience had learned that lesson and must at the same time have entertained the hope that the nations of the world in time to come would learn it. Cymbeline's renunciation of the fruits of victory, his submitting to Cæsar and promising to pay the

" . . . . . wanted tribute, from the which  
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen—"

is no mere "quixotic surrender" either on the part of Cymbeline or of Shakespeare. It is the goal toward which every incident of the play is directed. It is the crowning outcome of Imogen's fidelity and Posthumus' repentance. Imogen has lost a kingdom, but she has "got two worlds by 't."

# CYMBELINE

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CYMBELINE, *King of Britain.*  
 CLOTEN, *Son to the Queen by a former Husband.*  
 POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, *a Gentleman, Husband to Imogen.*  
 BELARIUS, *a banished Lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.*  
 GUIDERIUS, *Sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names of*  
 ARVIRAGUS, *Polydore and Cadwal, supposed Sons to Morgan.*  
 PHILARIO, *Friend to Posthumus.*  
 IACHIMO, *Friend to Philario.*  
 CAIUS LUCIUS, *General of the Roman Forces.*

PISANIO, *Servant of Posthumus.*  
 CORNELIUS, *a Physician.*  
*A French Gentleman, Friend to Philario.*  
*A Roman Captain.*  
*Two British Captains.*  
*Two Lords of Cymbeline's Court.*  
*Two Gentlemen of the same.*  
*Two Gaolers.*  
 QUEEN, *Wife to Cymbeline.*  
 IMOGEN, *Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.*  
 HELEN, *a Lady attending on Imogen.*

*Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.*

*Apparitions.*

SCENE.—*Sometimes in Britain, sometimes in Italy.*

## ACT I

SCENE I.—*Britain. The Garden of CYMBELINE'S Palace.*

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

*First Gent.* You do not meet a man but frowns; our bloods  
 No more obey the heavens than our courtiers  
 Still seem as does the king.

*Second Gent.* But what's the matter?

*First Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom, whom  
 He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, a widow  
 That late he married, hath referr'd herself  
 Unto a poor but worthy gentleman. She's  
 wedded,  
 Her husband banish'd, she imprison'd; all  
 Is outward sorrow, though I think the king  
 Be touch'd at very heart.

*Second Gent.* None but the king?

*First Gent.* He that hath lost her too; so  
 is the queen,  
 That most desir'd the match; but not a  
 courtier,

Although they wear their faces to the bent  
 Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not  
 Glad at the thing they scowl at.

*Second Gent.* And why so?

*First Gent.* He that hath miss'd the princess is a thing  
 Too bad for bad report; and he that hath  
 her,  
 I mean that married her, alack! good man,  
 And therefore banish'd, is a creature such

As, to seek through the regions of the earth  
 For one like him, there would be something  
 failing.  
 In him that should compare. I do not think  
 So fair an outward and such stuff within  
 Endows a man but he.

*Second Gent.* You speak him far.  
*First Gent.* I do extend him, sir, within  
 himself,

Crush him together rather than unfold  
 His measure duly.

*Second Gent.* What's his name and birth?

*First Gent.* I cannot delve him to the  
 root: his father  
 Was called Sicilius, who did join his honour  
 Against the Romans with Cassibelan,  
 But had his titles by Tenantius whom  
 He serv'd with glory and admir'd success,  
 So gain'd the sur-addition Leonatus;  
 And had, besides this gentleman in ques-  
 tion,

Two other sons, who in the wars o' the time  
 Died with their swords in hand; for which  
 their father,

Then old and fond of issue, took such sorrow  
 That he quit being, and his gentle lady,  
 Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd  
 As he was born. The king, he takes the babe  
 To his protection; calls him Posthumus  
 Leonatus;

Breeds him and makes him of his bedcham-  
 ber,

Puts to him all the learnings that his time  
 Could make him the receiver of; which he  
 took,

As we do air, fast as 't was minister'd,  
And in 's spring became a harvest; liv'd in  
court,  
Which rare it is to do, most prais'd, most  
lov'd;

A sample to the youngest, to the more ma-  
ture

A glass that feated them, and to the graver  
A child that guided dotards; to his mis-  
tress,

For whom he now is banish'd, her own price  
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his  
virtue;

By her election may be truly read  
What kind of man he is.

*Second Gent.* I honour him  
Even out of your report. But pray you, tell  
me,

Is she sole child to the king?

*First Gent.* His only child.  
He had two sons; if this be worth your  
hearing,

Mark it; the eldest of them at three years  
old,

I' the swathing-clothes the other, from their  
nursery

Were stol'n; and to this hour no guess in  
knowledge

Which way they went.

*Second Gent.* How long is this ago?

*First Gent.* Some twenty years.

*Second Gent.* That a king's children  
should be so convey'd,

So slackly guarded, and the search so slow,  
That could not trace them!

*First Gent.* Howsoe'er 't is strange,  
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd  
at,

Yet is it true, sir.

*Second Gent.* I do well believe you.

*First Gent.* We must forbear. Here  
comes the gentleman,

The queen, and princess. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, and  
IMOGEN.*

*Queen.* No, be assur'd you shall not find  
me, daughter,

After the slander of most stepmothers,  
Evil-eyed unto you; you're my prisoner,  
but

Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys  
That lock up your restraint. For you, Post-  
humus,

So soon as I can win the offended king,  
I will be known your advocate; marry,  
yet

The fire of rage is in him, and 't were good  
You lean'd unto his sentence with what  
patience

Your wisdom may inform you.

*Post.* Please your highness,  
I will from hence to-day.

*Queen.* You know the peril:  
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying  
The pangs of barr'd affections, though the  
king

Hath charg'd you should not speak together.

*Exit.*

*Imo.*

Dissembling courtesy. How fine this tyrant  
Can tickle where she wounds! My dearest  
husband,

I something fear my father's wrath; but  
nothing,

Always reserv'd my holy duty, what  
His rage can do on me. You must be  
gone;

And I shall here abide the hourly shot  
Of angry eyes, not comforted to live,  
But that there is this jewel in the world  
That I may see again.

*Post.* My queen! my mistress!  
O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause

To be suspected of more tenderness  
Than doth become a man. I will remain

The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight  
truth.

My residence in Rome at one Philario's;  
Who to my father was a friend, to me

Known but by letter; thither write, my  
queen,

And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you  
send,

Though ink be made of gall.

*Re-enter QUEEN.*

*Queen.* Be brief I pray you:  
If the king come, I shall incur I know not

How much of his displeasure. *Aside.* Yet  
I'll move him

To walk this way. I never do him wrong,  
But he does buy my injuries to be friends,  
Pays dear for my offences. *Exit.*

*Post.* Should we be taking leave  
As long a term as yet we have to live,

The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu!

*Imo.* Nay, stay a little:  
Were you but riding forth to air yourself

Such parting were too petty. Look here,  
love;

This diamond was my mother's; take it,  
heart,

But keep it till you woo another wife,  
When Imogen is dead.

*Post.* How! how! another!  
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,

And sear up my embracements from a next  
With bonds of death! *Putting on the ring.*

Remain, remain thou here  
While sense can keep it on. And, sweetest,

As I my poor self did exchange for you,  
To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles

I still win of you; for my sake wear this;  
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it

Upon the fairest prisoner.

*Putting a bracelet on her arm.*  
*Imo.* O the gods!

When shall we see again?

*Enter CYMBELINE and Lords.*

*Post.* Alack! the king!  
*Cym.* Thou basest thing, avoid! hence  
from my sight!

If after this command thou fraught the court  
With thy unworthiness, thou diest. Away!

Thou'rt poison to my blood.

*Post.* The gods protect you,  
And bless the good remainders of the court!  
I am gone. *Exit.*

*Imo.* There cannot be a pinch in death  
More sharp than this is.

*Cym.* O disloyal thing, 131  
That should'st repair my youth, thou heap'st  
A year's age on me.

*Imo.* I beseech you, sir,  
Harm not yourself with your vexation;  
I am senseless of your wrath; a touch more  
rare

Subdues all pangs, all fears.

*Cym.* Past grace? obedience?

*Imo.* Past hope, and in despair; that way,  
past grace.

*Cym.* That might'st have had the sole  
son of my queen!

*Imo.* O bless'd, that I might not! I chose  
an eagle

And did avoid a puttock. 140

*Cym.* Thou took'st a beggar; would'st  
have made my throne

A seat for baseness.

*Imo.* No; I rather added

A lustre to it.

*Cym.* O thou vile one!

*Imo.* Sir,  
It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus;  
You bred him as my playfellow, and he is  
A man worth any woman, overbuys me  
Almost the sum he pays.

*Cym.* What! art thou mad?

*Imo.* Almost, sir; heaven restore me!

Would I were 148

A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus  
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

*Cym.* Thou foolish thing!

*Re-enter QUEEN.*

They were again together; you have done  
Not after our command. Away with her,  
And pen her up.

*Queen.* Beseech your patience. Peace!  
Dear lady daughter, peace! Sweet sov-  
ereign,

Leave us to ourselves, and make yourself  
some comfort

Out of your best advice.

*Cym.* Nay, let her languish

A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,

Die of this folly!

*Exeunt CYMBELINE and Lords.*

*Enter PISANIO.*

*Queen.* Fie! you must give way.  
Here is your servant. How now, sir! What  
news? 159

*Pis.* My lord your son drew on my mas-  
ter.

*Queen.* Ha!

No harm, I trust, is done?

*Pis.* There might have been,  
But that my master rather play'd than  
fought,

And had no help of anger; they were parted  
By gentlemen at hand.

*Queen.* I am very glad on 't.

*Imo.* Your son's my father's friend; he  
takes his part.

To draw upon an exile! O brave sir!  
I would they were in Afric both together,  
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick  
The goer-back. Why came you from your  
master?

*Pis.* On his command: he would not  
suffer me 170

To bring him to the haven; left these notes  
Of what commands I should be subject to,  
When 't pleas'd you to employ me.

*Queen.* This hath been  
Your faithful servant; I dare lay mine  
honour

He will remain so.

*Pis.* I humbly thank your highness.

*Queen.* Pray, walk awhile.

*Imo.* About some half-hour hence,  
Pray you, speak with me. You shall at least  
Go see my lord aboard; for this time leave  
me. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. A public Place.

*Enter CLOTEN and two Lords.*

*First Lord.* Sir, I would advise you to  
shift a shirt; the violence of action hath  
made you reek as a sacrifice. Where air  
comes out, air comes in; there's none  
abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

*Clo.* If my shirt were bloody, then to  
shift it. Have I hurt him?

*Second Lord, Aside.* No, faith; not so  
much as his patience. 9

*First Lord.* Hurt him! his body's a pass-  
able carcass if he be not hurt; it is a  
throughfare for steel if it be not hurt.

*Second Lord, Aside.* His steel was in  
debt; it went o' the backside the town.

*Clo.* The villain would not stand me.

*Second Lord, Aside.* No; but he fled for-  
ward still, toward your face.

*First Lord.* Stand you! You have land  
enough of your own; but he added to your  
having, gave you some ground. 20

*Second Lord, Aside.* As many inches as  
you have oceans. Puppies!

*Clo.* I would they had not come between  
us.

*Second Lord, Aside.* So would I till you  
had measured how long a fool you were  
upon the ground.

*Clo.* And that she should love this fellow  
and refuse me!

*Second Lord, Aside.* If it be a sin to make  
a true selection, she is damned. 30

*First Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her  
beauty and her brain go not together; she's  
a good sign, but I have seen small reflection  
of her wit.

*Second Lord, Aside.* She shines not upon  
fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

*Clo.* Come, I'll to my chamber. Would  
there had been some hurt done!

*Second Lord, Aside.* I wish not so; un-  
less it had been the fall of an ass, which is  
no great hurt.

*Clo.* You'll go with us? 40

*First Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

*Clo.* Nay, come, let's go together.

*Second Lord.* Well, my lord. *Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—A Room in CYMBELINE'S Palace.

*Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.*

*Imo.* I would thou grew'st unto the shores  
o' the haven,  
And question'dst every sail: if he should  
write,  
And I not have it, 't were a paper lost.  
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last  
That he spake to thee?

*Pis.* It was his queen, his queen!

*Imo.* Then wav'd his handkerchief?

*Pis.* And kiss'd it, madam.

*Imo.* Senseless linen, happier therein  
than I!

And that was all?

*Pis.* No madam; for so long  
As he could make me with this eye or ear  
Distinguish him from others, he did keep 10  
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handker-  
chief,

Still waving, as the fits and stirs of 's mind  
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd  
on,

How swift his ship.

*Imo.* Thou should'st have made him  
As little as a crow, or less, ere left  
To after-eye him.

*Pis.* Madam, so I did.

*Imo.* I would have broke mine eye-  
strings, crack'd them, but  
To look upon him, till the diminution  
Of space has pointed him sharp as my  
needle,

Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from 20  
The smallness of a gnat to air, and then  
Have turn'd my eye, and wept. But, good  
Pisanio,

When shall we hear from him?

*Pis.* Be assur'd, madam,  
With his next vantage.

*Imo.* I did not take my leave of him, but  
had

Most pretty things to say; ere I could tell  
him

How I would think on him at certain hours  
Such thoughts and such, or I could make  
him swear

The shes of Italy should not betray  
Mine interest and his honour, or have  
charg'd him, 30

At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at mid-  
night,

To encounter me with orisons, for then  
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could  
Give him that parting kiss which I had set  
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my  
father,

And like the tyrannous breathing of the  
north

Shakes all our buds from growing.

*Enter a Lady.*

*Lady.* The queen, madam,  
Desires your highness' company.

*Imo.* Those things I bid you do, get them  
dispatch'd. 39

I will attend the queen.

*Pis.* Madam, I shall. *Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.—Rome. A Room in PHILARIO'S House.

*Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a Frenchman,  
a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.*

*Iach.* Believe it, sir, I have seen him in  
Britain; he was then of a crescent note, ex-  
pected to prove so worthy as since he hath  
been allowed the name of; but I could then  
have looked on him without the help of ad-  
miration, though the catalogue of his endow-  
ments had been tabled by his side and I to  
peruse him by items. 7

*Phi.* You speak of him when he was less  
furnished than now he is with that which  
makes him both without and within.

*French.* I have seen him in France: we  
had very many there could behold the sun  
with as firm eyes as he. 13

*Iach.* This matter of marrying his king's  
daughter, wherein he must be weighed  
rather by her value than his own, words him,  
I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

*French.* And then his banishment. 15

*Iach.* Ay, and the approbation of those  
that weep this lamentable divorce under her  
colours are wonderfully to extend him; be  
it but to fortify her judgment, which else an  
easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beg-  
gar without less quality. But how comes it  
he is to sojourn with you? How creeps ac-  
quaintance? 25

*Phi.* His father and I were soldiers to-  
gether; to whom I have been often bound  
for no less than my life. Here comes the  
Briton: let him be so entertained amongst  
you as suits, with gentlemen of your know-  
ing, to a stranger of his quality. 30

*Enter POSTHUMUS.*

I beseech you all, be better known to this  
gentleman, whom I commend to you as a  
noble friend of mine; how worthy he is I  
will leave to appear hereafter, rather than  
story him in his own hearing. 34

*French.* Sir, we have known together in  
Orleans.

*Post.* Since when I have been debtor to  
you for courtesies, which I will be ever to  
pay and yet pay still. 40

*French.* Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kind-  
ness. I was glad I did atone my country-  
man and you; it had been pity you should  
have been put together with so mortal a  
purpose as then each bore, upon importance  
of so slight and trivial a nature. 45

*Post.* By your pardon, sir, I was then a  
young traveller; rather shunned to go even  
with what I heard than in my every action  
to be guided by others' experiences; but  
upon my mended judgment, if I offend not  
to say it is mended, my quarrel was not alto-  
gether slight. 51

*French.* Faith, yes to be put to the arbi-  
trament of swords, and by such two that  
would by all likelihood have confounded one  
the other, or have fallen both. 55

*Iach.* Can we, with manners, ask what  
was the difference?

*French.* Safely, I think. 'T was a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses; this gentleman at that time vouching, and upon warrant of bloody affirmation, his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant, qualified, and less attemptable than any the rarest of our ladies in France. 66

*Iach.* That lady is not now living, or this gentleman's opinion by this worn out.

*Post.* She holds her virtue still and I my mind.

*Iach.* You must not so far prefer her fore ours of Italy. 71

*Post.* Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing, though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

*Iach.* As fair and as good, a kind of hand-in-hand comparison, had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Britain. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustrs many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many; but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady. 82

*Post.* I praised her as I rated her; so do I my stone.

*Iach.* What do you esteem it at?

*Post.* More than the world enjoys.

*Iach.* Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle. 88

*Post.* You are mistaken; the one may be sold, or given; or if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift; the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods. 93

*Iach.* Which the gods have given you?

*Post.* Which, by their graces, I will keep.

*Iach.* You may wear her in title yours, but you know strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too; so your brace of unprizable estimations, the one is but frail and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last. 102

*Post.* Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress, if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves: notwithstanding I fear not my ring. 108

*Phi.* Let us leave here, gentlemen.

*Post.* Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first. 112

*Iach.* With five times so much conversation I should get ground of your fair mistress, make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance and opportunity to friend.

*Post.* No, no. 117

*Iach.* I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring, which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something; but I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation; and, to bar your offence

herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world. 123

*Post.* You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of by your attempt.

*Iach.* What's that?

*Post.* A repulse; though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more,—a punishment too. 129

*Phi.* Gentlemen, enough of this; it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

*Iach.* Would I had put my estate and my neighbour's on the approbation of what I have spoke!

*Post.* What lady would you choose to assail? 136

*Iach.* Yours; whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers which you imagine so reserved. 143

*Post.* I will wage against your gold, gold to it; my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

*Iach.* You are afraid, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting. But I see you have some religion in you, that you fear. 149

*Post.* This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

*Iach.* I am the master of my speeches, and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

*Post.* Will you? I shall but lend my diamond till your return. Let there be covenants drawn between's; my mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking; I dare you to this match. Here's my ring.

*Phi.* I will have it no lay. 159

*Iach.* By the gods, it is one. If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours; provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment. 167

*Post.* I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us. Only, thus far you shall answer: if you make your voyage upon her and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy; she is not worth our debate: if she remain unused, you not making it appear otherwise, for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword. 178

*Iach.* Your hand; a covenant. We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold and starve. I

will fetch my gold and have our two wagers recorded. 181

*Post.* Agreed.

*Exeunt* POSTHUMUS and IACHIMO.

*French.* Will this hold, think you?

*Phi.* Signor Iachimo will not from it. Pray let us follow 'em. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Britain. A Room in CYMBELINE'S Palace.*

*Enter* QUEEN, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.

*Queen.* Whiles yet the dew's on ground,  
gather those flowers;

Make haste; who has the note of them?

*First Lady.* I, madam.

*Queen.* Dispatch. *Exeunt Ladies.*

Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

*Cor.* Pleaseth your highness, ay; here they are, madam;

*Presenting a small box.*

But I beseech your grace, without offence,  
My conscience bids me ask, wherefore you have

Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,

Which are the movers of a languishing death,

But though slow, deadly?

*Queen.* I wonder, doctor,

Thou ask'st me such a question; have I not been

Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how

To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so

That our great king himself doth woo me oft  
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,

Unless thou think'st me devilish, is't not meet

That I amplify my judgment in  
Other conclusions? I will try thy forces

Of these thy compounds on such creatures as

We count not worth the hanging, but none human. 20

To try the vigour of them and apply  
Allayments to their act, and by them gather  
Their several virtues and effects.

*Cor.* Your highness

Shall from this practice but make hard your heart;

Besides, the seeing these effects will be

Both noisome and infectious.

*Queen.* O! content thee.

*Enter* PISANIO.

*Aside.* Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him

Will I first work: he's for his master,  
And enemy to my son. How now, Pisanio!

Doctor, your service for this time is ended; so  
Take your own way.

*Cor. Aside.* I do suspect you, madam;

But you shall do no harm.

*Queen.* To PISANIO. Hark thee, a word.

*Cor. Aside.* I do not like her. She doth think she has

Strange lingering poisons; I do know her spirit,

And will not trust one of her malice with  
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has

Will stupefy and dull the sense awhile;  
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats

and dogs,  
Then afterward up higher; but there is

No danger in what show of death it makes, 40  
More than the locking-up the spirits a time,  
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd

With a most false effect; and I the truer,  
So to be false with her.

*Queen.* No further service, doctor,  
Until I send for thee.

*Cor.* I humbly take my leave. *Exit.*

*Queen.* Weeps she still, say'st thou?  
Dost thou think in time

She will not quench, and let instructions enter

Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:  
When thou shalt bring me word she loves

my son,  
I'll tell thee on the instant thou art then 50

As great as is thy master; greater, for  
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name

Is at last gasp; return he cannot, nor  
Continue where he is; to shift his being

Is to exchange one misery with another,  
And every day that comes comes to decay

A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,

To be depend on a thing that leans,  
Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends,

So much as but to prop him?

*The QUEEN drops the box; PISANIO takes it up.*

Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour: 61

It is a thing I made, which hath the king  
Five times redeem'd from death; I do not know

What is more cordial; nay, I prithee, take it;  
It is an earnest of a further good

That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how  
The case stands with her; do't as from

thyself.

Think what a chance thou changest on, but think

Thou hast thy mistress still, to boot, my son,

Who shall take notice of thee. I'll move the king 70

To any shape of thy preferment such  
As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,

That set thee on to this desert, am bound  
To load thy merit richly. Call my women;

Think on my words. *Exit* PISANIO.

A sly and constant knave,  
Not to be shak'd; the agent for his master,

And the remembrancer of her to hold  
The hand-fast to her lord. I have given

him that  
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her

Of liegers for her sweet, and which she  
after, 80  
Except she bend her humour, shall be as-  
sur'd  
To taste of too.

*Re-enter PISANIO and Ladies*

So, so; well done, well done.  
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses  
Bear to my closet. Fare thee well, Pisanio;  
Think on my words.

*Exeunt QUEEN and Ladies.*

*Pis.* And shall do;  
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,  
I'll choke myself; there's all I'll do for you.  
*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—*The Same. Another Room in the Palace.*

*Enter IMOGEN.*

*Imo.* A father cruel, and a step-dame  
false;  
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,  
That hath her husband banish'd: O! that  
husband;  
My supreme crown of grief! and those re-  
peated  
Vexations of it! Had I been thief stol'n,  
As my two brothers, happy! but most miser-  
able  
Is the desire that's glorious: bless'd be  
those,  
How mean soe'er, that have their honest  
wills,  
Which seasons comfort. Who may this be?  
Fie!

*Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.*

*Pis.* Madam, a noble gentleman of  
Rome, 10  
Comes from my lord with letters.  
*Iach.* Change you, madam?  
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,  
And greets your highness dearly.

*Presents a letter.*

*Imo.* Thanks, good sir:  
You're kindly welcome.

*Iach.* *Aside.* All of her that is out of door  
most rich!  
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,  
She is alone the Arabian bird, and I  
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my  
friend!  
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!  
Or, like the Parthian, I shall fly'ing fight; 20  
Rather, directly fly.

*Imo.* *He is one of the noblest note, to  
whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied.  
Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value  
your trust—*  
*LEONATUS.*

So far I read aloud;  
But even the very middle of my heart  
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thank-  
fully.

You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I 29  
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so  
In all that I can do.

*Iach.* Thanks, fairest lady.  
What! are men mad? Hath nature given  
them eyes

To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop  
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt  
The fiery orbs above and the twinn'd stones  
Upon the number'd beach, and can we not  
Partition make with spectacles so precious  
'Twixt fair and foul?

*Imo.* What makes your admiration?

*Iach.* It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and  
monkeys  
'Twixt two such shes would chatter this way  
and 40  
Contemn with mows the other; nor i' the  
judgment,

For idiots in this case of favour would  
Be wisely definite; nor i' the appetite;  
Sluttery to such neat excellence oppos'd  
Should make desire vomit emptiness,  
Not so allur'd to feed.

*Imo.* What is the matter, trow?

*Iach.* The cloyed will,  
That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub  
Both fill'd and running, ravening first the  
lamb,

Longs after for the garbage.  
*Imo.* What, dear sir,  
Thus raps you? Are you well?

*Iach.* Thanks, madam, well.  
*To PISANIO.* Beseech you, sir, 52  
Desire my man's abode where I did leave  
him;

He's strange and peevish.  
*Pis.* I was going, sir,  
To give him welcome. *Exit.*

*Imo.* Continues well my lord his health,  
beseech you?

*Iach.* Well, madam.  
*Imo.* Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is.

*Iach.* Exceeding pleasant; none a stran-  
ger there

So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd 50  
The Briton reveller.  
*Imo.* When he was here  
He did incline to sadness, and oft-times  
Not knowing why.

*Iach.* I never saw him sad.  
There is a Frenchman his companion, one  
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much  
loves

A Gallian girl at home; he furnaces  
The thick sighs from him, whiles the jolly  
Briton,

Your lord, I mean, laughs from 's free lungs,  
cries 'O!  
Can my sides hold, to think that man, who  
knows

By history, report, or his own proof, 70  
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose  
But must be, will his free hours languish for  
Assured bondage?

*Imo.* Will my lord say so?  
*Iach.* Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood  
with laughter:

It is a recreation to be by  
And hear him mock the Frenchman; but,  
heavens know,  
Some men are much to blame.

*Imo.* Not he, I hope.  
*Iach.* Not he; but yet heaven's bounty towards him might  
 Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 't is much;

In you, which I account his beyond all talents,  
 Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound To pity too.

*Imo.* What do you pity, sir?  
*Iach.* Two creatures, heartily.

*Imo.* Am I one, sir?  
 You look on me: what wreck discern you in me

Deserves your pity?  
*Iach.* Lamentable! What! To hide me from the radiant sun and solace I' the dungeon by a snuff?

*Imo.* I pray you, sir, Deliver with more openness your answers To my demands. Why do you pity me?

*Iach.* That others do.  
 I was about to say, enjoy your—But It is an office of the gods to venge it, Not mine to speak on 't.

*Imo.* You do seem to know Something of me, or what concerns me; pray you,—

Since doubting things go ill often hurts more Than to be sure they do; for certainties Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,

The remedy then born,—discover to me What both you spur and stop.

*Iach.* Had I this cheek To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,

Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul

To the oath of loyalty; this object, which Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye, Fixing it only here; should I, damn'd then, Slaver with lips as common as the stairs That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands

Made hard with hourly falsehood, falsehood as

With labour, then by-peeping in an eye Base and inlustrous as the smoky light 109 That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit That all the plagues of hell should at one time

Encounter such revolt.

*Imo.* My lord, I fear,  
 Has forgot Britain.

*Iach.* And himself. Not I, Inclind to this intelligence, pronounce The beggary of his change; but 't is your graces

That from my mutest conscience to my tongue

Charms this report out.

*Imo.* Let me hear no more.  
*Iach.* O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart

With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady So fair, and fast'd to an empery 120 Would make the great'st king double, to be partner'd

With tom-boys hir'd with that self-exhibition

Which your own coffers yield! with diseases'd ventures

That play with all infirmities for gold Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff

As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd; Or she that bore you was no queen, and you Recoil from your great stock.

*Imo.* Reveng'd!  
 How should I be reveng'd? If this be true, As I have such a heart that both mine ears Must not in haste abuse, if it be true, 131 How should I be reveng'd?

*Iach.* Should he make me Live like Diana's priest, betwix cold sheets, While he is vaulting variable ramps, In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.

I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure, More noble than that runagate to your bed, And will continue fast to your affection, Still close as sure.

*Imo.* What, ho, Pisanio!

*Iach.* Let me my service tender on your lips.

*Imo.* Away! I do condemn mine ears that have

So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,

Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not

For such an end thou seek'st; as base as strange.

Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far From thy report as thou from honour, and Solicit's there a lady that disdains

Thee and the devil alike. What, ho, Pisanio!

The king my father shall be made acquainted

Of thy assault; if he shall think it fit, 150 A saucy stranger in his court to mart

As in a Romish stew and to expound His beastly mind to us, he hath a court

He little cares for and a daughter who He not respects at all. What, ho, Pisanio!

*Iach.* O happy Leonatus! I may say: The credit that thy lady hath of thee

Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness

Her assur'd credit. Blessed live you long! A lady to the worthiest sir that ever 160

Country call'd his; and you his mistress, only

For the most worthiest fit. Give me your pardon.

I have spoke this, to know if your affiance Were deeply rooted and shall make your lord

That which he is, new o'er; and he is one The truest manner'd; such a holy witch

That he enchants societies into him; Half all men's hearts are his.

*Imo.* You make amends.  
*Iach.* He sits 'mongst men like a descended god;

He hath a kind of honour sets him off, 170

More than a mortal seeming. Be not  
 angry,  
 Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd  
 To try your taking of a false report; which  
 hath  
 Honour'd with confirmation your great  
 judgment  
 In the election of a sir so rare.  
 Which you know cannot err. The love I  
 bear him  
 Made me to fan you thus; but the gods  
 made you,  
 Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.  
*Imo.* All's well, sir. Take my power I'  
 the court for yours.  
*Iach.* My humble thanks. I had almost  
 forgot  
 To entreat your grace but in a small request,  
 And yet of moment too, for it concerns  
 Your lord; myself and other noble friends  
 Are partners in the business.  
*Imo.* Pray, what is 't?  
*Iach.* Some dozen Romans of us and your  
 lord,  
 The best feather of our wing, have mingled  
 sums  
 To buy a present for the emperor;  
 Which I, the factor for the rest, have  
 done  
 In France; 'tis plate of rare device, and  
 jewels  
 Of rich and exquisite form; their values  
 great;  
 And I am something curious, being strange,  
 To have them in safe stowage. May it  
 please you  
 To take them in protection?  
*Imo.* Willingly;  
 And pawn mine honour for their safety:  
 since  
 My lord hath interest in them, I will keep  
 them  
 In my bedchamber.  
*Iach.* They are in a trunk,  
 Attended by my men; I will make bold  
 To send them to you, only for this night;  
 I must abode to-morrow.  
*Imo.* O! no, no.  
*Iach.* Yes, I beseech, or I shall short my  
 word  
 By lengthening my return. From Gallia  
 I cross'd the seas on purpose and on promise  
 To see your grace.  
*Imo.* I thank you for your pains;  
 But not away to-morrow!  
*Iach.* O! I must, madam:  
 Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please  
 To greet your lord with writing, do 't to-  
 night:  
 I have outstood my time, which is material  
 To the tender of our present.  
*Imo.* I will write.  
 Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be  
 kept,  
 And truly yielded you. You're very wel-  
 come.

Exeunt.

## ACT II

SCENE I.—*Britain. Before CYMBELINE'S Palace.**Enter CLOTEN and two Lords.*

*Clo.* Was there ever man had such luck! when I kissed the jack, upon an up-cast to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on 't; and then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing, as if I borrowed mine oaths of him and might not spend them at pleasure.

*First Lord.* What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

*Second Lord. Aside.* If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out.

*Clo.* When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths, ha?

*Second Lord.* No, my lord; *Aside.* nor crop the ears of them.

*Clo.* Whoreson dog! I give him satisfaction! Would he had been one of my rank!

*Second Lord. Aside.* To have smelt like a fool.

*Clo.* I am not vexed more at any thing in the earth. A pox on 't! I had rather not be so noble as I am. They dare not fight with me because of the queen my mother. Every Jackslave hath his bellyful of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

*Second Lord. Aside.* You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.

*Clo.* Sayest thou?

*Second Lord.* It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

*Clo.* No, I know that; but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

*Second Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

*Clo.* Why, so I say.

*First Lord.* Did you hear of a stranger that's come to court to-night?

*Clo.* A stranger, and I not know on 't!

*Second Lord. Aside.* He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

*First Lord.* There's an Italian come; and 't is thought one of Leonatus' friends.

*Clo.* Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

*First Lord.* One of your lordship's pages.

*Clo.* Is it fit I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in 't?

*First Lord.* You cannot derogate, my lord.

*Clo.* Not easily, I think.

*Second Lord. Aside.* You are a fool granted; therefore your issues, being foolish, do not derogate.

*Clo.* Come, I'll go see this Italian. What I have lost to-day at bowls I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

*Second Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.  
*Exeunt CLOTEN and First Lord.*

That such a crafty devil as is his mother  
Should yield the world this ass! a woman  
that  
Bears all down with her brain, and this her  
son 59  
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart  
And leave eighteen. Alas! poor princess,  
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st,  
Betwixt a father by the step-dame govern'd,  
A mother hourly coining plots, a wooer  
More hateful than the foul expulsion is  
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act  
Of the divorce he'd make. The heavens  
hold firm  
The walls of thy dear honour; keep un-  
shak'd  
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st  
stand, 69  
To enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great  
land! *Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Bedchamber; in one part of  
it a Trunk.*

IMOGEN *reading in her bed; a Lady  
attending.*

*Imo.* Who's there? my woman Helen?  
*Lady.* Please you, madam.

*Imo.* What hour is it?

*Lady.* Almost midnight, madam.

*Imo.* I have read three hours then; mine  
eyes are weak;

Fold down the leaf where I have left; to bed:  
Take not away the taper, leave it burning,  
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,  
I prithee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me  
wholly. *Exit Lady.*

To your protection I commend me, gods!  
From fairies and the tempters of the night  
Guard me, beseech ye! 10

*Sleeps.* IACHIMO *comes from  
the trunk.*

*Iach.* The crickets sing, and man's o'er-  
labour'd sense

Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus  
Did softly press the rushes ere he waken'd  
The chastity he wounded. Cytherea,  
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh  
lily,  
And whiter than the sheets! That I might  
touch!

But kiss; one kiss! Rubies unparagon'd,  
How dearly they do 't! 'T is her breathing  
that

Perfumes the chamber thus; the flame o'  
the taper

Bows toward her, and would under-peep her  
lids, 20

To see the enclosed lights, now canopied  
Under these windows, white and azure lac'd  
With blue of heaven's own tinct. But my  
design,

To note the chamber: I will write all down:  
Such and such pictures; there the window;  
such

The adornment of her bed; the arras, fig-  
ures,

Why, such and such; and the contents o'  
the story.

Ah! but some natural notes about her body,  
Above ten thousand meaner moveables  
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory. 30  
O sleep! thou ape of death, lie dull upon  
her,

And be her sense but as a monument  
Thus in a chapel lying. Come off, come off;

*Taking off her bracelet.*

As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard!  
'T is mine; and this will witness outwardly,  
As strongly as the conscience does within  
To the madding of her lord. On her left  
breast

A mole cinque-spotted like the crimson  
drops

'P the bottom of a cowslip: here's a voucher  
Stronger than ever law could make; this  
secret 40

Will force him think I have pick'd the lock  
and ta'en

The treasure of her honour. No more. To  
what end?

Why should I write this down, that's riveted,  
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been  
reading late

The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd  
down

Where Philomel gave up. I have enough:  
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.

Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that  
dawning

May bare the raven's eye! I lodge in fear;  
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. 50

*Clock strikes.*

One, two, three: time, time!

*Goes into the trunk. The scene closes.*

SCENE III.—*An Antechamber adjoining  
IMOGEN'S Apartment.*

*Enter CLOTEN and Lords.*

*First Lord.* Your lordship is the most pa-  
tient man in loss, the most coldest that ever  
turned up ace.

*Clo.* It would make any man cold to lose.

*First Lord.* But not every man patient  
after the noble temper of your lordship.  
You are most hot and furious when you win.

*Clo.* Winning will put any man into cour-  
age. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I  
should have gold enough. It's almost  
morning, is 't not? 10

*First Lord.* Day, my lord.

*Clo.* I would this music would come. I  
am advis'd to give her music o' mornings;  
they say it will penetrate.

*Enter Musicians.*

Come on; tune. If you can penetrate her  
with your fingering, so; we'll try with  
tongue too: if none will do, let her remain;  
but I'll ne'er give o'er. First, a very excel-  
lent good-conceited thing; after, a wonder-  
ful sweet air, with admirable rich words to  
it: and then let her consider. 20

SONG

*Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
And Phoebus 'gins arise,  
His steeds to water at those springs  
On chalic'd flowers that lies;*

*And winking Mary-buds begin  
To ope their golden eyes:  
With everything that pretty is,  
My lady sweet, arise:  
Arise, arise!*

30

*Clo.* So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better; if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs and calves'-guts, nor the voice of un-paved enunch to boot, can never amend.

*Exeunt Musicians.*

*Second Lord.* Here comes the king.

*Clo.* I am glad I was up so late, for that's the reason I was up so early; he cannot choose but take this service I have done fatherly.

*Enter CYMBELINE and Queen.*

Good morrow to your majesty and to my gracious mother.

41

*Cym.* Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?

Will she not forth?

*Clo.* I have assailed her with musics, but she vouchsafes no notice.

*Cym.* The exile of her minion is too new. She hath not yet forgot him: some more time

Must wear the print of his remembrance out.

And then she's yours.

*Queen.* You are most bound to the king. Who lets go by no vantages that may

50

Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself To orderly solicits, and be friended With aptness of the season; make denials Increase your services; so seem as if You were inspir'd to do those duties which You tender to her; that you in all obey her, Save when command to your dismissal tends,

And therein you are senseless.

*Clo.* Senseless! not so.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;

The one is Caius Lucius.

*Cym.* A worthy fellow, Albeit he comes on angry purpose now; But that's no fault of his: we must receive him

61

According to the honour of his sender; And towards himself, his goodness fore-spent on us,

We must extend our notice. Our dear son, When you have given good morning to your mistress,

Attend the queen and us; we shall have need

To employ you towards this Roman. Come, our queen.

*Exeunt all but CLOTEN.*

*Clo.* If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,

Let her lie still and dream. By your leave, ho!

*Knocks.*

I know her women are about her. What If I do line one of their hands? 'T is gold

71

Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes

Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up Their deer to the stand o' the stealer; and 't is gold

Which makes the true man kill'd and saves the thief;

Nay, sometimes hangs both thief and true man. What

Can it not do and undo? I will make One of her women lawyer to me, for

I yet not understand the case myself. By your leave.

*Knocks.*

*Enter a Lady.*

*Lady.* Who's there that knocks?

*Clo.* A gentleman.

*Lady.* No more?

*Clo.* Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

*Lady.* That's more

Than some whose tailors are as dear as yours

Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's pleasure?

*Clo.* Your lady's person: is she ready?

*Lady.* Ay,

To keep her chamber.

*Clo.* There's gold for you; sell me your good report.

*Lady.* How! my good name? or to report of you

89

What I shall think is good?—The princess!

*Exit.*

*Enter IMOGEN.*

*Clo.* Good morrow, fairest; sister, your sweet hand.

*Imo.* Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains

For purchasing but trouble; the thanks I give

Is telling you that I am poor of thanks

And scarce can spare them.

*Clo.* Still, I swear I love you.

*Imo.* If you but said so, 't were as deep with me;

If you swear still, your recompense is still That I regard it not.

*Clo.* This is no answer.

*Imo.* But that you shall not say I yield being silent

I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: faith,

100

I shall unfold equal discourtesy To your best kindness. One of your great knowing

Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

*Clo.* To leave you in your madness, 't were my sin;

I will not.

*Imo.* Fools are not mad folks.

*Clo.* Do you call me fool?

*Imo.* As I am mad, I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad; That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir, You put me to forget a lady's manners, 110

By being so verbal; and learn now, for all, That I, which know my heart, do here pro-nounce

By the very truth of it, I care not for you;  
And am so near the lack of charity,  
To accuse myself, I hate you; which I had  
rather  
You felt than make 't my boast.

*Clo.* You sin against  
Obedience, which you owe your father. For  
The contract you pretend with that base  
wretch,

One bred of alms and foster'd with cold  
dishes,

With scraps o' the court, it is no contract,  
none; <sup>120</sup>

And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,  
Yet who than he more mean? to knit their  
souls

On whom there is no more dependency  
But brats and beggary, in self-figur'd knot;  
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by  
The consequence o' the crown, and must  
not soil

The precious note of it with a base slave,  
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,  
A pantler, not so eminent.

*Imo.* Profane fellow!  
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more  
But what thou art besides, thou wert too  
base <sup>131</sup>

To be his groom; thou wert dignified  
enough,

Even to the point of envy, if 't were made  
Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd  
The under-hangman of his kingdom, and  
hated

For being preferr'd so well.

*Clo.* The south-fog rot him!  
*Imo.* He never can meet more mischance  
than come

To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest gar-  
ment,  
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is  
dearer

In my respect than all the hairs above thee,  
Were they all made such men. How now,  
Pisanio! <sup>141</sup>

*Enter PISANIO.*

*Clo.* 'His garment!' Now the devil—  
*Imo.* To Dorothy my woman hie thee  
presently—

*Clo.* 'His garment!'  
*Imo.* I am sprighted with a fool,  
Frighted, and anger'd worse. Go bid my  
woman

Search for a jewel that too casually  
Hath left mine arm; it was thy master's,  
'shrew me

If I would lose it for a revenue  
Of any king's in Europe. I do think  
I saw 't this morning; confident I am <sup>150</sup>  
Last night 't was on mine arm, I kiss'd it;  
I hope it be not gone to tell my lord  
That I kiss aught but he.

*Pis.* 'T will not be lost.  
*Imo.* I hope so; go and search.

*Exit PISANIO.*  
*Clo.* You have abus'd me:

'His meanest garment!'  
*Imo.* Ay, I said so, sir.

If you will make 't an action, call witness  
to 't.

*Clo.* I will inform your father.  
*Imo.* Your mother too;  
She's my good lady, and will conceive, I  
hope,

But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,  
To the worst of discontent. *Exit.*

*Clo.* I'll be reveng'd.  
'His meanest garment!' Well. *Exit.* 161

SCENE IV.—*Rome. A Room in PHILARIO'S  
House.*

*Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO.*

*Post.* Fear it not, sir; I would I were so  
sure  
To win the king as I am bold her honour  
Will remain hers.

*Phi.* What means do you make to him?

*Post.* Not any, but abide the change of  
time,  
Quake in the present winter's state and  
wish

That warmer days would come; in those  
sear'd hopes,

I barely gratify your love; they failing,  
I must die much your debtor.

*Phi.* Your very goodness and your com-  
pany

O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king <sup>10</sup>  
Hath heard of great Augustus; Caius Lu-  
cius

Will do 's commission thoroughly, and I think  
He 'll grant the tribute, send the arrearsages,  
Or look upon our Romans, whose remem-  
brance

Is yet fresh in their grief.

*Post.* I do believe,  
Statist though I am none, nor like to be,  
That this will prove a war; and you shall  
hear

The legions now in Gallia sooner landed  
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings  
Of any penny tribute paid. Our country-  
men <sup>20</sup>

Are men more order'd than when Julius  
Cæsar

Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their  
courage

Worthy his frowning at; their discipline,  
Now mingled with their courages, will make  
known

To their approvers they are people such  
That mend upon the world.

*Enter IACHIMO.*

*Phi.* See! Iachimo!  
*Post.* The swiftest harts have posted you  
by land,

And winds of all the corners kiss'd your  
sails,

To make your vessel nimble.

*Phi.* Welcome, sir.  
*Post.* I hope the briefness of your answer  
made

The speediness of your return.

*Iach.* Your lady  
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.

*Post.* And therewithal the best; or let her beauty  
Look through a casement to allure false hearts  
And be false with them.

*Iach.* Here are letters for you.

*Post.* Their tenour good, I trust.

*Iach.* 'Tis very like.

*Phi.* Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court

When you were there?

*Iach.* He was expected then,

But not approach'd.

*Post.* All is well yet.  
Sparkles this stone as it was won't? or is 't

not 40  
Too dull for your good wearing?

*Iach.* If I have lost it,  
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.  
I'll make a journey twice as far to enjoy  
A second night of such sweet shortness

which  
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

*Post.* The stone's too hard to come by.

*Iach.* Not a whit,  
Your lady being so easy.

*Post.* Make not, sir,  
Your loss your sport: I hope you know that

we  
Must not continue friends.

*Iach.* Good sir, we must,  
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought  
The knowledge of your mistress home, I

grant 51  
We were to question further, but I now  
Profess myself the winner of her honour.  
Together with your ring; and not the

wronger  
Of her or you, having proceeded but  
By both your wills.

*Post.* If you can make 't apparent  
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand  
And ring is yours; if not, the foul opinion  
You had of her pure honour gains or loses  
Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves

both 60  
To you shall find them.

*Iach.* Sir, my circumstances,  
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,  
Must first induce you to believe; whose

strength  
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,  
You'll give me leave to spare, when you

shall find  
You need it not.

*Post.* Proceed.

*Iach.* First, her bedchamber,  
Where I confess I slept not, but profess  
Had that was well worth watching, it was

hang'd  
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story  
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Ro-

man, 70  
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or

for  
The press of boats or pride; a piece of work  
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive  
In workmanship and value; which I won-  
der'd

Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,  
Since the true life on 't was—

*Post.* This is true;  
And this you might have heard of here, by

me,  
Or by some other.

*Iach.* More particulars

Must justify my knowledge.

*Post.* So they must.  
Or do your honour injury.

*Iach.* The chimney  
Is south the chamber, and the chimney-  
piece 81

Chaste Dian bathing; never saw I figures  
So likely to report themselves; the cutter  
Was as another nature, dumb; outwent

her,  
Motion and breath left out.

*Post.* This is a thing  
Which you might from relation likewise

reap,  
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

*Iach.* The roof o' the chamber  
With golden cherubins is fretted; her and-  
irons,

I had forgot them, were two winking Cupids  
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely  
Depending on their brands. 91

*Post.* This is her honour!  
Let it be granted you have seen all this, and

praise  
Be given to your remembrance, the descrip-  
tion

Of what is in her chamber nothing saves

The wager you have laid.

*Iach.* Then, if you can,  
Be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel;  
see!

*Showing the bracelet.*  
And now 't is up again; it must be married  
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

*Post.* Jove!  
Once more let me behold it. Is it that  
Which I left with her?

*Iach.* Sir, I thank her, that:  
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;  
Her pretty action did outsell her gift, 102  
And yet enrich'd it too. She gave it me, and

said  
She priz'd it once.

*Post.* May be she pluck'd it off  
To send it me.

*Iach.* She writes so to you, doth she?

*Post.* O! no, no, no; 't is true. Here,  
take this too; *Gives the ring.*

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,  
Kills me to look on 't. Let there be no  
honour

Where there is beauty; truth where sem-  
blance; love

Where there's another man; the vows of  
women 110

Of no more bondage be to where they are  
made

Than they are to their virtues, which is  
nothing.

O! above measure false.

*Phi.* Have patience, sir,  
And take your ring again; 't is not yet won:  
It may be probable she lost it; or

Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,

Hath stol'n it from her?

*Post.* Very true;  
And so, I hope, he came by 't. Back my ring.

Render to me some corporal sign about her, More evident than this; for this was stolen.

*Iach.* By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

*Post.* Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.

'Tis true; nay, keep the ring; 'tis true, I am sure

She would not lose it; her attendants are All sworn and honourable; they induc'd to steal it!

And by a stranger! No, he hath enjoy'd her;

The cognizance of her incontinency Is this; she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.

There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell

Divide themselves between you!

*Phi.* Sir, be patient.  
This is not strong enough to be believ'd  
Of one persuaded well of—

*Post.* Never talk on 't:  
She hath been colted by him.

*Iach.* If you seek  
For further satisfying, under her breast,

Worthy the pressing, lies a mole, right proud Of that most delicate lodging: by my life,

I kiss'd it, and it gave me present hunger To feed again, though full. You do remember

This stain upon her?

*Post.* Ay, and it doth confirm  
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,  
Were there no more but it.

*Iach.* Will you hear more?

*Post.* Spare your arithmetic; never count the turns;

Once, and a million!

*Iach.* I'll be sworn,—

*Post.* No swearing.

If you will swear you have not done 't, you lie;

And I will kill thee if thou dost deay  
Thou 'st made me cuckold.

*Iach.* I'll deny nothing.

*Post.* O! that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal.

I will go there and do 't, i' the court, before Her father. I'll do something.—*Exit.*

*Phi.* Quite besides

The government of patience! You have won:

Let 's follow him, and pervert the present wrath

He hath against himself.

*Iach.* With all my heart. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Same. Another Room in the Same.*

*Enter POSTHUMUS.*

*Post.* Is there no way for men to be but

WOMEN

Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;

And that most venerable man which I Did call my father was I know not where

When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools

Made me a counterfeit; yet my mother seem'd

The Dian of that time; so doth my wife The nonpareil of this. O! vengeance, vengeance;

Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd  
And pray'd me off forbearance; did it with

A pudency so rosy the sweet view on 't Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I

thought her

As chaste as unsunn'd snow. O! all the devils!

This yellow Iachimo, in an hour, was 't not? Or less, at first? perchance he spoke not,

but

Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one, Cried 'O!' and mounted; found no opposition

But what he look'd for should oppose and she

Should from encounter guard. Could I find out

The woman's part in me! For there's no motion

That tends to vice in man but I affirm It is the woman's part; be it lying, note it,

The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;

Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;

Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,

Nice longing, slanders, mutability, All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell

knows,

Why, hers, in part or all; but rather, all; For even to vice

They are not constant, but are changing still One vice but of a minute old for one

Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,

Detest them, curse them. Yet 'tis greater skill

In a true hate to pray they have their will: The very devils cannot plague them better.

*Exit.*

### ACT III

SCENE I.—*Britain. A Room of State in CYMBELINE'S Palace.*

*Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, and Lords at one door, and at another CAIUS LUCIUS and Attendants.*

*Cym.* Now say what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

*Luc.* When Julius Cæsar, whose remembrance yet

Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears and tongues

Be theme and hearing ever, was in this Britain,

And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,  
Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less  
Than in his feats deserving it, for him  
And his succession granted Rome a tribute,  
Yearly three thousand pounds, which by  
these lately 9  
Is left untender'd.

*Queen.* And, to kill the marvel,  
Shall be so ever.

*Clo.* There be many Cæsars  
Ere such another Julius. Britain is  
A world by itself, and we will nothing pay  
For wearing our own noses.

*Queen.* That opportunity  
Which then they had to take from 's, to re-  
sume

We have again. Remember, sir, my liege,  
The kings your ancestors, together with  
The natural bravery of your isle, which  
stands

As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in  
With rocks unscaleable and roaring waters,  
With sands that will not bear your enemies'  
boats, 21

But suck them up to the topmast. A kind of  
conquest

Cæsar made here, but made not here his  
brag

Of 'came, and saw, and overcame': with  
shame,

The first that ever touch'd him, he was car-  
ried

From off our coast, twice beaten; and his  
shipping,

Poor ignorant baubles! on our terrible seas,  
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges,  
crack'd

As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof  
The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at  
point, 30

O gislot fortune! to master Cæsar's sword,  
Make Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,  
And Britons strut with courage.

*Clo.* Come, there's no more tribute to  
be paid. Our kingdom is stronger than it  
was at that time; and as I said, there is no  
more such Cæsars; other of them may have  
crooked noses, but to owe such straight  
arms, none.

*Cym.* Son, let your mother end. 39

*Clo.* We have yet many among us can  
gripe as hard as Cassibelan; I do not say I  
am one, but I have a hand. Why tribute?  
why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can  
hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put  
the moon in his pocket, we will pay him  
tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute,  
pray you now. 46

*Cym.* You must know,  
Till the injurious Romans did extort  
This tribute from us, we were free; Cæsar's  
ambition,

Which swell'd so much that it did almost  
stretch 50

The sides o' the world, against all colour  
here

Did put the yoke upon 's; which to shake  
off

Becomes a war-like people, whom we reckon

Ourselves to be. We do say then to Cæsar,  
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which  
Ordain'd our laws, whose use the sword of  
Cæsar

Hath too much mangled; whose repair and  
franchise

Shall by the power we hold, be our good  
deed,

Though Rome be therefore angry. Mul-  
mutius made our laws, 59

Who was the first of Britain which did put  
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd  
Himself a king.

*Luc.* I am sorry, Cymbeline,  
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar,  
Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants  
than

Thyself domestic officers, thine enemy.  
Receive it from me, then: war and confu-  
sion

In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee:  
look

For fury not to be resisted. Thus defied,  
I thank thee for myself.

*Cym.* Thou art welcome, Caius.  
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent  
Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;  
Which he to seek of me again, perforce, 72

Behoves me keep at utterance. I am per-  
fect

That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for  
Their liberties are now in arms; a precedent  
Which not to read would show the Britons  
cold;

So Cæsar shall not find them.

*Luc.* Let proof speak.

*Clo.* His majesty bids you welcome.  
Make pastime with us a day or two, or  
longer; if you seek us afterwards in other  
terms, you shall find us in our salt-water  
girdle; if you beat us out of it, it is yours.  
If you fall in the adventure, our crows shall  
fare the better for you; and there's an end. 84

*Luc.* So, sir.

*Cym.* I know your master's pleasure and  
he mine;

All the remain is 'Welcome!' *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Another Room in the Same.

*Enter PISANIO, reading a letter.*

*Pis.* How! of adultery! Wherefore write  
you not

What monster's her accuser? Leonatus?  
O master! what a strange infection

Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian,  
As poisonous tongued as handed, hath pre-  
vail'd

On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal! No;  
She's punish'd for her truth, and undergoes,

More goddess-like than wife-like, such  
assaults

As would take in some virtue. O my master!  
Thy mind to her is now as low as were 10

Thy fortunes. How! that I should murder  
her?

Upon the love and truth and vows which I  
Have made to thy command? I, her? her  
blood?

If it be so to do good service, never  
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,  
That I should seem to lack humanity  
So much as this fact comes to?

*Do't. The letter  
That I have sent her, by her own command  
Shall give thee opportunity.*

O damn'd paper!  
Black as the ink that's on thee. Senseless  
bauble, 20  
Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'st  
So virgin-like without? Lo! here she comes.  
I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

*Enter IMOGEN.*

*Imo.* How now, Pisanio!  
*Pis.* Madam, here is a letter from my lord.  
*Imo.* Who? thy lord? that is my lord,  
Leonatus.

O! learn'd indeed were that astronomer  
That knew the stars as I his characters;  
He'd lay the future open. You good gods,  
Let what is here contain'd relish of love, 30  
Of my lord's health, of his content, yet not  
That we two are asunder; let that grieve  
him:

Some griefs are med'cinable; that is one of  
them.

For it doth physic love: of his content,  
All but in that! Good wax, thy leave.  
Bless'd be

You bees that make these locks of counsel!  
Lovers

And men in dangerous bonds pray not alike;  
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet  
You clasp young Cupid's tables. Good  
news, gods! 39

*Justice and your father's wrath, should  
he take me in his dominion, could not be so  
cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of crea-  
tures, would even renew me with your eyes.  
Take notice that I am in Cambria, at Mil-  
ford-Haven; what your own love will out  
of this advise you, follow. So he wishes you  
all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow,  
and your, increasing in love,*

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

O! for a horse with wings. Hear'st thou,  
Pisanio? 50

He is at Milford-Haven; read, and tell me  
How far 't is thither. If one of mean affairs  
May plod it in a week, why may not I  
Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisanio,  
Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who  
long'st,

O! let me 'bate; but not like me; yet  
long'st,

But in a fainter kind: O! not like me,  
For mine's beyond beyond; say, and speak  
thick;

Love's counsellor should fill the bores of  
hearing, 59

To the smothering of the sense, how far it is  
To this same blessed Milford; and, by the  
way,

Tell me how Wales was made so happy as  
To inherit such a haven; but first of all,

How we may steal from hence, and for the

<sup>60</sup>  
That we shall make in time, from our hence-  
going  
And our return, to excuse; but first, how  
get hence.

Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?  
We'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee, speak,  
How many score of miles may we well ride  
'Twixt hour and hour?

*Pis.* One score 'twixt sun and sun,  
Madam, 's enough for you, and too much  
too. 70

*Imo.* Why, one that rode to 's execution,  
man,

Could never go so slow: I have heard of  
riding wagers,

Where horses have been nimbler than the  
sands

That run i' the clock's behalf. But this is  
foolery;

Go bid my woman feign a sickness; say  
She'll home to her father; and provide me  
presently

A riding-suit, no costlier than would fit  
A franklin's housewife.

*Pis.* Madam, you're best consider.

*Imo.* I see before me, man; nor here, nor  
here. 80

Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,  
That I cannot look through. Away, I prithee;  
Do as I bid thee. There's no more to say;  
Accessible is none but Milford way.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Wales. A mountainous  
Country, with a Cave.

*Enter from the Cave BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS  
and ARVIRAGUS.*

*Bel.* A goodly day not to keep house with  
such

Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys;  
this gate

Instructs you how to adore the heavens, and  
bows you

To a morning's holy office; the gates of  
monarchs

Are arch'd so high that giants may jet  
through

And keep their impious turbans on, without  
Good morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair

heaven!

We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so  
hardly

As prouder livers do.

*Gui.* Hail, heaven!  
*Arv.* Hail, heaven!

*Bel.* Now for our mountain sport. Up to  
yond hill; 10

Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats.  
Consider,

When you above perceive me like a crow,  
That it is place which lessens and sets off;

And you may then revolve what tales I have  
told you

Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war;  
This service is not service, so being done,  
But being so allow'd; to apprehend thus

Draws us a profit from all things we see,  
 And often, to our comfort, shall we find  
 The sharded beetle in a safer hold <sup>20</sup>  
 Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O! this life  
 Is nobler than attending for a check,  
 Richer than doing nothing for a bribe,  
 Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk;  
 Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em  
 fine,  
 Yet keeps his book uncross'd; no life to ours.  
*Gui.* Out of your proof you speak; we,  
 poor unfledg'd,  
 Have never wing'd from view o' the nest,  
 nor know not  
 What air's from home. Haply this life is  
 best,  
 If quiet life be best; sweeter to you <sup>30</sup>  
 That have a sharper known, well correspond-  
 ing  
 With your stiff age; but unto us it is  
 A cell of ignorance, travelling a-bed,  
 A prison for a debtor, that not dares  
 To stride a limit.

*Arv.* What should we speak of  
 When we are old as you? when we shall  
 hear  
 The rain and wind beat dark December, how  
 In this our pinching cave shall we discourse  
 The freezing hours away? We have seen  
 nothing;  
 We are beastly, subtle as the fox for prey, <sup>40</sup>  
 Like war-like as the wolf for what we eat;  
 Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage  
 We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,  
 And sing our bondage freely.

*Bel.* How you speak!  
 Did you but know the city's usuries  
 And felt them knowingly; the art o' the  
 court,

As hard to leave as keep, whose top to climb  
 Is certain falling, or so slippery that  
 The fear's as bad as falling; the toil o' the  
 war,

A pain that only seems to seek out danger <sup>50</sup>  
 I' the name of fame and honour; which dies  
 i' the search,

And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph  
 As record of fair act; nay, many times,  
 Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's  
 worse,

Must court'sy at the censure. O boys! this  
 story  
 The world may read in me; my body's  
 mark'd

With Roman swords, and my report was  
 once  
 First with the best of note; Cymbeline lov'd  
 me,

And when a soldier was the theme, my name  
 Was not far off; then was I as a tree <sup>60</sup>  
 Whose boughs did bend with fruit, but in  
 one night,

A storm or robbery, call it what you will,  
 Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my  
 leaves,

And left me bare to weather.

*Gui.* Uncertain favour!

*Bel.* My fault being nothing, as I have  
 told you oft,

But that two villains, whose false oaths pre-  
 vail'd

Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbe-  
 line

I was confederate with the Romans; so  
 Follow'd my banishment, and this twenty  
 years

This rock and these demesnes have been  
 my world, <sup>70</sup>

Where I have liv'd at honest freedom,  
 paid

More pious debts to heaven than in all  
 The fore-end of my time. But up to the  
 mountains!

This is not hunters' language. He that  
 strikes

The venison first shall be the lord o' the  
 feast;

To him the other two shall minister;  
 And we will fear no poison which attends  
 In place of greater state. I'll meet you in  
 the valleys.

*Exeunt GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS.*

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!  
 These boys know little they are sons to the  
 king; <sup>80</sup>

Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.  
 They think they are mine; and though  
 train'd up thus meanly

I' the cave wherein they bow, their thoughts  
 do hit

The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts  
 them

In simple and low things to prince it much  
 Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,  
 The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom  
 The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!  
 When on my three-foot stool I sit and  
 tell

The war-like feats I have done, his spirits  
 fly out <sup>90</sup>

Into my story: say 'Thus mine enemy  
 fell,

And thus I set my foot on 's neck;' even  
 then

The princely blood flows in his cheek, he  
 sweats,

Strains his young nerves, and puts himself  
 in posture

That acts my words. The younger brother,  
 Cadwal,

Once Arviragus, in as like a figure,  
 Strikes life into my speech and shows much  
 more

His own conceiving. Hark! the game is  
 rous'd.

O Cymbeline! heaven and my conscience  
 knows

Thou didst unjustly banish me; whereon, <sup>100</sup>  
 At three and two years old, I stole these  
 babes,

Thinking to bar thee of succession, as  
 Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,

Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for  
 their mother,

And every day do honour to her grave:  
 Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,

They take for natural father. The game is  
 up.

*Exit.*

## SCENE IV.—Near Milford-Haven.

Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN.

*Imo.* Thou told'st me, when we came  
from horse, the place  
Was near at hand: ne'er long'd my mother  
To see me first, as I have now. *Pisanio!*  
man!

Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,  
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore  
breaks that sigh  
From the inward of thee? One, but painted  
thus,

Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd  
Beyond self-explication; put thyself  
Into a havour of less fear, ere wildness  
Vanquish my staid senses. What's the  
matter?

Why tender'st thou that paper to me with  
A look untender? If 't be summer news,  
Smile to 't before; if winterly, thou need'st  
But keep that countenance still. My hus-  
band's hand!

That drug-damn'd Italy hath outcraftied  
him,  
And he's at some hard point. Speak, man;  
thy tongue

May take off some extremity, which to read  
Would be even mortal to me.

*Pis.* Please you, read;  
And you shall find me, wretched man, a  
thing

The most disdain'd of fortune.

*Imo.* Thy mistress, *Pisanio*, hath played  
the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies  
whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not  
out of weak surmises, but from proof as  
strong as my grief and as certain as I expect  
my revenge. That part thou, *Pisanio*, must  
act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with  
the breach of hers. Let thine own hands  
take away her life; I shall give thee oppor-  
tunity at Milford-Haven; she hath my let-  
ter for the purpose; where, if thou fear to  
strike, and to make me certain it is done,  
thou art the pander to her dishonour and  
equally to me disloyal.

*Pis.* What shall I need to draw my sword?  
the paper

Hath cut her throat already. No, 't is slan-  
der,

Whose edge is sharper than the sword,  
whose tongue

Outvenoms all the worms of Nile, whose  
breath

Rides on the posting winds and doth belie  
All corners of the world; kings, queens, and  
states,

Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the  
grave

This viperous slander enters. What cheer,  
madam?

*Imo.* False to his bed! What is it to be  
false?

To lie in watch there and to think on him?  
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep  
charge nature,

To break it with a fearful dream of him,  
And cry myself awake? that's false to 's  
bed, is it?

*Pis.* Alas! good lady.

*Imo.* I false! Thy conscience witness!  
Iachimo,

Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;  
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now me-  
thinks

Thy favour's good enough. Some jay of  
Italy,

Whose mother was her painting, hath be-  
tray'd him:

Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion,  
And, for I am richer than to hang by the  
walls,

I must be ripp'd; to pieces with me! O!  
Men's vows are women's traitors. All good  
seeming,

By thy revolt, O husband! shall be thought  
Put on for villany; not born where 't grows,  
But worn a bait for ladies.

*Pis.* Good madam, hear me.  
*Imo.* True honest men being heard, like  
false *Aeneas*,

Were in his time thought false, and *Sinon's*  
weeping

Did scandal many a holy tear, took pity  
From most true wretchedness; so thou,

*Posthumus*,  
Wilt lay the heaven on all proper men;

Goodly and gallant shall be false and per-  
jur'd

From thy great fail. Come, fellow, be thou  
honest;

Do thou thy master's bidding. When thou  
see'st him,

A little witness my obedience; look!  
I draw the sword myself; take it, and hit  
The innocent mansion of my love, my  
heart.

Fear not, 't is empty of all things but grief;  
Thy master is not there, who was indeed  
The riches of it: do his bidding; strike.

Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause,  
But now thou seem'st a coward.

*Pis.* Hence, vile instrument!  
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

*Imo.* Why, I must die;  
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art  
No servant of thy master's. Against self-  
slaughter

There is a prohibition so divine  
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's  
my heart;

Something's afore 't; soft, soft! we'll no  
defence,

Obedient as the scabbard. What is here?  
The scriptures of the loyal *Leonatus*

All turn'd to heresy! Away, away!  
Corrupters of my faith; you shall no more  
Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor  
fools

Believe false teachers; though those that  
are betray'd

Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor  
Stands in worse case of woe.

And thou, *Posthumus*, thou that didst set up  
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,

And make me put into contempt the suits  
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find  
It is no act of common passage, but  
A strain of rareness; and I grieve myself  
To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by  
her

That now thou tir'st on, how thy memory  
Will then be pang'd by me. Prithee, dis-  
patch;

The lamb entreats the butcher; where's  
thy knife?

Thou art too slow to do thy master's bid-  
ding, 100

When I desire it too.

*Pis.* O gracious lady!  
Since I receiv'd command to do this busi-  
ness

I have not slept one wink.

*Imo.* Do 't, and to bed then.

*Pis.* I'll wake mine eyeballs blind first.

*Imo.* Wherefore then  
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd  
So many miles with a pretence? this place?  
Mine action and thine own? our horses'  
labour?

The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,  
For my being absent? whereunto I never  
Purpose return. Why hast thou gone so  
far, 110

To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy  
stand,

The elected deer before thee?

*Pis.* But to win time,  
To lose so bad employment, in the which  
I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,  
Hear me with patience.

*Imo.* Talk thy tongue weary; speak:  
I have heard I am a strumpet, and mine ear,  
Therein false struck, can take no greater  
wound,

Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

*Pis.* Then, madam,  
I thought you would not back again.

*Imo.* Most like,  
Bringing me here to kill me.

*Pis.* Not so, neither;  
But if I were as wise as honest, then 121

My purpose would prove well. It cannot be  
But that my master is abus'd;

Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,  
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

*Imo.* Some Roman courtesan.

*Pis.* No, on my life.  
I'll give but notice you are dead and send  
him

Some bloody sign of it; for 't is commanded  
I should do so: you shall be miss'd at court,  
And that will well confirm it.

*Imo.* Why, good fellow,  
What shall I do the while? where bide? how  
live? 131

Or in my life what comfort, when I am  
Dead to my husband?

*Pis.* If you 'll back to the court,—  
*Imo.* No court, no father; nor no more  
ado

With that harsh, noble, simple nothing,  
That Cloten, whose love-suithath been to me  
As fearful as a siege.

*Pis.* If not at court,  
Then not in Britain must you bide.

*Imo.* Where then?  
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day,  
night,

Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's  
volume 140

Our Britain seems as of it, but not in 't;  
In a great pool a swan's nest: prithee, think  
There's livers out of Britain.

*Pis.* I am most glad  
You think of other place. The ambassador,  
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven  
To-morrow; now, if you could wear a mind  
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise  
That which, to appear itself, must not yet be  
But by self-danger, you should tread a  
course

Pretty and full of view; yea, haply, near 150  
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh at  
least

That though his actions were not visible, yet  
Report should render him hourly to your ear  
As truly as he moves.

*Imo.* O! for such means:  
Though peril to my modesty, not death on 't,  
I would adventure.

*Pis.* Well then, here's the point:  
You must forget to be a woman; change  
Command into obedience; fear and nice-  
ness,

The handmaids of all women, or more truly  
Woman it pretty self, into a waggish cour-  
age; 140

Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and  
As quarrellous as the weasel; nay, you  
must

Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,  
Exposing it—but, O! the harder heart!  
Alack! no remedy!—to the greedy touch  
Of common-kissing Titan, and forget

Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein  
You made great Juno angry.

*Imo.* Nay, be brief:  
I see into thy end, and am almost  
A man already.

*Pis.* First, make yourself but like one.  
Forethinking this, I have already fit, 171

'T is in my cloak-bag, doublet, hat, hose, all  
That answer to them; would you in their  
serving,

And with what imitation you can borrow  
From youth of such a season, fore noble  
Lucius

Present yourself, desire his service, tell him  
Wherein you're happy, which you'll make  
him know,

If that his head have ear in music, doubtless  
With joy he will embrace you for he's hon-  
ourable,

And, doubling that, most holy. Your means  
abroad, 180

You have me, rich; and I will never fail  
Beginning nor supplement.

*Imo.* Thou art all the comfort  
The gods will diet me with. Prithee, away;  
There's more to be consider'd, but we'll  
even

All that good time will give us; this attempt

I'm soldier to, and will abide it with  
A prince's courage. Away, I prithee.

*Pis.* Well, madam, we must take a short  
farewell,

Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of  
Your carriage from the court. My noble  
mistress, 190

Here is a box, I had it from the queen,  
What's in 't is precious; if you are sick at  
sea,

Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this  
Will drive away distemper. To some shade,  
And fit you to your manhood. May the  
gods

Direct you to the best!

*Imo.* Amen. I thank thee. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—A Room in CYMBELINE'S  
Palace.

*Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN,  
LUCIUS, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Cym.* Thus far; and so farewell.

*Luc.* Thanks, royal sir.  
My emperor hath wrote, I must from hence;  
And am right sorry that I must report ye  
My master's enemy.

*Cym.* Our subjects, sir,  
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself  
To show less sovereignty than they, must  
needs  
Appear unkinglike.

*Luc.* So, sir: I desire of you  
A conduct over land to Milford-Haven.  
Madam, all joy befall your grace!

*Queen.* And you!  
*Cym.* My lords, you are appointed for  
that office; 10

The due of honour in no point omit.  
So farewell, noble Lucius.

*Luc.* Your hand, my lord.  
*Clo.* Receive it friendly; but from this  
time forth

I wear it as your enemy.

*Luc.* Sir, the event  
Is yet to make the winner. Fare you well.

*Cym.* Leave not the worthy Lucius, good  
my lords,

Till he have cross'd the Severn. Happiness!  
*Exeunt LUCIUS and Lords.*

*Queen.* He goes hence frowning; but it  
honours us,

That we have given him cause.

*Clo.* 'T is all the better;  
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

*Cym.* Lucius hath wrote already to the  
emperor 21

How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely  
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readi-  
ness:

The powers that he already hath in Gallia  
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence  
he moves

His war for Britain.

*Queen.* 'T is not sleepy business;  
But must be look'd to speedily and strongly.

*Cym.* Our expectation that it would be  
thus

Hath made us forward. But, my gentle  
queen,

Where is our daughter? She hath not ap-  
pear'd 30

Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd  
The duty of the day; she looks us like  
A thing more made of malice than of duty:  
We have noted it. Call her before us, for  
We have been too slight in sufferance.

*Exit an Attendant.*

*Queen.* Royal sir,  
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd  
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my  
lord,

'T is time must do. Beseech your majesty,  
Forbear sharp speeches to her; she's a  
lady

So tender of rebukes that words are strokes,  
And strokes death to her. 41

*Re-enter Attendant.*

*Cym.* Where is she, sir? How  
Can her contempt be answer'd?

*Atten.* Please you, sir,  
Her chambers are all lock'd, and there's no  
answer

That will be given to the loudest noise we  
make.

*Queen.* My lord, when last I went to visit  
her,

She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,  
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,

She should that duty leave unpaid to you,  
Which daily she was bound to proffer; this

She wish'd me to make known, but our great  
court 50

Made me to blame in memory.

*Cym.* Her doors lock'd!  
Not seen of late! Grant, heavens, that  
which I fear

Prove false! *Exit.*

*Queen.* Son, I say follow the king.

*Clo.* That man of hers, Pisanio, her old  
servant,

I have not seen these two days.

*Queen.* Go, look after. *Exit CLOTEN.*  
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthu-  
mus!

He hath a drug of mine; I pray his absence  
Proceed by swallowing that, for he believes

It is a thing most precious. But for her,  
Where is she gone? Haply despair hath

seiz'd her, 60

Or wing'd with fervour of her love, she's  
flown

To her desir'd Posthumus. Gone she is  
To death or to dishonour, and my end

Can make good use of either; she being  
down,

I have the placing of the British crown.

*Re-enter CLOTEN.*

How, now, my son!

*Clo.* 'T is certain she is fled.  
Go in and cheer the king; he rages, none  
Dare come about him.

*Queen. Aside.* All the better; may  
This night forestall him of the coming day!

*Exit.*

*Clo.* I love and hate her; for she's fair  
and royal, 70  
And that she hath all courtly parts more ex-  
quisite  
Than lady, ladies, woman; from every  
one  
The best she hath, and she, of all com-  
pounded,  
Outsells them all. I love her therefore; but  
Disdaining me and throwing favours on  
The low Posthumus slanders so her judg-  
ment  
That what's else rare is chok'd, and in that  
point  
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,  
To be reveng'd upon her, for when fools  
Shall—

*Enter PISANIO.*

Who is here? What! are you packing,  
sirrah? 80  
Come hither. Ah! you precious pandar.  
Villain,

Where is thy lady? In a word; or else  
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

*Pis.* O! good my lord.  
*Clo.* Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter  
I will not ask again. Close villain,  
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip  
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthu-  
mus?

From whose so many weights of baseness  
cannot

A dram of worth be drawn.

*Pis.* Alas! my lord,  
How can she be with him? When was she  
miss'd? 90  
He is in Rome.

*Clo.* Where is she, sir? Come nearer,  
No further halting; satisfy me home  
What is become of her.

*Pis.* O! my all-worthy lord.

*Clo.* All-worthy villain!  
Discover where thy mistress is at once  
At the next word; no more of 'worthy  
lord'!

Speak, or thy silence on the instant is  
Thy condemnation and thy death.

*Pis.* Then, sir,  
This paper is the history of my knowledge  
Touching her flight. *Presenting a letter.*

*Clo.* Let's see 't. I will pursue her 100  
Even to Augustus' throne.

*Pis. Aside.* Or this, or perish.  
She's far enough; and what he learns by  
this

May prove his travel, not her danger.

*Clo.* Hum!  
*Pis. Aside.* I'll write to my lord she's  
dead, O Imogen!

Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again.  
*Clo.* Sirrah, is this letter true?

*Pis.* Sir, as I think. 110

*Clo.* It is Posthumus' hand; I know 't.  
Sirrah, if thou would'st not be a villain, but  
do me true service, undergo those employ-  
ments wherein I should have cause to use  
thee with a serious industry, that is, what  
villany soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it

directly and truly, I would think thee an  
honest man; thou should'st neither want  
my means for thy relief nor my voice for  
thy preferment. 116

*Pis.* Well, my good lord.

*Clo.* Wilt thou serve me? For since pa-  
tiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the  
bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus,  
thou canst not, in the course of gratitude,  
but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt  
thou serve me? 122

*Pis.* Sir, I will.

*Clo.* Give me thy hand; here's my purse.  
Hast any of thy late master's garments in  
thy possession?

*Pis.* I have, my lord, at my lodging, the  
same suit he wore when he took leave of my  
lady and mistress.

*Clo.* The first service thou dost me, fetch  
that suit hither: let it be thy first service;  
go. 131

*Pis.* I shall, my lord.

*Exit.*

*Clo.* Meet thee at Milford-Haven! I for-  
got to ask him one thing; I'll remember 't  
anon. Even there, thou villain Posthumus,  
will I kill thee. I would these garments  
were come. She said upon a time, the bit-  
terness of it I now belch from my heart, that  
she held the very garment of Posthumus in  
more respect than my noble and natural  
person, together with the adornment of my  
qualities. With that suit upon my back will  
I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes;  
there shall she see my valour, which will  
then be a torment to her contempt. He on  
the ground, my speech of insultment  
ended on his dead body, and when my lust  
hath dined, which, as I say, to vex her, I  
will execute in the clothes that she so  
praised, to the court I'll knock her back,  
foot her home again. She hath despised me  
rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my re-  
venge. 150

*Re-enter PISANIO, with the clothes.*

Be those the garments?

*Pis.* Ay, my noble lord.

*Clo.* How long is't since she went to  
Milford-Haven?

*Pis.* She can scarce be there yet.

*Clo.* Bring this apparel to my chamber;  
that is the second thing that I have com-  
manded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be  
a voluntary mute to my design. Be but  
duteous, and true preferment shall tender  
itself to thee. My revenge is now at Mil-  
ford; would I had wings to follow it! Come,  
and be true. *Exit.* 152

*Pis.* Thou bidd'st me to my loss; for true  
to thee

Were to prove false, which I will never  
be,

To him that is most true. To Milford go,  
And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow,  
flow,

You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's  
speed

Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his  
meed! *Exit.*

SCENE VI.—*Wales. Before the Cave of*  
*BELARIUS.*

*Enter IMOGEN, in boy's clothes.*

*Imo.* I see a man's life is a tedious one;  
I have tir'd myself, and for two nights to-  
gether

Have made the ground my bed; I should  
be sick

But that my resolution helps me. *Milford,*  
When from the mountain-top *Pisano* show'd  
thee,

Thou wast within a ken. O *Jove!* I think  
Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean,  
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beg-  
gars told me

I could not miss my way; will poor folks lie,  
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis 10  
A punishment or trial? Yes; no wonder,  
When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse  
in fulness

Is sorer than to lie for need, and falsehood  
Is worse in kings than beggars. My dear  
lord!

Thou art one o' the false ones. Now I think  
on thee,

My hunger's gone, but even before I was  
At point to sink for food. But what is this?  
Here is a path to 't; 't is some savage hold;  
I were best not call, I dare not call, yet  
famine,

Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it  
valiant. 20

Plenty and peace breeds cowards, hardness  
ever

Of hardness is mother. Ho! who's here?  
If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,  
Take or lend. Ho! No answer? Then I'll  
enter.

Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy  
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely  
look on 't.

Such a foe, good heavens!

*Enters the cave.*

*Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVI-  
RAGUS.*

*Bel.* You, *Polydore*, have prov'd best  
woodman, and

Are master of the feast; *Cadwal* and I  
Will play the cook and servant, 'tis our  
match; 30

The sweat of industry would dry and die  
But for the end it works to. Come; our  
stomachs

Will make what's homely savoury; weariness

Can snore upon the flint when resty sloth  
Finds the down pillow hard. Now peace be  
here,

Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

*Gui.* I am thoroughly weary.

*Arv.* I am weak with toil, yet strong in  
appetite.

*Gui.* There is cold meat i' the cave; we'll  
browse on that,

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

*Bel.* Looking into the cave. Stay; come  
not in; 40

But that it eats our victuals, I should think  
Here were a fairy.

*Gui.* What's the matter, sir?

*Bel.* By *Jupiter*, an angel! or, if not,  
An earthly paragon! Behold divineness  
No elder than a boy!

*Re-enter IMOGEN.*

*Imo.* Good masters, harm me not:  
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought  
To have begg'd or bought what I have took.

Good troth,

I have stol'n nought, nor would not, though  
I had found

Gold strew'd i' the floor. Here's money  
for my meat; 50

I would have left it on the board so soon  
As I had made my meal, and parted  
With prayers for the provider.

*Gui.* Money, youth?

*Arv.* All gold and silver rather turn to  
dirt!

As 't is no better reckon'd but of those  
Who worship dirty gods.

*Imo.* I see you're angry.  
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should  
Have died had I not made it.

*Bel.* Whither bound?

*Imo.* To *Milford-Haven*.

*Bel.* What's your name? 60

*Imo.* *Fidele*, sir. I have a kinsman who  
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at *Milford*:  
To whom being going, almost spent with  
hunger,

I am fall'n in this offence.

*Bel.* Prithee, fair youth,  
Think us no churls, nor measure our good  
minds

By this rude place we live in. Well en-  
counter'd!

'Tis almost night; you shall have better  
cheer

Ere you depart, and thanks to stay and  
eat it.

Boys, bid him welcome.

*Gui.* Were you a woman, youth,  
I should woo hard but be your groom. In  
honesty, 70

I bid for you as I'd buy.

*Arv.* I'll make 't my comfort  
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother;  
And such a welcome as I'd give to him  
After long absence, such is yours: most  
welcome!

Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

*Imo.* 'Mongst friends,  
If brothers. *Aside.* Would it had been so,  
that they

Had been my father's sons; then had my  
prize

Been less, and so more equal ballasting

To thee, *Posthumus*.

*Bel.* He wrings at some distress.

*Gui.* Would I could free 't!

*Arv.* Or I, whate'er it be,  
What pain it cost, what danger. Gods!

*Bel.* Hark, boys. *Whispering.*

*Imo.* Great men, 82  
That had a court no bigger than this cave,

That did attend themselves and had the  
 virtue  
 Which their own conscience seal'd them,  
 laying by  
 That nothing gift of differing multitudes,  
 Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me,  
 gods!  
 I'd change my sex to be companion with  
 them.

Since Leonatus' false.

*Bel.* It shall be so.

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt. Fair youth,  
 come in; 90

Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have  
 supp'd,

We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,  
 So far as thou wilt speak it.

*Gui.* Pray, draw near.

*Arv.* The night to the owl and morn to the  
 lark less welcome.

*Imo.* Thanks, sir.

*Arv.* I pray, draw near. *Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*Rome. A public Place.*

*Enter two Senators and Tribunes.*

*First Sen.* This is the tenour of the em-  
 peror's writ:

That since the common men are now in  
 action

'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,  
 And that the legions now in Gallia are  
 Full weak to undertake our wars against  
 The fall'n-off Britons, that we do incite  
 The gentry to this business. He creates  
 Lucius proconsul; and to you the tribunes,  
 For this immediate levy, he commends  
 His absolute commission. Long live  
 Cæsar! 10

*Tri.* Is Lucius general of the forces? 10

*Second Sen.* Ay.

*Tri.* Remaining now in Gallia?

*First Sen.* With those legions  
 Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy  
 Must be suppliant; the words of your com-  
 mission

Will tie you to the numbers and the time  
 Of their dispatch.

*Tri.* We will discharge our duty.  
*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV

SCENE I.—*Wales. The Forest, near the  
 Cave of BELARIUS.*

*Enter CLOTEN.*

*Clo.* I am near the place where they  
 should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it  
 truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why  
 should his mistress, who was made by him  
 that made the tailor, not be fit too? the  
 rather, saving reverence of the word, for  
 't is said a woman's fitness comes by fits.  
 Therein I must play the workman. I dare  
 speak it to myself, for it is not vain-glory for  
 a man and his glass to confer in his own  
 chamber, I mean, the lines of my body are  
 as well drawn as his; no less young,

more strong, not beneath him in fortunes,  
 beyond him in the advantage of the time,  
 above him in birth, alike conversant in gen-  
 eral services, and more remarkable in single  
 oppositions; yet this imperseverant thing  
 loves him in my despite. What mortality  
 is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is  
 growing upon thy shoulders, shall within  
 this hour be off, thy mistress enforced, thy  
 garments cut to pieces before thy face; and  
 all this done, spurn her home to her father,  
 who may haply be a little angry for my so  
 rough usage, but my mother, having power  
 of his testiness, shall turn all into my com-  
 mendations. My horse is tied up safe; out,  
 sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put  
 them into my hand! This is the very de-  
 scription of their meeting-place; and the  
 fellow dares not deceive me. *Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Before the Cave of BELARIUS.*

*Enter, from the Cave, BELARIUS, GUI-  
 DERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.*

*Bel.* To IMOGEN. You are not well; re-  
 main here in the cave;  
 We'll come to you after hunting.

*Arv.* To IMOGEN. Brother, stay here;  
 Are we not brothers?

*Imo.* So man and man should be,  
 But clay and clay differs in dignity.

Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

*Gui.* Go you to hunting; I'll abide with  
 him.

*Imo.* So sick I am not, yet I am not well;  
 But not so citizen a wanton as  
 To seem to die ere sick. So please you,  
 leave me,

Stick to your journal course; the breach of  
 custom 10

Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by  
 me

Cannot amend me; society is no comfort  
 To one not sociable. I am not very sick,  
 Since I can reason of it; pray you, trust me  
 here,

I'll rob none but myself, and let me die,  
 Stealing so poorly.

*Gui.* I love thee; I have spoke it;  
 How much the quantity, the weight as much,  
 As I do love my father.

*Bel.* What! how! how!

*Arv.* If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me  
 In my good brother's fault: I know not why  
 I love this youth; and I have heard you say,  
 Love's reason's without reason: the bier  
 at door, 22

And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say  
 'My father, not this youth.'

*Bel. Aside.* O noble strain!  
 O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!  
 Cowards father cowards, and base things  
 sire base:

Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and  
 grace.

I'm not their father; yet who this should be,  
 Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me. 24

'T is the ninth hour o' the morn.

*Arv.* Brother, farewell.

*Imo.* I wish ye sport.  
*Arv.* You health. So please you, sir.  
*Imo.* Aside. These are kind creatures.  
 Gods, what lies I have heard!  
 Our courtiers say all's savage but at court:  
 Experience, O! thou disprov'st report.  
 The imperious seas breed monsters, for the dish  
 Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.  
 I am sick still, heart-sick. Pisanio,  
 I'll now taste of thy drug. *Swallows some.*  
*Gui.* I could not stir him;  
 He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;  
 Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest. 40  
*Arv.* Thus did he answer me; yet said  
 hereafter  
 I might know more.  
*Bel.* To the field, to the field!  
 We'll leave you for this time; go in and  
 rest.  
*Arv.* We'll not be long away.  
*Bel.* Pray, be not sick,  
 For you must be our housewife.  
*Imo.* Well or ill,  
 I am bound to you.  
*Bel.* And shalt be ever. *Exit IMOGEN.*  
 This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he  
 hath had  
 Good ancestors.  
*Arv.* How angel-like he sings!  
*Gui.* But his neat cookery! He cut our  
 roots  
 In characters, 49  
 And sauc'd our broths as Juno had been sick  
 And he her dieter.  
*Arv.* Nobly he yokes  
 A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh  
 Was that it was, for not being such a  
 smile;  
 The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly  
 From so divine a temple, to commix  
 With winds that sailors rail at.  
*Gui.* I do note  
 That grief and patience, rooted in him  
 both,  
 Mingle their spurs together.  
*Arv.* Grow, patience!  
 And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine  
 His perishing root with the increasing vine!  
*Bel.* It is great morning. Come, away!  
 Who's there? 61

*Enter CLOTEN.*

*Clo.* I cannot find those runagates; that  
 villain  
 Hath mock'd me. I am faint.  
*Bel.* 'Those runagates'!  
 Means he not us? I partly know him; 't is  
 Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some  
 ambush.  
 I saw him not these many years, and yet  
 I know 't is he. We are held as outlaws:  
 hence!  
*Gui.* He is but one. You and my brother  
 search  
 What companies are near; pray you,  
 away; 69  
 Let me alone with him.

*Exeunt BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.*

*Clo.* Soft! What are you  
 That fly me thus? some villain mountain-  
 eers?  
 I have heard of such. What slave art thou?  
*Gui.* A thing  
 More slavish did I ne'er than answering  
 A slave without a knock.  
*Clo.* Thou art a robber,  
 A law-breaker, a villain. Yield thee, thief.  
*Gui.* To who? to thee? What art thou?  
 Have not I  
 An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?  
 Thy words, I grant, are bigger, for I wear not  
 My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou  
 art, 79  
 Why I should yield to thee?  
*Clo.* Thou villain base,  
 Know'st me not by my clothes?  
*Gui.* No, nor thy tailor, rascal,  
 Who is thy grandfather: he made those  
 clothes,  
 Which, as it seems, make thee.  
*Clo.* Thou precious varlet,  
 My tailor made them not.  
*Gui.* Hence then, and thank  
 The man that gave them thee. Thou art  
 some fool;  
 I am loath to beat thee.  
*Clo.* Thou injurious thief,  
 Hear but my name, and tremble.  
*Gui.* What's thy name?  
*Clo.* Cloten, thou villain.  
*Gui.* Cloten, thou double villain, be thy  
 name,  
 I cannot tremble at it; were it toad, or ad-  
 der, spider, 90  
 'T would move me sooner.  
*Clo.* To thy further fear,  
 Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know  
 I am son to the queen.  
*Gui.* I am sorry for 't, not seeming  
 So worthy as thy birth.  
*Clo.* Art not afeard?  
*Gui.* Those that I reverence, those I fear,  
 the wise;  
 At fools I laugh, not fear them.  
*Clo.* Die the death:  
 When I have slain thee with my proper hand,  
 I'll follow those that even now fled hence,  
 And on the gates of Lud's town set your  
 heads:  
 Yield, rustic mountaineer. *Exeunt, fighting.*  
*Re-enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.*  
*Bel.* No companies abroad? 101  
*Arv.* None in the world. You did mistake  
 him, sure.  
*Bel.* I cannot tell; long is it since I saw  
 him,  
 But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of  
 favour  
 Which then he wore; the snatches in his  
 voice,  
 And bursts of speaking, were as his. I am  
 absolute  
 'T was very Cloten.  
*Arv.* In this place we left them:  
 I wish my brother make good time with him,  
 You say he is so fell.

*Bel.* Being scarce made up, I mean, to man, he had not apprehension 110  
Of roaring terrors; for defect of judgment  
Is oft the cease of fear. But see, thy  
brother.

*Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with CLOTEN's head.*

*Gui.* This Cloten was a fool, an empty  
purse,  
There was no money in 't. Not Hercules  
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he  
had none;  
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne  
My head as I do his.

*Bel.* What hast thou done?

*Gui.* I am perfect what: cut off one  
Cloten's head,  
Son to the queen, after his own report;  
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and  
swore 120  
With his own single hand he'd take us in,  
Displace our heads where, thank the gods!  
they grow,  
And set them on Lud's town.

*Bel.* We are all undone.

*Gui.* Why, worthy father, what have we  
to lose,  
But that he swore to take, our lives? The  
law  
Protects not us; then why should we be  
tender

To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us,  
Play judge and executioner all himself,  
For we do fear the law? What company  
Discover you abroad?

*Bel.* No single soul

Can we set eye on; but in all safe reason  
He must have some attendants. Though  
his humour 132

Was nothing but mutation, ay, and that  
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy,  
not

Absolute madness could so far have rav'd  
To bring him here alone. Although, per-  
haps,

It may be heard at court that such as we  
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in  
time

May make some stronger head; the which  
he hearing,

As it is like him, might break out, and swear  
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable 141  
To come alone, either he so undertaking,  
Or they so suffering; then on good ground  
we fear,

If we do fear this body hath a tail  
More perilous than the head.

*Arv.* Let ordinance

Come as the gods foresay it; howsoe'er,  
My brother hath done well.

*Bel.* I had no mind

To hunt this day; the boy Fidele's sickness  
Did make my way long forth.

*Gui.* With his own sword,

Which he did wave against my throat, I  
have ta'en 150  
His head from him; I'll throw 't into the  
creek

Behind our rock, and let it to the sea,

And tell the fishes he 's the queen's son,  
Cloten:

That 's all I reck. *Exit.*

*Bel.* I fear 't will be reveng'd.  
Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done 't!  
though valour

Becomes thee well enough.

*Arv.* Would I had done 't,  
So the revenge alone pursu'd me! Polydore,  
I love thee brotherly, but envy much  
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed; I would  
revenges,  
That possible strength might meet, would  
seek us through 160

And put us to our answer.

*Bel.* Well, 't is done.  
We 'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for  
danger

Where there 's no profit. I prithee, to our  
rock;

You and Fidele play the cooks; I'll stay  
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him  
To dinner presently.

*Arv.* Poor sick Fidele!

I'll willingly to him; to gain his colour  
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,  
And praise myself for charity. *Exit.*

*Bel.* O thou goddess!  
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou bla-  
zon'st 170

In these two princely boys. They are as  
gentle

As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,  
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as  
rough,

Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rud'st  
wind,

That by the top doth take the mountain pine,  
And make him stoop to the vale. 'T is  
wonder

That an invisible instinct should frame  
them

To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,  
Civility, not seen from other, valour 176  
That wildly grows in them, but yields a  
crop

As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it 's  
strange

What Cloten's being here to us portends,  
Or what his death will bring us.

*Re-enter GUIDERIUS.*

*Gui.* Where 's my brother?  
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the  
stream,

In embassy to his mother; his body 's  
hostage

For his return. *Solemn music.*

*Bel.* My ingenious instrument!  
Hark! Polydore, it sounds; but what  
occasion

Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

*Gui.* Is he at home?

*Bel.* He went hence even now.

*Gui.* What does he mean? since death  
of my dear'st mother 190  
It did not speak before. All solemn things  
Should answer solemn accidents. The  
matter?

Triumphs for nothing and lamenting toys  
Is jollity for apes and grief for boys.  
Is Cadwal mad?

*Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, bearing IMOGEN  
as dead in his arms.*

*Bel.* Look! here he comes,  
And brings the dire occasion in his arms  
Of what we blame him for.

*Arv.* The bird is dead  
That we have made so much on. I had  
rather  
Have skip'd from sixteen years of age to  
sixty.  
To have turn'd my leaping-time into a  
crutch, 200  
Than have seen this.

*Gui.* O sweetest, fairest lily!  
My brother wears thee not the one half so  
well  
As when thou grew'st thyself.

*Bel.* O melancholy!  
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find  
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish  
crare  
Might earliest harbour in? Thou blessed  
thing!  
Jove knows what man thou might'st have  
made; but I,  
Thou didst, a most rare boy, of melan-  
choly.

How found you him?

*Arv.* Stark, as you see:  
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled  
slumber, 210  
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at; his  
right cheek

Reposing on a cushion.

*Gui.* Where?  
*Arv.* O' the floor,  
His arms thus leagu'd; I thought he slept,  
and put

My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose  
rudeness  
Answer'd my steps too loud.

*Gui.* Why, he but sleeps:  
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed:  
With female fairies will his tomb be  
haunted,

And worms will not come to thee.

*Arv.* With fairest flowers  
Whilst summer lasts and I live here, Fidele,  
I'll sweeten thy sad grave; thou shalt not  
lack 220

The flower that's like thy face, pale prim-  
rose, nor

The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins, no, nor  
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,  
Outsweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock  
would,

With charitable bill, O bill! sore-shaming  
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie  
Without a monument, bring thee all this;  
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers  
are none,

To winter-ground thy corse.

*Gui.* Prithee, have done,  
And do not play in wench-like words with  
that 230

Which is so serious. Let us bury him,  
And not protract with admiration what  
Is now due debt. To the grave!

*Arv.* Say, where shall's lay him?

*Gui.* By good Euriphile, our mother.

*Arv.* Be't so:  
And let us, Polydore, though now our  
voices

Have got the mannish crack, sing him to  
the ground,

As once our mother; use like note and  
words,

Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

*Gui.* Cadwal,  
I cannot sing; I'll weep, and word it with  
thee; 240

For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse  
Than priests and fanes that lie.

*Arv.* We'll speak it then.

*Bel.* Great griefs, I see, medicine the less,  
for Cloten

Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys,  
And though he came our enemy, remem-  
ber

He was paid for that; though mean and  
mighty, rotting

Together, have one dust, yet reverence,  
That angel of the world, doth make distinc-  
tion

Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was  
princely,

And though you took his life, as being our  
foe, 250

Yet bury him as a prince.

*Gui.* Pray, fetch him hither.  
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax'

When neither are alive.

*Arv.* If you'll go fetch him,  
We'll say our song the whilst. Brother,  
begin. *Exit BELARIUS.*

*Gui.* Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head  
to the east;

My father hath a reason for't.

*Arv.* 'T is true.

*Gui.* Come on then, and remove him.

*Arv.* So, begin.

*Gui.* Fear no more the heat o' the sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages;

Thou thy worldly task hast done, 260  
Home art gone, and ta'en thy

wages:

Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

*Arv.* Fear no more the frown o' the great,  
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;

Care no more to clothe and eat;

To thee the reed is as the oak;

The sceptre, learning, physic, must

All follow this, and come to dust.

*Gui.* Fear no more the lightning-flash, 270

*Arv.* Nor the all-dreaded thunder-  
stone;

*Gui.* Fear not slander, censure rash;

*Arv.* Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:

Both. All lovers young, all lovers must

Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Gui. *No exorciser harm thee!*

Arv. *Nor no witchcraft charm thee!*

Gui. *Ghost unaid forbear thee!*

Arv. *Nothing ill come near thee!*

Both. *Quiet consumption have;* 280  
*And renowned be thy grave!*

*Re-enter BELARIUS with the body of CLOTEN.*

Gui. We have done our obsequies. Come, lay him down.

Bel. Here 's a few flowers, but 'bout midnight, more;

The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night

Are strewings fitt'st for graves. Upon their faces.

You were as flowers, now wither'd; even so These herblets shall, which we upon you strew.

Come on, away; apart upon our knees.

The ground that gave them first has them again;

Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain. 290

*Exeunt BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.*

Imo. *Awaking.* Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; which is the way?

I thank you. By yond bush? Pray, how far thither?

'Ods pittikins! can it be six mile yet?

I have gone all night. Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.

But, soft! no bedfellow! O gods and goddesses! *Seeing the body of CLOTEN.*

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;

This bloody man, the care on 't. I hope I dream;

For so I thought I was a cave-keeper, And cook to honest creatures; but 't is not so. 299

'T was but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing, Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very eyes

Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,

I tremble still with fear; but if there be Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity

As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it! The dream 's here still; even when I wake,

it is

Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.

A headless man! The garments of Posthumus!

I know the shape of 's leg, this is his hand, His foot Mercurial, his Martial thigh, 310

The brawns of Hercules; but his Jovial face—

Murder in heaven? How! 'T is gone. Pisanio,

All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks, And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,

Conspir'd with that irregular devil, Cloten, Hast here cut off my lord. To write and read

Be henceforth treacherous! Damn'd Pisanio Hath with his forged letters, damn'd Pisanio,

From this most bravest vessel of the world Struck the main-top! O Posthumus! alas!

Where is thy head? where 's that? Ay me! where 's that? 321

Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart, And left this head on. How should this be?

Pisanio?

'T is he and Cloten; malice and lucre in them

Have laid this woe here. O! 't is pregnant, pregnant.

The drug he gave me, which he said was precious

And cordial to me, have I not found it Murderous to the senses? That confirms

it home; This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's; O! 329

Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood, That we the horrid may seem to those

Which chance to find us. O! my lord, my lord. *Falls on the body.*

*Enter LUCIUS, a Captain and other Officers and Soothsayer.*

Cap. To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,

After your will, have cross'd the sea, attending

You here at Milford-Haven with your ships: They are in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners

And gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirits, That promise noble service; and they come

Under the conduct of bold Iachimo, 340 Sienna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardness Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers

Be muster'd; bid the captains look to 't. Now, sir,

What have you dream'd of late of this war's purpose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me a vision,

I fast and pray'd for their intelligence, thus:

I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd From the spongy south to this part of the

west, There vanish'd in the sunbeams; which portends 350

Unless my sins abuse my divination, Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so, And never false. Soft, ho! what trunk is

here

Without his top? The ruin speaks that sometime

It was a worthy building. How! a page! Or dead or sleeping on him? But dead

rather;

For nature doth abhor to make his bed With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.

Let 's see the boy's face. Cap. He 's alive, my lord.

*Luc.* He 'll then instruct us of this body.  
Young one, 360  
Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems  
They crave to be demanded. Who is this  
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who  
was he

That, otherwise than noble nature did,  
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy  
interest  
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is  
it?

What art thou?  
*Imo.* I am nothing; or if not,  
Nothing to be were better. This was my  
master,

A very valiant Briton and a good, 369  
That here by mountaineers lies slain. Alas!  
There is no more such masters; I may  
wander  
From east to occident, cry out for service,  
Try many, all good, serve truly, never  
Find such another master.

*Luc.* 'Lack, good youth!  
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining  
than  
Thy master in bleeding. Say his name good  
friend.

*Imo.* Richard du Champ. *Aside.* If I do  
lie and do  
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope  
They 'll pardon it. Say you, sir?

*Luc.* Thy name?  
*Imo.* Fidele, sir.  
*Luc.* Thou dost approve thyself the very  
same; 380

Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy  
name.

Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say  
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be  
sure

No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's let-  
ters,  
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner  
Than thine own worth prefer thee. Go with  
me.

*Imo.* I 'll follow, sir. But first, an 't please  
the gods,  
I 'll hide my master from the flies, as  
deep

As these poor pickaxes can dig; and when  
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha'  
strew'd his grave, 390

And on it said a century of prayers,  
Such as I can, twice o'er, I 'll weep and sigh;  
And leaving so his service, follow you,  
So please you entertain me.

*Luc.* Ay, good youth,  
And rather father thee than master thee.  
My friends,  
The boy hath taught us manly duties; let us  
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,  
And make him with our pikes and partisans  
A grave; come, arm him. Boy, he is pre-  
ferr'd 400

By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd  
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine  
eyes:

Some falls are means the happier to arise.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—A Room in CYMBELINE'S  
Palace.

*Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, PISANIO, and  
Attendants.*

*Cym.* Again; and bring me word how  
't is with her. *Exit an Attendant.*  
A fever with the absence of her son,  
A madness, of which her life 's in danger.  
Heavens!

How deeply you at once do touch me. Imo-  
gen,  
The great part of my comfort, gone; my  
queen

Upon a desperate bed, and in a time  
When fearful wars point at me; her son  
gone,

So needful for this present: it strikes me  
past

The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,  
Who needs must know of her departure and  
Dost seem so ignorant, we 'll enforce it from  
thee 11

By a sharp torture.  
*Pis.* Sir, my life is yours,  
I humbly set it at your will; but, for my mis-  
tress,

I nothing know where she remains, why  
gone,

Nor when she purposes return. Beseech  
your highness,

Hold me your loyal servant.  
*First Lord.* Good my liege,

The day that she was missing he was here;  
I dare be bound he 's true and shall perform  
All parts of his subjection loyally. For  
Cloten,

There wants no diligence in seeking him, 20  
And will no doubt, be found.

*Cym.* The time is troublesome.  
To PISANIO. We 'll slip you for a season;  
but our jealousy

Does yet depend.  
*First Lord.* So please your majesty,

The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,  
Are landed on your coast, with a supply  
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

*Cym.* Now for the counsel of my son and  
queen!

I am amaz'd with matter.  
*First Lord.* Good my liege,

Your preparation can affront no less  
Than what you hear of; come more, for  
more you 're ready. 30

The want is but to put those powers in mo-  
tion

That long to move.  
*Cym.* I thank you. Let's withdraw,  
And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear  
not

What can from Italy annoy us, but  
We grieve at chances here. Away!

*Exit all but PISANIO.*

*Pis.* I heard no letter from my master  
since

I wrote him Imogen was slain; 't is strange;  
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did prom-  
ise

To yield me often tidings; neither know I

What is betid to Cloten; but remain 40  
 Perplex'd in all: the heavens still must  
 work.  
 Wherein I am false I am honest; not true  
 to be true.  
 These present wars shall find I love my  
 country,  
 Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in  
 them.  
 All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd;  
 Fortune brings in some boats that are not  
 steer'd. *Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Wales. Before the Cave  
 of BELARIUS.*

*Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and  
 ARVIRAGUS.*

*Gui.* The noise is round about us.

*Bel.* Let us from it.

*Arv.* What pleasure, sir, find we in life,  
 to lock it

From action and adventure?

*Gui.* Nay, what hope  
 Have we in hiding us? This way, the  
 Romans

Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us  
 For barbarous and unnatural revolts  
 During their use, and slay us after.

*Bel.* Sons,  
 We'll higher to the mountains; there se-  
 cure us.

To the king's party there's no going; new-  
 ness

Of Cloten's death, we being not known, not  
 muster'd 10

Among the bands, may drive us to a render  
 Where we have liv'd, and so extort from 's  
 that

Which we have done, whose answer would  
 be death

Drawn on with torture.

*Gui.* This is, sir, a doubt  
 In such a time nothing becoming you,  
 Nor satisfying us.

*Arv.* It is not likely  
 That when they hear the Roman horses  
 neigh,

Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their  
 eyes

And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,  
 That they will waste their time upon our  
 note, 20

To know from whence we are.

*Bel.* O! I am known  
 Of many in the army; many years,  
 Though Cloten then but young, you see, not  
 wore him

From my remembrance. And, besides, the  
 king

Hath not deserv'd my service nor your loves,  
 Who find in my exile the want of breeding.  
 The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless  
 To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,  
 But to be still hot summer's tanlings and  
 The shrinking slaves of winter. 30

*Gui.* Than be so  
 Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:  
 I and my brother are not known; yourself

So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,  
 Cannot be question'd.

*Arv.* By this sun that shines,  
 I'll thither: what thing is it that I never  
 Did see man die! scarce ever look'd on  
 blood

But that of coward hares, hot goats, and  
 venison!

Never bestrid a horse, save one that had  
 A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel  
 Nor iron on his heel! I am asham'd 40  
 To look upon the holy sun, to have  
 The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining  
 So long a poor unknown.

*Gui.* By heavens! I'll go.  
 If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,  
 I'll take the better care; but if you will not,  
 The hazard therefore due fall on me by  
 The hands of Romans.

*Arv.* So say I. Amen.

*Bel.* No reason I, since of your lives you  
 set

So slight a valuation, should reserve  
 My crack'd one to more care. Have with  
 you boys! 50

If in your country wars you chance to die,  
 That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:  
 Lead, lead. *Aside.* The time seems long;  
 their blood thinks scorn,

Till it fly out and show them princes born.  
*Exeunt.*

ACT V

SCENE I.—*Britain. The Roman Camp.*

*Enter POSTHUMUS, with a bloody hand-  
 kerchief.*

*Post.* Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee,  
 for I wish'd

Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You mar-  
 ried ones,

If each of you should take this course, how  
 many

Must murder wives much better than them-  
 selves

For wringing but a little! O Pisanio!

Every good servant does not all commands;  
 No bond but to do just ones. Gods! if you  
 Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults,  
 I never

Had liv'd to put on this; so had you say'd  
 The noble Imogen to repent, and struck 10  
 Me, wretch more worth your vengeance.

But, alack!

You snatch some hence for little faults;  
 that's love,

To have them fall no more; you some per-  
 mit

To second ills with ills, each elder worse,  
 And make them dread it, to the doers thrift.  
 But Imogen is your own; do your best wills,  
 And make me bless'd to obey. I am brought  
 hither

Among the Italian gentry, and to fight  
 Against my lady's kingdom; 't is enough  
 That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress.

Peace! 20

I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good  
 heavens,

Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me  
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself  
As does a Briton peasant; so I'll fight  
Against the part I come with, so I'll die  
For thee, O Imogen! even for whom my  
life

Is every breath a death; and thus, unknown,  
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril  
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men  
know

More valour in me than my habits show. 30  
Gods! put the strength o' the Leonati in me.  
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin  
The fashion, less without and more within.  
*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Field of Battle between the  
British and Roman Camps.*

*Enter, at one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and  
the Roman Army; at the other side, the  
British Army; LEONATUS POSTHUMUS  
following, like a poor soldier. They march  
over and go out. Alarums. Then enter  
again, in skirmish, IACHIMO, and POS-  
THUMUS; he vanquisheth and disarmeth  
IACHIMO, and then leaves him.*

*Iach.* The heaviness and guilt within my  
bosom  
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a  
lady,

The princess of this country, and the air on 't  
Revengefully enfeebles me; or could this carl,  
A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me  
In my profession? Knighthoods and hon-  
ours, borne

As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.  
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before  
This lout as he exceeds our lords, the odds  
Is that we scarce are men and you are gods.  
*Exit.*

*The battle continues; the Britons fly; CYM-  
BELINE is taken; then enter, to his res-  
cue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVI-  
RAGUS.*

*Bel.* Stand, stand! We have the advan-  
tage of the ground. 11  
The lane is guarded; nothing routs us but  
The villany of our fears.

*Gui., Arv.* Stand, stand, and fight!  
*Re-enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the  
Britons; they rescue CYMBELINE, and  
exeunt. Then re-enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO,  
and IMOGEN.*

*Luc.* Away, boy, from the troops, and  
save thyself;  
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's  
such

As war were hoodwink'd,  
*Iach.* 'T is their fresh supplies.  
*Luc.* It is a day turn'd strangely; or be-  
times

Let's re-inforce, or fly. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Enter POSTHUMUS and a British Lord.*

*Lord.* Cam'st thou from where they made  
the stand?

*Post.* I did;  
Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.  
*Lord.* I did.  
*Post.* No blame be to you, sir; for all was  
lost,  
But that the heavens fought. The king him-  
self

Of his wings destitute, the army broken,  
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying  
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-  
hearted,  
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having  
work

More plentiful than tools to do 't, struck  
down  
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some  
falling 10

Merely through fear; that the strait pass  
was damm'd  
With dead men hurt behind, and cowards  
living

To die with lengthen'd shame.  
*Lord.* Where was this lane?

*Post.* Close by the battle, ditch'd, and  
wall'd with turf;

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,  
An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd  
So long a breeding as his white beard came  
to,

In doing this for's country; athwart the  
lane,

He, with two striplings, lads more like to run  
The country base than to commit such  
slaughter; 20

With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer  
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame,  
Made good the passage; cried to those that  
fled,

'Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men;  
To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards.  
Stand!

Or we are Romans and will give you that  
Like beasts which you shun beastly, and  
may save,

But to look back in frown: stand, stand!  
These three,

Three thousand confident, in act as many,  
For three performers are the file when all 30  
The rest do nothing, with this word 'Stand,  
stand!'

Accommodated by the place, more charming  
With their own nobleness, which could have  
turn'd

A distaff to a lance, gilded pale looks,  
Part shame, part spirit renew'd; that some,  
turn'd coward

But by example, O! a sin in war,  
Damn'd in the first beginners; 'gan to look  
The way that they did, and to grin like lions  
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began  
A stop i' the chaser, a retire, anon 40  
A rout, confusion thick; forthwith they fly  
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles;  
slaves,

The strides they victors made. And now  
our cowards,

Like fragments in hard voyages, became  
The life o' the need; having found the back-  
door open

Of the unguarded hearts, heavens! how they wound;  
Some slain before; some dying; some their friends  
O'erborne i' the former wave; ten, chas'd<sup>48</sup>  
by one,  
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty;

Those that would die or ere resist are grown  
The mortal bugs o' the field.

*Lord.* This was strange chance:  
A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys!  
*Post.* Nay, do not wonder at it; you are made

Rather to wonder at the things you hear  
Than to work any. Will you rime upon 't,  
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:  
'Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,  
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.'

*Lord.* Nay, be not angry, sir.

*Post.* 'Lack! to what end?  
Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend;<sup>60</sup>

For if he 'll do as he is made to do,  
I know he 'll quickly fly my friendship too.  
You have put me into rime.

*Lord.* Farewell; you're angry. *Exit.*  
*Post.* Still going? This is a lord! O noble misery!

To be i' the field, and ask 'what news?' of me!  
To-day how many would have given their honours

To have sav'd their carcasses! took heel to do 't,

And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd,

Could not find death where I did hear him groan,

Nor feel him where he struck: being an ugly monster,<sup>70</sup>

'T is strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,

Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we

That draw his knives i' the war. Well, I will find him;

For being now a favourer to the Briton,  
No more a Briton, I have resum'd again

The part I came in; fight I will no more,  
But yield me to the veriest hind that shall

Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is

Here made by the Roman; great the answer be

Britons must take. For me, my ransom's death;<sup>80</sup>

On either side I come to spend my breath,  
Which neither here I'll keep nor bear again,

But end it by some means for Imogen.

*Enter two British Captains and Soldiers.*

*First Cap.* Great Jupiter be prais'd!  
Lucius is taken.

'T is thought the old man and his sons were angels.

*Second Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,

That gave the affront with them.

*First Cap.*

So 't is reported;  
But none of 'em can be found. Stand!  
who's there?

*Post.* A Roman,

Who had not now been drooping here if seconds<sup>90</sup>

Had answer'd him.

*Second Cap.* Lay hands on him; a dog!  
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell

What crows have peck'd them here. He brags his service

As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

*Enter CYMBELINE, attended; BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Roman Captives. The Captains present POSTHUMUS to CYMBELINE, who delivers him over to a Gaoler; then exeunt omnes.*

#### SCENE IV.—A British Prison.

*Enter POSTHUMUS and two Gaolers.*

*First Gaol.* You shall not now be stol'n,  
you have locks upon you;

So graze as you find pasture.

*Second Gaol.* Ay, or a stomach.  
*Exeunt Gaolers.*

*Post.* Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,

I think, to liberty. Yet am I better  
Than one that's sick o' the gout, since he had rather

Groan so in perpetuity than be cur'd  
By the sure physician, death, who is the key

To unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art fetter'd

More than my shanks and wrists: you good gods, give me

The penitent instrument to pick that bolt; 10  
Then, free for ever! Is 't enough I am sorry?

So children temporal fathers do appease;  
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?

I cannot do it better than in gyves,  
Desir'd more than constrain'd; to satisfy,

If of my freedom 't is the main part, take  
No stricter render of me than my all.

I know you are more clement than vile men,  
Who of their broken debtors take a third,

A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again 20  
On their abatement: that 's not my desire;

For Imogen's dear life take mine; and though

'T is not so dear, yet 't is a life; you coin'd it:

'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp;

Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:

You rather mine, being yours; and so, great powers,

If you will take this audit, take this life,  
And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!

I'll speak to thee in silence. *Sleeps.*

*Solemn music. Enter, as in an apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, father to POSTHUMUS, an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to POSTHUMUS, with*

music before them. Then, after other music, follow the two young LEONATI, brothers to POSTHUMUS, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle POSTHUMUS round as he lies sleeping.

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master,  
show  
Thy spite on mortal flies:  
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,  
That thy adulteries  
Rates and revenges.  
Hath my poor boy done aught but  
well,  
Whose face I never saw?  
I died whilst in the womb he stay'd  
Attending nature's law:  
Whose father then, as men report  
Thou orphans' father art, 40  
Thou should'st have been, and  
shielded him  
From this earth-vexing smart.

Mother. Lucina lent not me her aid,  
But took me in my throes;  
That from me was Posthumus ript,  
Came crying 'mongst his foes,  
A thing of pity!

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,  
Moulded the stuff so fair,  
That he deserv'd the praise o' the  
world, 50  
As great Sicilius' heir.

First Bro. When once he was mature for man,  
In Britain where was he  
That could stand up his parallel,  
Or fruitful object be  
In eye of Imogen, that best  
Could deem his dignity?

Mother. With marriage wherefore was he  
mock'd,  
To be exil'd, and thrown  
From Leonati seat, and cast 60  
From her his dearest one,  
Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,  
Slight thing of Italy,  
To taint his nobler heart and brain  
With needless jealousy;  
And to become the geck and scorn  
O' the other's villany?

Second Bro. For this from stiller seats we  
came,  
Our parents and us twain, 70  
That striking in our country's cause  
Fell bravely and were slain;  
Our fealty and Tenantius' right  
With honour to maintain.

First Bro. Like hardiment Posthumus hath  
To Cymbeline perform'd:  
Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,  
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd  
The graces for his merits due,  
Being all to dolours turn'd? 80

Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out;  
No longer exercise  
Upon a valiant race thy harsh  
And potent injuries.

Mother. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,  
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion;  
'help!  
Or we poor ghosts will cry  
To the shining synod of the rest  
Against thy deity. 90

Both Bro. Help, Jupiter! or we appeal,  
And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER descends in thunder and lightning,  
sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thun-  
derbolt; the Ghosts fall on their knees.

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region  
low,  
Offend our hearing; hush! How dare  
you ghosts

Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,  
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?  
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest  
Upon your never-withering banks of flow-  
ers:

Be not with mortal accidents oppress; 99  
No care of yours it is; you know 't is ours.  
Whom best I love I cross; to make my gift,  
The more delay'd, delighted. Be con-  
tent:

Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:  
His comforts thrive, his trials well are  
spent.

Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in  
Our temple was he married. Rise, and  
fade!

He shall be lord of Lady Imogen,  
And happier much by his affliction made.  
This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein  
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;  
And so, away: no further with your din 111  
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.  
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline.

Ascends.  
Sici. He came in thunder, his celestial  
breath

Was sulphurous to smell; the holy eagle  
Stoop'd, as to foot us; his ascension is  
More sweet than our bless'd fields; his  
royal bird

Prunes the immortal wing and cloyes his  
beak,

As when his god is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, Jupiter!  
Sici. The marble pavement closes; he is  
enter'd 120

His radiant roof. Away! and, to be blest,  
Let us with care perform his great behest.  
The Ghosts vanish.

Post. Awaking. Sleep, thou hast been a  
grandsire, and begot  
A father to me; and thou hast created  
A mother and two brothers. But, O scorn!

Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born:

And so I am awake. Poor wretches that depend

On greatness' favour dream as I have done; Wake, and find nothing. But, alas! I swerve:

Many dream not to find, neither deserve, 130  
And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I.  
That have this golden chance and know not why.

What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O rare one!

Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers, As good as promise. 137

*Whenas a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revivè, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.* 145

'T is still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen

Tongue and brain not; either both or nothing;

Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such As sense cannot untie. Be what it is, The action of my life is like it, which 150  
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

*Re-enter Gaolers.*

*First Gaol.* Come, sir, are you ready for death?

*Post.* Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.

*First Gaol.* Hanging is the word, sir: if you be ready for that, you are well cooked.

*Post.* So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot. 158

*First Gaol.* A heavy reckoning for you, sir; but the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern-bills, which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth. You come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink, sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty; the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness: of this contradiction you shall now be quit. O! the charity of a penny cord; it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debtor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge. Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquaintance follows. 174

*Post.* I am merrier to die than thou art to live.

*First Gaol.* Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the toothache; but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change

places with his officer; for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

*Post.* Yes, indeed do I, fellow. 183

*First Gaol.* Your death has eyes in 's head, then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know, or jump the after inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one. 191

*Post.* I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going but such as wink and will not use them.

*First Gaol.* What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness! I am sure hanging's the way of winking.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king. 200

*Post.* Thou bring'st good news; I am called to be made free.

*First Gaol.* I'll be hanged then.

*Post.* Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead.

*Exeunt all but the First Gaoler.*

*First Gaol.* Unless a man would marry a gallows and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman; and there be some of them too that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O! there were desolation of gaolers and gallowes. I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in 't. *Exit.*

SCENE V.—CYMBELINE'S Tent.

*Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.*

*Cym.* Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made

Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart That the poor soldier that so richly fought, Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast

Stepp'd before targes of proof, cannot be found:

He shall be happy that can find him, if Our grace can make him so.

*Bel.* I never saw Such noble fury in so poor a thing; Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought

But beggary and poor looks.

*Cym.*

No tidings of him?

*Pis.* He hath been search'd among the dead and living, 11

But no trace of him.

*Cym.*

To my grief, I am The heir of his reward; To BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS, which I will add

To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,  
 By whom, I grant, she lives. 'Tis now the time  
 To ask of whence you are: report it.  
*Bel.* Sir,  
 In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:  
 Further to boast were neither true nor  
 modest,  
 Unless I add, we are honest.  
*Cym.* Bow your knees.  
 Arise, my knights o' the battle; I create you  
 Companions to our person, and will fit you  
 With dignities becoming your estates.

*Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies.*

There's business in these faces. Why so  
 sadly  
 Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,  
 And not o' the court of Britain.

*Cor.* Hail, great king!  
 To sour your happiness, I must report  
 The queen is dead.

*Cym.* Who worse than a physician  
 Would this report become? But I consider,  
 By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet  
 death  
 Will seize the doctor too. How ended she?  
*Cor.* With horror, madly dying, like her  
 life;

Which, being cruel to the world, concluded  
 Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd  
 I will report, so please you: these her  
 women

Can trip me if I err; who with wet cheeks  
 Were present when she finish'd.

*Cym.* Prithee, say,  
*Cor.* First, she confess'd she never lov'd  
 you, only

Affected greatness got by you, not you;  
 Married your royalty, was wife to your  
 place;

Abhor'd your person.

*Cym.* She alone knew this;  
 And, but she spoke it dying, I would not. 41  
 Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

*Cor.* Your daughter, whom she bore in  
 hand to love

With such integrity, she did confess  
 Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,  
 But that her flight prevented it, she had  
 Ta'en off by poison.

*Cym.* O most delicate fiend!  
 Who is 't can read a woman? Is there more?

*Cor.* More, sir, and worse. She did confess  
 she had

For you a mortal mineral; which, being  
 took, 50

Should by the minute feed on life, and ling-  
 ring

By inches waste you; in which time she  
 purpos'd,

By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to  
 O'ercome you with her show; and in time,  
 When she had fitted you with her craft, to  
 work

Her son into the adoption of the crown;  
 But failing of her end by his strange absence,

Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in  
 despite  
 Of heaven and men, her purposes; re-  
 pent'd 59  
 The evils she hatch'd were not effected: so  
 Despairing died.

*Cym.* Heard you all this, her women?  
*Lady.* We did, so please your highness.

*Cym.* Mine eyes  
 Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;  
 Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my  
 heart,

That thought her like her seeming; it had  
 been vicious

To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!  
 That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,  
 And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend  
 all!

*Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the Soothsayer,  
 and other Roman Prisoners, guarded;  
 POSTHUMUS behind, and IMOGEN.*

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute;  
 that

The Britons have raz'd out, though with the  
 loss 70

Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have  
 made suit

That their good souls may be appeas'd with  
 slaughter

Of you their captives, which ourself have  
 granted:

So, think of your estate.

*Luc.* Consider, sir, the chance of war:  
 the day

Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,  
 We should not, when the blood was cool,  
 have threaten'd

Our prisoners with the sword. But since  
 the gods

Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives  
 May be call'd ransom, let it come; suf-  
 ficeth 80

A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer;  
 Augustus lives to think on 't; and so much  
 For my peculiar care. This one thing only

I will entreat; my boy, a Briton born,  
 Let him be ransom'd; never master had

A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,  
 So tender over his occasions, true,

So feart, so nurse-like. Let his virtue join  
 With my request, which I'll make bold your  
 highness 89

Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,  
 Though he have serv'd a Roman. Save  
 him, sir,

And spare no blood beside.

*Cym.* I have surely seen him;  
 His favour is familiar to me. Boy,

Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,  
 And art mine own. I know not why nor  
 wherefore,

To say 'live, boy': ne'er thank thy master;  
 live:

And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,  
 Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it;

Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner, 99  
 The noblest ta'en.

*Imo.* I humbly thank your highness.

*Luc.* I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad,

And yet I know thou wilt.

*Imo.* No, no; alack! There's other work in hand. I see a thing Bitter to me as death; your life, good master, Must shuffle for itself.

*Luc.* The boy disdains me, He leaves me, scorns me; briefly die their joys

That place them on the truth of girls and boys.

Why stands he so perplex'd?

*Cym.* What would'st thou boy? I love thee more and more; think more and more

What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak;

Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

*Imo.* He is a Roman; no more kin to me Than I to your highness; who, being born your vassal,

Am something nearer.

*Cym.* Wherefore eyst him so?

*Imo.* I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please

To give me hearing.

*Cym.* Ay, with all my heart, And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

*Imo.* Fidele, sir.

*Cym.* Thou'rt my good youth, my page; I'll be thy master: walk with me; speak freely.

*CYMBELINE and IMOGEN converse apart.*  
*Bel.* Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

*Arv.* One sand another Not more resembles; that sweet rosy lad, 121 Who died, and was Fidele. What think you?

*Gui.* The same dead thing alive.

*Bel.* Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not; forbear;

Creatures may be alike; were't he, I am sure

He would have spoke to us.

*Gui.* But we saw him dead.

*Bel.* Be silent; let's see further.

*Pis. Aside.* It is my mistress! Since she is living, let the time run on

To good or bad.

*CYMBELINE and IMOGEN come forward.*

*Cym.* Come, stand thou by our side; Make thy demand aloud. To *IACHIMO*.

Sir, step you forth; 130

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely, Or, by our greatness and the grace of it,

Which is our honour, bitter torture shall Winnow the truth from falsehood. On,

speak to him.

*Imo.* My boon is, that this gentleman may render

Of whom he had this ring.

*Post. Aside.* What's that to him?

*Cym.* That diamond upon your finger, say

How came it yours?

*Iach.* Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that

Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

*Cym.* How! me?

*Iach.* I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that 141

Which torments me to conceal. By villany I got this ring; 't was Leonatus' jewel,

Whom thou didst banish, and, which more may grieve thee,

As it doth me, a nobler sir ne'er liv'd 'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear

more, my lord?

*Cym.* All that belongs to this.

*Iach.* That paragon, thy daughter, For whom my heart drops blood, and my

false spirits

Quail to remember,—Give me leave; I faint.

*Cym.* My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength; 150

I had rather thou should'st live while nature will,

Than die ere I hear more. Strive, man, and speak.

*Iach.* Upon a time, unhappy was the clock That struck the hour! it was in Rome;

accurs'd

The mansion where! 't was at a feast; O! would

Our viands had been poison'd, or at least Those which I heav'd to head; the good

Posthumus,

What should I say? he was too good to be

Where ill men were; and was the best of all

Amongst the rar'st of good ones; sitting sadly, 160

Hearing us praise our loves of Italy

For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast

Of him that best could speak; for feature laming

The shrine of Venus, of straight-pight Minerva,

Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,

A shop of all the qualities that man

Loves woman for; besides that hook of wiving,

Fairness which strikes the eye,—

*Cym.* I stand on fire.

Come to the matter.

*Iach.* All too soon I shall, Unless thou would'st grieve quickly. This

Posthumus, 170

Most like a noble lord in love, and one That had a royal lover, took his hint;

And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, therein

He was as calm as virtue, he began

His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made,

And then a mind put in 't, either our brags Were crack'd of kitchen-trulls, or his de-

scription

Prov'd us unspeaking sots.

*Cym.* Nay, nay, to the purpose.

*Iach.* Your daughter's chastity, there it begins.  
 He spake of her as Dian had hot dreams, 180  
 And she alone were cold; whereat I, wretch,  
 Made scruple of his praise, and wager'd  
 with him  
 Pieces of gold 'gainst this, which then he  
 wore  
 Upon his honour'd finger, to attain  
 In suit the place of 's bed, and win this ring  
 By hers and mine adultery. He, true knight,  
 No lesser of her honour confident  
 Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;  
 And would so, had it been a carbuncle  
 Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely,  
 had it 190  
 Been all the worth of 's car. Away to Britain  
 Post I in this design. Well may you, sir,  
 Remember me at court, where I was taught  
 Of your chaste daughter the wide difference  
 'Twixt amorous and villanous. Being thus  
 quench'd  
 Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain  
 'Gan in your duller Britain operate  
 Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;  
 And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,  
 That I returned with simular proof, enough  
 To make the noble Leonatus mad, 201  
 By wounding his belief in her renown  
 With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes  
 Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her  
 bracelet;  
 O cunning! how I got it; nay, some marks  
 Of secret on her person, that he could not  
 But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,  
 I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,  
 Methinks I see him now,—  
*Post. Coming forward.* Ay, so thou dost,  
 Italian fiend! Ay me! most credulous fool,  
 Egregious murderer, thief, any thing 211  
 That 's due to all the villains past, in being,  
 To come. O! give me cord, or knife, or  
 poison,  
 Some upmost justicer. Thou, king, send out  
 For torturers ingenious; it is I  
 That all the abhorred things o' the earth  
 amend  
 By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,  
 That kill'd thy daughter; villain-like, I lie;  
 That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,  
 A sacrilegious thief, to do 't; the temple 220  
 Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.  
 Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me,  
 set  
 The dogs o' the street to bay me; every villain  
 Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus; and  
 Be villain less than 't was! O Imogen!  
 My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,  
 Imogen, Imogen!  
*Imo.* Peace, my lord! hear, hear!  
*Post.* Shall 's have a play of this? Thou  
 scornful page,  
 There lie thy part. *Striking her: she falls.*  
*Pis.* O gentlemen! help!  
 Mine and your mistress! O! my Lord Post-  
 humus! 230  
 You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now. Help,  
 help!  
 Mine honour'd lady!

*Cym.* Does the world go round?  
*Post.* How comes these staggers on me?  
*Pis.* Wake, my mistress!  
*Cym.* If this be so, the gods do mean to  
 strike me  
 To death with mortal joy.  
*Pis.* How fares my mistress?  
*Imo.* O! get thee from my sight;  
 Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow,  
 hence!  
 Breathe not where princes are.  
*Cym.* The tune of Imogen!  
*Pis.* Lady, 239  
 The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if  
 That box I gave you was not thought by me  
 A precious thing: I had it from the queen.  
*Cym.* New matter still?  
*Imo.* It poison'd me.  
*Cor.* O gods!  
 I left out one thing which the queen con-  
 fess'd,  
 Which must approve thee honest: 'If  
 Pisanio  
 Have,' said she, 'given his mistress that  
 confection  
 Which I gave him for a cordial, she is serv'd  
 As I would serve a rat.'  
*Cym.* What 's this, Cornelius?  
*Cor.* The queen, sir, very oft importun'd  
 me  
 To temper poisons for her, still pretending  
 The satisfaction of her knowledge only 251  
 In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,  
 Of no esteem; I, dreading that her purpose  
 Was of more danger, did compound for her  
 A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would  
 cease  
 The present power of life, but in short time  
 All offices of nature should again  
 Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of  
 it?  
*Imo.* Most like I did, for I was dead.  
*Bel.* My boys,  
 There was our error.  
*Gui.* This is, sure, Fidele.  
*Imo.* Why did you throw your wedded  
 lady from you? 261  
 Think that you are upon a rock; and now  
 Throw me again. *Embracing him.*  
*Post.* Hang there like fruit, my soul,  
 Till the tree die!  
*Cym.* How now, my flesh, my child!  
 What! make'st thou me a dullard in this  
 act?  
 Wilt thou not speak to me?  
*Imo. Kneeling.* Your blessing, sir.  
*Bel. To GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS.*  
 Though you did love this youth, I blame  
 ye not;  
 You had a motive for 't.  
*Cym.* My tears that fall  
 Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,  
 Thy mother 's dead.  
*Imo.* I am sorry for 't, my lord.  
*Cym.* O! she was naught; and long of  
 her it was 271  
 That we meet here so strangely; but her  
 son  
 Is gone, we know not how nor where.

*Pis.* My lord,  
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord  
Cloten,  
Upon my lady's missing, came to me  
With his sword drawn, foam'd at the mouth,  
and swore  
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,  
It was my instant death. By accident,  
I had a feigned letter of my master's  
Then in my pocket, which directed him 280  
To seek her on the mountains near to Mil-  
ford;  
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's gar-  
ments,  
Which he enforc'd from me, away he posts  
With unchaste purpose and with oath to vio-  
late  
My lady's honour; what became of him  
I further know not.  
*Gui.* Let me end the story:  
I slew him there.  
*Cym.* Marry, the gods forfend!  
I would not thy good deeds should from my  
lips  
Pluck a hard sentence: prithee, valiant  
youth,  
Deny't again.  
*Gui.* I have spoke it, and I did it.  
*Cym.* He was a prince. 291  
*Gui.* A most incivil one. The wrongs he  
did me  
Were nothing prince-like; for he did pro-  
voke me  
With language that would make me spurn  
the sea,  
If it could so roar to me. I cut off 's head;  
And am right glad he is not standing here  
To tell this tale of mine.  
*Cym.* I am sorry for thee:  
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd,  
and must  
Endure our law. Thou'rt dead.  
*Imo.* That headless man  
I thought had been my lord.  
*Cym.* Bind the offender.  
And take him from our presence.  
*Bel.* Stay, sir king.  
This man is better than the man he slew, 302  
As well descended as thyself; and hath  
More of thee merited than a band of Clotens  
Had ever scar for. *To the Guard.* Let his  
arms alone;  
They were not born for bondage.  
*Cym.* Why, old soldier,  
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid  
for,  
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent  
As good as we?  
*Arv.* In that he spake too far.  
*Cym.* And thou shalt die for 't.  
*Bel.* We will die all three:  
But I will prove that two on 's are as good 311  
As I have given out him. My sons, I  
must  
For mine own part unfold a dangerous  
speech,  
Though, haply, well for you.  
*Arv.* Your danger's ours.  
*Gui.* And our good his.

*Bel.* Have at it then. By leave;  
Thou hadst, great king, a subject who was  
call'd  
Belarius.  
*Cym.* What of him? he is  
A banish'd traitor.  
*Bel.* He it is that hath  
Assum'd this age: indeed, a banish'd man;  
I know not how a traitor.  
*Cym.* Take him hence:  
The whole world shall not save him.  
*Bel.* Not too hot:  
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;  
And let it be confiscate all so soon 323  
As I have receiv'd it.  
*Cym.* Nursing of my sons!  
*Bel.* I am too blunt and saucy; here's  
my knee:  
Ere I arise I will prefer my sons;  
Then spare not the old father. Mighty sir,  
These two young gentlemen, that call me  
father  
And think they are my sons are none of  
mine;  
They are the issue of your loins, my liege, 330  
And blood of your begetting.  
*Cym.* How! my issue!  
*Bel.* So sure as you your father's. I, old  
Morgan,  
Am that Belarius whom you sometime ban-  
ish'd:  
Your pleasure was my offence, my punish-  
ment  
Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd  
Was all the harm I did. These gentle  
princes,  
For such and so they are, these twenty  
years  
Have I train'd up; those arts they have as I  
Could put into them; my breeding was, sir,  
as  
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euri-  
phile, 340  
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these  
children  
Upon my banishment: I moved her to 't,  
Having receiv'd the punishment before,  
For that which I did then; beaten for loyalty  
Excited me to treason. Their dear loss,  
The more of you't was felt the more it shap'd  
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gra-  
cious sir,  
Here are your sons again; and I must lose  
Two of the sweet'st companions in the  
world.  
The benediction of these covering heav-  
ens 350  
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are  
worthy  
To inlay heaven with stars.  
*Cym.* Thou weep'st, and speak'st.  
The service that you three have done is  
more  
Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my  
children:  
If these be they, I know not how to wish  
A pair of worthier sons.  
*Bel.* Be pleas'd awhile.  
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,

Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius;

This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,  
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was  
lapp'd 360

In a most curious mantle, wrought by the  
hand

Of his queen mother, which for more pro-  
bation

I can with ease produce.

*Cym.* Guiderius had  
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;  
It was a mark of wonder.

*Bel.* This is he,  
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp.  
It was wise nature's end in the donation,  
To be his evidence now.

*Cym.* O! what, am I  
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er  
mother

Rejoic'd deliverance more. Bless'd pray  
you be, 370

That, after this strange starting from your  
orbs,

You may reign in them now. O Imogen!  
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

*Imo.* No, my lord;  
I have got two worlds by 't. O my gentle  
brothers!

Have we thus met? O! never say here-  
after

But I am truest speaker: you call'd me  
brother,

When I was but your sister; I you brothers,  
When ye were so indeed.

*Cym.* Did you e'er meet?  
*Arv.* Ay, my good lord.

*Gui.* And at first meeting lov'd;  
Continued so, until we thought he died. 380

*Cor.* By the queen's dram she swallow'd.  
*Cym.* O rare instinct!

When shall I hear all through? This fierce  
abridgement

Hath to it circumstantial branches, which  
Distinction should be rich in. Where?

how liv'd you?  
And when came you to serve our Roman  
captive?

How parted with your brothers? how first  
met them?

Why fled you from the court, and whither?  
These,

And your three motives to the battle, with  
I know not how much more, should be  
demanded,

And all the other by-dependencies, 390

From chance to chance, but nor the time  
nor place

Will serve our long inter'gatories. See,  
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen,

And she, like harmless lightning, throws  
her eye

On him, her brothers, me, her master,  
hitting

Each object with a joy; the counterchange  
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,

And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.  
To BELARIUS. Thou art my brother; so

we'll hold thee ever.

*Imo.* You are my father too; and did  
relieve me, 400

To see this gracious season.

*Cym.* All o'erjoy'd,  
Save these in bonds; let them be joyful too.  
For they shall taste our comfort.

*Imo.* My good master,  
I will yet do you service.

*Luc.* Happy be you!  
*Cym.* The forlorn soldier, that so nobly  
fought,

He would have well becom'd this place and  
grac'd

The thankings of a king.

*Post.* I am, sir,  
The soldier that did company these three  
In poor beseeching; 't was a fitment for 409

The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,  
Speak, Iachimo; I had you down and might  
Have made you finish.

*Iach. Kneeling.* I am down again;  
But now my heavy conscience sinks my  
knee,

As then your force did. Take that life,  
beseech you,

Which I so often owe, but your ring first,  
And here the bracelet of the truest princess  
That ever swore her faith.

*Post.* Kneel not to me:  
The power that I have on you is to spare you;  
The malice towards you to forgive you.

*Live,* 419

And deal with others better.

*Cym.* Nobly doom'd.  
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law:

Pardon's the word to all.

*Arv.* You help us, sir,  
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;  
Joy'd are we that you are.

*Post.* Your servant, princess. Good my  
lord of Rome,

Call forth your soothsayer. As I slept, me-  
thought

Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,  
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows  
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found  
This label on my bosom; whose contain-  
ing 430

Is so from sense in hardness that I can  
Make no collection of it; let him show  
His skill in the construction.

*Luc.* Philarmonus!

*Sooth.* Here, my good lord.

*Luc.* Read, and declare the meaning.

*Sooth.* Whenas a lion's whelp shall, to  
himself unknown, without seeking find, and  
be embraced by a piece of tender air; and  
when from a stately cedar shall be lopped  
branches, which, being dead many years,  
shall after revive, be jointed to the old  
stock, and freshly grow, then shall Posthu-  
mus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate,  
and flourish in peace and plenty. 442

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;  
The fit and apt construction of thy name,  
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.

To CYMBELINE. The piece of tender air, thy  
virtuous daughter,

Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer*  
 We term it *mulier*: which *mulier*, I divine,  
 Is this most constant wife; who, even now,  
 Answering the letter of the oracle, 450  
 Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd  
 about

With this most tender air.

*Cym.* This hath some seeming.  
*Sooth.* The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,  
 Personates thee, and thy lopp'd branches  
 point

Thy two sons forth; who, by Belarius  
 stolen,

For many years thought dead, are now  
 reviv'd,

To the majestic cedar join'd, whose issue  
 Promises Britain peace and plenty.

*Cym.* Well;  
 My peace we will begin. And, Caius  
 Lucius,

Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar, 460  
 And to the Roman empire; promising

To pay our wonted tribute, from the which  
 We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;  
 Whom heavens, in justice, both on her and  
 hers,

Have laid most heavy hand.

*Sooth.* The fingers of the powers above do  
 tune

The harmony of this peace. The vision  
 Which I made known to Lucius ere the  
 stroke

Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant  
 is full accomplish'd; for the Roman  
 eagle, 470

From south to west on wing soaring aloft,  
 Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the  
 sun

So vanish'd: which foreshow'd our princely  
 eagle,

The imperial Cæsar, should again unite  
 His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,  
 Which shines here in the west.

*Cym.* Laud we the gods;  
 And let our crooked smokes climb to their  
 nostrils

From our bless'd altars. Publish we this  
 peace

To all our subjects. Set we forward: let  
 A Roman and a British ensign wave 480  
 Friendly together; so through Lud's town  
 march:

And in the temple of great Jupiter  
 Our peace we'll ratify: seal it with feasts.  
 Set on there. Never was a war did  
 cease;

Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a  
 peace. *Exeunt.*

## PERICLES

TO the general reader *Pericles* will doubtless prove a dull and uninteresting play. It makes no pretense at dramatic unity, but rather sets forth a series of adventures derived from an old tale and spun together by explanatory speeches uttered in the archaic language of the presenter, Gower. The first two Acts are particularly slow and monotonous, with only an occasional felicity of phrasing. It is not until we reach the storm scene at the beginning of Act III that we become conscious of the touch of a master hand. From this point on, with the exception of the Gower speeches and the brothel scenes, the play is confidently ascribed to Shakespeare.

To account for the remaining portions of the play several theories have been advanced: first, that Shakespeare "touched up" the work of a fellow-dramatist; secondly, that the last three Acts represent an original sketch of Shakespeare's which was for some reason turned over to another writer who expanded it into its present form for stage presentation; and third, that the play as it stands is a late revision by Shakespeare of one of his earliest outputs.

The principal difficulty in establishing any one of these theories is found in the fact that our present text represents an emendation of the original pirated quarto, published in 1609. This original text was printed from some unauthorized source, probably from shorthand notes taken down in the theatre. There is abundant evidence that the play was extremely popular on the stage until long after Shakespeare's death. Its history must have been thoroughly known to Heminge and Condell, the editors of the First Folio of 1623. It seems, therefore, unaccountable that they should have excluded it from the first collected edition of Shakespeare's works had they believed him to have any considerable part in its writing. It was not, however, until the Third Folio of 1664 that *Pericles* was admitted, along with several other plays now known to be spurious, to the collected works of Shakespeare.

In the light of these facts the reader has every right to be skeptical of the judgment of the critics except in those particulars in which they all concur; and they are practically unanimous in ascribing the last three Acts, with the exceptions noted above, to Shakespeare. In this opinion the reader will the more readily concur, because he can scarcely fail to observe in incidents, characters, and even in phrasing, anticipations of the late Romances of *The Winter's Tale*, *Cymbeline*, and *The Tempest*. The storm at the beginning of Act III is, for instance, clearly an anticipation of the storm with which *The Tempest* opens. We have here "the seaman's whistle" for "the master's whistle"; "But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not" for "Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough." Marina, in whom our interest centers during these last three Acts, suggests in the very derivation of her name—"for she was born at sea"—Perdita, of *The Winter's Tale*, so named "for the babe is counted lost forever" and Miranda, of *The Tempest*, "Admired Miranda, Indeed the top of admiration." The restoration of Pericles to his wife, Thaisa, long supposed dead, is clearly an anticipation of the restoration of Leontes to Hermione in *The Winter's Tale*; while the character of Cerimon, who

"held it ever,

Virtue and cunning were endowments greater  
Than nobleness and riches;"

and who

"can speak of the disturbances

That nature works, and of her cures;"

suggests that of Prospero, with his "so potent art."

Instances might be multiplied to show that in these three Acts of *Pericles* we glimpse materials and themes upon which Shakespeare was already pondering and which later he developed in those great Romances with which he completed his life's work. This

fact alone is enough to afford the careful reader a strong incentive to familiarize himself with this play and to convince him of the genuineness of the last three Acts.

Indeed, in spite of the weight of opinion against it, I do not hesitate to record my own belief that the brothel scenes themselves belong to Shakespeare. They appear to me essential to a complete portrayal of the strength and purity of Marina's character. Among these awful surroundings Marina exemplifies the truth, so eloquently voiced by Milton in his *Comus*:

"Virtue could see to do what virtue would  
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon  
Were in the flat sea sunk."

Strike out these brothel scenes and that "radiant light" of Marina's virtue is lost. The objection that Shakespeare would not have married Marina to Lysimachus in light of the circumstances of their first meeting is pure sentimentalism. It overlooks the fact that we are dealing here with romance and not with realism. As well argue that Shakespeare would never have married Desdemona to Othello. Besides, Lysimachus testifies not only to the power of Marina to transform vice into virtue, but also to the purity of his own motives when he says:

"Had I brought hither a corrupted mind  
Thy speech had alter'd it."

For romance, that is enough to clear Lysimachus. Not to accept that testimony is to throw over the whole story on the ground of improbability. Shakespeare is not squeamish in dealing with moral depravity when he has a purpose to serve, and the purpose here is obviously to show virtue radiating from a thoroughly human character under conditions which, to those whose faith in human nature is not so sublime as Shakespeare's, would seem overwhelming. To deprive him, then, of these brothel scenes is, in my judgment, to deprive him of responsibility for the highest moral significance of the play.

For although this play is a story of adventure, yet it is in reality something more than that. It is a story of the adventures of an exemplary prince, whose virtues, as revealed to us in his successive experiences, triumph ultimately of their own right over even death itself. Marina is no accident; she is her father's child. Her "radiant virtue" is the supreme outcome of the play. It is the restorative force bred of her father's life. When Marina is summoned into her father's presence he has lain for three months speechless and those about him regard all attempts at restoration "effectless." No one can fail to recognize in this scene an echo of that marvellous scene between Cordelia and Lear. This had to be of necessity less affecting, because Marina, unlike Cordelia, knows not to whom she speaks. Pericles hears her voice and stirs. "What countrywoman?" he asks; "Here of these shores?" Marina replies,

"No, nor of any shores;  
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am  
No other than I appear."

Flesh of his flesh, though not knowing it; "mortally brought forth," yet immortal; a reality on earth, though of no shores,

"Falseness cannot come from thee; for thou look'st  
Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace  
For the crown'd Truth to dwell in."

It needs not Pericles to tell us this; Pericles, whose "inflamed desire" grew cold before incestuous beauty; who brought life to the perishing of Tarsus; whose "inward man" so outshone his "outward habit" that unknown he won the hand of the daughter of a king. We know that he will not for Tarsus, "there to strike the inhospitable Cleon." It yet remains for him to bid Thaisa "come, be buried A second time within these arms" and to hear her welcome as "Blest, and mine own," Marina,

"Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget."

# PERICLES

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ANTIOCHUS, *King of Antioch.*  
 PERICLES, *Prince of Tyre.*  
 HELICANUS, } *two Lords of Tyre.*  
 ESCANES, }  
 SIMONIDES, *King of Pentapolis.*  
 CLEON, *Governor of Tarsus.*  
 LYSIMACHUS, *Governor of Mitylene.*  
 CERIMON, *a Lord of Ephesus.*  
 THALIARD, *a Lord of Antioch.*  
 PHILEMON, *Servant to Cerimon.*

LEONINE, *Servant to Dionyza.*  
*Marshal.*  
 A Pandar. BOULT, *his Servant.*  
*The Daughter of Antiochus.*  
 DIONYZA, *Wife to Cleon.*  
 THAISA, *Daughter to Simonides.*  
 MARINA, *Daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.*  
 LYCHORIDA, *Nurse to Marina.*  
 A Bawd.

*Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers.*

DIANA.

GOWER, *as Chorus.*

SCENE.—*Dispersedly in various Countries.*

### ACT I

*Enter GOWER.*

*Before the Palace of Antioch.*

To sing a song that old was sung,  
 From ashes ancient Gower is come,  
 Assuming man's infirmities,  
 To glad your ear, and please your eyes.  
 It hath been sung at festivals,  
 On ember-eves and holy-ales;  
 And lords and ladies in their lives  
 Have read it for restoratives:  
 The purchase is to make men glorious;  
 Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.  
 If you, born in these latter times,  
 When wit's more ripe accept my rimes,  
 And that to hear an old man sing  
 May to your wishes pleasure bring,  
 I life would wish, and that I might  
 Waste it for you like taper-light.  
 This Antioch, then, Antiochus the Great  
 Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat,  
 The fairest in all Syria,  
 I tell you what mine authors say:  
 This king unto him took a fere,  
 Who died and left a female heir,  
 So buxom, blithe, and full of face  
 As heaven had lent her all his grace;  
 With whom the father liking took,  
 And her to incest did provoke.  
 Bad child, worse father! to entice his own  
 To evil should be done by none.  
 But custom what they did begin  
 Was with long use account no sin.  
 The beauty of this sinful dame  
 Made many princes thither frame,  
 To seek her as a bedfellow,  
 In marriage-pleasures playfellow:  
 Which to prevent he made a law,

To keep her still, and men in awe,  
 That whoso ask'd her for his wife,  
 His riddle told not, lost his life:  
 So for her many a wight did die.  
 As yon grim looks do testify. 40  
 What now ensues, to the judgment of your  
 eye  
 I give, my cause who best can justify. *Exit.*

SCENE I.—*Antioch. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, and Attendants.*

Ant. Young Prince of Tyre, you have at  
 large receiv'd  
 The danger of the task you undertake.  
 Per. I have, Antiochus, and, with a soul  
 Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,  
 Think death no hazard in this enterprise.  
 Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a  
 bride,  
 For the embracements even of Jove himself;  
 At whose conception, till Lucina reign'd,  
 Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,  
 The senate-house of planets all did sit, 10  
 To knit in her their best perfections.

*Music. Enter the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS.*

Per. See, where she comes apparell'd  
 like the spring,  
 Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the  
 kin  
 Of every virtue gives renown to men!  
 Her face the book of praises, where is read  
 Nothing but curious pleasures, as from  
 thence  
 Sorrow were ever raz'd, and testy wrath  
 Could never be her mild companion.

You gods, that made me man, and sway in love,  
That have inflam'd desire in my breast 20  
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree  
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,  
As I am son and servant to your will,  
To compass such a boundless happiness!

*Ant.* Prince Pericles,—

*Per.* That would be son to great Antiochus.

*Ant.* Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,

With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;

For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:

Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view 30

Her countless glory, which desert must gain;

And which, without desert, because thine eye

Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.

Yon sometime famous princes, like thyself,  
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,

Tell thee with speechless tongues and semblance pale,

That without covering, save yon field of stars,

They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;

And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist  
For going on death's net, whom none resist.

*Per.* Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught 41

My frail mortality to know itself,  
And by those fearful objects to prepare

This body, like to them, to what I must;  
For death remember'd should be like a mirror.

Who tells us life's but breath, to trust it, error.

I'll make my will then; and as sick men do,  
Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe,

Gripe not at earthly joys as erst they did:  
So I bequeath a happy peace to you 50

And all good men, as every prince should do;

My riches to the earth from whence they came,

*To the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS.* But my unspotted fire of love to you.

Thus ready for the way of life or death,  
I wait the sharpest blow.

*Ant.* Scorning advice, read the conclusion then;

Which read and not expounded, 't is decreed.

As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed.

*Daugh.* Of all say'd yet, may'st thou prove prosperous!

Of all say'd yet, I wish thee happiness. 60

*Per.* Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,

Nor ask advice of any other thought  
But faithfulness and courage.

*I am no viper, yet I feed  
On mother's flesh which did me breed;  
I sought a husband, in which labour  
I found that kindness in a father,  
He's father, son, and husband mild,  
I mother, wife, and yet his child.  
How they may be, and yet in two, 70  
As you will live, resolve it you.*

Sharp physic is the last: but, O you powers!  
That give heaven countless eyes to view

men's acts,  
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,

If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?

Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,

Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill:  
But I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt;

For he's no man on whom perfections wait  
That, knowing sin within, will touch the

gate. 80  
You are a fair viol, and your sense the strings,

Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,

Would draw heaven down and all the gods to hearken;

But being play'd upon before your time,  
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime.

Good sooth, I care not for you.  
*Ant.* Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy

life,  
For that 's an article within our law,

As dangerous as the rest. Your time 's expir'd:

Either expound now or receive your sentence. 90

*Per.* Great king,  
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;

'T would braid yourself too near for me to tell it.

Who has a book of all that monarchs do,  
He 's more secure to keep it shut than shown;

For vice repeated is like the wandering wind,

Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;  
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,

The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear

To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts 100

Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is throng'd

By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for 't.

Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law 's their will;

And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?

It is enough you know; and it is fit,  
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.

All love the womb that their first being bred,  
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

*Ant.* Aside. Heaven! that I had thy head;  
he has found the meaning;

But I will gloze with him. Young Prince of Tyre,  
 Though by the tenour of our strict edict,  
 Your exposition misinterpreting,  
 We might proceed to cancel of your days;  
 Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree  
 As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:  
 Forty days longer we do respire you;  
 If by which time our secret be undone,  
 This mercy shows we 'll joy in such a son:  
 And until then your entertain shall be  
 As doth befit our honour and your worth. 120

*Exeunt all but PERICLES.*

*Per.* How courtesy would seem to cover sin,

When what is done is like an hypocrite,  
 The which is good in nothing but in sight!  
 If it be true that I interpret false,  
 Then were it certain you were not so bad  
 As with foul incest to abuse your soul;  
 Where now you 're both a father and a son,  
 By your untimely clasplings with your child,  
 Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father;  
 And she an eater of her mother's flesh, 130  
 By the defiling of her parent's bed;  
 And both like serpents are, who though they feed

On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.  
 Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men

Blush not in actions blacker than the night,  
 Will shun no course to keep them from the light.

One sin, I know, another doth provoke;  
 Murder 's as near to lust as flame to smoke.  
 Poison and treason are the hands of sin.  
 Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame: 140  
 Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,

By flight I 'll shun the danger which I fear.

*Exit.*

*Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.*

*Ant.* He hath found the meaning, for which we mean

To have his head.

He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,

Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin

In such a loathed manner;

And therefore instantly this prince must die,

For by his fall my honour must keep high.  
 Who attends us there?

*Enter THALIARD.*

*Thal.* Doth your highness call?

*Ant.* Thaliard, 151  
 You are of our chamber, and our mind partakes

Her private actions to your secrecy;

And for your faithfulness we will advance you.

Thaliard, behold, here 's poison, and here 's gold;

We hate the Prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him:

It fits thee not to ask the reason why,  
 Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

*Thal.* My lord 't is done.

*Ant.* Enough. 160

*Enter a Messenger.*

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.

*Mess.* My lord, Prince Pericles is fled.

*Exit.*

*Ant.* As thou

Wilt live, fly after; and like an arrow shot  
 From a well-experienc'd archer hits the mark

His eye doth level at, so thou ne'er return  
 Unless thou say 'Prince Pericles is dead.'

*Thal.* My lord,

If I can get him within my pistol's length,  
 I'll make him sure enough: so, farewell to your highness.

*Ant.* Thaliard, adieu! *Exit THALIARD.*

Till Pericles be dead, 170

My heart can lend no succor to my head.  
*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Tyre. A Room in the Palace*

*Enter PERICLES.*

*Per.* To those without. Let none disturb us.

Why should this change of thoughts,  
 The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,  
 Be my so us'd a guest, as not an hour  
 In the day's glorious walk or peaceful night,  
 The tomb where grief should sleep, can breed me quiet?

Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,

And danger, which I fear'd, is at Antioch.  
 Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here;

Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,  
 Nor yet the other's distance comfort me. 10  
 Then it is thus; the passions of the mind,  
 That have their first conception by mis-dread,

Have after-nourishment and life by care;  
 And what was first but fear what might be done,

Grows elder now and cares it be not done.  
 And so with me: the great Antiochus,

'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,  
 Since he 's so great can make his will his act,

Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;

Nor boots it me to say I honour him, 20  
 If he suspect I may dishonour him;

And what may make him blush in being known,

He'll stop the course by which it might be known.

With hostile forces he 'll o'erspread the land,

And with the ostent of war will look so huge,  
 Amazement shall drive courage from the state,

Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist,  
 And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought offence;

Which care of them, not pity of myself,  
 Who am no more but as the tops of trees, 30

Which fence the roots they grow by and defend them,

Makes both my body pine and soul to languish,  
And punish that before that he would punish.

*Enter HELICANUS and other Lords.*

*First Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!

*Second Lord.* And keep your mind, till you return to us,

Peaceful and comfortable!

*Hel.* Peace, peace! and give experience tongue.

They do abuse the king that flatter him;  
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;  
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,

To which that blast gives heat and stronger glowing;

Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,  
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err;

When Signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,

He flatters you, makes war upon your life.  
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;

I cannot be much lower than my knees.

*Per.* All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook

What shipping and what lading's in our haven,

And then return to us.

*Exeunt Lords.*  
*Helicanus,* thou

Hast moved us; what seest thou in our looks?

*Hel.* An angry brow, dread lord.

*Per.* If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,

How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

*Hel.* How dare the plants look up to heaven, from whence

They have their nourishment?

*Per.* Thou know'st I have power

To take thy life from thee.

*Hel. Kneeling.* I have ground the axe myself;

Do you but strike the blow.

*Per.* Rise, prithee, rise;

Sit down; thou art no flatterer:

I thank thee for it; and heaven forbid  
That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid!

Fit counsellor and servant for a prince,  
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,

What would'st thou have me do?

*Hel.* To bear with patience  
Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.

*Per.* Thou speak'st like a physician,

*Helicanus,*

That minister'st a potion unto me  
That thou would'st tremble to receive

thyself.

Attend me then: I went to Antioch,

Where as thou would'st, against the face of death

I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,  
From whence an issue I might propagate,  
Are arms to princes and bring joys to subjects.

Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;

The rest, hark in thine ear, as black as incest;

Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father

Seem'd not to strike, but smooth; but thou know'st this,

'T is time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.  
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,

Under the covering of a careful night,  
Who seem'd my good protector; and, being

here,  
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.

I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears  
Decrease not, but grow faster than the

years.  
And should he doubt it, as no doubt he

doth,  
That I should open to the listening air

How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,

To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,  
To lop that doubt he'll fill this land with

arms,

And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;

When all, for mine, if I may call offence,  
Must feel war's blow, who spares not

innocence:  
Which love to all, of which thyself art one,

Who now reproveth me for it,—

*Hel.* Alas! sir,  
*Per.* Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood

from my cheeks,  
Musings into my mind, with thousand

doubts  
How I might stop this tempest ere it came;

And finding little comfort to relieve them,  
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

*Hel.* Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to speak,

Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,  
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,

Who either by public war or private treason  
Will take away your life.

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,  
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,

Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life.  
Your rule direct to any; if to me,

Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

*Per.* I do not doubt thy faith;  
But should he wrong my liberties in my

absence?  
*Hel.* We'll mingle our bloods together in

the earth,  
From whence we had our being and our

birth.  
*Per.* Tyre, I now look from thee then, and

to Tarsus  
Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee,

And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.  
The care I had and have of subjects' good

On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.  
 I 'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;  
 Who shuns not to break one will sure crack both.  
 But in our orbs we 'll live so round and safe,  
 That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,  
 Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. An Antechamber in the Palace.*

*Enter THALIARD.*

*Thal.* So this is Tyre, and this the court. Here must I kill King Pericles; and if I do it not, I am sure to be hanged at home: 't is dangerous. Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that, being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets: now do I see he had some reason for 't; for if a king bid a man be a villain, he 's bound by the indenture of his oath to be one. Hush! here come the lords of Tyre. 10

*Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, and other Lords.*

*Hel.* You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre, Further to question me of your king's departure: His seal'd commission, left in trust with me, Doth speak sufficiently he 's gone to travel.  
*Thal. Aside.* How! the king gone!  
*Hel.* If further yet you will be satisfied, Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves, He would depart, I 'll give some light unto you.

*Being at Antioch—*

*Thal. Aside.* What from Antioch?  
*Hel.* Royal Antiochus, on what cause I know not, 20 Took some displeasure at him, at least he judg'd so; And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd, To show his sorrow he 'd correct himself; So puts himself unto the shipman's toil, With whom each minute threatens life or death.

*Thal. Aside.* Well, I perceive I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;  
 But since he 's gone, the king it sure must please,  
 He 'scap'd the land, to perish at the sea. I 'll present myself. Peace to the lords of Tyre! 30

*Hel.* Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

*Thal.* From him I come With message unto princely Pericles; But since my landing I have understood Your lord has betook himself to unknown travels,

My message must return from whence it came.

*Hel.* We have no reason to desire it, Commended to our master, not to us: Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire, 39 As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Tarsus. A Room in the Governor's House.*

*Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, and Attendants.*

*Cle.* My Dionyza, shall we rest us here, And by relating tales of others' griefs, See if 't will teach us to forget our own?

*Dio.* That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it;  
 For who digs hills because they do aspire Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.

O my distressed lord! even such our griefs are;  
 Here they 're but felt, and seen with mischiefs eyes.  
 But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

*Cle.* O Dionyza, 10 Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,

Or can conceal his hunger till he famish? Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep Our woes into the air; our eyes do weep Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim them louder;

That if heaven slumber while their creatures want, They may awake their helps to comfort them.

I 'll then discourse our woes, felt several years, And wanting breath to speak help me with tears.

*Dio.* I 'll do my best, sir. 20

*Cle.* This Tarsus, o'er which I have the government,

A city on whom plenty held full hand, For riches strew'd herself even in the streets;

Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd the clouds, And strangers ne'er beheld but wonder'd at;

Whose men and dames so jettied and adorn'd,

Like one another's glass to trim them by: Their tables were stor'd full to glad the sight,

And not so much to feed on as delight; All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great, 30

The name of help grew odious to repeat.

*Dio.* O! 't is too true.

*Cle.* But see what heaven can do! By this our change,

These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and air,

Were all too little to content and please, Although they gave their creatures in abundance,

As houses are defil'd for want of use,  
They are now starv'd for want of exercise;  
Those palates who, not yet two summers  
younger,

Must have inventions to delight the taste, 40  
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it:  
Those mothers who, to nouse up their  
babes,

Thought nought too curious, are ready now  
To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.  
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and  
wife

Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life.  
Here stands a lord, and there a lady  
weeping;

Here many sink, yet those which see them  
fall

Have scarce strength left to give them burial.  
Is not this true? 50

*Dio.* Our cheeks and hollow eyes do  
witness it.

*Cle.* O! let those cities that of plenty's  
cup

And her prosperities so largely taste,  
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears:  
The misery of Tarsus may be theirs.

*Enter a Lord.*

*Lord.* Where's the lord governor?

*Cle.* Here.

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st  
in haste,

For comfort is too far for us to expect.

*Lord.* We have descried, upon our neigh-  
bouring shore, 60

A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

*Cle.* I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes but brings an heir  
That may succeed as his inheritor;

And so in ours. Some neighbouring nation,  
Taking advantage of our misery,

Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their  
power,

To beat us down, the which are down al-  
ready;

And make a conquest of unhappy me,  
Whereas no glory's got to overcome. 70

*Lord.* That's the least fear; for, by the  
semblance

Of their white flags display'd, they bring us  
peace.

And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

*Cle.* Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd  
to repeat:

Who makes the fairest show means most  
deceit.

But bring they what they will and what they  
can,

What need we fear?

The ground's the lowest and we are half way  
there.

Go tell their general we attend him here,  
To know for what he comes, and whence he  
comes, 80

And what he craves.

*Lord.* I go, my lord.

*Exit.*

*Cle.* Welcome is peace if he on peace  
consist;

If wars we are unable to resist.

*Enter PERICLES, with Attendants.*

*Per.* Lord governor, for so we hear you  
are,

Let not our ships and number of our men  
Be like a beacon fir'd to amaze your eyes.  
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,  
And seen the desolation of your streets:

Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears, 90  
But to relieve them of their heavy load;

And these our ships, you happily may think  
Are like the Trojan horse was stuff'd within

With bloody veins, expecting overthrow,  
Are stor'd with corn to make your needy

bread,  
And give them life whom hunger starv'd

half dead.

*All.* The gods of Greece protect you!  
And we'll pray for you.

*Per.* Arise, I pray you, rise:  
We do not look for reverence, but for love,

And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and  
men. 100

*Cle.* The which when any shall not  
gratify,

Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,  
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,

The curse to heaven and men succeed  
their evils!

Till when, the which I hope shall ne'er be  
seen,

Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

*Per.* Which welcome we'll accept; feast  
here awhile,

Until our stars that frown lend us a smile.  
*Exeunt.*

## ACT II

*Enter GOWER.*

*Here have you seen a mighty king*

*His child, I wis, to incest bring;*

*A better prince and benign lord,*

*That will prove awful both in deed and word.*

*Be quiet then as men should be,*

*Till he hath pass'd necessity.*

*I'll show you those in troubles reign,*

*Losing a mite, a mountain gain.*

*The good in conversation,*

*To whom I give my benison, 10*

*Is still at Tarsus, where each man*

*Thinks all is writ he spoken can;*

*And, to remember what he does,*

*Build his statue to make him glorious:*

*But tidings to the contrary*

*Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?*

*Dumb-show.*

*Enter at one door PERICLES, talking with*

*CLEON; all the Train with them. Enter*

*at another door a Gentleman, with a letter*

*to PERICLES; PERICLES shows the letter*

*to CLEON; then gives the Messenger a*

*reward, and knights him. Exeunt PERI-*

*CLES, CLEON, etc., severally.*

*Good Helican, that stay'd at home,*

*Not to eat honey like a drone*

*From others' labours; for though he strive*

*To killen bad, keep good alive; 20*

*And to fulfil his prince's desire,*

*Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:  
How Thaliard came full bent with sin  
And had intent to murder him;  
And that in Tarsus was not best  
Longer for him to make his rest.  
He, doing so, put forth to seas,  
Where when men been, there's seldom ease;  
For now the wind begins to blow;  
Thunder above and deeps below 30  
Make such unquiet, that the ship  
Should house him safe is wreck'd and split;  
And he, good prince, having all lost,  
By waves from coast to coast is tost.  
All perishen of man, of belf,  
Ne aught escapen, but himself;  
Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,  
Threw him ashore, to give him glad:  
And here he comes. What shall be next,  
Pardon old Gower, this longs the text.*

Exit.

SCENE I.—*Pentapolis. An open Place by the Sea-side.*

*Enter PERICLES, wet.*

*Per.* Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven!  
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man  
Is but a substance that must yield to you;  
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.  
Alas! the sea hath cast me on the rocks,  
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath  
Nothing to think on but ensuing death:  
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers  
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;  
And having thrown him from your watery grave, 10  
Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave.

*Enter three Fishermen.*

*First Fish.* What, ho, Pilch!

*Second Fish.* Ha! come and bring away the nets.

*First Fish.* What, Patch-breech, I say!

*Third Fish.* What say you master?

*First Fish.* Look how thou stirrest now! come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wanion.

*Third Fish.* Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us even now. 20

*First Fish.* Alas! poor souls; it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

*Third Fish.* Nay, master, said not I as much when I saw the porpus how he bounced and tumbled? they say they're half fish, half flesh; a plague on them! they ne'er come but I look to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea. 30

*First Fish.* Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones. I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; a' plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have

I heard on o' the land, who never leave gaping till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.

*Per. Aside.* A pretty moral. 39

*Third Fish.* But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

*Second Fish.* Why, man?

*Third Fish.* Because he should have swallowed me too; and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good King Simonides were of my mind,—

*Per. Aside.* Simonides!

*Third Fish.* We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey. 51

*Per. Aside.* How from the finny subject of the sea

These fishers tell the infirmities of men; And from their watery empire recollect All that may men approve or men detect! Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

*Second Fish.* Honest! good fellow, what's that? If it be a day fits you, search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it.

*Per.* Y' may see the sea hath cast me upon your coast. 60

*Second Fish.* What a drunken knave was the sea, to cast thee in our way!

*Per.* A man whom both the waters and the wind,

In that vast tennis-court, have made the ball

For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;

He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

*First Fish.* No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them in our country of Greece gets more with begging than we can do with working.

*Second Fish.* Canst thou catch any fishes then? 70

*Per.* I never practised it.

*Second Fish.* Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure; for here's nothing to be got now-a-days unless thou canst fish for't.

*Per.* What I have been I have forgot to know,

But what I am want teaches me to think on; A man throng'd up with cold; my veins are chill,

And have no more of life than may suffice, To give my tongue that heat to ask your help;

Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead, For that I am a man, pray see me buried. 81

*First Fish.* Die, quoth-a? Now gods forbid! I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks; and thou shalt be welcome.

*Per.* I thank you, sir.

*Second Fish.* Hark you, my friend; you said you could not beg. 90

*Per.* I did but crave.

*Second Fish.* But crave! then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall scape whipping.

*Per.* Why, are all your beggars whipped then?

*Second Fish.* O! not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net.

*Exeunt Second and Third Fishermen.*

*Per. Aside.* How well this honest mirth becomes their labour! 99

*First Fish.* Hark you, sir; do you know where ye are?

*Per.* Not well.

*First Fish.* Why, I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our king the good Simonides.

*Per.* The good King Simonides, do you call him?

*First Fish.* Ay, sir; and he deserves to be so called for his peaceable reign and good government.

*Per.* He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore? 111

*First Fish.* Marry, sir, half a day's journey; and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birthday; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to joust and tourney for her love.

*Per.* Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

*First Fish.* O, sir! things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for his wife's soul. 121

*Re-enter Second and Third Fishermen, drawing up a net.*

*Second Fish.* Help, master, help! here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 't will hardly come out. Ha! bots on 't, 't is come at last, and 't is turned to a rusty armour.

*Per.* An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.

Thanks, Fortune, yet, that after all my crosses

Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself; And though it was mine own, part of mine

heritage, 129

Which my dead father did bequeath to me,

With this strict charge, even as he left his life,

'Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield 'Twixt me and death'; and pointed to this

brace;

'For that it sav'd me, keep it; in like necessity,

The which the gods protect thee from! 't may defend thee.'

It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it; Till the rough seas, that spare not any

man, Took it in rage, though calm'd have given 't again.

I thank thee for 't; my shipwreck now's no ill,

Since I have here my father's gift in 's will.

*First Fish.* What mean you, sir? 141

*Per.* To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,

For it was sometime target to a king; I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly,

And for his sake I wish the having of it; And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's

court,

Where with it I may appear a gentleman; And if that ever my low fortunes better,

I'll pay your bounties; till then rest your debtor.

*First Fish.* Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady? 150

*Per.* I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

*First Fish.* Why, do 'e take it; and the gods give thee good on 't.

*Second Fish.* Ay, but hark you, my friend; 't was we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters; there are certain condolences, certain

vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you 'll remember from whence you had it.

*Per.* Believe 't, I will. 159

By your furtherance I am cloth'd in steel; And spite of all the rapture of the sea,

This jewel holds his gilding on my arm: Unto thy value will I mount myself

Upon a courser, whose delightful steps Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.

Only, my friends, I yet am unprovided Of a pair of bases.

*Second Fish.* We'll sure provide; thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair and I'll bring thee to the court myself. 170

*Per.* Then honour be but a goal to my will!

This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A public Way or Platform leading to the Lists. A Pavilion near it, for the reception of the KING, PRINCESS, Ladies, Lords, etc.*

*Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Sim.* Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

*First Lord.* They are, my liege; And stay your coming to present themselves.

*Sim.* Return them, we are ready; and our daughter,

In honour of whose birth these triumphs are, Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature

gat

For men to see, and seeing wonder at. *Exit a Lord.*

*Thai.* It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express

My commendations great, whose merit's less.

*Sim.* 'T is fit it should be so; for princes are 10

A model, which heaven makes like to itself:  
As jewels lose their glory if neglected,  
So princes their renowns if not respected.  
'T is now your honour, daughter, to explain  
The labour of each knight in his device.  
*Thai.* Which, to preserve mine honour,  
I'll perform.

*Enter a Knight; he passes over the stage, and his Squire presents his shield to the PRINCESS.*

*Sim.* Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

*Thai.* A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;

And the device he bears upon his shield  
Is a black Ethiop reaching at the sun; 20  
The word, *Lux tua vita mihi.*

*Sim.* He loves you well that holds his life of you.

*The Second Knight passes over.*

Who is the second that presents himself?

*Thai.* A prince of Macedon, my royal father;

And the device he bears upon his shield  
Is an arm'd knight that's conquer'd by a lady;

The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu por dulzura que por fuerza.*

*The Third Knight passes over.*

*Sim.* And what's the third?

*Thai.* The third of Antioch;

And his device, a wreath of chivalry;  
The word, *Me pompae provexit apex.* 30

*The Fourth Knight passes over.*

*Sim.* What is the fourth?

*Thai.* A burning torch that's turned upside down;

The word, *Quod me alit me extinguit.*

*Sim.* Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,

Which can as well inflame as it can kill.

*The Fifth Knight passes over.*

*Thai.* The fifth, a hand environed with clouds,

Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried;

The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.*

*The Sixth Knight, PERICLES, passes over.*

*Sim.* And what's

The sixth and last, the which the knight himself 40

With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

*Thai.* He seems to be a stranger; but his present is

A wither'd branch, that's only green at top;  
The motto, *In hac spe vivo.*

*Sim.* A pretty moral;

From the dejected state wherein he is,  
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

*First Lord.* He had need mean better than his outward show

Can any way speak in his just commend;  
For by his rusty outside he appears 50

To have practis'd more the whipstock than the lance.

*Second Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for he comes

To an honour'd triumph strangely furnished.

*Third Lord.* And on set purpose let his armour rust

Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

*Sim.* Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan

The outward habit by the inward man.

But stay, the knights are coming; we'll withdraw

Into the gallery.

*Exeunt.*

*Great shouts, and all cry, 'The mean knight!'*

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Hall of State. A Banquet prepared.*

*Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Ladies, Lords, Knights from tilting, and Attendants.*

*Sim. Knights.*

To say you're welcome were superfluous.  
To place upon the volume of your deeds,  
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,  
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,

Since every worth in show commends itself.  
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:  
You are princes and my guests.

*Thai.* But you, my knight and guest;

To whom this wreath of victory I give, 10  
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

*Per.* 'T is more by fortune, lady, than by merit.

*Sim.* Call it by what you will, the day is yours;

And here, I hope, is none that envies it.  
In framing an artist art hath thus decreed,  
To make some good, but others to exceed;

And you're her labour'd scholar. Come, queen of the feast,

For, daughter, so you are, here take your place;

Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

*Knights.* We are honour'd much by good Simonides. 20

*Sim.* Your presence glads our days; honour we love,

For who hates honour hates the gods above.

*Marshal.* Sir, yonder is your place.

*Per.* Some other is more fit.

*First Knight.* Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen

That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes  
Envy the great nor do the low despise.

*Per.* You are right courteous knights.

*Sim.* Sit, sir; sit.

*Per.* By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,

These cates resist me, she but thought upon.

*Thai.* By Juno, that is queen of marriage,  
All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury, 31

Wishing him my meat. Sure, he's a gallant gentleman.

*Sim.* He's but a country gentleman;

Has done no more than other knights have done.

Has broken a staff or so; so let it pass.

*Thai.* To me he seems like diamond to glass.

*Per.* Yon king's to me like to my father's picture,

Which tells me in that glory once he was;  
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,  
And he the sun for them to reverence. 40  
None that beheld him, but like lesser lights  
Did veil their crowns to his supremacy;  
Where now his son's like a glow-worm in the night.

The which hath fire in darkness, none in light:

Whereby I see that Time's the king of men;  
He's both their parent, and he is their grave,

And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

*Sim.* What, are you merry, knights?  
*First Knight.* Who can be other in this royal presence?

*Sim.* Here, with a cup that's stor'd unto the brim. 50

As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,  
We drink this health to you.

*Knights.* We thank your grace.

*Sim.* Yet pause awhile;  
Yon knight doth sit too melancholy,  
As if the entertainment in our court  
Had not a show might countervail his worth.  
Note it not you, Thaisa?

*Thai.* What is it  
To me, my father?

*Sim.* O! attend, my daughter:  
Princes in this should live like gods above,  
Who freely give to every one that comes  
To honour them; 61  
And princes not doing so are like to gnats,  
Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at.

Therefore to make his entrance more sweet,  
Here say we drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.

*Thai.* Alas! my father, it befits not me  
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold;  
He may my proffer take for an offence,  
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

*Sim.* How? 70  
Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

*Thai. Aside.* Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.

*Sim.* And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of him,

Of whence he is, his name, and parentage.  
*Thai.* The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.

*Per.* I thank him.

*Thai.* Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

*Per.* I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

*Thai.* And further he desires to know of you,

Of whence you are, your name and parent-

*Per.* A gentleman of Tyre; my name, Pericles;

My education been in arts and arms;  
Who, looking for adventures in the world,  
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,  
And after shipwreck driven upon this shore.

*Thai.* He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles.

A gentleman of Tyre,  
Who only by misfortune of the seas  
Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore.

*Sim.* Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune. 90

And will awake him from his melancholy.  
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,  
And waste the time which looks for other revels.

Even in your armours, as you are address'd,  
Will very well become a soldier's dance.  
I will not have excuse, with saying this  
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads,  
Since they love men in arms as well as beds.

*The Knights dance.*  
So this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.

Come, sir; 100

Here is a lady that wants breathing too:  
And I have heard, you knights of Tyre  
Are excellent in making ladies trip,  
And that their measures are as excellent.

*Per.* In those that practise them they are, my lord.

*Sim.* O! that's as much as you would be denied

Of your fair courtesy.

*The Knights and Ladies dance.*  
Unclass, unclass;

Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,

To PERICLES. But you the best. Pages  
and lights, to conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings!  
Yours, sir, 110

We have given order to be next our own.  
*Per.* I am at your grace's pleasure.

*Sim.* Princes, it is too late to talk of love,  
And that's the mark I know you level at;  
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;  
To-morrow all for speeding do their best.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Tyre. A Room in the Governor's House.

*Enter* HELICANUS and ESCANES.

*Hel.* No, Escanes, know this of me,  
Antiochus from incest liv'd not free;  
For which, the most high gods not minding longer

To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,

Due to this heinous capital offence,  
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,

When he was seated in a chariot  
Of an inestimable value, and his daughter

with him,  
A fire from heaven came and shrivell'd up

Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,

That all those eyes ador'd them ere their fall

Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

*Esca.* 'T was very strange.

*Hel.* And yet but just; for though This king were great, his greatness was no guard

To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.

*Esca.* 'T is very true.

*Enter two or three Lords.*

*First Lord.* See, not a man in private conference

Or council has respect with him but he.

*Second Lord.* It shall no longer grieve without reproof.

*Third Lord.* And curs'd be he that will not second it. <sup>20</sup>

*First Lord.* Follow me then. Lord Helicane, a word.

*Hel.* With me? and welcome. Happy day, my lords.

*First Lord.* Know that our griefs are risen to the top,

And now at length they overflow their banks. *Hel.* Your griefs! for what? wrong not the prince you love.

*First Lord.* Wrong not yourself then, noble Helicane;

But if the prince do live, let us salute him. Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.

If in the world he live, we'll seek him out; If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;

And be resolv'd he lives to govern us. <sup>31</sup> Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral.

And leaves us to our free election.

*Second Lord.* Whose death's indeed the strongest in our censure;

And knowing this kingdom is without a head,

Like goodly buildings left without a roof Soon fall to ruin, your noble self,

That best know how to rule and how to reign.

We thus submit unto, our sovereign. *All.* Live, noble Helicane! <sup>40</sup>

*Hel.* For honour's cause forbear your sufferages:

If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear. Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,

Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.

A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you To forbear the absence of your king;

If in which time expir'd he not return, I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.

But if I cannot win you to this love, Go search like nobles, like noble subjects, <sup>50</sup>

And in your search spend your adventurous worth;

Whom if you find, and win unto return, You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

*First Lord.* To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield;

And since Lord Helicane enjoineth us, We with our travels will endeavour it.

*Hel.* Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands:

When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Pentapolis. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter SIMONIDES, reading a letter; the Knights meet him.*

*First Knight.* Good morrow to the good Simonides.

*Sim.* Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,

That for this twelvemonth she'll not undertake

A married life.

Her reason to herself is only known, Which yet from her by no means can I get.

*Second Knight.* May we not get access to her, my lord?

*Sim.* Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly tied

Her to her chamber that 't is impossible. One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's

livery; <sup>10</sup> This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd, And on her virgin honour will not break it.

*Third Knight.* Loath to bid farewell, we take our leaves. *Exeunt Knights.*

*Sim.* So, They are well dispatch'd; now to my daughter's letter.

She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,

Or never more to view nor day nor light. 'T is well, mistress; your choice agrees

with mine; I like that well: nay, how absolute she's

in 't, Not minding whether I dislike or no! <sup>20</sup> Well, I do commend her choice, And will no longer have it be delay'd.

Soft! here comes: I must dissemble it.

*Enter PERICLES.*

*Per.* All fortune to the good Simonides! *Sim.* To you as much, sir! I am behold-

ing to you

For your sweet music this last night: I do Protest my ears were never better fed

With such delightful pleasing harmony. *Per.* It is your grace's pleasure to com-

mend, Not my desert.

*Sim.* Sir, you are music's master. *Per.* The worst of all her scholars, my

good lord. <sup>31</sup> *Sim.* Let me ask you one thing.

What do you think of my daughter, sir? *Per.* A most virtuous princess.

*Sim.* And she is fair too, is she not? *Per.* As a fair day in summer; wondrous

fair. *Sim.* My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you;

Ay, so well, sir, that you must be her master, And she will be your scholar: therefore

look to it. *Per.* I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.

*Sim.* She thinks not so; peruse this writing else. 41

*Per. Aside.* What 's here?

A letter that she loves the knight of Tyre!  
'T is the king's subtilty to have my life.  
O! seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,  
A stranger and distressed gentleman,  
That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,

But bent all offices to honour her.

*Sim.* Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art

A villain.

*Per.* By the gods, I have not: 50  
Never did thought of mine levy offence;  
Nor never did my actions yet commence  
A deed might gain her love or your displeasure.

*Sim.* Traitor, thou liest.

*Per.* Traitor!

*Sim.* Ay, traitor.

*Per.* Even in his throat, unless it be the king,

That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

*Sim. Aside.* Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.

*Per.* My actions are as noble as my thoughts,

That never relish'd of a base descent. 60  
I came unto your court for honour's cause,  
And not to be a rebel to her state;

And he that otherwise accounts of me,  
This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.

*Sim.* No?

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

*Enter THAISA.*

*Per.* Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,  
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue  
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe  
To any syllable that made love to you? 70

*Thai.* Why, sir, say if you had,  
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?

*Sim.* Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?

*Aside.* I am glad on 't with all my heart.  
I'll tame you; I'll bring you in subjection.  
Will you, not having my consent,  
Bestow your love and your affections  
Upon a stranger? *Aside.* who, for aught I know,

May be, nor can I think the contrary,  
As great in blood as I myself. 80

Therefore hear you, mistress; either frame  
Your will to mine; and you, sir, hear you,  
Either be rul'd by me, or I will make you—  
Man and wife.

Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too;

And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;

And for a further grief,—God give you joy!  
What! are you both pleas'd?

*Thai.* Yes, if you love me, sir.

*Per.* Even as my life, or blood that fosters it.

*Sim.* What! are you both agreed? 90

*Thai., Per.* Yes, if it please your majesty.

*Sim.* It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed;

Then with what haste you can get you to bed.

*Exeunt.*

### ACT III

*Enter GOWER.*

*Now sleep unslak'd hath the rout;  
No din but snores the house about,  
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast  
Of this most pompous marriage-feast.  
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,  
Now couches fore the mouse's hole;  
And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,  
E'er the blither for their drouth.  
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,  
Where by the loss of maidenhead,  
A babe is moulded. Be attent,  
And time that is so briefly spent  
With your fine fancies quaintly eche;  
What 's dumb in show I'll plain with speech.*

*Dumb-show.*

*Enter PERICLES and SIMONIDES at one door, with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives PERICLES a letter; PERICLES shows it to SIMONIDES; the Lords kneel to PERICLES. Then enter THAISA with child, and Lychorida: SIMONIDES shows his daughter the letter; she rejoices: she and PERICLES take leave of her father, and all depart.*

*By many a dorn and painful perch  
Of Pericles the careful search  
By the four opposing coigns,  
Which the world together joins,  
Is made with all due diligence,  
That horse and sail and high expense, 20  
Can stand the quest. At last from Tyre,  
Fame answering the most strange inquire,  
To the court of King Simonides  
Are letters brought, the tenour these:  
Antiochus and his daughter dead;  
The men of Tyrus on the head  
Of Helicanus would set on  
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:  
The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress; 30  
Says to 'em, if King Pericles  
Come not home in twice six moons,  
He, obedient to their dooms,  
Will take the crown. The sum of this,  
Brought hither to Pentapolis,  
Yraish'd the regions round,  
And every one with claps can sound,  
'Our heir-apparent is a king!  
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?'  
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:  
His queen, with child, makes her desire, 40  
Which who shall cross? along to go;  
Omit we all their dole and woe:  
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,  
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes  
On Neptune's billow; half the flood  
Hath their keel cut: but fortune's mood  
Varies again; the grisled north*

*Disgorges such a tempest forth,  
That, as a duck for life that dives,  
So up and down the poor ship drives.* 60  
*The lady shrieks, and well-a-neighbor  
Does fall in travail with her fear;  
And what ensues in this fell storm  
Shall for itself itself perform.  
I will relate, action may  
Conveniently the rest convey,  
Which might not what by me is told.  
In your imagination hold  
This stage the ship, upon whose deck  
The sea-tost Pericles appears to speak.*  
*Exit.*

SCENE I.

*Enter PERICLES, on shipboard.*

*Per.* Thou god of this great vast, rebuke  
these surges,  
Which wash both heaven and hell; and  
thou, that hast  
Upon the winds command, bind them in  
brass,  
Having call'd them from the deep. O!  
still  
Thy deafening, dreadful thunders; gently  
quench  
Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes. O! how,  
Lychorida,  
How does my queen? Thou stormest  
venomously;  
Wilt thou spit all thyself? The seaman's  
whistle  
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,  
Unheard. Lychorida! Lucina, O! 10  
Divinest patroness, and midwife gentle  
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity  
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the  
pangs  
Of my queen's travails.

*Enter LYCHORIDA, with an Infant.*

Now, Lychorida!

*Lyc.* Here is a thing too young for such a  
place,  
Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I  
Am like to do. Take in your arms this  
piece  
Of your dead queen.

*Per.* How, how, Lychorida!

*Lyc.* Patience, good sir; do not assist  
the storm.  
Here's all that is left living of your queen, 20  
A little daughter: for the sake of it,  
Be manly, and take comfort.

*Per.* O you gods!

Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,  
And snatch them straight away? We here  
below

Recall not what we give, and therein may  
Use honour with you.

*Lyc.* Patience, good sir,  
Even for this charge.

*Per.* Now, mild may be thy life!  
For a more blust'rous birth had never babe:  
Quiet and gentle thy conditions! for  
Thou art the rudest welcome to this world  
That e'er was prince's child. Happy what  
follows! 31

Thou hast as chiding a nativity  
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can  
make,  
To herald thee from the womb; even at the  
first  
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit.  
With all thou canst find here. Now the  
good gods  
Throw their best eyes upon 't!

*Enter two Sailors.*

*First Sail.* What courage, sir? God save  
you!

*Per.* Courage enough. I do not fear the  
flaw;

It hath done to me the worst. Yet for the  
love 40

Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-  
farer,

I would it would be quiet.

*First Sail.* Slack the bolins there! Thou  
wilt not, wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself.

*Second Sail.* But sea-room, an the brine  
and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not.

*First Sail.* Sir, your queen must over-  
board: the sea works high, the wind is  
loud, and will not lie till the ship be cleared  
of the dead.

*Per.* That's your superstition. 50

*First Sail.* Pardon us, sir; with us at sea  
it hath been still observed, and we are  
strong in custom. Therefore briefly yield  
her, for she must overboard straight.

*Per.* As you think meet. Most wretched  
queen!

*Lyc.* Here she lies, sir.

*Per.* A terrible childbed hast thou had,  
my dear;

No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements  
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time

To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but  
straight 60

Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the  
ooze;

Where, for a monument upon thy bones,  
And aye-remaining lamps, the belching

whale  
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy  
corpse,

Lying with simple shells. O Lychorida!

Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,  
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander

Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe  
Upon the pillow. Hie thee, whiles I say 65

A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.  
*Exit LYCHORIDA.*

*Second Sail.* Sir, we have a chest beneath  
the hatches, caulked and bitumed ready.

*Per.* I thank thee. Mariner, say what  
coast is this?

*Second Sail.* We are near Tarsus.

*Per.* Thither, gentle mariner,  
Alter thy course from Tyre. When canst  
thou reach it?

*Second Sail.* By break of day, if the wind  
cease.

*Per.* O! make for Tarsus.

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe  
Cannot hold out to Tyrus; there I'll leave it

At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner;  
I'll bring the body presently. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Ephesus. A Room in CERIMON'S House.*

*Enter CERIMON, with a Servant, and some Persons who have been shipwrecked.*

*Cer. Philemon, ho!*

*Enter PHILEMON.*

*Phil. Doth my lord call?*

*Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men;*

*'T has been a turbulent and stormy night.*

*Serv. I have been in many; but such a night as this*

*Till now I ne'er endur'd.*

*Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return;*

*There's nothing can be minister'd to nature That can recover him. To PHILEMON.*

*Give this to the 'pothecary And tell me how it works.*

*Exeunt all but CERIMON.*

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

*First Gent. Good morrow. 10*

*Second Gent. Good morrow to your lordship.*

*Cer. Gentlemen,*

*Why do you stir so early?*

*First Gent. Sir, Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea, Shook as the earth did quake; The very principals did seem to rend, And all to topple. Pure surprise and fear Made me to quit the house.*

*Second Gent. That is the cause we trouble you so early;*

*'T is not our husbandry.*

*Cer. O! you say well.*

*First Gent. But I much marvel that your lordship, having 21 Rich tire about you, should at these early hours*

*Shake off the golden slumber of repose.*

*'T is most strange Nature should be so conversant with pain, Being thereto not compell'd.*

*Cer. I held it ever, Virtue and cunning were endowments greater*

*Than nobleness and riches; careless heirs May the two latter darken and expend,*

*But immortality attends the former, 30 Making a man a god. 'T is known I ever*

*Have studied physic, through which secret art,*

*By turning o'er authorities, I have, Together with my practice, made familiar*

*To me and to my aid the blest infusions That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;*

*And I can speak of the disturbances That nature works, and of her cures; which doth give me*

*A more content in course of true delight Than to be thirsty after tottering honour, 40*

*Or tie my treasure up in silken bags, To please the fool and death.*

*Second Gent. Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd forth*

*Your charity, and hundreds call themselves Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd:*

*And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but even*

*Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon*

*Such strong renown as time shall ne'er decay.*

*Enter two or three Servants with a chest.*

*First Serv. So; lift there.*

*Cer. What is that?*

*Serv. Sir, even now Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest: 50 'T is of some wreck.*

*Cer. Set it down; let's look upon 't.*

*Second Gent. 'T is like a coffin, sir.*

*Cer. Whate'er it be, 'T is wondrous heavy. Wrench it open*

*straight;*

*If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold,*

*'T is a good constraint of fortune it belches upon us.*

*Second Gent. 'T is so, my lord.*

*Cer. How close 't is caulk'd and bitum'd! Did the sea cast it up?*

*First Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir,*

*As toss'd it upon shore.*

*Cer. Come, wrench it open. Soft! it smells most sweetly in my sense. 60*

*Second Gent. A delicate odour.*

*Cer. As ever hit my nostril. So, up with it.*

*O you most potent gods! what's here? a corse!*

*First Gent. Most strange!*

*Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and entreasur'd*

*With full bags of spices! A passport too! Apollo, perfect me i' the characters!*

*Here I give to understand,*

*If e'er this coffin drive a-land,*

*I, King Pericles, have lost 70*

*This queen, worth all our mundane cost.*

*Who finds her, give her burying;*

*She was the daughter of a king:*

*Beside this treasure for a fee,*

*The gods requite his charity!*

*If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart That even cracks for woe! This chanc'd to-night.*

*Second Gent. Most likely, sir.*

*Cer. Nay, certainly to-night; For look how fresh she looks. They were too rough*

*That threw her in the sea. Make fire within; 80*

*Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet.*

*Exit a Servant. Death may usurp on nature many hours,*

And yet the fire of life kindle again  
The o'erpress'd spirits. I heard  
Of an Egyptian that had nine hours lien  
dead,

Who was by good appliance recovered.  
*Re-enter Servant, with boxes, napkins, and fire.*

Well said, well said; the fire and cloths.  
The rough and woeful music that we have,  
Cause it to sound, beseech you.  
The viol once more; how thou stirr'st, thou  
block!

The music there! I pray you, give her air.  
Gentlemen,

This queen will live; nature awakes, a  
warmth  
Breathes out of her; she hath not been  
entranc'd

Above five hours. See! how she 'gins to  
blow

Into life's flower again.

*First Gent.* The heavens,  
Through you, increase our wonder and set  
up

Your fame for ever.

*Cer.* She is alive! behold,  
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels  
Which Pericles hath lost, 100  
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;  
The diamonds of a most praised water  
Do appear, to make the world twice rich.  
Live,

And make us weep to hear your fate, fair  
creature,

Rare as you seem to be!

*Thai.* O dear Diana!  
Where am I? Where's my lord? What  
world is this?

*Second Gent.* Is not this strange?

*First Gent.* Most rare.

*Cer.* Hush, gentle neighbours!  
Lend me your hands; to the next chamber  
bear her.

Get linen; now this matter must be look'd  
to,

For her relapse is mortal. Come, come; 110  
And Æsculapius guide us!

*Exeunt, carrying THAISA away.*

SCENE III.—*Tarsus. A Room in CLEON'S House.*

*Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, LYCHORIDA, with MARINA in her arms.*

*Per.* Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs  
be gone;

My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus  
stands

In a litigious peace. You and your lady  
Take from my heart all thankfulness; the  
gods

Make up the rest upon you!

*Cle.* Your shafts of fortune, though they  
hurt you mortally,

Yet glance full wanderingly on us.

*Dion.* O your sweet queen!  
That the strict fates had pleas'd you had  
brought her hither,

To have bless'd mine eyes with her!

*Per.* We cannot but obey  
The powers above us. Could I rage and  
roar 10

As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end  
Must be as 't is. My gentle babe Marina,  
whom,

For she was born at sea, I have nam'd so,  
here

I charge your charity withal, and leave her  
The infant of your care, beseeching you

To give her princely training, that she may  
be

Manner'd as she is born.

*Cle.* Fear not, my lord, but think  
Your grace that fed my country with your  
corn,

For which the people's prayers still fall upon  
you,

Must in your child be thought on. If  
neglection 20

Should therein make me vile, the common  
body,

By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty;  
But if to that my nature need a spur,

The gods revenge it upon me and mine,  
To the end of generation!

*Per.* I believe you;  
Your honour and your goodness teach me  
to 't,

Without your vows. Till she be married,  
madam,

By bright Diana, whom we honour, all  
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,

Though I show ill in 't. So I take my  
leave. 30

Good madam, make me blessed in your  
care

In bringing up my child.

*Dion.* I have one myself,  
Who shall not be more dear to my respect  
Than yours, my lord.

*Per.* Madam, my thanks and prayers.  
*Cle.* We'll bring your grace e'en to the  
edge o' the shore;

Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune and  
The gentlest winds of heaven.

*Per.* I will embrace  
Your offer. Come, dear'st madam. O! no  
tears,

Lychorida, no tears:  
Look to your little mistress, on whose  
grace 40

You may depend hereafter. Come, my  
lord. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Ephesus. A Room in CERIMON'S House.*

*Enter CERIMON and THAISA.*

*Cer.* Madam, this letter, and some cer-  
tain jewels,

Lay with you in your coffer; which are now  
At your command. Know you the char-  
acter? 50

*Thai.* It is my lord's.  
That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,  
Even on my eaning time; but whether  
there 60

Deliver'd, by the holy gods,

I cannot rightly say. But since King  
Pericles,

My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,  
A vestal livery will I take me to, 10  
And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as ye  
speak,

Diana's temple is not distant far,  
Where you may abide till your date expire.  
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine  
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that's all;  
Yet my good will is great, though the gift  
small. Exeunt.

## ACT IV

Enter GOWER.

Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre,  
Welcom'd and settled to his own desire.  
His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,  
Unto Diana there a votaress.

Now to Marina bend your mind,  
Whom our fast-growing scene must find  
At Tarsus, and by Cleon train'd  
In music, letters; who hath gain'd  
Of education all the grace,  
Which makes her both the heart and place 11  
Of general wonder. But, alack!

That monster envy, oft the wrack  
Of earned praise, Marina's life  
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.

And in this kind hath our Cleon  
One daughter, and a wench full grown,  
Even ripe for marriage-rite; this maid  
Hight Philoten, and it is said 20

For certain in our story, she  
Would ever with Marina be;

Be 't when she weav'd the sleided silk  
With fingers long, small, white as milk;

Or when she would with sharp needle wound  
The cambric, which she made more sound  
By hurting it; or when to the lute  
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,

That still records with moan; or when  
She would with rich and constant pen  
Vail to her mistress Dian; still  
This Philoten contends in skill 30

With absolute Marina; so  
With the dove of Paphos might the crow  
Vie feathers white. Marina gets  
All praises, which are paid as debts,

And not as given. This so darks  
In Philoten all graceful marks,  
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,  
A present murderer does prepare

For good Marina, that her daughter  
Might stand peerless by this slaughter. 40

The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,  
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead;  
And cursed Dionyza hath  
The pregnant instrument of wrath

Prest for this blow. The unborn event  
I do commend to your content:  
Only I carry winged time  
Post on the lame feet of my time;

Which never could I so convey,  
Unless your thoughts went on my way. 50

Dionyza doth appear,  
With Leonine, a murderer.

Exit.

I can go home alone.

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SCENE I.—Tarsus. An open Place near the  
Sea-shore.

Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast  
sworn to do 't:

'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.  
Thou canst not do a thing i' the world so  
soon,

To yield thee so much profit. Let not  
conscience,

Which is but cold, inflaming love i' thy  
bosom,

Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which  
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be  
A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I'll do 't; but yet she is a goodly  
creature. 9

Dion. The fitter, then, the gods should  
have her. Here

She comes weeping for her only mistress'  
death.

Thou art resolv'd?

Leon. I am resolv'd.

Enter MARINA, with a basket of flowers.

Mar. No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,  
To strew thy green with flowers; the  
yellows, blues,

The purple violets, and marigolds,  
Shall as a carpet hang upon thy grave,

While summer-days do last. Ay me! poor  
maid,

Born in a tempest, when my mother died,  
This world to me is like a lasting storm, 20  
Whirling me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you  
keep alone?

How chance my daughter is not with you?  
Do not

Consume your blood with sorrowing; you  
have

A nurse of me. Lord! how your favour's  
chang'd

With this unprofitable woe. Come,  
Give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it.

Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there,  
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach.

Come,

Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you; I'll not bereave you of your servant. 31

Dion. Come, come;  
I love the king your father, and yourself,

With more than foreign heart. We every  
day

Expect him here; when he shall come and  
find

Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,  
He will repent the breadth of his great  
voyage;

Blame both my lord and me, that we have  
ta'en

No care to your best courses. Go, I pray  
you;

Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve 40  
That excellent complexion, which did steal  
The eyes of young and old. Care not for  
me;

I can go home alone.

Exit.

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*Mar.* Well, I will go;  
But yet I have no desire to it.  
*Dion.* Come, come, I know 't is good for you.

Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least.  
Remember what I have said.

*Leon.* I warrant you, madam.  
*Dion.* I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while.

Pray you, walk softly, do not heat your blood: 49

What! I must have care of you.

*Mar.* My thanks, sweet madam.  
*Exit DIONYZA.*

Is the wind westerly that blows?

*Leon.* South-west.  
*Mar.* When I was born, the wind was north.

*Leon.* Was 't so?  
*Mar.* My father, as nurse said, did never fear,

But cried 'Good seamen!' to the sailors,  
galling

His kindly hands with haling of the ropes;  
And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea  
That almost burst the deck.

*Leon.* When was this?

*Mar.* When I was born:  
Never was waves nor wind more violent; 60  
And from the ladder-tackle washes off  
A canvas-climber. 'Ha!' says one, 'wilt  
out?'

And with a dropping industry they skip  
From stem to stern; the boatswain  
whistles, and  
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

*Leon.* Come; say your prayers.

*Mar.* What mean you?

*Leon.* If you require a little space for prayer,

I grant it. Pray; but be not tedious,  
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am  
sworn 70

To do my work with haste.

*Mar.* Why will you kill me?

*Leon.* To satisfy my lady.

*Mar.* Why would she have me kill'd?

Now, as I can remember, by my troth,  
I never did her hurt in all my life.  
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn  
To any living creature; believe me, la,  
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly;  
I trod upon a worm against my will,  
But I wept for it. How have I offended, 80  
Wherein my death might yield her any  
profit,

Or my life imply her any danger?

*Leon.* My commission

Is not to reason of the deed, but do 't.

*Mar.* You will not do 't for all the world,  
I hope.

You are well favour'd, and your looks fore-  
show

You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,  
When you caught hurt in parting two that  
fought;

Good sooth, it show'd well in you; do so  
now; 89

Your lady seeks my life; come you between,  
And save poor me, the weaker.

*Leon.* I am sworn,  
And will dispatch. Seizes her.

*Enter Pirates.*

*First Pir.* Hold, villain!

*LEONINE runs away.*

*Second Pir.* A prize! a prize!

*Third Pir.* Half-part, mates, half-part.  
Come, let's have her aboard suddenly.

*Exeunt Pirates with MARINA.*

*Re-enter LEONINE.*

*Leon.* These roguing thieves serve the  
great pirate Valdes;

And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go;  
There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear  
she's dead,

And thrown into the sea. But I'll see  
further; 100

Perhaps they will but please themselves  
upon her,

Not carry her aboard. If she remain,  
Whom they have ravish'd must by me be  
slain. *Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Mitylene. A Room in a  
Brothel.*

*Enter Pandar, Bawd, and BOULT.*

*Pand.* Boul't!

*Boul't.* Sir?

*Pand.* Search the market narrowly, Mity-  
lene is full of gallants; we lost too much  
money this morn'g by being too wenchless.

*Bawd.* We were never so much out of  
creatures. We have but poor three, and  
they can do no more than they can do; and  
they with continual action are even as good  
as rotten. 9

*Pand.* Therefore let's have fresh ones,  
whate'er we pay for them. If there be not  
a conscience to be used in every trade, we  
shall never prosper.

*Bawd.* Thou sayest true; 't is not the  
bringing up of poor bastards, as I think I  
have brought up some eleven—

*Boul't.* Ay, to eleven; and brought them  
down again. But shall I search the market?

*Bawd.* What else, man? The stuff we  
have a strong wind will blow it to pieces,  
they are so pitifully sodden. 21

*Pand.* Thou sayest true; they're too un-  
wholesome, o' conscience. The poor Tran-  
sylvanian is dead, that lay with the little  
baggage.

*Boul't.* Ay, she quickly pooped him; she  
made him roast-meat for worms. But I'll  
go search the market. *Exit.*

*Pand.* Three or four thousand chequins  
were as pretty a proportion to live quietly,  
and so give over.

*Bawd.* Why to give over, I pray you? Is  
it a shame to get when we are old? 32

*Pand.* O! our credit comes not in like the  
commodity, nor the commodity wages not  
with the danger; therefore, if in our youths  
we could pick up some pretty estate, 't

were not amiss to keep our door hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods will be strong with us for giving over.

*Bawd.* Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

*Pand.* As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling. But here comes Boul.

*Re-enter BOULT, with the Pirates and MARINA.*

*Boul.* Come your ways. My masters, you say she's a virgin?

*First Pir.* O! sir; we doubt it not.

*Boul.* Master, I have gone through for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

*Bawd.* Boul, has she any qualities? 50

*Boul.* She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes; there's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

*Bawd.* What's her price, Boul?

*Boul.* I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

*Pand.* Well, follow me, my masters, you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment. *Exeunt Pandar and Pirates.* 60

*Bawd.* Boul, take you the marks of her, the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity, and cry 'He that will give most shall have her first.' Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you. 66

*Boul.* Performance shall follow. *Exit.*

*Mar.* Alack! that Leonine was so slack, so slow.

He should have struck, not spoke; or that these pirates,

Not enough barbarous, had not o'erboard thrown me 70

For to seek my mother!

*Bawd.* Why lament you, pretty one?

*Mar.* That I am pretty.

*Bawd.* Come, the gods have done their part in you.

*Mar.* I accuse them not.

*Bawd.* You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.

*Mar.* The more my fault,

To 'scape his hands where I was like to die. 80

*Bawd.* Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

*Mar.* No.

*Bawd.* Yes, indeed shall you and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

*Mar.* Are you a woman?

*Bawd.* What would you have me be, an I be not a woman? 89

*Mar.* An honest woman, or not a woman.

*Bawd.* Marry, whip thee, gosling; I

think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you're a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

*Mar.* The gods defend me!

*Bawd.* If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up. Boul's returned.

*Re-enter BOULT.*

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market? 99

*Boul.* I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

*Bawd.* And I prithee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

*Boul.* Faith, they listened to me as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description. 109

*Bawd.* We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

*Boul.* To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

*Bawd.* Who? Monsieur Veroles?

*Boul.* Ay; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow. 118

*Bawd.* Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither; here he does but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

*Boul.* Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign. 124

*Bawd.* To MARINA. Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me; you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly; despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as ye do makes pity in your lovers; seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit. 182

*Mar.* I understand you not.

*Boul.* O! take her home, mistress, take her home; these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

*Bawd.* Thou sayest true, i' faith, so they must; for your bride goes to that with shame which is her way to go with warrant.

*Boul.* Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,— 141

*Bawd.* Thou mayest cut a morsel off the spit.

*Boul.* I may so?

*Bawd.* Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

*Boul.* Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet. 147

*Bawd.* Boul, spend thou that in the

town; report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

*Boult.* I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not awake the beds of eels as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

*Bawd.* Come your ways; follow me.

*Mar.* If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,

Untied I still my virgin knot will keep. 160  
Diana, aid my purpose!

*Bawd.* What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Tarsus. A Room in CLEON'S House.*

*Enter CLEON and DIONYZA.*

*Dion.* Why are you foolish? Can it be undone?

*Cle.* O Dionyza! such a piece of slaughter  
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon.

*Dion.* I think  
You'll turn a child again.

*Cle.* Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,

I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady!  
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess

To equal any single crown o' the earth  
I' the justice of compare. O villain Leonine!  
Whom thou hast poison'd too;  
If thou hadst drunk to him 't had been a kindness

Becoming well thy fact; what canst thou say

When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

*Dion.* That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,

To foster it, nor ever to preserve.  
She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross it?

Unless you play the pious innocent,  
And for an honest attribute cry out  
'She died by foul play.'

*Cle.* O! go to. Well, well,  
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods

Do like this worst.

*Dion.* Be one of those that think  
The petty wrens of Tarsus will fly hence,  
And open this to Pericles. I do shame  
To think of what a noble strain you are,  
And of how coward a spirit.

*Cle.* To such proceeding  
Who ever but his approbation added,  
Though not his prime consent, he did not flow

From honourable sources.

*Dion.* Be it so, then;  
Yet none does know but you how she came dead,

Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.

She did distain my child, and stood between

Her and her fortunes; none would look on her,

But cast their gazes on Marina's face,  
Whilst ours was blurred at and held a malkin

Not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorough;

And though you call my course unnatural,  
You not your child well loving, yet I find  
It greets me as an enterprise of kindness  
Perform'd to your sole daughter.

*Cle.* Heavens forgive it!  
*Dion.* And as for Pericles,

What should he say? We wept after her hearse,

And yet we mourn; her monument  
Is almost finish'd and her epitaphs  
In glittering golden characters express  
A general praise to her, and care in us  
At whose expense 't is done.

*Cle.* Thou art like the harpy,  
Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,

Seize with thine eagle's talons.

*Dion.* You are like one that superstitiously

Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the flies;

But yet I know you'll do as I advise. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Before the Monument of MARINA at Tarsus.*

*Enter GOWER.*

Thus time we waste, and longest leagues  
make short;

Sail seas in cockles, have an wish but for 't;  
Making, to take your imagination,

From bourn to bourn, region to region.  
By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime

To use one language in each several clime  
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you

To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach you,

The stages of our story. Pericles  
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,

Attended on by many a lord and knight,  
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.

Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late  
Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,

Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,  
Old Helicanus goes along behind.

Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds  
have brought

This king to Tarsus, think his pilot thought,  
So with his steerage shall your thoughts

grow on,  
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.

Like motes and shadows see them move awhile;

Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

*Dumb-show.*

*Enter PERICLES, with his Train, at one door; CLEON and DIONYZA at the other. CLEON shows PERICLES the tomb of MARINA; whereat PERICLES makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then exeunt CLEON and DIONYZA.*

*See how belief may suffer by foul show! This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe;*

*And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd, With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'ershower'd, Leaves Tarsus and again embarks. He swears*

*Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs; He puts on sackcloth and to sea. He bears A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears, 30 And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit The epitaph is for Marina writ By wicked Dionyza.*

*Reads the inscription on MARINA'S monument.*

THE FAIREST, SWEET'ST, AND BEST, LIES HERE,  
WHO WITHER'D IN HER SPRING OF YEAR:  
SHE WAS OF TYRUS THE KING'S DAUGHTER,

ON WHOM FOUL DEATH HATH MADE THIS SLAUGHTER.

MARINA WAS SHE CALL'D; AND AT HER BIRTH,

THETIS, BEING PROUD, SWALLOW'D SOME PART O' THE EARTH:

THEREFORE THE EARTH, FEARING TO BE O'ERFLOW'D, 40

HATH THETIS' BIRTH-CHILD ON THE HEAVENS BESTOW'D:

WHEREFORE SHE DOES, AND SWEARS SHE 'LL NEVER STINT,

MAKE RAGING BATTERY UPON SHORES OF FLINT.

*No visor does become black villany So well as soft and tender flattery.*

*Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead, And bear his courses to be ordered*

*By Lady Fortune; while our scene must play*

*His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day In her unholy service. Patience then, 50*

*And think you now are all in Mitylene. Exit.*

SCENE V.—Mitylene. A Street before the Brothel.

*Enter, from the brothel, two Gentlemen.*

*First Gent.* Did you ever hear the like?

*Second Gent.* No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

*First Gent.* But to have divinity preached there! did you ever dream of such a thing?

*Second Gent.* No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses. Shall 's go hear the vestals sing?

*First Gent.* I'll do any thing now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting for ever.

*Exeunt. 10*

SCENE VI.—The Same. A Room in the Brothel.

*Enter Pandar, Bawd, and BOULT.*

*Pand.* Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her she had ne'er come here.

*Bawd.* Fie, fie upon her! she is able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation; we must either get her ravished, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil if he should cheapen a kiss of her. 10

*Boult.* Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make our swearers priests.

*Pand.* Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

*Bawd.* Faith, there's no way to be rid on 't but by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord Lysimachus, disguised.

*Boult.* We should have both lord and lown if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers. 21

*Enter LYSIMACHUS.*

*Lys.* How now! How a dozen of virginities?

*Bawd.* Now, the gods to bless your honour!

*Boult.* I am glad to see your honour in good health.

*Lys.* You may so; 't is the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now! wholesome iniquity, have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

*Bawd.* We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mitylene. 31

*Lys.* If she'd do the deed of darkness, thou would'st say.

*Bawd.* Your honour knows what 't is to say well enough.

*Lys.* Well; call forth, call forth.

*Boult.* For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed if she had but—

*Lys.* What, prithee? 40

*Boult.* O! sir, I can be modest.

*Lys.* That dignifies the renown of a bawd no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste. *Exit BOULT.*

*Bawd.* Here comes that which grows to the stalk; never plucked yet, I can assure you.

*Re-enter BOULT with MARINA.*

Is she not a fair creature?

*Lys.* Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you; leave us.

*Bawd.* I beseech your honour, give me leave; a word, and I'll have done presently. 51

*Lys.* I beseech you, do.

*Bawd.* To MARINA. First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.

*Mar.* I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

*Bawd.* Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

*Mar.* If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that I know not. 61

*Bawd.* Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

*Mar.* What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

*Lys.* Ha' you done?

*Bawd.* My lord, she's not paced yet; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together.

*Lys.* Go thy ways. 71

*Exeunt Bawd, Pandar, and BOULT.*  
Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

*Mar.* What trade, sir?

*Lys.* Why, I cannot name 't but I shall offend.

*Mar.* I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

*Lys.* How long have you been of this profession?

*Mar.* E'er since I can remember.

*Lys.* Did you go to 't so young? Were you a gamester at five or at seven? 81

*Mar.* Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

*Lys.* Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

*Mar.* Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into 't? I hear say you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

*Lys.* Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

*Mar.* Who is my principal? 81

*Lys.* Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seed and roots of shame and iniquity. O! you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place; come, come.

*Mar.* If you were born to honour, show it now;

If put upon you, make the judgment good That thought you worthy of it. 101

*Lys.* How's this? how's this? Some more; be sage.

*Mar.* For me,

That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune

Hath plac'd me in this sty, where, since I came,

Diseases have been sold dearer than physic, O! that the gods

Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,

Though they did change me to the meanest bird

That flies i' the purer air.

*Lys.*

I did not think

Thou could'st have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou could'st. 110

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind, Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee;

Persever in that clear way thou goest, And the gods strengthen thee!

*Mar.*

The gods preserve you!

*Lys.* For me, be you thoughten

That I came with no ill intent, for to me The very doors and windows savour vilely. Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue, and I doubt not but thy training hath been noble. Hold, here's more gold for thee. 120

A curse upon him, die he like a thief, That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost

Hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

*Re-enter BOULT.*

*Boult.* I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

*Lys.* Avail! thou damned door-keeper. Your house,

But for this virgin that doth prop it, would Sink and overwhelm you. Away! *Exit.*

*Boult.* How's this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways. 134

*Mar.* Whither would you have me?

*Boult.* I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your ways. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

*Re-enter Bawd.*

*Bawd.* How now! what's the matter? 140

*Boult.* Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.

*Bawd.* O! abominable.

*Boult.* She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

*Bawd.* Marry, hang her up for ever!

*Boult.* The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball; saying his prayers too. 149

*Bawd.* Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure; crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

*Boult.* An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

*Mar.* Hark, hark, you gods!

*Bawd.* She conjures; away with her! Would she had never come within my doors! Marry, hang you! She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry, come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! *Exit.* 160

*Boult.* Come, mistress; come your ways with me.

*Mar.* Whither wilt thou have me?

*Boult.* To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

*Mar.* Prithce, tell me one thing first.  
*Boult.* Come now, your one thing.  
*Mar.* What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

*Boult.* Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress. 170

*Mar.* Neither of these are so bad as thou art,

Since they do better thee in their command.  
 Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend

Of hell would not in reputation change;  
 Thou art the damned door-keeper to every Coystril that comes inquiring for his Tib;  
 To the choleric fisting of every rogue  
 Thy ear is liable; thy food is such 178

As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.  
*Boult.* What would you have me do? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

*Mar.* Do any thing but this thou doest.  
 Empty  
 Old receptacles, or common sewers, of filth;  
 Serve by indenture to the common hangman:  
 Any of these ways are yet better than this;  
 For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,

Would own a name too dear. O! that the gods 190

Would safely deliver me from this place.  
 Here, here 's gold for thee.

If that thy master would gain by me,  
 Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,

With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast;

And I will undertake all these to teach.  
 I doubt not but this populous city will Yield many scholars.

*Boult.* But can you teach all this you speak of?

*Mar.* Prove that I cannot, take me home again, 200

And prostitute me to the basest groom  
 That doth frequent your house.

*Boult.* Well, I will see what I can do for thee; if I can place thee, I will.

*Mar.* But amongst honest women.

*Boult.* Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress have bought you, there 's no going but by their consent; therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come; I'll do for thee what I can; come your ways. *Exeunt.* 212

## ACT V

*Enter GOWER.*

*Marina thus the brothel scapes and chances  
 Into an honest house, our story says.*

*She sings like one immortal, and she dances  
 As goddess-like to her admired lays;*

*Deep clerks she dumbs; and with her neeld  
 composes*

*Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch,  
 or berry,*

*That even her art sisters the natural roses;  
 Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied  
 cherry;*

*That pupils lacks she none of noble race,  
 Who pour their bounty on her; and her  
 gain 10*

*She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her  
 place,*

*And to her father turn our thoughts again,  
 Where we left him, on the sea. We there  
 him lost*

*Whence, driven before the winds, he is  
 arriv'd*

*Here where his daughter dwells: and on  
 this coast*

*Suppose him now at anchor. The city  
 striv'd*

*God Neptune's annual feast to keep; from  
 whence*

*Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,  
 His banners sable, trimm'd with rich ex-  
 pense;*

*And to him in his barge with fervour hies. 20*

*In your supposing once more put your sight  
 Of heavy Pericles; think this his bark*

*Where, what is done, in action, more, if  
 might,*

*Shall be discover'd; please you, sit and  
 hark. Exit.*

SCENE I.—On board PERICLES' ship, off  
 Mitylene. A Pavilion on deck, with a  
 curtain before it; PERICLES within it,  
 reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside  
 the Tyrian vessel.

*Enter two sailors one belonging to the Ty-  
 rian vessel, the other to the barge; to  
 them HELICANUS.*

*Tyr. Sail. To the Sailor of Mitylene.*

*Where is Lord Helicanus? he can re-  
 solve you.*

*O! here he is.*

*Sir, there 's a barge put off from Mitylene  
 And in it is Lysimachus, the governor,  
 Who craves to come aboard. What is your  
 will?*

*Hel. That he have his. Call up some gen-  
 tlemen.*

*Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.*

*Enter two or three Gentlemen.*

*First Gent. Doth your lordship call?*

*Hel. Gentlemen, there 's some of worth  
 would come aboard;*

*I pray ye, greet them fairly. 10*

*Gentlemen and Sailors descend, and  
 go on board the barge.*

*Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS and  
 Lords; the Tyrian Gentleman and the  
 two sailors.*

*Tyr. Sail. Sir,*

*This is the man that can, in aught you would,  
 Resolve you.*

*Lys. Hail, reverend sir! the gods pre-  
 serve you!*

*Hel.* And you sir, to outlive the age I am,  
And die as I would do.

*Lys.* You wish me well.  
Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's  
triumphs,

Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,  
I made to it to know of whence you are.

*Hel.* First, what is your place? 20

*Lys.* I am the governor of this place you  
lie before.

*Hel.* Sir,  
Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;  
A man who for this three months hath not  
spoken

To any one, nor taken sustenance  
But to prorogue his grief.

*Lys.* Upon what ground is his distem-  
perature?

*Hel.* 'T would be too tedious to repeat;  
But the main grief springs from the loss  
Of a beloved daughter and a wife. 30

*Lys.* May we not see him?

*Hel.* You may;  
But bootless is your sight: he will not speak  
To any.

*Lys.* Yet let me obtain my wish.

*Hel.* Behold him. *PERICLES discovered.*  
This was a goodly person,  
Till the disaster that, one mortal night,  
Drove him to this.

*Lys.* Sir king, all hail! the gods preserve  
you!

Hail, royal sir! 40  
*Hel.* It is in vain; he will not speak to  
you.

*First Lord.* Sir,  
We have a maid in Mitylene, I durst wager.  
Would win some words of him.

*Lys.* 'T is well bethought.  
She questionless with her sweet har-  
mony

And other choice attractions, would allure,  
And make a battery through his deafen'd  
ports

Which now are midway stopp'd:  
She is all happy as the fair'st of all,  
And with her fellow maids is now upon 50  
The leafy shelter that abuts against  
The island's side.

*Whispers a Lord, who goes off in the  
barge of LYSIMACHUS.*

*Hel.* Sure, all effectless; yet nothing  
we'll omit  
That bears recovery's name. But, since  
your kindness

We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech  
you

That for our gold we may provision have,  
Wherein we are not destitute for want,  
But weary for the staleness.

*Lys.* O! sir, a courtesy  
Which if we should deny, the most just  
gods

For every graff would send a caterpillar, 60  
And so afflict our province. Yet once more  
Let me entreat to know at large the cause  
Of your king's sorrow.

*Hel.* Sit, sir, I will recount it to you;  
But see, I am prevented.

*Re-enter, from the barge, Lord, with  
MARINA and a young Lady.*

*Lys.* O! here is  
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!  
Is 't not a goodly presence?

*Hel.* She's a gallant lady.

*Lys.* She's such a one, that, were I well  
assur'd

She came of gentle kind and noble stock,  
I'd wish no better choice, and think me  
rarely wed. 69

Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty  
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:  
If that thy prosperous and artificial feat  
Can draw him to answer thee in aught,  
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay  
As thy desires can wish.

*Mar.* Sir, I will use

My utmost skill in his recovery,  
Provided

That none but I and my companion maid  
Be suffer'd to come near him.

*Lys.* Come, let us leave her;  
And the gods make her prosperous! 80

*MARINA sings.*

Mark'd he your music?

*Mar.* No, nor look'd on us.

*Lys.* See, she will speak to him.

*Mar.* Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.

*Per.* Hum! ha!

*Mar.* I am a maid,

My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,  
But have been gaz'd on like a comet; she  
speaks,

My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a  
grief

Might equal yours, if both were justly  
weigh'd.

Though wayward fortune did malign my  
state, 90

My derivation was from ancestors  
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings;  
But time hath rooted out my parentage,  
And to the world and awkward casualties  
Bound me in servitude. *Aside.* I will de-  
sist;

But there is something glows upon my  
cheek,

And whispers in mine ear 'Go not till he  
speak.'

*Per.* My fortunes—parentage—good par-  
entage—

To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say  
you?

*Mar.* I said, my lord, if you did know my  
parentage, 100

You would not do me violence.

*Per.* I do think so. Pray you, turn your  
eyes upon me.

You are like something that—What coun-  
try-woman?

Here of these shores?

*Mar.* No, nor of any shores;  
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am  
No other than I appear.

*Per.* I am great with woe, and shall de-  
liver weeping.

My dearest wife was like this maid, and  
such a one

My daughter might have been: my queen's square brows;

Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;

As silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like, And cas'd as richly; in pace another Juno; Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,

The more she gives them speech. Where do you live?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger; from the deck

You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred? And how achiev'd you these endowments which

You make more rich to owe?

Mar. If I should tell my history, it would seem

Like lies, disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Prithce, speak; Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st

Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace For the crown'd truth to dwell in. I'll believe thee,

And make my senses credit thy relation To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st

Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends?

Didst thou not say when I did push thee back,

Which was when I perceiv'd thee, that thou cam'st

From good descending?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st

Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,

And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,

If both were open'd.

Mar. Some such thing I said, and said no more but what my thoughts

Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story; If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part

Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I Have suffer'd like a girl; yet thou dost look

Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and smiling

Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?

How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind virgin?

Recount, I do beseech thee. Come, sit by me.

Mar. My name is Marina.

Per. O! I am mock'd, And thou by some incensed god sent hither To make the world to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good sir, Or here I'll cease.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient. Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me, To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name

Was given me by one that had some power; My father, and a king.

Per. How! a king's daughter? And call'd Marina?

Mar. You said you would believe me; But, not to be a troubler of your peace, I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood? Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?

Motion! Well; speak on. Where were you born?

And wherefore call'd Marina?

Mar. Call'd Marina For I was born at sea.

Per. At sea! what mother? Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;

Who died the minute I was born,

As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft Deliver'd weeping.

Per. O! stop there a little. Aside. This is the rarest dream that e'er

dull sleep Did mock sad fools withal; this cannot be. My daughter's buried. Well; where were you bred?

I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,

And never interrupt you.

Mar. You scorn to believe me; 't were best I did give o'er.

Per. I will believe you by the syllable Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:

How came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The king my father did in Tarsus leave me,

Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife, Did seek to murder me; and having woo'd

A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do 't,

A crew of pirates came and rescu'd me; Brought me to Mitylene. But, good sir,

Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? It may be

You think me an impostor; no, good faith, I am the daughter to King Pericles,

If good King Pericles be.

Per. Ho, Helicanus!

Hel. Calls my lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,

Most wise in general; tell me, if thou canst, What this maid is, or what is like to be,

That thus hath made me weep?

Hel. I know not; but Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene,

Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She never would tell Her parentage; being demanded that,

She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus! strike me, honour'd sir; Give me a gash, put me to present pain, Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me O'erbear the shores of my mortality,

And drown me with their sweetness. O!  
 come hither,  
 Thou that begett'st him that did thee beget;  
 Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tar-  
 sus,  
 And found at sea again. O Helicanus!  
 Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods as  
 loud  
 As thunder threatens us; this is Marina.  
 What was thy mother's name? tell me but  
 that,  
 For truth can never be confirm'd enough,  
 Though doubts did ever sleep.

*Mar.* First, sir, I pray,  
 What is your title?

*Per.* I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me  
 now  
 My drown'd queen's name, as in the rest  
 you said

Thou hast been god-like perfect;  
 Thou 'rt heir of kingdoms, and another life  
 To Pericles thy father.

*Mar.* Is it no more to be your daughter  
 than

To say my mother's name was Thaisa?  
 Thaisa was my mother, who did end  
 The minute I began.

*Per.* Now, blessing on thee! rise; thou  
 art my child.

Give me fresh garments! Mine own,  
 Helicanus;

She is not dead at Tarsus, as she should  
 have been,

By savage Cleon; she shall tell thee all;  
 When thou shalt kneel, and justify in  
 knowledge

She is thy very princess. Who is this? <sup>220</sup>

*Hel.* Sir, 't is the governor of Mitylene,  
 Who, hearing of your melancholy state,  
 Did come to see you.

*Per.* I embrace you.

Give me my robes; I am wild in my  
 beholding.

O heavens! bless my girl. But hark!  
 what music?

Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him

O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to  
 doubt,

How sure you are my daughter. But  
 what music?

*Hel.* My lord, I hear none.

*Per.* None! <sup>230</sup>

The music of the spheres! List, my  
 Marina.

*Lys.* It is not good to cross him; give  
 him way.

*Per.* Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear?

*Lys.* My lord, I hear. *Music.*

*Per.* Most heavenly music:  
 It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slum-  
 ber

Hangs upon mine eyes; let me rest.

*Lys.* A pillow for his head. *Sleeps.*

So, leave him all. Well, my companion  
 friends,

If this but answer to my just belief,

I'll well remember you. <sup>240</sup>

*Exeunt all but PERICLES.*

*DIANA appears to PERICLES as in a  
 vision.*

*Dia.* My temple stands in Ephesus; hie  
 thee thither,

And do upon mine altar sacrifice.

There, when my maiden priests are met  
 together,

Before the people all,

Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy  
 wife;

To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's,  
 call

And give them repetition to the life.

Perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in  
 woe;

Do it, and happy; by my silver bow! <sup>249</sup>  
 Awake, and tell thy dream! *Disappears.*

*Per.* Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,  
 I will obey thee! Helicanus!

*Re-enter LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, and  
 MARINA.*

*Hel.* Sir?

*Per.* My purpose was for Tarsus, there  
 to strike

The inhospitable Cleon; but I am  
 For other service first: toward Ephesus

Turn our blown sails; eftsoons I'll tell thee  
 why.

Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,  
 And give you gold for such provision

As our intents will need?

*Lys.* Sir, <sup>260</sup>  
 With all my heart; and when you come  
 ashore,

I have another suit.

*Per.* You shall prevail,  
 Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems  
 You have been noble towards her.

*Lys.* Sir, lend your arm.

*Per.* Come, my Marina. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before the Temple of DIANA at  
 Ephesus.*

*Enter GOWER.*

*Now our sands are almost run;  
 More a little, and then dumb.*

*This, my last boon, give me,  
 For such kindness must relieve me,*

*That you aptly will suppose  
 What pageantry, what feats, what shows,*

*What minstrelsy, and pretty din,  
 The regent made in Mitylene*

*To greet the king. So he thriv'd,  
 That he is promis'd to be wiv'd* <sup>10</sup>

*To fair Marina; but in no wise  
 Till he had done his sacrifice,*

*As Dian bade: whereto being bound,  
 The interim, pray you, all confound.*

*In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,  
 And wishes fall out as they're will'd.*

*At Ephesus, the temple see,  
 Our king and all his company.*

*That he can hither come so soon,  
 Is by your fancy's thankful doom.* <sup>20</sup>

*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Temple of DIANA at Ephesus; THAISA standing near the altar, as high priestess; a number of Virgins on each side; CERIMON and other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending.*

*Enter PERICLES, with his Train; LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady.*

Per. Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,

I here confess myself the King of Tyre;  
Who, frighted from my country, did wed  
At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa.

At sea in childbed died she, but brought  
forth  
A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O god-  
dess!

Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tarsus  
Was nurs'd with Cleon, whom at fourteen  
years

He sought to murder; but her better stars  
Brought her to Mitylene, 'gainst whose  
shore

Riding, her fortunes brought the maid  
aboard us,

Where, by her own most clear remembrance,  
she

Made known herself my daughter.

Thai. Voice and favour!  
You are, you are—O royal Pericles! *Faints.*

Per. What means the nun? she dies;  
help, gentlemen!

Cer. Noble sir,  
If you have told Diana's altar true,  
This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no:  
I threw her overboard with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'T is most certain.  
Cer. Look to the lady. O! she 's but  
o'erjoy'd.

Early in blust'ring morn this lady was  
Thrown on this shore. I op'd the coffin,  
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her,  
and plac'd her  
Here in Diana's temple.

Per. May we see them?  
Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you  
to my house,

Whither I invite you. Look! Thaisa is  
Recovered.

Thai. O! let me look.  
If he be none of mine, my sanctity

Will to my sense bend no licentious ear, 30  
But curb it, spite of seeing. O! my lord,

Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,  
Like him you are. Did you not name a

tempest,  
A birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead  
And drown'd.

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thai. Now I know you better.  
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,

The king my father gave you such a ring.  
*Shows a ring.*

Per. This, this: no more, you gods!  
your present kindness

Makes my past miseries sports: you shall  
do well,

That on the touching of her lips I may  
Melt and no more be seen. O! come, be  
buried

A second time within these arms.

Mar. My heart  
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

*Kneels to THAISA.*  
Per. Look! who kneels here. Flesh of  
thy flesh, Thaisa;

Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina  
For she was yielded there.

Thai. Bless'd, and mine own!

Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say, when I did  
fly from Tyre, 50

I left behind an ancient substitute;

Can you remember what I call'd the man?

I have nam'd him oft.

Thai. 'T was Helicanus then.

Per. Still confirmation.

Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.

Now do I long to hear how you were found,

How possibly preserv'd, and who to thank,

Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man,  
Through whom the gods have shown their

power; that can 50

From first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverend sir,  
The gods can have no mortal officer

More like a god than you. Will you deliver  
How this dead queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my lord:  
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,

Where shall be shown you all was found  
with her;

How she came placed here in the temple;

No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Dian! bless thee for thy vision;  
I

Will offer night-oblations to thee. Thaisa, 70  
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your

daughter,

Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now  
This ornament

Makes me look dismal will I clip to form;  
And what this fourteen years no razor

touch'd,

To grace thy marriage-day I'll beautify.

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good  
credit, sir,

My father's dead.

Per. Heavens make a star of him! Yet  
there, my queen,

We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves  
Will in that kingdom spend our following

days; 81

Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.

Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay

To hear the rest untold. Sir, lead 's the  
way. *Exeunt.*

*Enter GOWER.*

In Antiochus and his daughter you have  
heard

Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:

*In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen,  
 Although assail'd with fortune fierce and  
 keen,  
 Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's  
 blast,  
 Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at  
 last.*

*In Helicanus may you well descry  
 A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty.  
 In reverend Cerimon there well appears  
 The worth that learned charity ave wears.*

*For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame  
 Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd  
 name*

*Of Pericles, to rage the city turn,  
 That him and his they in his palace burn:  
 The gods for murder seemed so content  
 To punish them; although not done, but  
 meant.*

*So on your patience evermore attending,  
 New joy wait on you! Here our play has  
 ending.*

*Exit.*

## POETRY

## POEMS AND SONNETS

**V**ENUS AND ADONIS. The publication of *Venus and Adonis* in 1593 established Shakespeare's literary reputation. The closing of the theatres in 1592 on account of the plague threw Shakespeare temporarily out of employment, a liability which he at once proceeded to transform into an asset. Merely as a writer of plays he had no hope of securing recognition from men of letters; as poet and author the way to lasting fame lay open before him. In dedicating this poem to the young Earl of Southampton, Shakespeare referred to it as the "first heir of my invention," implying clearly his recognition of the literary judgment of the time which took no account of writings intended for the stage. In conformity with that judgment he utterly abandons in *Venus and Adonis* the method of the dramatist and confines himself strictly to accepted poetic conventions. Neither in the nature of the theme, the form of verse, nor method of treatment is there anything distinctively Shakespearean. It is chiefly in the minuteness and accuracy of his observation and the felicity of his phrasing that we recognize Shakespeare in *Venus and Adonis*.

Shakespeare doubtless chose the amorous theme with certain knowledge that it would prove pleasing to Southampton. He seems, however, conscious throughout of the danger involved in treating such a subject and studiously avoids identifying himself with the characters as he so well knew how to do. As a result, the poem, in spite of its voluptuousness and the ornateness of its style, is devoid of any real passion. Quite apart from this fact it would be difficult to maintain a serious charge against it on moral grounds when we consider the insubstantiality of the goddess whose weight the "forceless flowers like sturdy trees support," who can "Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen," and whom "Two strengthless doves . . . draw through the sky." And it would be likewise difficult to find a truer distinction between Love and Lust than that made by the beautiful Adonis, whose body in death "melted like a vapour" and from whose blood sprung the anemone.

**THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.** The success that attended the publication of *Venus and Adonis* made it necessary for Shakespeare to fulfill his promise to the Earl of Southampton to "take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour," and accordingly in the following year, 1594, he published *Lucrece*. It seems likely that he already had the poem under way or clearly in mind when he used the expression "graver labour" and that the theme of chastity was chosen as in direct contrast with that of the former poem rather than because of some objections that were raised against its licentiousness. He slightly changed the verse form by adding an extra line to the six-line stanza of the earlier poem and adopting the rime royal. The method of treatment, however, remains the same for *Lucrece* as for *Venus and Adonis*. The poet's aloofness from his subject, his insistence upon exhausting every detail, his studied digressions, are all at variance with his method in the drama, where words are subordinate to action and where masses of material are discarded in the process of selection. It is almost as if he were fearful of revealing in the poem some evidence of his craft as a playwright. I cannot believe that he found pleasure in those long dissertations of *Lucrece* on Night and Time and Opportunity or in her feignedly passionate assault on "senseless Sinon." There is no reason why he might not have continued this sort of work indefinitely had he chosen to do so; but there is every evidence that he longed for the re-opening of the theatres and the freedom and inspiration of losing himself in his characters and winning the plaudits not only of the aristocracy and the learned, but also of the common people.

*The Passionate Pilgrim* is a group of miscellaneous poems from various authors published piratically in 1599. It contains two of the *Sonnets*, 138 and 144, and two sonnets from *Love's Labour's Lost*. The remaining poems in the collection are not by Shakespeare.

**THE SONNETS.** The first mention of Shakespeare's *Sonnets* occurs in Meres' "Palladis Tamia" in 1598, where they are referred to as his "sugred sonnets among his private friends." Since the sonnet vogue was at its height during the period of Shakespeare's enforced idleness because of the closing of the theatres (1592-93) and had practically passed before 1598, it is altogether likely that the *Sonnets* had been circulating in manuscript form for three or four years prior to their mention by Meres.

The fact that Shakespeare predicts in the *Sonnets* immortality for his verse may or may not signify that he intended at some time to publish them. It is certain, however, that they were never published with his consent. Their first appearance in print was in the form of a pirated quarto in 1609 put out by an obscure publisher, Thomas Thorpe, who had in some unknown way got possession of a manuscript copy and who dedicated them over his own initials "To the onlie begetter of these insuing sonnets, Mr. W. H." The natural inference is, of course, that Thorpe meant to imply that "Mr. W. H." was the inspirer of the sonnets, the young man to whom the larger number were addressed. Who "Mr. W. H." was, however, has never been and probably never will be determined. It seems quite possible that Thorpe himself did not know, but merely used the initials along with the dedication itself to give the appearance of authenticity to the publication. It is indeed fortunate that he signed his own initials and not Shakespeare's to the dedication, else we should have another insoluble Shakespeare problem on our hands.

The *Sonnets* as published are 154 in number, the first 126 constituting a cycle and the remaining 28 a miscellaneous group appended to the cycle and somewhat remotely connected with it in theme. The sonnets of the cycle are addressed for the most part to a young man; those of the appendix, to a Dark Lady. It is, of course, impossible to say whether the order of the sonnets as we have them accords with Shakespeare's own arrangement or not. Endless ingenuity has been expended in dividing the cycle into groups of sonnet sequences with a view to giving to the entire cycle the unity of a connected narrative. The general reader will have little patience with such attempts. Such sequences as he is unable to observe for himself he will hardly accept when pointed out by others, especially when no two of the others wholly agree. He will observe readily enough, for instance, a sequence in the first fourteen sonnets, but whether that sequence continues through sonnet 19, or whether sonnets 15-19 constitute a separate group is by no means certain, nor is it of particular importance. The *Sonnets* are of value to the reader not because of any light they may throw on Shakespeare's private life, but because many of them are extremely beautiful and so universal in their appeal that every reader may find in them much to appropriate to his own use.

I cannot for a moment believe that in the *Sonnets* Shakespeare wears his heart upon his sleeve. Even granting that there may be some basis of fact underlying them, the impossibility of determining between what is fact and what is purely conventional renders all conclusions drawn from them about Shakespeare the man not only worthless but also presumptuous. The fact that Shakespeare, immediately upon the re-opening of the theatres, returned to the stage, that some dozen or more plays from his hand are assigned to the years between 1592 and 1598, that in addition he was constantly learning new parts and winning distinction as an actor, does not indicate that he felt very deeply the disgrace of his profession, or that he was love-sick during that period over some youth to the point of being unable to sleep o' nights. A further evidence that these poems are not autobiographical is found in the fact that in 1596 he lost his only boy, Hamnet, a child of eleven years. He addressed no sonnet to his memory.

# VENUS AND ADONIS

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,  
EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON  
OF TICHFIELD.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden: only, if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your honour's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

*'Vilia miretur vulgus; mihi flavus Apollo  
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.'*

EVEN as the sun with purple-colour'd face  
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping  
morn,  
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase;  
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to  
scorn;

Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto  
him,

And like a bold-fac'd suitor 'gins to woo  
him.

'Thrice-fairer than myself,' thus she began,  
'The field's chief flower, sweet above com-  
pare,

Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,  
More white and red than doves or roses  
are;

Nature that made thee, with herself at  
strife,

Saith that the world hath ending with thy  
life.

'Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,  
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;  
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed  
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know:

Here come and sit, where never serpent  
hisses;

And being set, I 'll smother thee with  
kisses:

'And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd  
satiety,

But rather famish them amid their plenty, 20  
Making them red and pale with fresh  
variety;

Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:  
A summer's day will seem an hour but  
short,

Being wasted in such time-beguiling  
sport.'

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,  
The precedent of pith and livelihood,  
And trembling in her passion, calls it balm,  
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess  
good:

Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her  
force

Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein, 31  
Under her other was the tender boy,  
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,  
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;  
She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,  
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough  
Nimble she fastens; O! how quick is love:  
The steed is stalled up, and even now  
To tie the rider she begins to prove: 40

Backward she push'd him, as she would  
be thrust,

And govern'd him in strength, though not  
in lust.

So soon was she along, as he was down,  
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:  
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he  
frown.

And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his  
lips;  
And kissing speaks, with lustful language  
broken,  
'If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never  
open.'

He burns with bashful shame; she with her  
tears  
Doth quench the maiden burning of his  
cheeks;  
Then with her windy sighs and golden hairs  
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks:  
He saith she is immodest, blames her  
miss;  
What follows more she murders with a  
kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,  
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh and  
bone,  
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,  
Till either gorge be stuff'd or prey be gone;  
Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek,  
his chin,  
And where she ends she doth anew begin.

Forc'd to content, but never to obey,  
Panting he lies, and breatheth in her face;  
She feedeth on the steam as on a prey,  
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace;  
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of  
flowers,  
So they were dew'd with such distilling  
showers.

Look! how a bird lies tangled in a net,  
So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies;  
Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him  
fret,  
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes:  
Rain added to a river that is rank  
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,  
For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale;  
Still is he sullen, still he lours and frets,  
'Twixt crimson shame and anger ashy-pale;  
Being red, she loves him best; and being  
white,  
Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but  
love;  
And by her fair immortal hand she swears,  
From his soft bosom never to remove,  
Till he take truce with her contending tears,  
Which long have rain'd, making her  
cheeks all wet;  
And one sweet kiss shall pay this count-  
less debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,  
Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave,  
Who, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in;  
So offers he to give what she did crave;  
But when her lips were ready for his pay,  
He winks, and turns his lips another  
way.

Never did passenger in summer's heat  
More thirst for drink than she for this good  
turn.  
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;  
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn:  
'O! pity,' gan she cry, 'flint-hearted boy:  
'Tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?

'I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,  
Even by the stern and direful god of war,  
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,  
Who conquers where he comes in every jar;  
Yet hath he been my captive and my  
slave,  
And begg'd for that which thou unask'd  
shalt have.

'Over my altars hath he hung his lance,  
His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,  
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and  
dance,  
To toy, to wanton, dally, smile and jest;  
Scorning his churlish drum and ensign  
red,  
Making my arms his field, his tent my  
bed.

'Thus he that overrul'd I oversway'd,  
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain: 110  
Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength  
obey'd,  
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.  
O! be not proud, nor brag not of thy  
might,  
For mastering her that foil'd the god of  
fight.

'Touch but my lips with those fair lips of  
thine,  
Though mine be not so fair, yet are they  
red,  
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine.  
What seest thou in the ground? hold up thy  
head:  
Look in mine eyeballs, there thy beauty  
lies;  
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in  
eyes? 120

'Art thou asham'd to kiss? then wink again,  
And I will wink; so shall the day seem  
night;  
Love keeps his revels where there are but  
twain;  
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight:  
These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean  
Never can blab, nor know not what we  
mean.

'The tender spring upon thy tempting lip  
Shows thee unripe, yet may'st thou well be  
tasted.  
Make use of time, let not advantage slip;  
Beauty within itself should not be  
wasted:  
Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their  
prime  
Rot and consume themselves in little  
time.

## VENUS AND ADONIS

'Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,  
Ill-nurtur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in  
voice,  
O'erworn, despised, rheumatic, and cold,  
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking  
juice,  
Then might'st thou pause, for then I were  
not for thee;  
But having no defects, why dost abhor  
me?

'Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;  
Mine eyes are grey and bright, and quick in  
turning;  
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow;  
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow  
burning;  
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy  
hand felt,  
Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to  
melt.

'Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,  
Or like a fairy trip upon the green,  
Or like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,  
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing  
seen:  
Love is a spirit all compact of fire,  
Not gross to sink, but light, and will  
aspire.

'Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;  
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees  
support me;  
Two strengthless doves will draw me  
through the sky,  
From morn till night, even where I list to  
sport me:  
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be  
That thou should'st think it heavy unto  
thee?

'Is thine own heart to thine own face  
affected?  
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?  
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,  
Steal thine own freedom, and complain on  
theft.  
Narcissus so himself himself forsook,  
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

'Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,  
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,  
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to  
bear;  
Things growing to themselves are growth's  
abuse:  
Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty  
breedeth beauty;  
Thou wast begot; to get it is thy duty.

'Upon the earth's increase why should'st  
thou feed,  
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?  
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,  
That thine may live when thou thyself art  
dead;  
And so in spite of death thou dost survive,  
In that thy likeness still is left alive.'

By this the love-sick queen began to sweat,  
For where they lay the shadow had forsook  
them,  
And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,  
With burning eye did hotly overlook them;  
Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,  
So he were like him and by Venus' side.

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,  
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,  
His louring brows o'erwhelming his fair  
sight,  
Like misty vapours when they blot the sky,  
Souring his cheeks, cries 'Fie! no more of  
love:  
The sun doth burn my face; I must  
remove.'

'Ay me!' quoth Venus, 'young, and so un-  
kind?  
What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone;  
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind  
Shall cool the heat of this descending  
sun:  
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;  
If they burn too, I'll quench them with  
my tears.'

'The sun that shines from heaven shines but  
warm,  
And, lo! I lie between that sun and thee:  
The heat I have from thence doth little  
harm,  
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth  
me;  
And were I not immortal, life were done  
Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

'Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel?  
Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain re-  
lenteth.  
Art thou a woman's son, and canst not  
feel  
What 'tis to love? how want of love tor-  
menteth?  
O! had thy mother borne so hard a mind,  
She had not brought forth thee, but died  
unkind.

'What am I, that thou should'st contemn me  
this?  
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?  
What were thy lips the worse for one poor  
kiss?  
Speak, fair; but speak fair words, or else be  
mute:  
Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,  
And one for interest, if thou wilt have  
twain.

'Fie! lifeless picture, cold and senseless  
stone,  
Well-painted idol, image dull and dead,  
Statue contenting but the eye alone,  
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred:  
Thou art no man, though of a man's com-  
plexion,  
For men will kiss even by their own direc-  
tion.'

This said, impatience chokes her pleading  
tongue,  
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause;  
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her  
wrong;  
Being judge in love, she cannot right her  
cause:  
And now she weeps, and now she fain  
would speak,  
And now her sobs do her intendments  
break.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then  
his hand;  
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;  
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band:  
She would, he will not in her arms be  
bound;  
And when from thence he struggles to be  
gone,  
She locks her lily fingers one in one.

'Fondling,' she saith, 'since I have hermm'd  
thee here  
Within the circuit of this ivory pale, 230  
I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer;  
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in  
dale:  
Graze on my lips, and if those hills be dry,  
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains  
lie.

'Within this limit is relief enough,  
Sweet bottom-grass and high delightful  
plain,  
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and  
rough,  
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain:  
Then be my deer, since I am such a park;  
No dog shall rouse thee, though a thou-  
sand bark.' 240

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain,  
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple:  
Love made those hollows, if himself were  
slain,  
He might be buried in a tomb so simple;  
Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,  
Why, there Love liv'd and there he could  
not die.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting  
pits,  
Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus'  
liking.  
Being mad before, how doth she now for  
wits?  
Struck dead at first, what needs a second  
striking? 250  
Poor queen of love, in thine own law for-  
lorn,  
To love a cheek that smiles at thee in  
scorn!

Now which way shall she turn? what shall  
she say?  
Her words are done, her woes the more  
increasing;  
The time is spent, her object will away,

And from her twining arms doth urge re-  
leasing.  
'Pity!' she cries, 'some favour, some re-  
morse!  
Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But, lo! from forth a copse that neighbours  
by,  
A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud,  
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy, 261  
And forth she rushes, snorts and neighs  
aloud:  
The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto  
a tree,  
Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes  
he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,  
And now his woven girths he breaks asun-  
der;  
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he  
wounds,  
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's  
thunder;  
The iron bit he crusheth 'tween his teeth,  
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up-prick'd; his braided hanging  
mane 271  
Upon his compass'd crest now stand on  
end;  
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,  
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send:  
His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,  
Shows his hot courage and his high de-  
sire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,  
With gentle majesty and modest pride;  
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,  
As who should say 'Lo! thus my strength is  
tried; 280  
And this I do to captivate the eye  
Of the fair breeder that is standing by.'

What reckoneth he his rider's angry stir,  
His flattering holla, or his 'Stand, I say?'  
What cares he now for curb or pricking  
spur,  
For rich caparisons or trapping gay?  
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,  
For nothing else with his proud sight  
agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,  
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed, 290  
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,  
As if the dead the living should exceed;  
So did this horse excel a common one,  
In shape, in courage, colour, pace and  
bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag  
and long,  
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and  
nostril wide,  
High crest, short ears, straight legs and  
passing strong,

Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender  
hide:

Look, what a horse should have he did  
not lack,

Save a proud rider on so proud a back. 300

Sometimes he scuds far off, and there he  
stares;

Anon he starts at stirring of a feather;  
To bid the wind a base he now prepares,  
And wh'er he run or fly they know not  
whether:

For through his mane and tail the high  
wind sings,

Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd  
wings.

He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her;  
She answers him as if she knew his mind;  
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo  
her.

She puts on outward strangeness, seems un-  
kind, 310

Spurns at his love and scorns the heat he  
feels,

Beating his kind embracements with her  
heels.

Then, like a melancholy malcontent,  
He vails his tail that, like a falling plume,  
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent;  
He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his  
fume.

His love, perceiving how he is enrag'd,  
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuag'd.

His testy master goeth about to take him;  
When, lo! the unback'd breeder, full of  
fear, 320

Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake  
him,

With her the horse, and left Adonis there.  
As they were mad, unto the wood they  
hie them,

Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly  
them.

All swoln with chaffing, down Adonis sits,  
Banning his boisterous and unruly beast:  
And now the happy season once more fits,  
That love-sick Love by pleading may be  
blest:

For lovers say, the heart hath treble  
wrong

When it is barr'd the aidance of the  
tongue. 330

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd  
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more  
rage:

So of concealed sorrow may be said;  
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage;

But when the heart's attorney once is  
mute,

The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,  
Even as a dying coal revives with wind,  
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow;

Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind,  
Taking no notice that she is so nigh, 341  
For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O! what a sight it was, wistly to view  
How she came stealing to the wayward boy;  
To note the fighting conflict of her hue,  
How white and red each other did destroy:  
But now her cheek was pale, and by and  
by  
It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the  
sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat, 349  
And like a lowly lover down she kneels;  
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,  
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels:

His tender cheek receives her soft hand's  
print,

As apt as new-fall'n snow takes any dint.

O! what a war of looks was then between  
them;

Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing;  
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen  
them;

Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the  
wooing:

And all this dumb play had his acts made  
plain

With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes  
did rain. 360

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,  
A lily prison'd in a gaol of snow,  
Or ivory in an alabaster band;  
So white a friend engirts so white a foe:

This beauteous combat, wilful and un-  
willing,

Show'd like two silver doves that sit a-  
billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts be-  
gan:

'O fairest mover on this mortal round,  
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,  
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my  
wound; 370

For one sweet look thy help I would  
assure thee,

Though nothing but my body's bane  
would cure thee.'

'Give me my hand,' saith he, 'why dost  
thou feel it?'

'Give me my heart,' saith she, 'and thou  
shalt have it;

O! give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,  
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never  
grave it:

Then love's deep groans I never shall  
regard,

Because Adonis' heart hath made mine  
hard.'

'For shame!' he cries, 'let go, and let me  
go;

My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,  
And 't is your fault I am bereft him so: 381

I pray you hence, and leave me here alone:  
For all my mind, my thought, my busy  
care,  
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.'

Thus she replies: 'Thy palfrey, as he  
should,  
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet  
desire:  
Affection is a coal that must be cool'd;  
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire.  
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire  
hath none;  
Therefore no marvel though thy horse be  
gone. 390

'How like a jade he stood, tied to the  
tree,  
Servilely master'd with a leathern rein!  
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair  
fee,  
He held such petty bondage in disdain:  
Throwing the base thong from his bend-  
ing crest,  
Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his  
breast.

'Who sees his true-love in her naked bed,  
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than  
white,  
But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,  
His other agents aim at like delight? 400  
Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold  
To touch the fire, the weather being cold!

'Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy,  
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,  
To take advantage on presented joy:  
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings  
teach thee.  
O! learn to love; the lesson is but plain,  
And once made perfect, never lost again.'

'I know not love,' quoth he, 'nor will not  
know it,  
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it; 410  
'T is much to borrow, and I will not owe it;  
My love to love is love but to disgrace it;  
For I have heard it is a life in death,  
That laughs, and weeps, and all but with  
a breath.

'Who wears a garment shapeless and un-  
finish'd?  
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put  
forth?  
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,  
They wither in their prime, prove nothing  
worth:  
The colt that's back'd and burden'd being  
young  
Loseth his pride and never waxeth strong.

'You hurt my hand with wringing; let us  
part. 421  
And leave this idle theme, this bootless  
chat:  
Remove your siege from my unyielding  
heart;

To love's alarms it will not ope the gate:  
Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears,  
your flattery;  
For where a heart is hard, they make no  
battery.'

'What! canst thou talk?' quoth she, 'hast  
thou a tongue?  
O! would thou hadst not, or I had no hear-  
ing;  
Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double  
wrong;  
I had my load before, now press'd with  
bearing; 430  
Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-  
sounding,  
Ear's deep-sweet music, and heart's  
deep-sore wounding.

'Had I no eyes but ears, my ears would love  
That inward beauty and invisible;  
Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would  
move  
Each part in me that were but sensible:  
Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor  
see,  
Yet should I be in love by touching thee.

'Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft  
me,  
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor  
touch, 440  
And nothing but the very smell were left me,  
Yet would my love to thee be still as much;  
For from the still'tory of thy face excelling  
Comes breath perfum'd that breedeth  
love by smelling.

'But O! what banquet wert thou to the  
taste,  
Being nurse and feeder of the other four;  
Would they not wish the feast might ever  
last,  
And bid Suspicion double-lock the door,  
Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,  
Should, by his stealing in, disturb the  
feast?' 450

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,  
Which to his speech did honey passage  
yield;  
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd  
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,  
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,  
Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to  
herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh;  
Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,  
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,  
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth, 460  
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,  
His meaning struck her ere his words  
began.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,  
For looks kill love and love by looks  
reviveth;  
A smile recures the wounding of a frown;

But blessed bankrupt, that by love so  
thriveth!  
The silly boy, believing she is dead,  
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes  
it red;

And all amaz'd brake off his late intent,  
For sharply he did think to reprehend her, 470  
Which cunning love did wittily prevent:  
Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her!  
For on the grass she lies as she were slain,  
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the  
cheeks,  
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,  
He chafes her lips; a thousand ways he  
seeks  
To mend the hurt that his unkindness  
marr'd:  
He kisses her; and she, by her good will,  
Will never rise, so he will kiss her still. 480

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:  
Her two blue windows faintly she up-  
heaveth,  
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array  
He cheers the morn and all the earth  
relieveth:  
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,  
So is her face illumin'd with her eye;

Whose beams upon his hairless face are  
fix'd,  
As if from thence they borrow'd all their  
shine.  
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,  
Had not his clouded with his brow's repine;  
But hers, which through the crystal tears  
gave light, 491  
Shone like the moon in water seen by  
night.

'O! where am I?' quoth she, in earth or  
heaven,  
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?  
What hour is this? or morn or weary even?  
Do I delight to die, or life desire?  
But now I liv'd, and life was death's  
annoy;  
But now I died, and death was lively joy.

'O! thou didst kill me; kill me once again:  
Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of  
thine, 500  
Hath taught them scornful tricks and such  
d disdain  
That they have murder'd this poor heart of  
mine;  
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their  
queen,  
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

'Long may they kiss each other for this cure!  
O! never let their crimson liveries wear;  
And as they last, their verdure still endure,  
To drive infection from the dangerous year:  
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,  
May say, the plague is banish'd by thy  
breath. 510

'Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips  
imprinted,  
What bargains may I make, still to be  
sealing?  
To sell myself I can be well contented,  
So thou wilt buy and pay and use good  
dealing;  
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of  
slips  
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

'A thousand kisses buys my heart from me;  
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.  
What is ten hundred touches unto thee?  
Are they not quickly told and quickly gone?  
Say, for non-payment that the debt  
should double,  
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?'

'Fair queen,' quoth he, 'if any love you owe  
me,  
Measure my strangeness with my unripe  
years:  
Before I know myself, seek not to know me;  
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears:  
The mellow plum doth fall, the green  
sticks fast,  
Or being early pluck'd is sour to taste.

'Look! the world's comforter, with weary gait,  
His day's hot task hath ended in the west;  
The owl, night's herald, shrieks, 't is very  
late; 531  
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their  
nest,  
And coal-black clouds that shadow  
heaven's light  
Do summon us to part and bid good night.

'Now let me say good night, and so say you;  
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.'  
'Good night,' quoth she; and ere he says  
adien,  
The honey fee of parting tender'd is:  
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet em-  
brace;  
Incorporate then they seem, face grows  
to face. 540

Till, breathless, he disjoin'd, and backward  
drew  
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral  
mouth,  
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well  
knew,  
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on  
drouth:  
He with her plenty press'd, she faint with  
dearth,  
Their lips together glued, fall to the earth.

Now quick desire hath caught the yielding  
prey,  
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth,  
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,  
Paying what ransom the insulter willet; 550  
Whose vulture thought doth pitch the  
price so high,  
That she will draw his lips' rich treasure  
dry.

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,  
With blindfold fury she begins to forage;  
Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood  
doth boil,  
And careless lust stirs up a desperate  
courage;  
Planting oblivion, beating reason back,  
Forgetting shame's pure blush and hon-  
our's wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard em-  
bracing,  
Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much  
handling, 560  
Or as the fleet-foot roe that's tir'd with  
chasing,  
Or like the froward infant still'd with  
dandling,  
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,  
While she takes all she can, not all she  
listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with tem-  
pering,  
And yields at last to every light impression?  
Things out of hope are compass'd oft with  
venturing,  
Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds com-  
mission:  
Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd  
coward,  
But then woos best when most his choice  
is froward. 570

When he did frown, O! had she then gave  
over,  
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.  
Foul words and frowns must not repel a  
lover;  
What though the rose have prickles, yet 't  
is pluck'd:  
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,  
Yet love breaks through and picks them  
all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him;  
The poor fool prays her that he may depart:  
She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him,  
Bids him farewell, and look well to her  
heart, 580  
The which, by Cupid's bow she doth  
protest,  
He carries thence incaged in his breast.

'Sweet boy,' she says, 'this night I'll waste  
in sorrow,  
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to  
watch.  
Tell me, Love's master, shall we meet to-  
morrow?  
Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make  
the match?  
He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends  
To hunt the boar with certain of his  
friends.

'The boar!' quoth she; whereat a sudden  
pale,  
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing  
rose, 580

Usurps her cheek, she trembles at his tale,  
And on his neck her yoking arms she  
throws:  
She sinketh down, still hanging by his  
neck,  
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,  
Her champion mounted for the hot encoun-  
ter:  
All is imaginary she doth prove,  
He will not manage her, although he mount  
her;  
That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,  
To clip Elysium and to lack her joy. 600

Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted  
grapes,  
Do surfeit by the eye and pine the maw,  
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,  
As those poor birds that helpless berries saw.  
The warm effects which she in him finds  
missing,  
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain; good queen, it will not be:  
She hath assay'd as much as may be prov'd;  
Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee;  
She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not  
lov'd. 610  
'Fie, fie!' he says, 'you crush me; let me  
go;  
You have no reason to withhold me so.'

'Thou hadst been gone,' quoth she, 'sweet  
boy, ere this,  
But that thou told'st me thou would'st hunt  
the boar.  
O! be advis'd; thou know'st not what it is  
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,  
Whose tushes never sheath'd he whetteth  
still,  
Like to a mortal butcher, bent to kill.

'On his bow-back he hath a battle set  
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes; 620  
His eyes like glow-worms shine when he  
doth fret;  
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes;  
Being mov'd, he strikes what'er is in his  
way,  
And whom he strikes his cruel tushes slay.

'His brawny sides, with hairy bristles arm'd,  
Are better proof than thy spear's point can  
enter;  
His short thick neck cannot be easily  
harm'd;  
Being ireful, on the lion he will venture:  
The thorny brambles and embracing  
bushes,  
As fearful of him, part, through whom he  
rushes. 630

'Alas! he nought esteems that face of thine,  
To which Love's eyes pay tributary gazes;  
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal  
eyne,

Whose full perfection all the world amazes;  
But having thee at vantage, wondrous  
dread!  
Would root these beauties as he roots the  
mead.

'O! let him keep his loathsome cabin still;  
Beauty hath nought to do with such foul  
fiends:  
Come not within his danger by thy will;  
They that thrive well take counsel of their  
friends. 640  
When thou didst name the boar, not to  
dissemble,  
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did  
tremble.

'Didst thou not mark my face? was it not  
white?  
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine  
eye?  
Grew I not faint? and fell I not downright?  
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,  
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes  
no rest,  
But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on  
my breast.

'For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy  
Doth call himself Affection's sentinel; 650  
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,  
And in a peaceful hour doth cry "Kill, kill!"  
Distempering gentle Love in his desire,  
As air and water do abate the fire.

'This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy,  
This canker that eats up Love's tender spring,  
This carry-tale, dissentious Jealousy,  
That sometime true news, sometime false  
doth bring,  
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine  
ear  
That if I love thee, I thy death should  
fear: 660

'And more than so, presenteth to mine eye  
The picture of an angry-chafing boar,  
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie  
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore;  
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being  
shed  
Doth make them droop with grief and  
hang the head.

'What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,  
That trembles at the imagination?  
The thought of it doth make my faint heart  
bleed,  
And fear doth teach it divination: 670  
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,  
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

'But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me;  
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,  
Or at the fox which lives by subtlety,  
Or at the roe which no encounter dare:  
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the  
downs,  
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with  
thy hounds.

'And when thou hast on foot the purblind  
hare,  
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his  
troubles 680  
How he outruns the wind, and with what  
care  
He cranks and crosses with a thousand  
doubles:  
The many musets through the which he  
goes  
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

'Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep  
To make the cunning hounds mistake their  
smell,  
And sometime where earth-delving conies  
keep,  
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell,  
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer;  
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on  
fear: 690

'For there his smell with others being  
mingled,  
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to  
doubt,  
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have  
singled  
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;  
Then do they spend their mouths: Echo  
replies  
As if another chase were in the skies.

'By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,  
Stands on his hinder legs with listening  
ear,  
To hearken if his foes pursue him still:  
Anon their loud alarms he doth hear; 700  
And now his grief may be compared well  
To one sore sick that hears the passing-  
bell.

'Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled  
wretch  
Turn, and return, indenting with the way;  
Each envious briar his weary legs doth  
scratch,  
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur  
stay:  
For misery is trodden on by many,  
And being low never reliev'd by any.

'Lie quietly, and hear a little more;  
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not  
rise: 710  
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,  
Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralize,  
Applying this to that, and so to so;  
For love can comment upon every woe.

'Where did I leave?' 'No matter where,'  
quoth he;  
'Leave me, and then the story aptly ends:  
The night is spent.' 'Why, what of that?'  
quoth she.  
'I am,' quoth he, 'expected of my friends;  
And now 't is dark, and going I shall fall.'  
'In night,' quoth she, 'desire sees best of  
all. 720

'But if thou fall, O! then imagine this,  
The earth, in love with thee, thy footing  
trips,  
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.  
Rich preys make true men thieves; so do  
thy lips  
Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,  
Lest she should steal a kiss and die for-  
sworn.

'Now of this dark night I perceive the  
reason:  
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,  
Till forging Nature be condemn'd of treason.  
For stealing moulds from heaven that were  
divine;  
Wherein she fram'd thee in high heaven's  
despite,  
To shame the sun by day and her by night.

'And therefore hath she brib'd the Destinies  
To cross the curious workmanship of nature,  
To mingle beauties with infirmities,  
And pure perfection with impure defeature;  
Making it subject to the tyranny  
Of mad mischances and much misery;

'As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,  
Life-poisoning pestilence and frenzies  
wood,  
The marrow-eating sickness, whose attain't  
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood;  
Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damn'd  
despair,  
Swear Nature's death for framing thee so  
fair.

'And not the least of all these maladies  
But in one minute's fight brings beauty  
under:  
Both favour, savour, hue, and qualities,  
Whereat the impartial gazer late did wonder,  
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd and  
done,  
As mountain-snow melts with the mid-  
day sun.

'Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,  
Love-lacking vestals and self-loving nuns,  
That on the earth would breed a scarcity,  
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,  
Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night  
Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

'What is thy body but a swallowing grave,  
Seeming to bury that posterity  
Which by the rights of time thou needs must  
have,  
If thou destroy them not in dark obscu-  
rity?  
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,  
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

'So in thyself thyself art made away;  
A mischief worse than civil home-bred  
strife,  
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves  
do slay,  
Or butcher-sire that reaves his son of life.

Foul-cankering rust the hidden treasure  
frets,  
But gold that's put to use more gold  
begets.'

'Nay then,' quoth Adon, 'you will fall again  
Into your idle over-handled theme: 770  
The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,  
And all in vain you strive against the stream;  
For by this black-fac'd night, desire's foul  
nurse,  
Your treatise makes me like you worse  
and worse.

'If love have lent you twenty thousand  
tongues,  
And every tongue more moving than your  
own,  
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's  
songs,  
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is  
blown;  
For know, my heart stands armed in mine  
ear,  
And will not let a false sound enter  
there; 780

'Lest the deceiving harmony should run  
Into the quiet closure of my breast;  
And then my little heart were quite undone,  
In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.  
No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,  
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps  
alone.

'What have you urg'd that I cannot reprove?  
The path is smooth that leadeth on to dan-  
ger;  
I hate not love, but your device in love,  
That lends embracements unto every  
stranger. 790  
You do it for increase: O strange excuse!  
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse.

'Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled,  
Since sweating Lust on earth usurp'd his  
name;  
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed  
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;  
Which the hot tyrant stains and soon  
bereaves,  
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

'Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,  
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun; 800  
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh  
remain,  
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be  
done.  
Love surfeits not, Lust like a glutton dies:  
Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies.

'More I could tell, but more I dare not say;  
The text is old, the orator too green.  
Therefore, in sadness, now I will away;  
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen:  
Mine ears, that to your wanton talk  
attended,  
Do burn themselves for having so  
offended.' 810

With this he breaketh from the sweet embrace  
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,  
And homeward through the dark laund runs apace;  
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.  
Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,  
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore  
Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,  
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,  
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend: 820

So did the merciless and pitchy night  
Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware  
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,  
Or 'stonish'd as night-wanderers often are,  
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood;

Even so confounded in the dark she lay,  
Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,  
That all the neighbour caves, as seeming troubled, 830  
Make verbal repetition of her moans;  
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:  
'Ay me!' she cries, and twenty times  
'Woe, woe.'

And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She marking them begins a wailing note,  
And sings extemporally a woeful ditty;  
How love makes young men thrall and old men dote;  
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty:  
Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,  
And still the choir of echoes answer so. 840

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,  
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short:  
If pleas'd themselves, others, they think, delight  
In such-like circumstance, with such-like sport:  
Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,  
End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,  
But idle sounds resembling parasites,  
Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every call,  
Soothing the humour of fantastic wits? 850  
She says 'T is so:' they answer all 'T is so,'  
And would say after her, if she said 'No.'

Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,  
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,  
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast

The sun ariseth in his majesty;  
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,  
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow:  
'O thou clear god, and patron of all light, 860  
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow  
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,  
There lives a son that suck'd an earthly mother,  
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other.'

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,  
Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,  
And yet she hears no tidings of her love;  
She hearkens for his hounds and for his horn:  
Anon she hears them chant it lustily,  
And all in haste she coasteth to the cry. 870

And as she runs, the bushes in the way  
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,  
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay:  
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,  
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,  
Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

By this she hears the hounds are at a bay;  
Whereat she starts, like one that spies anadder  
Wreath'd up in fatal folds just in his way,  
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder; 880  
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds  
Appals her senses, and her spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,  
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,  
Because the cry remaineth in one place,  
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:  
Finding their enemy to be so curst,  
They all strain courtesy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,  
Through which it enters to surprise her heart; 890  
Who, overcome by doubts and bloodless fear,  
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part;  
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,  
They basely fly and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy,  
 Till, cheering up her senses all dismay'd,  
 She tells them 't is a causeless fantasy,  
 And childish error, that they are afraid;  
 Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear  
 no more:  
 And with that word she spied the hunted  
 boar, 900

Whose frothy mouth bepainted all with red,  
 Like milk and blood being mingled both  
 together,  
 A second fear through all her sinews spread,  
 Which madly hurries her she knows not  
 whither:

This way she runs, and now she will no  
 further,  
 But back retires to rate the boar for  
 murder.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand  
 ways,

She treads the path that she untreads again;  
 Her more than haste is mated with delays,  
 Like the proceedings of a drunken brain, 910  
 Full of respects, yet nought at all respect-  
 ing,

In hand with all things, nought at all  
 effecting.

Here kennell'd in a brake she finds a hound,  
 And asks the weary caitiff for his master,  
 And there another licking of his wound,  
 'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign  
 plaster;

And here she meets another sadly scowl-  
 ing,

To whom she speaks, and he replies with  
 howling.

When he hath ceas'd his ill-resounding  
 noise,

Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and  
 grim, 920

Against the welkin volleys out his voice;  
 Another and another answer him,

Clapping their proud tails to the ground  
 below,

Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding  
 as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are  
 amaz'd

At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,  
 Whereon with fearful eyes they long have  
 gaz'd,

Infusing them with dreadful prophecies;  
 So she at these sad signs draws up her  
 breath, 929

And sighing it again, exclaims on Death.

'Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,  
 Hateful divorce of love,' thus chides she  
 Death,

'Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what  
 dost thou mean

To stifle beauty and to steal his breath,  
 Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty  
 set

Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?

'If he be dead, O no! it cannot be,  
 Seeing his beauty, thou should'st strike at  
 it;

O yes! it may; thou hast no eyes to see,  
 But hatefully at random dost thou hit. 940  
 Thy mark is feeble age, but thy false dart  
 Mistakes that aim and cleaves an in-  
 fant's heart.

'Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had  
 spoke,

And hearing him thy power had lost his  
 power.

The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke;  
 They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a  
 flower.

Love's golden arrow at him should have  
 fled,

And not Death's ebon dart, to strike him  
 dead.

'Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st  
 such weeping?

What may a heavy groan advantage thee? 950  
 Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping  
 Those eyes that taught all other eyes to  
 see?

Now Nature cares not for thy mortal  
 vigour,

Since her best work is ruin'd with thy  
 rigour.'

Here overcome, as one full of despair,  
 She vail'd her eyelids, who, like sluices,  
 stopp'd

The crystal tide that from her two cheeks  
 fair

In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp'd;  
 But through the flood-gates breaks the  
 silver rain,

And with his strong course opens them  
 again. 960

O! how her eyes and tears did lend and  
 borrow;

Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye;  
 Both crystals, where they view'd each  
 other's sorrow,

Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to  
 dry;

But like a stormy day, now wind, now  
 rain,

Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them  
 wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,  
 As striving who should best become her  
 grief;

All entertain'd, each passion labours so,  
 That every present sorrow seemeth chief,

But none is best; then join they all to-  
 gether, 971

Like many clouds consulting for foul  
 weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman  
 holla;

A nurse's song ne'er pleas'd her babe so  
 well:

## VENUS AND ADONIS

The dire imagination she did follow  
This sound of hope doth labour to expel;  
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,  
And flatters her it is Adonij's voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,  
Being prison'd in her eye, like pearls in  
glass; 980

Yet sometimes takes an orient drop beside,  
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it  
should pass,  
To wash the foul face of the sluttish  
ground,  
Who is but drunken when she seemeth  
drown'd.

O hard-believing love! how strange it  
seems

Not to believe, and yet too credulous;  
Thy weal and woe are both of them ex-  
tremes;

Despair and hope make thee ridiculous:  
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts  
unlikely,

In unlikely thoughts the other kills thee  
quickly. 990

Now she unweaves the web that she hath  
wrought,

Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame;  
It was not she that call'd him all to naught,  
Now she adds honours to his hateful name;  
She clepes him king of graves, and grave  
for kings,

Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

'No, no,' quoth she, 'sweet Death, I did  
but jest;

Yet pardon me I felt a kind of fear  
Whenas I met the boar, that bloody beast,  
Which knows no pity, but is still severe; 1000

Then, gentle shadow, truth I must con-  
fess,

I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's de-  
cease.

'Tis not my fault: the boar provok'd my  
tongue;

Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander;  
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee  
wrong;

I did but act, he's author of thy slander.

Grief hath two tongues, and never  
woman yet

Could rule them both without ten  
women's wit.'

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,  
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate; 1010

And that his beauty may the better thrive,  
With Death she humbly doth insinuate;

Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs,  
and stories

His victories, his triumphs, and his  
glories.

'O Jove!' quoth she, 'how much a fool  
was I

To be of such a weak and silly mind

To wail his death who lives and must not  
die

Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind;  
For he being dead, with him is beauty  
slain,

And, beauty dead, black chaos comes  
again. 1020

'Fie, fie, fond love! thou art so full of fear  
As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with  
thieves;

Trifles, unvisited with eye or ear,  
Thy coward heart with false bethinking  
grieves.'

Even at this word she hears a merry horn,  
Whereat she leaps that was but late  
forlorn.

As falcon to the lure, away she flies;  
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so  
light;

And in her haste unfortunately spies  
The foul boar's conquest on her fair de-  
light; 1030

Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with  
the view,

Like stars asham'd of day, themselves  
withdrew:

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being  
hit,

Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with  
pain,

And there, all smother'd up, in shade doth  
sit,

Long after fearing to creep forth again;

So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled  
Into the deep dark cabins of her head:

Where they resign their office and their  
light

To the disposing of her troubled brain; 1040

Who bids them still consort with ugly  
night,

And never wound the heart with looks  
again;

Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,  
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes;  
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,

Struggling for passage, earth's foundation  
shakes,

Which with cold terror doth men's minds  
confound.

This mutiny each part doth so surprise  
That from their dark beds once more leap  
her eyes; 1050

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light  
Upon the wide wound that the boar had  
trench'd

In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white  
With purple tears, that his wound wept,  
was drench'd:

No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf,  
or weed,

But stole his blood and seem'd with him  
to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth,  
 Over one shoulder doth she hang her  
 head,  
 Dumbly she passions, frantically she doteth;  
 She thinks he could not die, he is not  
 dead: 1060  
 Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to  
 bow,  
 Her eyes are mad that they have wept till  
 now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly,  
 That her sight dazzling makes the wound  
 seem three;  
 And then she reprehends her mangling  
 eye,  
 That makes more gashes where no breach  
 should be:  
 His face seems twain, each several limb  
 is doubled;  
 For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being  
 troubled.

'My tongue cannot express my grief for  
 one,  
 And yet,' quoth she, 'behold two Adons  
 dead! 1070  
 My sighs are blown away, my salt tears  
 gone,  
 Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to  
 lead:  
 Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes'  
 red fire!  
 So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

'Alas! poor world, what treasure hast thou  
 lost?  
 What face remains alive that's worth the  
 viewing?  
 Whose tongue is music now? what canst  
 thou boast  
 Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?  
 The flowers are sweet, their colours  
 fresh and trim;  
 But true-sweet beauty liv'd and died  
 with him. 1080

'Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature  
 wear!  
 Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss  
 you:  
 Having no fair to lose, you need not fear;  
 The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth  
 hiss you:  
 But when Adonis liv'd, sun and sharp air  
 Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his  
 fair:

'And therefore would he put his bonnet on,  
 Under whose brim the gaudy sun would  
 peep;  
 The wind would blow it off, and, being  
 gone,  
 Play with his locks: then would Adonis  
 weep; 1090  
 And straight, in pity of his tender  
 years,  
 They both would strive who first should  
 dry his tears.

'To see his face the lion walk'd along  
 Behind some hedge, because he would not  
 fear him;  
 To recreate himself when he hath sung,  
 The tiger would be tame and gently hear  
 him;  
 If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his  
 prey  
 And never fright the silly lamb that day.

'When he beheld his shadow in the brook,  
 The fishes spread on it their golden gills; 1100  
 When he was by, the birds such pleasure  
 took,  
 That some would sing, some other in their  
 bills  
 Would bring him mulberries and ripe-red  
 cherries;  
 He fed them with his sight, they him with  
 berries.

'But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted  
 boar,  
 Whose downward eye still looketh for a  
 grave,  
 Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he  
 wore;  
 Witness the entertainment that he gave:  
 If he did see his face, why then I know  
 He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd  
 him so. 1110

'Tis true, 'tis true; thus was Adonis  
 slain:  
 He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,  
 Who did not whet his teeth at him again,  
 But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;  
 And muzzling in his flank, the loving swine  
 Sheath'd unaware the tusk in his soft  
 groin.

'Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,  
 With kissing him I should have kill'd him  
 first;  
 But he is dead, and never did he bless  
 My youth with his; the more am I ac-  
 curst.' 1120  
 With this she falleth in the place she  
 stood,  
 And stains her face with his congealed  
 blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;  
 She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;  
 She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,  
 As if they heard the woeful words she told;  
 She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,  
 Where, lo! two lamps, burnt out, in  
 darkness lies;

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld  
 A thousand times, and now no more re-  
 flect; 1130  
 Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,  
 And every beauty robb'd of his effect:  
 'Wonder of time,' quoth she, 'this is my  
 spite,  
 That, though being dead, the day should  
 yet be light.

## VENUS AND ADONIS

'Since thou art dead, lo! here I prophesy,  
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend:  
It shall be waited on with jealousy,  
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury  
end;  
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low;  
That all love's pleasure shall not match  
his woe. 1140

'It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,  
Bud and be blasted in a breathing-while;  
The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd  
With sweets that shall the truest sight  
beguile:  
The strongest body shall it make most  
weak,  
Strike the wise dumb and teach the fool  
to speak.

'It shall be sparing and too full of riot,  
Teaching decrepit age to tread the meas-  
ures;  
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,  
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with  
treasures; 1150  
It shall be raging mad, and silly mild,  
Make the young old, the old become a  
child.

'It shall suspect where is no cause of  
fear;  
It shall not fear where it should most mis-  
trust;  
It shall be merciful, and too severe,  
And most deceiving when it seems most  
just;  
Perverse it shall be, where it shows most  
toward,  
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

'It shall be cause of war and dire events,  
And set dissension 'twixt the son and  
sire; 1160  
Subject and servile to all discontents,  
As dry combustious matter is to fire:  
Sith in his prime Death doth my love  
destroy,  
They that love best their loves shall not  
enjoy.'

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd  
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,  
And in his blood that on the ground lay  
spill'd,  
A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with  
white;  
Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the  
blood  
Which in round drops upon their white-  
ness stood. 1170

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower  
to smell,  
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath,  
And says within her bosom it shall dwell,  
Since he himself is reft from her by death:  
She crops the stalk, and in the breach  
appears  
Green dropping sap, which she compares  
to tears.

'Poor flower,' quoth she, 'this was thy  
father's guise,  
Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire,  
For every little grief to wet his eyes:  
To grow unto himself was his desire, 1180  
And so 't is thine; but know, it is as good  
To wither in my breast as in his blood.

'Here was thy father's bed, here in my  
breast;  
Thou art the next of blood, and 't is thy  
right:  
Lo! in this hollow cradle take thy rest,  
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and  
night:  
There shall not be one minute in an hour  
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's  
flower.'

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,  
And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift  
aid 1190  
Their mistress mounted through the empty  
skies  
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd;  
Holding their course to Paphos, where  
their queen  
Means to immure herself and not be seen.

# THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON  
OF TICHFIELD.

*The love I dedicate to your lordship is without end; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater; meantime, as it is, it is bound to your lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all happiness.*

*Your lordship's in all duty,*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

## THE ARGUMENT

LUCIUS TARQUINIUS, for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus, after he had caused his own father-in-law Servius Tullius to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper every one commended the virtues of his own wife: among whom Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife, though it were late in the night, spinning amongst her maids: the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being inflamed with Lucrece' beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was, according to his estate, royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king: wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

FROM the besieged Ardea all in post,  
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,  
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman  
host,  
And to Collatium bears the lightless fire  
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire,  
And girdle with embracing flames the  
waist  
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the  
chaste.

Haply that name of chaste unhappily set  
This bateless edge on his keen appetite;

When Collatine unwisely did not let 10  
To praise the clear unmatched red and  
white  
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight,  
Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's  
beauties,  
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.  
For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,  
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state;  
What priceless wealth the heavens had him  
lent  
In the possession of his beauteous mate;

# THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud  
rate,  
That kings might be espoused to more  
fame, 20  
But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few!  
And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done  
As is the morning's silver-melting dew  
Against the golden splendour of the sun;  
An expir'd date, cancell'd ere well begun:  
Honor and beauty, in the owner's arms,  
Are weakly fortress'd from a world of  
harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade  
The eyes of men without an orator; 30  
What needeth then apologies be made  
To set forth that which is so singular?  
Or why is Collatine the publisher  
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown  
From thievish ears, because it is his own?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty  
Suggested this proud issue of a king;  
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be:  
Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,  
Braving compare, disdainfully did sting 40  
His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner  
men should vaunt  
That golden hap which their superiors  
want.

But some untimely thought did instigate  
His all-too-timeless speed, if none of those:  
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,  
Neglected all, with swift intent he goes  
To quench the coal which in his liver glows.  
O! rash false heat, wrapp'd in repentant  
cold,  
Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er  
grows old.

When at Collatium this false lord arriv'd, 50  
Well was he welcom'd by the Roman dame,  
Within whose face beauty and virtue striv'd  
Which of them both should underprop her  
fame:

When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush  
for shame;  
When beauty boasted blushes, in despite  
Virtue would stain that o'er with silver  
white.

But beauty, in that white intitled,  
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair  
field;

Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,  
Which virtue gave the golden age to gild 60  
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their  
shield;

Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,  
When shame assail'd, the red should  
fence the white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,  
Argu'd by beauty's red and virtue's white  
Of either's colour was the other queen,  
Proving from world's minority their right:

Yet their ambition makes them still to fight;  
The sovereignty of either being so great,  
That oft they interchange each other's  
seat. 70

This silent war of lilies and of roses,  
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,  
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses;  
Where, lest between them both it should be  
kill'd,

The coward captive vanquished doth yield  
To those two armies that would let him go.  
Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow  
tongue,

The niggard prodigal that prais'd her so,  
In that high task hath done her beauty  
wrong, 80

Which far exceeds his barren skill to show:  
Therefore that praise which Collatine doth  
owe

Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,  
In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,  
Little suspecteth the false worshipper;  
For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on  
evil,

Birds never lim'd no secret bushes fear:  
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer  
And reverent welcome to her princely  
guest, 90

Whose inward ill no outward harm ex-  
press'd:

For that he colour'd with his high estate,  
Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty;  
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,  
Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,  
Which, having all, all could not satisfy;  
But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,  
That, cloy'd with much, he pineth still for  
more.

But she, that never cop'd with stranger eyes,  
Could pick no meaning from their parling  
looks, 100

Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies  
Writ in the glassy margents of such books.  
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no  
hooks;

Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,  
More than his eyes were open'd to the  
light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,  
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy;

And decks with praises Collatine's high  
name,

Made glorious by his manly chivalry  
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory: 110

Her joy with heav'd-up hand she doth  
express,

And, wordless, so greets heaven for his  
success.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither,  
He makes excuses for his being there:  
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather

Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear;  
Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,  
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,

And in her vaulty prison stows the Day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed, 120  
Intending weariness with heavy spright;  
For after supper long he questioned  
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the  
night:

Now leaden slumber with life's strength  
doth fight,

And every one to rest themselves betake,  
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled  
minds, that wake.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving  
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining;  
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,  
Though weak-built hopes persuade him to  
abstaining:

Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining;  
And when great treasure is the meed  
propos'd,

Though death be adjunct, there's no  
death suppos'd.

Those that much covet are with gain so  
fond,

For what they have not, that which they  
possess

They scatter and unloose it from their bond,  
And so, by hoping more, they have but less;  
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess

Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,  
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-  
rich gain. 140

The aim of all is but to nurse the life  
With honor, wealth, and ease, in waning  
age;

And in this aim there is such thwarting  
strife,

That one for all, or all for one, we gage;  
As life for honour in fell battle's rage;

Honour for wealth; and oft that wealth  
doth cost

The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in venturing ill we leave to be  
The things we are for that which we expect;  
And this ambitious foul infirmity, 150

In having much, torments us with defect  
Of that we have: so then we do neglect

The thing we have; and, all for want of  
wit,

Make something nothing by augmenting  
it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,  
Pawning his honour to obtain his lust,

And for himself he must forsake:  
Then where is truth, if there be no self-  
trust?

When shall he think to find a stranger just,  
When he himself himself confounds,

betrays 160

To slanderous tongues and wretched  
hateful days?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,  
When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal  
eyes;

No comfortable star did lend his light,  
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-bod-  
ing cries;

Now serves the season that they may sur-  
prise

The silly lambs; pure thoughts are dead  
and still,

While lust and murder wake to stain and  
kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his  
bed,

Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm; 170  
Is madly toss'd between desire and dread;  
Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth  
harm;

But honest fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul  
charm,

Doth too too oft betake him to retire,  
Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,  
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do  
fly;

Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,  
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye;

And to the flame thus speaks advisedly: 180  
'As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,

So Lucrece must I force to my desire.'

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate  
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,  
And in his inward mind he doth debate

What following sorrow may on this arise:  
Then looking scornfully, he doth despise

His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust,  
And justly thus controls his thoughts  
unjust: 189

'Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not  
To darken her whose light excellet thine;

And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you  
blot

With your uncleanness that which is divine;  
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:

Let fair humanity abhor the deed  
That spots and stains love's modest snow-  
white weed.

'O shame to knighthood and to shining  
arms!

O foul dishonour to my household's grave!  
O impious act, including all foul harms!

A martial man to be soft fancy's slave! 200  
True valour still a true respect should have;

Then my digression is so vile, so base,  
That it will live engraven in my face.

'Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,  
And be an eye-sore in my golden coat;

Some loathsome dash the herald will con-  
trive,

To cipher me how fondly I did dote;  
That my posterity, sham'd with the note,

Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no  
sin 209

To wish that I their father had not been.

## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

'What win I if I gain the thing I seek?  
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.  
Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week?  
Or sells eternity to get a toy?  
For one sweet grape who will the vine de-  
stroy?

Or what fond beggar, but to touch the  
crown,  
Would with the sceptre straight be struck-  
en down?

'If Collatinus dream of my intent,  
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage  
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent? 220  
This siege that hath engirt his marriage,  
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,  
This dying virtue, this surviving shame,  
Whose crime will bear an ever-during  
blame?

'O! what excuse can my invention make,  
When thou shalt charge me with so black a  
deed?  
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints  
shake,  
Mine eyes forgo their light, my false heart  
bleed?  
The guilt being great, the fear doth still  
exceed;  
And extreme fear can neither fight nor  
fly, 230  
But coward-like with trembling terror die.

'Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,  
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,  
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire  
Might have excuse to work upon his wife,  
As in revenge or quittal of such strife:  
But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,  
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor  
end.

'Shameful it is; ay, if the fact be known:  
Hateful it is; there is no hate in loving: 240  
I'll beg her love; but she is not her own:  
The worst is but denial and reproving:  
My will is strong, past reason's weak re-  
moving.

Who fears a sentence, or an old man's  
saw,  
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.'

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation  
'Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning  
will,  
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,  
Urging the worse sense for vantage still;  
Which in a moment doth confound and  
kill 250  
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,  
That what is vile shows like a virtuous  
deed.

Quoth he, 'She took me kindly by the hand,  
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,  
Fearing some hard news from the war-like  
band,  
Where her beloved Collatinus lies.

O! how her fear did make her colour  
rise:

First red as roses that on lawn we lay,  
Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

'And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,  
Forc'd it to tremble with her loyal fear! 260  
Which struck her sad, and then it faster  
rock'd,

Until her husband's welfare she did hear;  
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a  
cheer,

That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,  
Self-love had never drown'd him in the  
flood.

'Why hunt I then for colour or excuses?  
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;  
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses;  
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows  
dreadeth: 270

Affection is my captain, and he leadeth;  
And when his gaudy banner is display'd,  
The coward fights and will not be dis-  
may'd.

'Then, childish fear, avaunt! debating, die!  
Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age!  
My heart shall never countermand mine  
eye:

Sad pause and deep regard beseem the sage;  
My part is youth, and beats these from the  
stage.

Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;  
Then who fears sinking where such  
treasure lies?' 280

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful  
fear

Is almost chok'd by unresisted lust.  
Away he steals with open listening ear,  
Full of foul hope and full of fond mistrust;  
Both which, as servitors to the unjust,  
So cross him with their opposite persua-  
sion,

That now he vows a league, and now  
invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image  
sits,

And in the self-same seat sits Collatine:  
That eye which looks on her confounds his  
wits; 290

That eye which him beholds, as more  
divine,

Unto a view so false will not incline;  
But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,  
Which once corrupted takes the worse  
part;

And therein heartens up his servile powers,  
Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund show,  
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;  
And as their captain, so their pride doth  
grow,

Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.  
By reprobate desire thus madly led, 300  
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece'  
bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,  
 Each one by him enforc'd, retires his ward;  
 But as they open they all rate his ill,  
 Which drives the creeping thief to some regard:  
 The threshold grates the door to have him heard;  
 Night-wandering weasels shriek to see him there;  
 They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,  
 Through little vents and crannies of the place  
 The wind wars with his torch to make him stay,  
 And blows the smoke of it into his face,  
 Extinguishing his conduct in this case;  
 But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,  
 Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch:

And being lighted, by the light he spies  
 Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks:  
 He takes it from the rushes where it lies,  
 And gripping it, the needl his finger pricks;  
 As who should say, 'This glove to wanton tricks  
 Is not inur'd; return again in haste;  
 Thou see'st our mistress' ornaments are chaste.'

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him;  
 He in the worst sense construes their denial:  
 The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay him,  
 He takes for accidental things of trial;  
 Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,  
 Who with a ling'ring stay his course doth let,  
 Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

'So, so,' quoth he, 'these lets attend the time,  
 Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,  
 To add a more rejoicing to the prime,  
 And give the sneaped birds more cause to sing.  
 Pain pays the income of each precious thing;  
 Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves and sands,  
 The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands.'

Now is he come unto the chamber door,  
 That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,  
 Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,  
 Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.  
 So from himself impiety hath wrought,  
 That for his prey to pray he doth begin,  
 As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,  
 Having solicited the eternal power  
 That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,  
 And they would stand auspicious to the hour,  
 Even there he starts: quoth he, 'I must de-flower:  
 The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,  
 How can they then assist me in the act? 350

'Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!  
 My will is back'd with resolution:  
 Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried;  
 The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution;  
 Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.  
 The eye of heaven is out, and misty night  
 Covers the shame that follows sweet delight.'

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,  
 And with his knee the door he opens wide.  
 The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch:  
 Thus treason works ere traitors be espied.  
 Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside;  
 But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,  
 Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,  
 And gazeth on her yet unstained bed.  
 The curtains being close, about he walks,  
 Rolling his greedy eyeballs in his head;  
 By their high treason is his heart misled;  
 Which gives the watch-word to his hand  
 full soon,  
 To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun,  
 Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight;  
 Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun  
 To wink, being blinded with a greater light;  
 Whether it is that she reflects so bright,  
 That dazzleth them, or else some shame supposed,  
 But blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed.

O! had they in that darksome prison died,  
 Then had they seen the period of their ill; 360  
 Then Collatine again, by Lucrece' side,  
 In his clear bed might have reposed still:  
 But they must ope, this blessed league to kill,  
 And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight  
 Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,  
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss;  
Who, therefore angry, seems to part in  
sunder,

Swelling on either side to want his bliss;  
Between whose hills her head entombed  
is: 390

Where, like a virtuous monument, she  
lies,  
To be admir'd of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,  
On the green coverlet; whose perfect white  
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,  
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.  
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their  
light,

And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,  
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with  
her breath; 400

O modest wantons! wanton modesty!  
Showing life's triumph in the map of death,  
And death's dim look in life's mortality:  
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,

As if between them twain there were no  
strife,

But that life liv'd in death, and death in  
life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with  
blue,

A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,  
Save of their lord no bearing yoke they  
knew,

And him by oath they truly honoured. 410  
These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred;

Who, like a foul usurper, went about  
From this fair throne to heave the owner  
out.

What could he see but mightily he noted?

What did he note but strongly he desir'd?

What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,

And in his will his wilful eye he tir'd.

With more than admiration he admir'd

Her azure veins, her alabaster skin

Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled  
chin. 420

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,  
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,  
So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,  
His rage of lust by gazing qualified;  
Slack'd, not suppress'd; for standing by her  
side,

His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,  
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins:

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage  
fighting,

Obdurate vassals fell exploits effecting,  
In bloody death and ravishment delight-  
ing, 430

Nor children's tears nor mother's groans  
respecting,

Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting;  
Anon his beating heart, alarm striking,  
Gives the hot charge and bids them do  
their liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning  
eye,

His eye commends the leading to his hand;  
His hand, as proud of such a dignity,

Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his  
stand

On her bare breast, the heart of all her land;  
Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand  
did scale, 440

Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They, mustering to the quiet cabinet  
Where their dear governess and lady lies,

Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,  
And fright her with confusion of their cries;

She, much amaz'd, breaks ope her lock'd-up  
eyes,

Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,  
Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and  
controll'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night  
From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy  
waking, 450

That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly  
sprite,

Whose grim aspect sets every joint a-  
shaking;

What terror 't is! but she, in worse taking,  
From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth  
view

The sight which makes supposed terror  
true.

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand  
fears,

Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies;  
She dares not look; yet, winking, there  
appears

Quick-shifting anticks, ugly in her eyes:  
Such shadows are the weak brain's for-  
geries; 460

Who angry that the eyes fly from their  
lights,

In darkness daunts them with more  
dreadful sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,  
Rude ram to batter such an ivory wall!

May feel her heart, poor citizen, distress'd,  
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,

Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes  
withal.

This moves in him more rage and lesser  
pity,

To make the breach and enter this sweet  
city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue  
begin 470

To sound a parley to his heartless foe;  
Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter  
chin,

The reason of this rash alarm to know,

Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show;  
But she with vehement prayers urgeth still,  
Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies: 'The colour in thy face,  
That even for anger makes the lily pale,  
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace,  
Shall plead for me and tell my loving tale;  
Under that colour am I come to scale  
Thy never-conquer'd fort; the fault is thine,  
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

'Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide;  
Thy beauty hath ensnar'd thee to this night,  
Where thou with patience must my will abide,  
My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,  
Which I to conquer sought with all my might;  
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,  
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

'I see what crosses my attempt will bring;  
I know what thorns the growing rose defends;  
I think the honey guarded with a sting;  
All this, beforehand, counsel comprehends;  
But will is deaf and hears no heedful friends;  
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,  
And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

'I have debated, even in my soul,  
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed;  
But nothing can affection's course control,  
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.  
I know repentant tears ensue the deed,  
Reproach, disdain and deadly enmity;  
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy.'

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,  
Which like a falcon towering in the skies,  
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade,  
Whose crooked beak threatens if he mount he dies;  
So under his insulting falchion lies  
Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells  
With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcons' bells.

'Lucrece,' quoth he, 'this night I must enjoy thee;  
If thou deny, then force must work my way,  
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee;  
That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,

To kill thine honour with thy life's decay;  
And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,  
Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

'So thy surviving husband shall remain  
The scornful mark of every open eye;  
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,  
Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy;  
And thou, the author of their obloquy,  
Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rimes,  
And sung by children in succeeding times.

'But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend;  
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted;  
A little harm done to a great good end  
For lawful policy remains unacted.  
The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted  
In a pure compound; being so applied,  
His venom in effect is purified.

'Then for thy husband and thy children's sake,  
Tender my suit: bequeath not to their lot  
The shame that from them no device can take,  
The blemish that will never be forgot;  
Worse than a slavish wipe or birth-hour's blot:  
For marks descried in men's nativity  
Are nature's faults, not their own infamy.'

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye  
He rouseth up himself and makes a pause;  
While she, the picture of pure piety,  
Like a white hind under the gripe's sharp claws,  
Pleads in a wilderness where are no laws,  
To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,  
Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

But when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth threat  
In his dim mist the aspiring mountains hiding,  
From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,  
Which blows these pitchy vapours from their biding,  
Hindering their present fall by this dividing;  
So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,  
And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,  
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth;  
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,  
A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth;  
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth  
No penetrable entrance to her plaining:  
Tears harden lust though marble wear with raining.

# THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fix'd  
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face;  
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mix'd,  
Which to her oratory adds more grace.  
She puts the period often from his place;  
And midst the sentence so her accent  
breaks,  
That twice she doth begin ere once she  
speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,  
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friend-  
ship's oath,  
By her untimely tears, her husband's  
love, 570  
By holy human law, and common troth,  
By heaven and earth, and all the power of  
both,  
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,  
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, 'Reward not hospitality  
With such black payment as thou hast pre-  
tended;  
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to  
thee;  
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended;  
End thy ill aim before thy shoot be ended;  
He is no woodman that doth bend his  
bow 580  
To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

'My husband is thy friend, for his sake  
spare me;  
Thyself art mighty, for thine own sake leave  
me;  
Myself a weakling, do not then ensnare  
me;  
Thou look'st not like deceit, do not deceive  
me:  
My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to  
heave thee.  
If ever man were mov'd with woman's  
moans,  
Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my  
groans:

'All which together, like a troubled ocean,  
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening  
heart, 590  
To soften it with their continual motion;  
For stones dissolv'd to water do convert.  
O! if no harder than a stone thou art,  
Melt at my tears and be compassionate;  
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

'In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee;  
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?  
To all the host of heaven I complain me,  
Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his  
princely name:  
Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the  
same, 600  
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a  
king;  
For kings like gods should govern every  
thing.

'How will thy shame be seeded in thine  
age,  
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring!  
If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,  
What dar'st thou not when once thou art a  
king?  
O! be remember'd; no outrageous thing  
From vassal actors can be wip'd away;  
Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in  
clay.

'This deed will make thee only lov'd for  
fear;  
But happy monarchs still are fear'd for  
love: 610  
With foul offenders thou perforce must  
bear,  
When they in thee the like offences prove:  
If but for fear of this, they will remove;  
For princes are the glass, the school, the  
book,  
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read,  
do look.

'And wilt thou be the school where lust shall  
learn?  
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?  
Wilt thou be glass wherein it shall discern  
Authority for sin, warrant for blame, 620  
To privilege dishonour in thy name?  
Thou back'st reproach against long-living  
laud,  
And mak'st fair reputation but a bawd.

'Hast thou command? by him that gave it  
thee,  
From a pure heart command thy rebel will:  
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,  
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.  
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,  
When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul sin may  
say,  
He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach  
the way? 630

'Think but how vile a spectacle it were,  
To view thy present trespass in another.  
Men's faults do seldom to themselves ap-  
pear;  
Their own transgressions partially they  
smother:  
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy  
brother.  
O! how are they wrapp'd in with infamies  
That from their own misdeeds askance  
their eyes.

'To thee, to thee, my heav'd-up hands ap-  
peal,  
Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier;  
I sue for exil'd majesty's repeal; 640  
Let him return, and flattering thoughts re-  
tire:  
His true respect will prison false desire,  
And wipe the dim mist from thy doting  
eyne,  
That thou shalt see thy state and pity  
mine.'

'Have done,' quoth he; 'my uncontrolled  
 tide  
 Turns not, but swells the higher by this let,  
 Small lets are soon blown out, huge fires  
 abide,  
 And with the wind in greater fury fret:  
 The petty streams that pay a daily debt  
 To thy salt sovereign, with their fresh  
 falls' haste 650  
 Add to his flow, but alter not his taste.'

'Thou art,' quoth she, 'a sea, a sovereign  
 king;  
 And, lo! there falls into thy boundless flood  
 Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgovern-  
 ing,  
 Who seek to taste the ocean of thy blood.  
 If all these petty ills shall change thy good,  
 Thy sea within a puddle's womb is hears'd,  
 And not the puddle in thy sea dispers'd.'

'So shall these slaves be king, and thou  
 their slave;  
 Thou nobly base, they basely dignified; 660  
 Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler  
 grave;  
 Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy  
 pride:  
 The lesser thing should not the greater hide;  
 The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's  
 foot,  
 But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.'

'So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state'—  
 'No more,' quoth he; 'by heaven, I will not  
 hear thee;  
 Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate,  
 Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely  
 tear thee; 669  
 That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee  
 Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,  
 To be thy partner in this shameful doom.'

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,  
 For light and lust are deady enemies:  
 Shame folded up in blind concealing night,  
 When most unseen, then most doth tyrann-  
 ize.  
 The wolf hath seiz'd his prey, the poor lamb  
 cries:  
 Till with her own white fleece her voice  
 controll'd  
 Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold:

For with the nightly linen that she wears 680  
 He pens her piteous clamours in her head,  
 Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears  
 That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.  
 O! that prone lust should stain so pure a  
 bed:  
 The spots whereof could weeping purify,  
 Her tears should drop on them perpetu-  
 ally.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,  
 And he hath won what he would lose again;  
 This forced league doth force a further strife;  
 This momentary joy breeds months of pain;

This hot desire converts to cold disdain: 691  
 Pure Chastity is rifled of her store,  
 And Lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look! as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,  
 Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,  
 Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk  
 The prey wherein by nature they delight;  
 So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night:  
 His taste delicious, in digestion souring,  
 Devours his will, that liv'd by foul devour-  
 ing. 700

O! deeper sin than bottomless conceit  
 Can comprehend in still imagination;  
 Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt,  
 Ere he can see his own abomination.  
 While Lust is in his pride, no exclamation  
 Can curb his heat or rein his rash desire,  
 Till like a jade Self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lank and lean discolour'd  
 cheek,  
 With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless  
 pace, 709  
 Feeble Desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,  
 Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case:  
 The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight  
 with Grace,  
 For there it revels; and when that decays,  
 The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,  
 Who this accomplishment so hotly chas'd;  
 For now against himself he sounds this  
 doom,  
 That through the length of times he stands  
 disgrac'd;  
 Besides, his soul's fair temple is defac'd;  
 To whose weak ruins muster troops of  
 cares, 720  
 To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrec-  
 tion  
 Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,  
 And by their mortal fault brought in sub-  
 jection  
 Her immortality, and made her thrall  
 To living death and pain perpetual:  
 Which in her prescience she controlled  
 still,  
 But her foresight could not forstall their  
 will.

Even in this thought through the dark night  
 he stealeth,  
 A captive victor that hath lost in gain; 730  
 Bearing away the wound that nothing  
 healeth,  
 The scar that will despite of cure remain;  
 Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.  
 She bears the load of lust he left behind,  
 And he the burden of a guilty mind.

He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence,  
 She like a wearied lamb lies panting there;  
 He scowls and hates himself for his offence,  
 She desperate with her nails her flesh doth  
 tear;

## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear, 740  
She stays, exclaiming on the direful night;  
He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loath'd  
delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite,  
She there remains a hopeless castaway;  
He in his speed looks for the morning light,  
She prays she never may behold the day;  
'For day,' quoth she, 'night's scapes doth  
open lay,

And my true eyes have never practis'd  
how

To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

'They think not but that every eye can see  
The same disgrace which they themselves  
behold; 751

And therefore would they still in darkness  
be,

To have their unseen sin remain untold;  
For they their guilt with weeping will un-  
fold,

And grave, like water that doth eat in  
steel,

Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I  
feel.'

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,  
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.  
She wakes her heart by beating on her  
breast,

And bids it leap from thence where it may  
find 760

Some purer chest to close so pure a mind.  
Frantic with grief thus breathes she forth  
her spite

Against the unseen secrecy of night:

'O comfort-killing Night, image of hell!  
Dim register and notary of shame!  
Black stage for tragedies and murders fell!  
Vast sin-concealing chaos! nurse of blame!  
Blind muffled bawd! dark harbour for de-  
fame!

Grim cave of death! whispering conspirator  
With close-tongu'd treason and the  
ravisher! 770

'O hateful, vaporous, and foggy Night!  
Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,  
Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,  
Make war against proportion'd course of  
time;

Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb  
His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,  
Knit poisonous clouds about his golden  
head.

'With rotten damps ravish the morning air;  
Let their exhal'd unwholesome breaths  
make sick

The life of purity, the supreme fair, 780  
Ere he arrive his weary noontide prick;  
And let thy misty vapours march so thick,

That in their smoky ranks his smother'd  
light

May set at noon and make perpetual  
night.

'Were Tarquin Night, as he is but Night's  
child,

The silver-shining queen he would distain;  
Her twinkling handmaids too, by him de-  
fil'd,

Through Night's black bosom should not  
peep again:

So should I have co-partners in my pain;  
And fellowship in woe doth woe as-  
suage, 790

As palmers' chat makes short their pil-  
grimage.

'Where now I have no one to blush with me,  
To cross their arms and hang their heads  
with mine,

To mask their brows and hide their infamy;  
But I alone alone must sit and pine,

Seasoning the earth with showers of silver  
brine,

Mingling my talk with tears, my grief  
with groans,

Poor wasting monuments of lasting  
moans.

'O Night! thou furnace of foul-reeking  
smoke,

Let not the jealous Day behold that face 800  
Which underneath thy black all-hiding  
cloak

Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace:  
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,

That all the faults which in thy reign are  
made

May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade.

'Make me not object to the tell-tale Day!  
The light will show, character'd in my brow,

The story of sweet chastity's decay,  
The impious breach of holy wedlock vow:

Yea, the illiterate, that know not how 810  
To cipher what is writ in learned books,

Will quote my loathsome trespass in my  
looks.

'The nurse, to still her child, will tell my  
story,

And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's  
name;

The orator, to deck his oratory,  
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame;

Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,  
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,

How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

'Let my good name, that senseless reputa-  
tion, 820

For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted:  
If that be made a theme for disputation,

The branches of another root are rotted,  
And undeserv'd reproach to him allotted

That is as clear from this attain of mine,  
As I ere this was pure to Collatine.

'O unseen shame! invisible disgrace!  
O unfelt sore! crest-wounded, private scar!

Reproach is stamp'd in Collatinus' face,  
And Tarquin's eye may read the mot afar, 830

How he in peace is wounded, not in war.

Alas! how many bear such shameful blows,  
Which not themselves, but he that gives them knows.

'If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,  
From me by strong assault it is bereft.  
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,  
Have no perfection of my summer left,  
But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft:  
In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,  
And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept. 840

'Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wrack;  
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him;  
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,  
For it had been dishonour to disdain him:  
Besides, of weariness he did complain him,  
And talk'd of virtue: O! unlook'd-for evil,  
When virtue is profan'd in such a devil.

'Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud?  
Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests?  
Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud?  
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts? 851  
Or kings be breakers of their own behests?  
But no perfection is so absolute,  
That some impurity doth not pollute.

'The aged man that coffers-up his gold  
Is plagu'd with cramps and gout and painful fits;  
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,  
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,  
And useless barns the harvest of his wits;  
Having no other pleasure of his gain 860  
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

'So then he hath it when he cannot use it,  
And leaves it to be master'd by his young;  
Who in their pride do presently abuse it:  
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,  
To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.  
The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sours  
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

'Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring;  
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers; 870  
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing;  
What virtue breeds iniquity devours:  
We have no good that we can say is ours,  
But ill-annexed Opportunity  
Or kills his life, or else his quality.

'O Opportunity! thy guilt is great,  
'T is thou that execut'st the traitor's treason;  
Thou sett'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;  
Whoever plots the sin, thou point'st the season;

'T is thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason;  
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him, 880  
Sits Sin to seize the souls that wander by him.

'Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath;  
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd;  
Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth;  
Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!  
Thou plantest scandal and displacest laud:  
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,  
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

'Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame, 890  
Thy private feasting to a public fast,  
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name,  
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste:  
Thy violent vanities can never last.  
How comes it then, vile Opportunity,  
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

'When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,  
And bring him where his suit may be obtain'd?  
When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end?  
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chain'd? 900  
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain'd?  
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee;  
But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

'The patient dies while the physician sleeps;  
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;  
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;  
Advice is sporting while infection breeds:  
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds:  
Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,  
Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages. 910

'When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,  
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid:  
They buy thy help; but Sin ne'er gives a fee, 870  
He gratis comes; and thou art well appaid  
As well to hear as grant what he hath said.  
My Collatine would else have come to me  
When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee.

'Guilty thou art of murder and of theft,  
Guilty of perjury and subornation,  
Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift, 820  
Guilty of incest, that abomination;  
An accessory by thine inclination  
To all sins past, and all that are to come,  
From the creation to the general doom.

## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

'Misshapen Time, copesmate of ugly Night,  
Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care,  
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,  
Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, vir-  
tue's snare;

Thou nursest all, and murder'st all that are;  
O! hear me then, injurious, shifting Time,  
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

'Why hath thy servant, Opportunity, 932  
Betray'd the hours thou gav'st me to repose?  
Cancell'd my fortunes, and enchained me  
To endless date of never-ending woes?  
Time's office is to fine the hate of foes;  
To eat up errors by opinion bred,  
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

'Time's glory is to calm contending kings,  
To unmask falsehood and bring truth to 840  
light,  
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,  
To wake the morn and sentinel the night,  
To wrong the wronger till he render right,  
To ruinat proud buildings with thy hours,  
And smear with dust their glittering gold-  
en towers;

'To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,  
To feed oblivion with decay of things,  
To blot old books and alter their contents,  
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' 951  
wings,  
To dry the old oak's sap and cherish springs,  
To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,  
And turn the giddy round of Fortune's  
wheel;

'To show the beldam daughters of her  
daughter,  
To make the child a man, the man a child,  
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,  
To tame the unicorn and lion wild, 960  
To mock the subtle in themselves beguil'd,  
To cheer the ploughman with increaseful  
crops,  
And waste huge stones with little water-  
drops.

'Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrim-  
age, 980  
Unless thou could'st return to make  
amends?  
One poor retiring minute in an age  
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand  
friends,  
Lending him wit, that to bad debtors lends:  
O! this dread night, would'st thou one  
hour come back,  
I could prevent this storm and shun thy  
wrack.

'Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,  
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his  
flight:  
Devise extremes beyond extremity,  
To make him curse this cursed crimeful  
night: 970  
Let glistly shadows his lewd eyes affright,

And the dire thought of his committed  
evil  
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless  
devil.

'Disturb his hours of rest with restless  
trances,  
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans;  
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances  
To make him moan, but pity not his moans;  
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than  
stones;  
And let mild women to him lose their  
mildness, 979  
Wildier to him than tigers in their wildness.

'Let him have time to tear his curled hair,  
Let him have time against himself to rave,  
Let him have time of Time's help to despair,  
Let him have time to live a loathed slave,  
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave,  
And time to see one that by alms doth live  
Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

'Let him have time to see his friends his  
foes,  
And merry fools to mock at him resort;  
Let him have time to mark how slow time  
goes 990  
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short  
His time of folly and his time of sport;  
And ever let his unrecalling crime  
Have time to wail the abusing of his time.

'O Time! thou tutor both to good and bad,  
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st  
this ill;  
At his own shadow let the thief run mad,  
Himself himself seek every hour to kill:  
Such wretched hands such wretched blood  
should spill; 999  
For who so base would such an office have  
As slanderous deathsman to so base a  
slave?

'The baser is he, coming from a king,  
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate:  
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing  
That makes him honour'd, or begets him  
hate;  
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.  
The moon being clouded presently is  
miss'd,  
But little stars may hide them when they  
list.

'The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in  
mire,  
And unperceiv'd fly with the filth away; 1010  
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,  
The stain upon his silver down will stay.  
Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glo-  
rious day.  
Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,  
But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye.

'Out, idle words! servants to shallow fools,  
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!  
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools;

Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters;

To trembling clients be you mediators: 1000  
For me, I force not argument a straw,  
Since that my case is past the help of law.

'In vain I rail at Opportunity,  
At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful Night;  
In vain I cavil with mine infamy,  
In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despise;  
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.

The remedy indeed to do me good  
Is to let forth my foul-defiled blood.

'Poor hand, why quiverest thou at this decreel 1030

Honour thyself to rid me of this shame;  
For if I die, my honour lives in thee,  
But if I live, thou liv'st in my defame;  
Since thou could'st not defend thy loyal dame,

And wast afraid to scratch her wicked foe,  
Kill both thyself and her for yielding so.'

This said, from her be-tumbled couch she starteth,

To find some desperate instrument of death;  
But this no slaughterhouse, no tool imparteth  
To make more vent for passage of her breath; 1040

Which, thronging through her lips, so vanisheth

As smoke from Ætna, that in air consumes,

Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

'In vain,' quoth she, 'I live, and seek in vain  
Some happy mean to end a hapless life:  
I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,  
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife:  
But when I fear'd I was a loyal wife:

So am I now: O no! that cannot be; 1049  
Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

'O! that is gone for which I sought to live,  
And therefore now I need not fear to die.  
To clear this spot by death, at least I give  
A badge of fame to slander's livery;  
A dying life to living infamy.

Poor helpless help, the treasure stol'n away,

To burn the guiltless casket where it lay!

'Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know

The stained taste of violated troth;  
I will not wrong thy true affection so. 1050  
To flatter thee with an infringed oath;  
This bastard graff shall never come to growth:

He shall not boast who did thy stock pollute

That thou art doting father of his fruit.

'Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,  
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state;  
But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought

Basely with gold, but stol'n from forth thy gate.

For me, I am the mistress of my fate, 1069  
And with my trespass never will dispense,  
Till life to death acquit my forc'd offence.

'I will not poison thee with my attain't,  
Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuses;  
My sable ground of sin I will not paint,  
To hide the truth of this false night's abuses:  
My tongue shall utter all; mine eyes, like sluices,

As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,

Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale.'

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended 1079  
The well-tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow,  
And solemn night with slow sad gait descended

To ugly hell; when, lo! the blushing morrow

Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow:

But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,  
And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,  
And seems to point her out where she sits weeping;

To whom she sobbing speaks: 'O eye of eyes!

Why pry'st thou through my window? leave thy peeping;

Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleeping; 1090

Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,

For day hath nought to do what's done by night.'

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees:  
True grief is fond and testy as a child,  
Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees:

Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild;

Continuance tames the one; the other wild,  
Like an unpractis'd swimmer plunging still,

With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care, 1100  
Holds disputation with each thing she views,  
And to herself all sorrow doth compare;  
No object but her passion's strength renews,

And as one shifts, another straight ensues:  
Sometime her grief is dumb and hath no words;

Sometime 't is mad and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy  
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody:

For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy;

## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

Sad souls are slain in merry company; 1110  
Grief best is pleas'd with grief's society:  
True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd  
When with like semblance it is sympathy'd.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore;  
He ten times pines that pines beholding food;  
To see the salve doth make the wound ache more;  
Great grief grieves most at that would do it good;  
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,  
Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'erflows;  
Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

'You mocking birds,' quoth she, 'your tunes entomb 1121  
Within your hollow-swelling feather'd breasts,  
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb;  
My restless discord loves no stops nor rests;  
A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests:  
Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears;  
Distress likes dumps when time is kept with tears.

'Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,  
Make thy sad grove in my dishevell'd hair:  
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment, 1030  
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,  
And with deep groans the diapason bear;  
For burden-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,  
While thou on Tereus descant'st better skill.

'And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part  
To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,  
To imitate thee well, against my heart  
Will fix a sharp knife to affright mine eye,  
Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.  
These means, as frets upon an instrument, 1140  
Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

'And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,  
As shaming any eye should thee behold,  
Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,  
That knows not parching heat nor freezing cold,  
Will we find out; and there we will unfold  
To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their kinds:  
Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds.'

As the poor frightened deer, that stands at gaze,  
Wildly determining which way to fly, 1150  
Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,  
That cannot tread the way out readily;

So with herself is she in mutiny,  
To live or die which of the twain were better,  
When life is sham'd, and death reproach's debtor.

'To kill myself,' quoth she, 'alack! what were it,  
But with my body my poor soul's pollution?  
They that lose half with greater patience bear it  
Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion.  
That mother tries a merciless conclusion, 1160  
Who, having two sweet babes, when death takes one  
Will slay the other and be nurse to none.

'My body or my soul, which was the dearer,  
When the one pure, the other made divine?  
Whose love of either to myself was nearer,  
When both were kept for heaven and Collatine?  
Ay me! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,  
His leaves will wither and his sap decay;  
So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

'Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted,  
Her mansion batter'd by the enemy; 1171  
Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,  
Grossly engirt with daring infamy:  
Then let it not be call'd impiety,  
If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole  
Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

'Yet die I will not, till my Collatine  
Have heard the cause of my untimely death;  
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,  
Revenge on him that made me stop my breath. 1180  
My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,  
Which by him tainted shall for him be spent,  
And as his due writ in my testament.

'My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife  
That wounds my body so dishonoured.  
'Tis honour to deprive dishonour'd life;  
The one will live, the other being dead:  
So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred;  
For in my death I murder shameful scorn:  
My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born. 1190

'Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,  
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?  
My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,  
By whose example thou reveng'd may'st be.  
How Tarquin must be us'd, read it in me:  
Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,  
And for my sake serve thou false Tarquin so.

'This brief abridgement of my will I make:  
My soul and body to the skies and ground;  
My resolution, husband, do thou take; 1200  
Mine honour be the knife's that makes my  
wound;  
My shame be his that did my fame con-  
found;  
And all my fame that lives disbursed be  
To those that live, and think no shame of  
me.

'Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will;  
How was I overseen that thou shalt see it!  
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill;  
My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall  
free it.  
Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say "So be  
it:"  
Yield to my hand; my hand shall conquer  
thee: 1210  
Thou dead, both die, and both shall vic-  
tors be.'

This plot of death when sadly she had  
laid,  
And wip'd the brinish pearl from her bright  
eyes,  
With untun'd tongue she hoarsely calls her  
maid,  
Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies;  
For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers  
flies.  
Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem  
so  
As winter meads when sun doth melt  
their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-  
morrow, 1219  
With soft slow tongue, true mark of modesty,  
And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,  
For why her face wore sorrow's livery;  
But durst not ask of her audaciously  
Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,  
Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd  
with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being  
set,  
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye;  
Even so the maid with swelling drops 'gan  
wet  
Her circled eyne, enforc'd by sympathy  
Of those fair suns set in her mistress'  
sky, 1230  
Who in a salt-wav'd ocean quench their  
light,  
Which makes the maid weep like the  
dewy night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,  
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling;  
One justly weeps, the other takes in hand  
No cause but company of her drops spilling;  
Their gentle sex to weep are often willing,  
Grieving themselves to guess at others'  
smarts,  
And then they drown their eyes or break  
their hearts: 1239

For men have marble, women waxen minds,  
And therefore are they form'd as marble  
will;  
The weak oppress'd, the impression of  
strange kinds  
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or  
skill:  
Then call them not the authors of their ill,  
No more than wax shall be accounted evil  
Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a  
devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign  
plain,  
Lays open all the little worms that creep;  
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain  
Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep: 1250  
Through crystal walls each little mote will  
peep:  
Though men can cover crimes with bold  
stern looks, 1255  
Poor women's faces are their own faults'  
books.

No man inveigh against the wither'd  
flower,  
But chide rough winter that the flower hath  
kill'd:  
Not that devour'd, but that which doth  
devour,  
Is worthy blame. O! let it not be hild  
Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd  
With men's abuses: those proud lords, to  
blame,  
Make weak-made women tenants to  
their shame. 1260

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,  
Assail'd by night with circumstances strong  
Of present death, and shame that might  
ensue  
By that her death, to do her husband wrong:  
Such danger to resistance did belong,  
That dying fear through all her body  
spread;  
And who cannot abuse a body dead?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak  
To the poor counterfeit of her complaining:  
'My girl,' quoth she, 'on what occasion  
break 1270  
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks  
are raining?  
If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,  
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my  
mood:  
If tears could help, mine own would do me  
good.

'But tell me, girl, when went,' and there she  
stay'd  
Till after a deep groan, 'Tarquin from  
hence?'  
'Madam, ere I was up,' replied the maid,  
'The more to blame my sluggard negligence;  
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense;  
Myself was stirring ere the break of  
day, 1280  
And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.

## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

'But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,  
She would request to know your heaviness.'  
'O! peace,' quoth Lucrece: 'if it should be  
told,

The repetition cannot make it less;  
For more it is than I can well express:  
And that deep torture may be call'd a hell,  
When more is felt than one hath power to  
tell.

'Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen—  
Yet save that labour, for I have them here.  
What should I say? One of my husband's  
men

Bid thou be ready by and by, to bear  
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear:  
Bid him with speed prepare to carry it;  
The cause craves haste, and it will soon  
be writ.'

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,  
First hovering o'er the paper with her quill:  
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight;  
What wit sets down is blotted straight with  
will;

This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill:  
Much like a press of people at a door  
Throng her inventions, which shall go  
before.

At last she thus begins: 'Thou worthy lord  
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,  
Health to thy person! next vouchsafe t'  
afford.

If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see,  
Some present speed to come and visit me.  
So I commend me from our house in grief:  
My woes are tedious, though my words  
are brief.'

Here folds she up the tenour of her woe, 1310  
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.  
By this short schedule Collatine may  
know

Her grief, but not her grief's true quality:  
She dares not thereof make discovery,  
Lest he should hold it her own gross  
abuse,  
Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd  
excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion  
She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear  
her;

When sighs and groans and tears may grace  
the fashion

Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her  
From that suspicion which the world might  
bear her.

To shun this blot, she would not blot the  
letter

With words, till action might become  
them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear  
them told;

For then the eye interprets to the ear  
The heavy motion that it doth behold,  
When every part a part of woe doth bear:

'T is but a part of sorrow that we hear;  
Deep sounds make lesser noise than  
shallow fords,  
And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind  
of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ  
'At Ardea to my lord, with more than haste.'  
The post attends, and she delivers it,  
Charging the sour-fac'd groom to hie as fast  
As lagging fowls before the northern blast:  
Speed more than speed but dull and slow  
she deems:  
Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villain court'sies to her low;  
And, blushing on her, with a steadfast eye  
Receives the scroll without or yea or no, 1340  
And forth with bashful innocence doth hie:  
But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie  
Imagine every eye beholds their blame;  
For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her  
shame:

When, silly groom! God wot, it was defect  
Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.  
Such harmless creatures have a true respect  
To talk in deeds, while others saucily  
Promise more speed, but do it leisurely:  
Even so this pattern of the worn-out age  
Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to  
gag.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,  
That two red fires in both their faces blaz'd;  
She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tar-  
quin's lust,

And, blushing with him, wistly on him  
gaz'd;

Her earnest eye did make him more amaz'd:  
The more she saw the blood his cheeks  
replenish,  
The more she thought he spied in her  
some blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,  
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone. 1360  
The weary time she cannot entertain,  
For now 't is stale to sigh, to weep, and  
groan:

So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,  
That she her plaints a little while doth  
stay,  
Pausing for means to mourn some newer  
way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a  
piece

Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy;  
Before the which is drawn the power of  
Greece,

For Helen's rape the city to destroy, 1369  
Threat'ning cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy;  
Which the conceited painter drew so  
proud,  
As heaven, it seem'd, to kiss the turrets  
bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,  
In a scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life;  
Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,  
Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife:

The red blood reek'd, to show the painter's strife;

And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,

Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring plover  
Begrim'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust;

And from the towers of Troy there would appear

The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,

Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust:  
Such sweet observance in this work was had,

That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty  
You might behold, triumphing in their faces;  
In youth quick bearing and dexterity; 1389  
And here and there the painter interlaces  
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces;

Which heartless peasants did so well resemble,

That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O! what art  
Of physiognomy might one behold;  
The face of either cipher'd either's heart;  
Their face their manners most expressly told:

In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd;  
But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent  
Show'd deep regard and smiling government. 1400

There pleading might you see brave Nestor stand,

As 't were encouraging the Greeks to fight;  
Making such sober action with his hand,  
That it begu'd attention, charm'd the sight.

In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver white,

Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly

Thin winding breath, which purl'd up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,  
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice;

All jointly listening, but with several graces,  
As if some mermaid did their ears entice, 1411  
Some high, some low, the painter was so nice;

The scalps of many, almost hid behind,  
To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,

His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear;

Here one being throng'd bears back, all boll'n and red;

Another smother'd seems to pelt and swear;  
And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,

As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,  
It seem'd they would debate with angry swords. 1421

For much imaginary work was there;  
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,  
That for Achilles' image stood his spear,  
Grip'd in an armed hand; himself behind  
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind:  
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,  
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy  
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to field, 1430

Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy  
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield;

And to their hope they such odd action yield,

That through their light joy seemed to appear

Like bright things stain'd, a kind of heavy fear.

And from the strand of Dardan, where they fought,

To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,  
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought  
With swelling ridges; and their ranks began 1439

To break upon the galled shore, and than  
Retire again, till meeting greater ranks  
They join and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,

To find a face where all distress is stell'd.  
Many she sees where cares have carved some,

But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,

Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,  
Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,

Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomiz'd 1450  
Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign:

Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguis'd;

Of what she was no semblance did remain;  
Her blue blood chang'd to black in every vein,

Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed,

Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,  
And shapes her sorrow to the beldam's  
woes,  
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,  
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes: 1480  
The painter was no god to lend her those;  
And therefore Lucrece swears he did her  
wrong.  
To give her so much grief and not a  
tongue.

'Poor instrument,' quoth she, 'without a  
sound,  
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting  
tongue,  
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted  
wound,  
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him  
wrong,  
And with my tears quench Troy that burns  
so long,  
And with my knife scratch out the angry  
eyes 1469  
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

'Show me the strumpet that began this stir,  
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.  
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur  
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth  
bear:  
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here;  
And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,  
The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter  
die.

'Why should the private pleasure of some  
one  
Become the public plague of many moe?  
Let sin, alone committed, light alone 1480  
Upon his head that hath transgressed so;  
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe:  
For one's offence why should so many fall,  
To plague a private sin in general?

'Lo! here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,  
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus  
swoonds,  
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,  
And friend to friend gives unadvised  
wounds,  
And one man's lust these many lives con-  
founds:  
Had doting Priam check'd his son's  
desire, 1490  
Troy had been bright with fame and not  
with fire.'

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted  
woes;  
For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,  
Once set on ringing, with his own weight  
goes;  
Then little strength rings out the doleful  
knell:  
So Lucrece, set a-work, sad tales doth tell  
To pencill'd pensiveness and colour'd  
sorrow;  
She lends them words, and she their looks  
doth borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting  
round,  
And whom she finds forlorn she doth  
lament: 1500  
At last she sees a wretched image bound,  
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds  
lent;  
His face, though full of cares, yet show'd  
content;  
Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he  
goes,  
So mild, that Patience seem'd to scorn his  
woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill  
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show  
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing  
still,  
A brow unbent that seem'd to welcome woe;  
Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled  
so 1510  
That blushing red no guilty instance gave,  
Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts  
have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,  
He entertain'd a show so seeming-just,  
And therein so ensconced his secret evil,  
That jealousy itself could not mistrust  
False-keeping craft and perjury should  
thrust  
Into so bright a day such black-fac'd  
storms,  
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like  
forms.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image  
drew 1520  
For perjurd Sinon, whose enchanting story  
The credulous old Priam after slew;  
Whose words like wildfire burnt the shining  
glory  
Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,  
And little stars shot from their fixed  
places,  
When their glass fell wherein they  
view'd their faces.

This picture she advisedly perus'd,  
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill,  
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abus'd;  
So fair a form lodg'd not a mind so ill: 1530  
And still on him she gaz'd, and gazing still,  
Such signs of truth in his plain face she  
spied,  
That she concludes the picture was belied.

'It cannot be,' quoth she, 'that so much  
guile'—  
She would have said 'can lurk in such a  
look';  
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the  
while,  
And from her tongue 'can lurk' from 'can-  
not' took:  
'It cannot be,' she in that sense forsook,  
And turn'd it thus, 'It cannot be, I find,  
But such a face should bear a wicked  
mind: 1540

'For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,  
So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,  
As if with grief or travail he had fainted,  
To me came Tarquin armed; so beguil'd  
With outward honesty, but yet defil'd  
With inward vice: as Priam him did  
cherish,  
So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

'Look, look, how listening Priam wets his  
eyes,  
To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon  
sheds!  
Priam, why art thou old and yet not wise?  
For every tear he falls a Trojan bleeds: 1551  
His eye drops fire, no water thence pro-  
ceeds;  
Those round clear pearls of his, that move  
thy pity,  
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy  
city.

'Such devils steal effects from lightless  
hell;  
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,  
And in that cold hot-burning fire doth dwell;  
These contraries such unity do hold,  
Only to flatter fools and make them bold:  
So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth  
flatter, 1560  
That he finds means to burn his Troy with  
water.'

Here, all enrag'd, such passion her assails,  
That patience is quite beaten from her  
breast.  
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,  
Comparing him to that unhappy guest  
Whose deed hath made herself herself  
detest:  
At last she smilingly with this gives o'er:  
'Fool! fool!' quoth she, 'his wounds will  
not be sore.'

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her  
sorrow,  
And time doth weary time with her com-  
plaining. 1570  
She looks for night, and then she longs for  
morrow,  
And both she thinks too long with her  
remaining:  
Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp  
sustaining;  
Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom  
sleeps;  
And they that watch see time how slow it  
creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her  
thought,  
That she with painted images hath spent;  
Being from the feeling of her own grief  
brought  
By deep surmise of others' detriment;  
Losing her woes in shows of discontent. 1580  
It easeth some, though none it ever  
cur'd,  
To think their dolour others have endur'd.

But now the mindful messenger, come  
back,  
Brings home his lord and other company;  
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning  
black;  
And round about her tear-distained eye  
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the  
sky:  
These water-galls in her dim element  
Foretell new storms to those already  
spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband  
saw, 1590  
Amazedly in her sad face he stares:  
Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red  
and raw,  
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.  
He hath no power to ask her how she fares:  
Both stood like old acquaintance in a  
trance,  
Met far from home, wondering each  
other's chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless  
hand,  
And thus begins: 'What uncouth ill event  
Hath thee befall'n, that thou dost trembling  
stand?  
Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour  
spent? 1600  
Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent?  
Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,  
And tell thy grief, that we may give  
redress.'

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow  
fire,  
Ere once she can discharge one word of  
woe;  
At length address'd to answer his desire,  
She modestly prepares to let them know  
Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe;  
While Collatine and his consorted lords  
With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery  
nest 1611  
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending.  
'Few words,' quoth she, 'shall fit the tres-  
pass best,  
Where no excuse can give the fault amend-  
ing:  
In me moe woes than words are now  
depending;  
And my laments would be drawn out too  
long,  
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

'Then be this all the task it hath to say:  
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed  
A stranger came, and on that pillow  
lay 1620  
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary  
head;  
And what wrong else may be imagined  
By foul enforcement might be done to me,  
From that, alas! thy Lucrece is not  
free.

## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

'For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,  
With shining falchion in my chamber came  
A creeping creature, with a flaming light,  
And softly cried "Awake, thou Roman dame  
And entertain my love; else lasting shame  
On thee and thine this night I will inflict.  
If thou my love's desire do contradict. 1631

' "For some hard-favour'd groom of thine,"  
quoth he,  
"Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,  
I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter  
thee,  
And swear I found you where you did fulfil  
The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill  
The lechers in their deed: this act will be  
My fame, and thy perpetual infamy."

'With this I did begin to start and cry,  
And then against my heart he set his sword,  
Swearing, unless I took all patiently, 1641  
I should not live to speak another word;  
So should my shame still rest upon record,  
And never be forgot in mighty Rome  
The adulterate death of Lucrece and her  
groom.

'Mine enemy was strong, my poor self  
weak,  
And far the weaker with so strong a fear:  
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to  
speak;  
No rightful plea might plead for justice  
there:  
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear 1650  
That my poor beauty had purloin'd his  
eyes;  
And when the judge is robb'd the prisoner  
dies.

'O! teach me how to make mine own  
excuse,  
Or at the least this refuge let me find;  
Though my gross blood be stain'd with this  
abuse,  
Immaculate and spotless is my mind;  
That was not forc'd; that never was inclin'd  
To accessory yieldings, but still pure  
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure.'

Lo! here the hopeless merchant of this loss,  
With head declin'd, and voice damm'd up  
with woe, 1661  
With sad set eyes, and wretched arms across,  
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow  
The grief away that stops his answer so:  
But, wretched as he is, he strives in vain;  
What he breathes out his breath drinks  
up again.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide  
Oustruns the eye that doth behold his haste,  
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride 1669  
Back to the strait that forc'd him on so fast;  
In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past:  
Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a  
saw,  
To push grief on, and back the same grief  
draw,

Which speechless woe of his poor she  
attendeth,  
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh:  
'Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth  
Another power; no flood by raining slaketh.  
My woe too sensible thy passion maketh  
More feeling-painful: let it then suf-  
fice  
To drown one woe, one pair of weeping  
eyes. 1680

'And for my sake, when I might charm thee  
so,  
For she that was thy Lucrece, now attend  
me:  
Be suddenly revenged on my foe,  
Thine, mine, his own: suppose thou dost  
defend me  
From what is past: the help that thou shalt  
lend me  
Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die:  
For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

'But ere I name him, you, fair lords,' quothe  
she,  
Speaking to those that came with Collatine,  
'Shall plight your honourable faiths to  
me, 1690  
With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of  
mine;  
For 't is a meritorious fair design  
To chase injustice with revengeful arms:  
Knights, by their oaths, should right poor  
ladies' harms.'

At this request, with noble disposition  
Each present lord began to promise aid,  
As bound in knighthood to her imposition,  
Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd:  
But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,  
The protestation stops. 'O! speak,'  
quothe she, 1700  
'How may this forced stain be wip'd from  
me?

'What is the quality of mine offence,  
Being constrain'd with dreadful circum-  
stance?  
May my pure mind with the foul act dis-  
pense,  
My low-declin'd honour to advance?  
May any terms acquit me from this chance?  
The poison'd fountain clears itself again;  
And why not I from this compelled stain?'

With this, they all at once began to say, 1709  
Her body's stain her mind untainted clears;  
While with a joyless smile she turns away  
The face, that map which deep impression  
bears  
Of hard misfortune, carv'd in it with tears.  
'No, no,' quothe she, 'no dame, hereafter  
living,  
By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving.'

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would  
break,  
She throws forth Tarquin's name: 'He, he,'  
she says,

But more than 'he' her poor tongue could  
not speak;

Till after many accents and delays, 1719  
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,  
She utters this, 'He, he, fair lords, 't is he,  
That guides this hand to give this wound  
to me.'

Even here she sheathed in her harmless  
breast

A harmful knife, that thence her soul un-  
sheathed:

That blow did bail it from the deep unrest  
Of that polluted prison where it breathed;  
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeathed  
Her winged sprite, and through her  
wounds doth fly

Life's lasting date from cancell'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,  
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew; 1731  
Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed,  
Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw;  
And from the purple fountain Brutus drew  
The murderous knife, and, as it left the  
place,

Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in  
chase;

And bubbling from her breast, it doth  
divide

In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood  
Circles her body in on every side, 1739  
Who like a late-sack'd island, vastly stood,  
Bare and unpeopled in this fearful flood.

Some of her blood still pure and red  
remain'd,

And some look'd black, and that false  
Tarquin stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face  
Of that black blood a watery rigol goes,  
Which seems to weep upon the tainted  
place:

And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,  
Corrupted blood some watery token shows;  
And blood untainted still doth red abide,  
Blushing at that which is so putrified. 1750

'Daughter, dear daughter!' old Lucretius  
cries,

'That life was mine which thou hast here  
depriv'd.

If in the child the father's image lies,  
Where shall I live now Lucrece is unliv'd?  
Thou wast not to this end from me deriv'd.

If children pre-decease progenitors,  
We are their offspring, and they none of  
ours.

'Poor broken glass, I often did behold  
In thy sweet semblance my old age new  
born; 1759

But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,  
Shows me a bare-bon'd death by time out-  
worn.

O! from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn,  
And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,  
That I no more can see what once I was.

'O Time! cease thou thy course, and last  
no longer,

If they surcease to be that should survive.  
Shall rotten death make conquest of the  
stronger,

And leave the faltering feeble souls alive?  
The old bees die, the young possess their  
hive:

Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again and  
see 1771

Thy father die, and not thy father  
thee.'

By this starts Collatine as from a dream,  
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;  
And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding  
stream

He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,  
And counterfeits to die with her a space;

Till manly shame bids him possess his  
breath

And live to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul 1779  
Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his tongue;  
Who, mad that sorrow should his use  
control,

Or keep him from heart-easing words so  
long,

Begins to talk; but through his lips do  
throng

Weak words so thick, come in his poor  
heart's aid,

That no man could distinguish what he  
said.

Yet sometime 'Tarquin' was pronounced  
plain,

But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.  
This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,  
Held back his sorrow's tide to make it more;  
At last it rains, and busy winds give  
o'er: 1790

Then son and father weep with equal  
strife

Who should weep most, for daughter or  
for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,  
Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.  
The father says 'She 's mine.' 'O! mine  
she is,'

Replies her husband; 'do not take away  
My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say  
He weeps for her, for she was only mine,  
And only must be wail'd by Collatine.'

'O!' quoth Lucretius, 'I did give that life 1800  
Which she too early and too late hath spill'd.'

'Woe, woe!' quoth Collatine, 'she was my  
wife,

I ow'd her, and 't is mine that she hath  
kill'd.'

'My daughter' and 'my wife' with clamours  
fill'd

The dispers'd air, who, holding Lucrece'  
life,

Answer'd their cries, 'my daughter' and  
'my wife.'

## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece'  
side,  
Seeing such emulation in their woe,  
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,  
Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.  
He with the Romans was esteemed so 1811  
As silly-jeering idiots are with kings,  
For sportive words and uttering foolish  
things:

But now he throws that shallow habit by,  
Wherein deep policy did him disguise;  
And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,  
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.  
'Thou wronged Lord of Rome,' quoth he,  
'arise:  
Let my unsounded self, suppos'd a fool,  
Now set thy long-experienc'd wit to  
school.

'Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe? 1182  
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help griev-  
ous deeds?  
Is it revenge to give thyself a blow  
For his foul act by whom thy fair wife  
bleeds?  
Such childish humour from weak minds  
proceeds:  
Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,  
To slay herself, that should have slain her  
foe.

'Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart  
In such relenting dew of lamentations;  
But kneel with me and help to bear thy  
part,  
To rouse our Roman gods with invoca-  
tions, 1831

That they will suffer these abominations,  
Since Rome herself in them doth stand  
disgrac'd,  
By our strong arms from forth her fair  
streets chas'd.

'Now, by the Capitol that we adore,  
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stain'd,  
By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat  
earth's store,  
By all our country rights in Rome main-  
tain'd,  
And by chaste Lucrece' soul, that late com-  
plain'd  
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody  
knife, 1840  
We will revenge the death of this true  
wife.

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast.  
And kiss'd the fatal knife to end his vow;  
And to his protestation urg'd the rest,  
Who, wondering at him, did his words allow:  
Then jointly to the ground their knees they  
bow;  
And that deep vow which Brutus made  
before,  
He doth again repeat, and that they  
swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom.  
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece  
thence; 1805  
To show her bleeding body thorough Rome.  
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence:  
Which being done with speedy diligence,  
The Romans plausibly did give consent  
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

# SONNETS

TO THE . ONLIE . BEGETTER . OF .

THESE . INSUING . SONNETS .

MR. W. H. ALL . HAPPINESSE .

AND . THAT . ETERNITIE .

PROMISED .

BY .

OUR EVER-LIVING POET .

WISHETH .

THE WELL-WISHING .

ADVENTURER . IN .

SETTING .

FORTH .

T. T.

## I

FROM fairest creatures we desire increase,  
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,  
But as the ripper should by time decease,  
His tender heir might bear his memory:  
But thou, contracted to thine own bright  
eyes,

Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substan-  
tial fuel,

Making a famine where abundance lies,  
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.  
Thou that art now the world's fresh orna-  
ment

And only herald to the gaudy spring, 10  
Within thine own buduriest thy content  
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggard-  
ing.

Pity the world, or else this glutton be,  
To eat the world's due, by the grave and  
thee.

## II

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow  
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,  
Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,  
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held:  
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,  
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,  
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,  
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless  
praise.

How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's  
use,

If thou could'st answer 'This fair child of  
mine

Shall sum my count and make my old excuse,  
Proving his beauty by succession thine!

This were to be new made when thou art  
old,

And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st  
it cold.

## III

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou  
viewest

Now is the time that face should form an-  
other;

Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,  
Thou dost beguile the world, unless some  
mother.

For where is she so fair whose unear'd womb  
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?

Or who is he so fond will be the tomb  
Of his self-love, to stop posterity?

Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee  
Calls back the lovely April of her prime; 10  
So thou through windows of thine age shalt  
see,

Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.

But if thou live, rememb'red not to be,  
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

## IV

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend  
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?

Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth  
lend,

And being frank, she lends to those are free:  
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou

abuse

The bounteous largess given thee to give?  
 Profitless usurer, why dost thou use  
 So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?  
 For having traffic with thyself alone,<sup>9</sup>  
 Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive:  
 Then how, when Nature calls thee to be  
 gone,  
 What unacceptable audit canst thou leave?  
 Thy unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with  
 thee,  
 Which, used, lives the executor to be.

V

Those hours, that with gentle work did  
 frame  
 The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,  
 Will play the tyrants to the very same  
 And that unfair which fairly doth excel;  
 For never-resting time leads summer on  
 To hideous winter, and confounds him there;  
 Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves  
 quite gone,  
 Beauty o'ersnow'd and bareness every-  
 where:  
 Then, were not summer's distillation left,  
 A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,<sup>10</sup>  
 Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,  
 Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was;  
 But flowers distill'd, though they with  
 winter meet,  
 Leese but their show; their substance  
 still lives sweet.

VI

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface  
 In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:  
 Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some  
 place  
 With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.  
 That use is not forbidden usury,  
 Which happies those that pay the willing  
 loan;  
 That's for thyself to breed another thee,  
 Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;  
 Ten times thyself were happier than thou  
 art,  
 If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee;<sup>10</sup>  
 Then what could death do, if thou should'st  
 depart,  
 Leaving thee living in posterity?  
 Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too  
 fair  
 To be death's conquest and make worms  
 thine heir.

VII

Lo! in the orient when the gracious light  
 Lifts up his burning head, each under eye  
 Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,  
 Serving with looks his sacred majesty;  
 And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly  
 hill,  
 Resembling strong youth in his middle age,  
 Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,  
 Attending on his golden pilgrimage;  
 But when from highest pitch, with weary

car

Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,<sup>10</sup>  
 The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are  
 From his low tract, and look another way:  
 So thou, thyself outgoing in thy noon,  
 Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

VIII

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?  
 Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in  
 joy:  
 Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st  
 not gladly,  
 Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?  
 If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,  
 By unions married, do offend thine ear,  
 They do but sweetly chide thee, who con-  
 founds  
 In singleness the parts that thou should'st  
 bear.  
 Mark how one string, sweet husband to  
 another,  
 Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;<sup>10</sup>  
 Resembling sire and child and happy mother,  
 Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing:  
 Whose speechless song, being many,  
 seeming one,  
 Sings this to thee: 'Thou single wilt prove  
 none.'

IX

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye  
 That thou consum'st thyself in single life?  
 Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,  
 The world will wail thee, like a makeless  
 wife;  
 The world will be thy widow, and still weep  
 That thou no form of thee hast left behind,  
 When every private widow well may keep  
 By children's eyes her husband's shape in  
 mind.  
 Look! what an unthrif in the world doth  
 spend  
 Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys  
 it;<sup>10</sup>  
 But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,  
 And, kept unus'd, the user so destroys it.  
 No love toward others in that bosom sits  
 That on himself such murderous shame  
 commits.

X

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to  
 any,  
 Who for thyself art so unprovident.  
 Grant, if thou wilt, thou art belov'd of many,  
 But that thou none lov'st is most evident;  
 For thou art so possess'd with murderous  
 hate  
 That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to con-  
 spire,  
 Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate  
 Which to repair should be thy chief desire.  
 O! change thy thought, that I may change  
 my mind:  
 Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love?  
 Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,<sup>11</sup>  
 Or to thyself at least kind-hearted prove:  
 Make thee another self, for love of me,  
 That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

## II

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou  
grow'st  
In one of thine, from that which thou de-  
partest;  
And that fresh blood which youngly thou  
bestow'st  
Thou may'st call thine when thou from  
youth convertest.  
Herein lives wisdom, beauty and increase;  
Without this, folly, age and cold decay:  
If all were minded so, the times should cease  
And threescore year would make the world  
away.

Let those whom Nature hath not made for  
store,  
Harsh, featureless and rude, barrenly perish:  
Look, whom she best endow'd she gave the  
more;  
Which bounteous gift thou should'st in  
bounty cherish:  
She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant  
thereby  
Thou should'st print more, nor let that  
copy die.

## XII

When I do count the clock that tells the  
time,  
And see the brave day sunk in hideous  
night;  
When I behold the violet past prime,  
And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white;  
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,  
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,  
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,  
Borne on the bier with white and bristly  
beard,  
Then of thy beauty do I question make,  
That thou among the wastes of time must  
go,  
Since sweets and beauties do themselves  
forsake  
And die as fast as they see others grow;  
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can  
make defence  
Save breed, to brave him when he takes  
thee hence.

## XIII

O! that you were yourself; but, love, you  
are  
No longer yours than you yourself here live:  
Against this coming end you should prepare,  
And your sweet semblance to some other  
give:  
So should that beauty which you hold in  
lease  
Find no determination; then you were  
Yourself again, after yourself's decease,  
When your sweet issue your sweet form  
should bear.  
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,  
Which husbandry in honour might uphold  
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day  
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?  
O! none but unthrifths. Dear my love, you  
know  
You had a father: let your son say so.

## XIV

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck;  
And yet methinks I have astronomy,  
But not to tell of good or evil luck,  
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality;  
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,  
Pointing to each his thunder, rain and wind,  
Or say with princes if it shall go well,  
By oft predict that I in heaven find:  
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,  
And, constant stars, in them I read such art  
As 'Truth and beauty shall together thrive,  
If from thyself to store thou would'st con-  
vert;  
Or else of thee this I prognosticate:  
'Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom  
and date.'

## XV

When I consider every thing that grows  
Holds in perfection but a little moment,  
That this huge stage presenteth nought but  
shows  
Whereon the stars in secret influence com-  
ment;  
When I perceive that men as plants in-  
crease,  
Cheered and check'd even by the self-same  
sky,  
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height de-  
crease,  
And wear their brave state out of memory;  
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay  
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,  
Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,  
To change your day of youth to sullied night;  
And all in war with Time for love of you,  
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

## XVI

But wherefore do not you a mightier way  
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?  
And fortify yourself in your decay  
With means more blessed than my barren  
time?  
Now stand you on the top of happy hours,  
And many maiden gardens, yet unset,  
With virtuous wish would bear your living  
flowers  
Much liker than your painted counterfeit:  
So should the lines of life that life repair,  
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,  
Neither in inward worth nor outward fair,  
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.  
To give away yourself keeps yourself still;  
And you must live, drawn by your own  
sweet skill.

## XVII

Who will believe my verse in time to come,  
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?  
Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a  
tomb  
Which hides your life and shows not half  
your parts.  
If I could write the beauty of your eyes  
And in fresh numbers number all your  
graces,

## SONNETS

The age to come would say, 'This poet lies;  
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly  
faces.'

So should my papers, yellow'd with their  
age,

Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than  
tongue,

And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage  
And stretched metre of an antique song:

But were some child of yours alive that  
time,

You should live twice, in it and in my  
rime.

### XVIII

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate;  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of  
May,

And summer's lease hath all too short a  
date:

Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;  
And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
By chance of nature's changing course un-  
trimm'd;

But thy eternal summer shall not fade,  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st, 10  
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his  
shade,

When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st;  
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can  
see,

So long lives this, and this gives life to  
thee.

### XIX

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,  
And make the earth devour her own sweet  
brood;

Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's  
jaws,

And burn the long-liv'd phoenix in her blood;  
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleets,  
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed  
Time,

To the wide world and all her fading sweets;  
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:  
O! carve not with thy hours my love's fair  
brow,

Nor draw no lines there with thine antique  
pen; 10

Him in thy course untainted do allow  
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.

Yet do thy worst, old Time: despite thy  
wrong,

My love shall in my verse ever live young.

### XX

A woman's face with Nature's own hand  
painted

Hast thou, the master-mistress of my pas-  
sion;

A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted  
With shifting change, as is false women's  
fashion;

An eye more bright than theirs, less false in  
rolling,

Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;

A man in hue all hues in his controlling,  
Which steals men's eyes and women's souls  
amazeth.

And for a woman wert thou first created;  
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-dot-  
ting, 10

And by addition me of thee defeated,  
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.

But since she prick'd thee out for women's  
pleasure,

Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their  
treasure.

### XXI

So is it not with me as with that Muse  
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse,  
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use  
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse,

Making a couplement of proud compare,  
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's  
rich gems,

With April's first-born flowers, and all  
things rare

That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.  
O! let me, true in love, but truly write,

And then believe me, my love is as fair 10  
As any mother's child, though not so bright  
As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air:

Let them say more that like of hear-say  
well;

I will not praise that purpose not to sell.

### XXII

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,  
So long as youth and thou are of one date;  
But when in three time's furrows I behold,  
Then look I death my days should expiate.

For all that beauty that doth cover thee  
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,

Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me:  
How can I then be elder than thou art?

O! therefore, love, be of thyself so wary  
As I, not for myself, but for thee will; 10

Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary  
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.

Presume not on thy heart when mine is  
slain;

Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back  
again.

### XXIII

As an unperfect actor on the stage,  
Who with his fear is put besides his part,

Or some fierce thing replete with too much  
rage,

Whose strength's abundance weakens his  
own heart;

So I, for fear of trust, forget to say  
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,

And in mine own love's strength seem to  
decay.

O'ercharg'd with burden of mine own love's  
might.

O! let my books be then the eloquence 9  
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast,  
Who plead for love, and look for recom-  
pense,

More than that tongue that more hath more  
express'd.

O! learn to read what silent love hath writ:  
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

## XXIV

Mine eye hath play'd the painter and hath stell'd

Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;  
My body is the frame wherein 't is held,  
And perspective it is best painter's art.  
For through the painter must you see his skill,

To find where your true image pictur'd lies,  
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,  
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.

Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done;

Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me

Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun

Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;  
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art.

They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

## XXV

Let those who are in favour with their stars  
Of public honour and proud titles boast,  
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,

Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.  
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread

But as the marigold at the sun's eye,  
And in themselves their pride lies buried,  
For at a frown they in their glory die.

The painful warrior famoused for fight,  
After a thousand victories once foil'd, 10  
Is from the book of honour razed quite,  
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:

Then happy I, that love and am belov'd  
Where I may not remove nor be remov'd.

## XXVI

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage  
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,  
To thee I send this written ambassage,  
To witness duty, not to show my wit:  
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine  
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,

But that I hope some good conceit of thine  
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it;

Till whatsoever star that guides my moving  
Points on me graciously with fair aspect, 10  
And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,  
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:

Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;

Till then not show my head where thou may'st prove me.

## XXVII

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,  
The dear repose for limbs with travel tir'd;

But then begins a journey in my head  
To work my mind, when body's work's expir'd;

For then my thoughts, from far where I abide,

Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,  
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,  
Looking on darkness which the blind do see:  
Save that my soul's imaginary sight 9  
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,  
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,  
Makes black night beauteous and her old face new.

Lo! thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,

For thee, and for myself no quiet find.

## XXVIII

How can I then return in happy plight,  
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?  
When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,  
But day by night, and night by day, oppress'd;

And each, though enemies to either's reign,  
Do in consent shake hands to torture me,  
The one by toil, the other to complain  
How far I toil, still farther off from thee?  
I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright  
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven: 10

So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night;  
When sparkling stars twire not thou gild'st the even.

But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,

And night doth nightly make grief's length seem stronger.

## XXIX

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,

I all alone beweep my outcast state,  
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,

And look upon myself, and curse my fate,  
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,

Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,

With what I most enjoy contented least;  
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,

Haply I think on thee, and then my state,  
Like to the lark at break of day arising 11  
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate:

For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings

That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

## XXX

When in the sessions of sweet silent thought  
I summon up remembrance of things past,  
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,  
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:

Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,

## SONNETS

For precious friends hid in death's dateless  
 night,  
 And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd  
 woe,  
 And moan the expense of many a vanish'd  
 sight:  
 Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,  
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er <sup>10</sup>  
 The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,  
 Which I new pay as if not paid before.  
 But if the while I think on thee, dear  
 friend,  
 All losses are restor'd and sorrows end.

### XXXI

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,  
 Which I by lacking have supposed dead;  
 And there reigns Love, and all Love's loving  
 parts,  
 And all those friends which I thought buried.  
 How many a holy and obsequious tear  
 Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine  
 eye,  
 As interest of the dead, which now appear  
 But things remov'd that hidden in thee lie!  
 Thou art the grave where buried love doth  
 live, <sup>9</sup>  
 Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,  
 Who all their parts of me to thee did give;  
 That due of many now is thine alone:  
 Their images I lov'd I view in thee,  
 And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.

### XXXII

If thou survive my well-contented day,  
 When that churl Death my bones with dust  
 shall cover,  
 And shalt by fortune once more re-survey  
 These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,  
 Compare them with the bettering of the  
 time,  
 And though they be outstripp'd by every  
 pen,  
 Reserve them for my love, not for their  
 rime,  
 Exceeded by the height of happier men.  
 O! then vouchsafe me but this loving  
 thought:  
 'Had my friend's Muse grown with this  
 growing age, <sup>10</sup>  
 A dearer birth than this his love had brought,  
 To march in ranks of better equipage:  
 But since he died, and poets better prove,  
 Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his  
 love.'

### XXXIII

Full many a glorious morning have I seen  
 Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign  
 eye,  
 Kissing with golden face the meadows  
 green,  
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly al-  
 chemy;  
 Anon permit the basest clouds to ride  
 With ugly rack on his celestial face,  
 And from the forlorn world his visage hide,  
 Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:

Even so my sun one early morn did shine <sup>9</sup>  
 With all-triumphant splendour on my brow;  
 But, out, alack! he was but one hour mine,  
 The region cloud hath mask'd him from me  
 now.  
 Yet him for this my love no whit dis-  
 daineth;  
 Suns of the world may stain when heaven's  
 sun staineth.

### XXXIV

Why did'st thou promise such a beauteous  
 day,  
 And make me travel forth without my cloak,  
 To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,  
 Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?  
 'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou  
 break,  
 To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,  
 For no man well of such a salve can speak  
 That heals the wound and cures not the dis-  
 grace:  
 Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief; <sup>9</sup>  
 Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:  
 The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief  
 To him that bears the strong offence's cross.  
 Ah! but those tears are pearl which thy  
 love sheds,  
 And they are rich and ransom all ill deeds.

### XXXV

No more be griev'd at that which thou hast  
 done:  
 Roses have thorns, and silver fountains  
 mud;  
 Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and  
 sun,  
 And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.  
 All men make faults, and even I in this,  
 Authorizing thy trespass with compare,  
 Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,  
 Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are;  
 For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,  
 Thy adverse party is thy advocate, <sup>10</sup>  
 And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence:  
 Such civil war is in my love and hate,  
 That I an accessary needs must be  
 To that sweet thief which sourly robs  
 from me.

### XXXVI

Let me confess that we two must be twain,  
 Although our undivided loves are one:  
 So shall those blots that do with me remain,  
 Without thy help, by me be borne alone.  
 In our two loves there is but one respect,  
 Though in our lives a separable spite,  
 Which, though it alter not love's sole effect,  
 Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's de-  
 light.  
 I may not evermore acknowledge thee, <sup>9</sup>  
 Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,  
 Nor thou with public kindness honour me,  
 Unless thou take that honour from thy  
 name:  
 But do not so; I love thee in such sort  
 As, thou being mine, mine is thy good re-  
 port.

## XXXVII

As a decrepit father takes delight  
To see his active child do deeds of youth,  
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,  
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;  
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,  
Or any of these all, or all, or more,  
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,  
I make my love engrafted to this store:  
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,  
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give 10  
That I in thy abundance am suffic'd  
And by a part of all thy glory live.  
Look, what is best, that best I wish in thee:

This wish I have; then ten times happy  
me!

## XXXVIII

How can my Muse want subject to invent,  
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into  
my verse  
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent  
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?  
O! give thyself the thanks, if aught in me  
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;  
For who's so dumb that cannot write to  
thee,  
When thou thyself dost give invention light?  
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in  
worth 9  
Than those old nine which rimers invoke;  
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth  
Eternal numbers to outlive long date.

If my slight Muse do please these curious  
days,  
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the  
praise.

## XXXIX

O! how thy worth with manners may I sing,  
When thou art all the better part of me?  
What can mine own praise to mine own self  
bring?  
And what is 't but mine own when I praise  
thee?  
Even for this let us divided live,  
And our dear love lose name of single one,  
That by this separation I may give  
That due to thee which thou deserv'st alone.  
O absence! what a torment would'st thou  
prove,  
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet  
leave 10  
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,  
Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth  
deceive,  
And that thou teachest how to make one  
twain,  
By praising him here who doth hence re-  
main.

## XL

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them  
all;  
What hast thou then more than thou hadst  
before?  
No love, my love, that thou may'st true love  
call;

All mine was thine before thou hadst this  
more.

Then if for my love thou my love receivest,  
I cannot blame thee for my love thou usest;  
But yet be blained, if thou thyself deceivest  
By willful taste of what thyself refuseth.  
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,  
Although thou steal thee all my poverty; 10  
And yet love knows it is a greater grief  
To bear love's wrong than hate's known in-  
jury.

Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well  
shows,

Kill me with spites; yet we must not be  
foes.

## XLI

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,  
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,  
Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,  
For still temptation follows where thou art.  
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,  
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd;  
And when a woman woos, what woman's  
son

Will sourly leave her till she have prevail'd?  
Ay me! but yet thou might'st my seat for-  
bear,

And chide thy beauty and thy straying  
youth, 10

Who lead thee in their riot even there  
Where thou art forc'd to break a twofold  
truth;

Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,  
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

## XLII

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,  
And yet it may be said I lov'd her dearly;  
That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,  
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.  
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:  
Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I  
love her;

And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,  
Suffering my friend for my sake to approve  
her.

If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,  
And losing her, my friend hath found that  
loss; 10

Both find each other, and I lose both twain,  
And both for my sake lay on me this cross:

But here's the joy; my friend and I are  
one;

Sweet flattery! then she loves but me  
alone.

## XLIII

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best  
see,

For all the day they view things unrespected;  
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on  
thee,

And, darkly bright, are bright in dark di-  
rected.

Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth  
make bright,

How would thy shadow's form form happy  
show

To the clear day with thy much clearer light.

# SONNETS

When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so!  
How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed  
made  
By looking on thee in the living day, 10  
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade  
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth  
stay!

All days are nights to see till I see thee,  
And nights bright days when dreams do  
show thee me.

## XLIV

If the dull substance of my flesh were  
thought,  
Injurious distance should not stop my way;  
For then, despite of space, I would be  
brought,  
From limits far remote, where thou dost  
stay.  
No matter then although my foot did stand  
Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee;  
For nimble thought can jump both sea and  
land,  
As soon as think the place where he would  
be.  
But, ah! thought kills me that I am not  
thought,  
To leap large lengths of miles when thou  
art gone, 10  
But that, so much of earth and water  
wrought,  
I must attend time's leisure with my moan;  
Receiving nought by elements so slow  
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

## XLV

The other two, slight air and purging fire,  
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;  
The first my thought, the other my desire,  
These present-absent with swift motion  
slide.  
For when these quicker elements are gone  
In tender embassy of love to thee,  
My life, being made of four, with two alone  
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melan-  
choly;  
Until life's composition be recur'd  
By those swift messengers return'd from  
thee, 10  
Who even but now come back again, assur'd  
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:  
This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,  
I send them back again, and straight grow  
sad.

## XLVI

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,  
How to divide the conquest of thy sight;  
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight  
would bar,  
My heart mine eye the freedom of that  
right.  
My heart doth plead that thou in him dost  
lie,  
A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes,  
But the defendant doth that plea deny,  
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.  
To 'cide this title is impannelled 9  
A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;

And by their verdict is determined  
The clear eye's moiety and the dear heart's  
part:  
As thus: mine eye's due is thine outward  
part,  
And my heart's right thine inward love of  
heart.

## XLVII

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,  
And each doth good turns now unto the  
other:  
When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,  
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth  
smother,  
With my love's picture then my eye doth  
feast,  
And to the painted banquet bids my heart;  
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,  
And in his thoughts of love doth share a  
part:  
So, either by thy picture or my love,  
Thyself away art present still with me; 10  
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst  
move,  
And I am still with them and they with thee;  
Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight  
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's  
delight.

## XLVIII

How careful was I, when I took my way,  
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,  
That to my use it might unused stay  
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of  
trust!  
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,  
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest  
grief,  
Thou, best of dearest and mine only care,  
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.  
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,  
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou  
art, 10  
Within the gentle closure of my breast,  
From whence at pleasure thou may'st come  
and part;  
And even thence thou wilt be stol'n, I  
fear,  
For truth proves thievish for a prize so  
dear.

## XLIX

Against that time, if ever that time come,  
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,  
Whenas thy love hath cast his utmost sum,  
Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects;  
Against that time when thou shalt strangely  
pass  
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine  
eye,  
When love, converted from the thing it was,  
Shall reasons find of settled gravity:  
Against that time do I ensconce me here 9  
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,  
And this my hand against myself uprear,  
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:  
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of  
laws,  
Since why to love I can allege no cause.

## L

How heavy do I journey on the way,  
When what I seek, my weary travel's end,  
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,  
'Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy  
friend!'

The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,  
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,  
As if by some instinct the wretch did know  
His rider loved not speed, being made from  
thee:

The bloody spur cannot provoke him on: 9  
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,  
Which heavily he answers with a groan  
More sharp to me than spurring to his side;  
For that same groan doth put this in my  
mind:

My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

## LI

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence  
Of my dull bearer when from thee I speed:  
From where thou art why should I haste me  
thence?

Till I return, of posting is no need.  
O! what excuse will my poor beast then  
find.

When swift extremity can seem but slow?  
Then should I spur, though mounted on the  
wind,

In winged speed no motion shall I know:  
Then can no horse with my desire keep  
pace;

Therefore desire, of perfect'st love being  
made, 10

Shall neigh—no dull flesh—in his fiery race;  
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my  
jade:

'Since from thee going he went wilful-  
slow,

Towards thee I 'll run and give him leave  
to go.'

## LII

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key  
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked  
treasure,

The which he will not every hour survey,  
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.

Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,  
Since, seldom coming, in the long year set,  
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,  
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.

So is the time that keeps you as my chest, 9  
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth  
hide,

To make some special instant special blest,  
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.

Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives  
scope,

Being had, to triumph; being lack'd, to  
hope.

## LIII

What is your substance, whereof are you  
made,

That millions of strange shadows on you  
tend?

Since every one hath, every one, one shade,  
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.  
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit  
Is poorly imitated after you;

On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,  
And you in Grecian tires are painted new:  
Speak of the spring and foison of the year,  
The one doth shadow of your beauty show, 10  
The other as your bounty doth appear;  
And you in every blessed shape we know.

In all external grace you have some part,  
But you like none, none you, for constant  
heart.

## LIV

O! how much more doth beautyauteous  
seem

By that sweet ornament which truth doth  
give:

The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem  
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.  
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye  
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,  
Hang on such thorns, and plays as wantonly  
When summer's breath their masked buds  
discloses:

But, for their virtue only is their show,  
They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade; 10  
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;  
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours  
made:

And so of you, beautyauteous and lovely  
youth,

When that shall vade, my verse distills  
your truth.

## LV

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments  
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rime;  
But you shall shine more bright in these  
contents

Than unswept stone, besmear'd with slut-  
tish time.

When wasteful war shall statues overturn,  
And broils root out the work of masonry,  
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire  
shall burn

The living record of your memory.  
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity  
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still  
find room 10

Even in the eyes of all posterity  
That wear this world out to the ending doom.

So, till the judgment that yourself arise,  
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

## LVI

Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said  
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,  
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,  
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might:  
So, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill  
Thy hungry eyes even till they wink with  
fulness,

To-morrow see again, and do not kill  
The spirit of love with a perpetual dullness.  
Let this sad interim like the ocean be  
Which parts the shore, where two con-  
tracted new

Come daily to the banks, that, when they  
 see  
 Return of love, more bless'd may be the  
 view;  
 Else call it winter, which, being full of care  
 Makes summer's welcome thrice more  
 wish'd, more rare.

LVII

Being your slave, what should I do but  
 tend  
 Upon the hours and times of your desire?  
 I have no precious time at all to spend,  
 Nor services to do, till you require.  
 Nor dare I chide the world-without-end  
 hour  
 Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for  
 you,  
 Nor think the bitterness of absence sour  
 When you have bid your servant once adieu;  
 Nor dare I question with my jealous thought  
 Where you may be, or your affairs sup-  
 pose,<sup>10</sup>  
 But, like a sad slave, stay and think of  
 nought  
 Save, where you are how happy you make  
 those.  
 So true a fool is love that in your will,  
 Though you do any thing, he thinks no ill.

LVIII

That god forbid that made me first your  
 slave,  
 I should in thought control your times of  
 pleasure,  
 Or at your hand the account of hours to  
 crave,  
 Being your vassal, bound to stay your  
 leisure!  
 O! let me suffer, being at your beck,  
 The imprison'd absence of your liberty;  
 And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each  
 check,  
 Without accusing you of injury.  
 Be where you list, your charter is so strong  
 That you yourself may privilege your  
 time<sup>15</sup>  
 To what you will; to you it doth belong  
 Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.  
 I am to wait, though waiting so be hell,  
 Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

LIX

If there be nothing new, but that which is  
 Hath been before, how are our brains  
 beguil'd,  
 Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss  
 The second burthen of a former child!  
 O! that record could with a backward look,  
 Even of five hundred courses of the sun,  
 Show me your image in some antique book,  
 Since mind at first in character was done:  
 That I might see what the old world could  
 say  
 To this composed wonder of your frame; 10  
 Whe'r we are mended, or whe'r better  
 they.

Or whether revolution be the same.  
 O! sure I am, the wits of former days  
 To subjects worse have given admiring  
 praise.

LX

Like as the waves make towards the  
 pebbled shore,  
 So do our minutes hasten to their end;  
 Each changing place with that which goes  
 before,  
 In sequent toil all forwards do contend.  
 Nativity, once in the main of light,  
 Crawls to maturity, wherewith being  
 crown'd,  
 Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,  
 And Time that gave doth now his gift con-  
 found.  
 Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth  
 And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,  
 Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth, 11  
 And nothing stands but for his scythe to  
 mow:  
 And yet to times in hope my verse shall  
 stand,  
 Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXI

Is it thy will thy image should keep open  
 My heavy eyelids to the weary night?  
 Dost thou desire my slumbers should be  
 broken,  
 While shadows like to thee do mock my  
 sight?  
 Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee  
 So far from home into my deeds to pry,  
 To find out shames and idle hours in me,  
 The scope and tenour of thy jealousy?  
 O, no! thy love, thought much, is not so  
 great:  
 It is my love that keeps mine eye awake; 10  
 Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,  
 To play the watchman ever for thy sake:  
 For thee watch I whil'st thou dost wake  
 elsewhere,  
 From me far off, with others all too near.

LXII

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye  
 And all my soul and all my every part;  
 And for this sin there is no remedy,  
 It is so grounded inward in my heart.  
 Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,  
 No shape so true, no truth of such account;  
 And for myself mine own worth do define,  
 As I all other in all worths surmount.  
 But when my glass shows me myself indeed,  
 Bated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,  
 Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;  
 Self so self-loving were iniquity. 12  
 'T is thee, myself, that for myself I  
 praise,  
 Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXIII

Against my love shall be, as I am now,  
 With Time's injurious hand crush'd and  
 o'erworn:

When hours have drain'd his blood and  
fill'd his brow

With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful  
morn

Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night;  
And all those beauties whereof now he's  
king

Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,  
Stealing away the treasure of his spring;  
For such a time do I now fortify  
Against confounding age's cruel knife, 10  
That he shall never cut from memory  
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's  
life:

His beauty shall in these black lines be  
seen,

And they shall live, and he in them still  
green.

## LXIV

When I have seen by Time's fell hand  
defac'd

The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age;  
When sometime lofty towers I see down-  
raz'd,

And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;  
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain  
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,  
And the firm soil win of the watery main,  
Increasing store with loss and loss with  
store;

When I have seen such interchange of state,  
Or state itself confounded to decay; 10  
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminare,  
That Time will come and take my love  
away.

This thought is as a death, which cannot  
choose

But weep to have that which it fears to  
lose.

## LXV

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor  
boundless sea,

But sad mortality o'ersways their power,  
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,  
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?  
O! how shall summer's honey breath hold  
out

Against the wreckful siege of battering days,  
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,  
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time  
decays?

O fearful meditation! where, alack!  
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest  
lie hid? 10

Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot  
back?

Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?  
O! none, unless this miracle have might,  
That in black ink my love may still shine  
bright.

## LXVI

Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry,—  
As, to behold desert a beggar born,  
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,  
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,  
And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,  
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,  
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,

And strength by limping sway disabled,  
And art made tongue-tied by authority,  
And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill, 10  
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,  
And captive good attending captain ill:

Tir'd with all these, from these would I be  
gone,

Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

## LXVII

Ah! wherefore with infection should he  
live

And with his presence grace impiety,  
That sin by him advantage should achieve  
And lace itself with his society?

Why should false painting imitate his cheek,  
And steal dead seeming of his living hue?

Why should poor beauty indirectly seek  
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?

Why should he live, now Nature bankrupt is,  
Beggard of blood to blush through lively  
veins?

For she hath no exchequer now, but his, 11  
And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.

O! him she stores, to show what wealth  
she had

In days long since, before these last so  
bad.

## LXVIII

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,  
When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do  
now,

Before these bastard signs of fair were born,  
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;

Before the golden tresses of the dead,  
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,

To live a second life on second head;  
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:

In him those holy antique hours are seen  
Without all ornament, itself and true, 10

Making no summer of another's green,  
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;

And him as for a map doth Nature store,  
To show false Art what beauty was of  
yore.

## LXIX

Those parts of thee that the world's eye  
doth view

Want nothing that the thought of hearts can  
mend;

All tongues, the voice of souls, give thee  
that due,

Uttering bare truth, even so as foes com-  
mend,

Thy outward thus with outward praise is  
crown'd;

But those same tongues, that give thee so  
thine own,

In other accents do this praise confound  
By seeing farther, than the eye hath shown.

They look into the beauty of thy mind,  
And that, in guess, they measure by thy  
deeds; 10

Then, churls, their thoughts, although  
their eyes were kind,

To thy fair flower add the rank smell of  
weeds:

But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,  
The soil is this, that thou dost common  
grow.

LXX

That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,  
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;  
The ornament of beauty is suspect,  
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.  
So thou be good, slander doth but approve  
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time;  
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,  
And thou present'st a pure, unstained prime.  
Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young  
days,

Either not assail'd, or victor being charg'd;  
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,  
To tie up envy evermore enlarg'd:

If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,  
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts  
should'st owe.

LXXI

No longer mourn for me when I am dead  
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell  
Give warning to the world that I am fled  
From this vile world, with vilest worms to  
dwell:

Nay, if you read this line, remember not  
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,  
That I in your sweet thoughts would be  
forgot,

If thinking on me then should make you  
woe.

O! if, I say, you look upon this verse 9  
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,  
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,  
But let your love even with my life decay;

Lest the wise world should look into your  
moan,

And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXII

O! lest the world should task you to recite  
What merit lived in me, that you should love  
After my death, dear love, forget me quite,  
For you in me can nothing worthy prove;  
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,  
To do more for me than mine own desert,  
And hang more praise upon deceased I  
Than niggard truth would willingly impart:  
O! lest your true love may seem false in  
this,

That you for love speak well of me untrue,  
My name be buried where my body is, 11  
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.

For I am sham'd by that which I bring  
forth,

And so should you, to love things nothing  
worth.

LXXIII

That time of year thou may'st in me behold  
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do  
hang

Upon those boughs which shake against the  
cold,

Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet  
birds sang,

In me thou see'st the twilight of such day  
As after sunset fadeth in the west;  
Which by and by black night doth take  
away,

Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.  
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,  
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie, 10  
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,  
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd  
by.

This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy  
love more strong,

To love that well which thou must leave  
ere long.

LXXIV

But be contented: when that fell arrest  
Without all bail shall carry me away,  
My life hath in this line some interest,  
Which for memorial still with thee shall  
stay.

When thou reviewest this, thou dost review  
The very part was consecrate to thee:  
The earth can have but earth, which is his  
due;

My spirit is thine, the better part of me:  
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of  
life,

The prey of worms, my body being dead; 10  
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,  
Too base of thee to be remembered.

The worth of that is that which it contains,  
And that is this, and this with thee  
remains.

LXXV

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,  
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the  
ground;

And for the peace of you I hold such strife  
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found;  
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon  
Doubting the filching age will steal his  
treasure;

Now counting best to be with you alone,  
Then better'd that the world may see my  
pleasure:

Sometime, all full with feasting on your  
sight,

And by and by clean starved for a look; 10  
Possessing or pursuing no delight,  
Saw what is had or must from you be took.

Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,  
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

LXXVI

Why is my verse so barren of new pride,  
So far from variation or quick change?  
Why with the time do I not glance aside  
To new-found methods and to compounds  
strange?

Why write I still all one, ever the same,  
And keep invention in a noted weed,  
That every word doth almost tell my name,  
Showing their birth and where they did  
proceed?

O! know, sweet love, I always write of you,  
And you and love are still my argument; 10  
So all my best is dressing old words new,

Spending again what is already spent:  
 For as the sun is daily new and old,  
 So is my love still telling what is told.

## LXXVII

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties  
 wear,  
 Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;  
 The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will  
 bear,  
 And of this book this learning may'st thou  
 taste.  
 The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show  
 Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;  
 Thou by thy dial's shady stealth may'st  
 know  
 Time's thievish progress to eternity.  
 Look! what thy memory cannot contain  
 Commit to these waste blanks, and thou  
 shalt find  
 Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy  
 brain,  
 To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.  
 These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,  
 Shall profit thee and much enrich thy  
 book.

## LXXVIII

So oft have I invok'd thee for my Muse  
 And found such fair assistance in my verse  
 As every alien pen hath got my use  
 And under thee their poesy disperse.  
 Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to  
 sing  
 And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,  
 Have added feathers to the learned's wing  
 And given grace a double majesty.  
 Yet be most proud of that which I compile,  
 Whose influence is thine and born of thee:  
 In others' works thou dost but mend the  
 style,  
 And arts with thy sweet graces graced be;  
 But thou art all my art, and dost advance  
 As high as learning my rude ignorance.

## LXXIX

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,  
 My verse alone had all thy gentle grace;  
 But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,  
 And my sick Muse doth give another place.  
 I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument  
 Deserves the travail of a worthier pen;  
 Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent  
 He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.  
 He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word  
 From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give,  
 And found it in thy cheek; he can afford  
 No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.  
 Then thank him not for that which he  
 doth say,  
 Since what he owes thee thou thyself  
 dost pay.

## LXXX

O! how I faint when I of you do write,  
 Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,  
 And in the praise thereof spends all his  
 might,

To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your  
 fame.

But since your worth, wide as the ocean is,  
 The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,  
 My saucy bark, inferior far to his,  
 On your broad main doth wilfully appear.  
 Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,  
 Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth  
 ride;  
 Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,  
 He of tall building and of goodly pride:  
 Then if he thrive and I be cast away,  
 The worst was this: my love was my  
 decay.

## LXXXI

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,  
 Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;  
 From hence your memory death cannot take,  
 Although in me each part will be forgotten.  
 Your name from hence immortal life shall  
 have,  
 Though I, once gone, to all the world must  
 die:  
 The earth can yield me but a common grave,  
 When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.  
 Your monument shall be my gentle verse,  
 Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;  
 And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,  
 When all the breathers of this world are  
 dead;  
 You still shall live, such virtue hath my  
 pen,  
 Where breath most breathes, even in the  
 mouths of men.

## LXXXII

I grant thou wert not married to my Muse,  
 And therefore may'st without attain't o'er-  
 look  
 The dedicated words which writers use  
 Of their fair subject, blessing every book.  
 Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,  
 Finding thy worth a limit past my praise;  
 And therefore art enforc'd to seek anew  
 Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering  
 days.  
 And do so, love; yet when they have  
 devis'd  
 What strained touches rhetoric can lend,  
 Thou truly fair wert truly sympathiz'd  
 In true plain words by thy true-telling  
 friend;  
 And their gross painting might be better  
 us'd  
 Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is  
 abus'd.

## LXXXIII

I never saw that you did painting need,  
 And therefore to your fair no painting set;  
 I found, or thought I found, you did exceed  
 The barren tender of a poet's debt:  
 And therefore have I slept in your report,  
 That you yourself, being extant, well might  
 show  
 How far a modern quill doth come too short,  
 Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth  
 grow.

This silence for my sin you did impute, 9  
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;  
For I impair not beauty being mute,  
When others would give life and bring a tomb.

There lives more life in one of your fair eyes  
Than both your poets can in praise devise.

## LXXXIV

Who is it that says most? which can say more  
Than this rich praise, that you alone are you?

In whose confine immured is the store  
Which should example where your equal grew.

Lean penury within that pen doth dwell  
That to his subject lends not some small glory;

But he that writes of you, if he can tell  
That you are you, so dignifies his story.  
Let him but copy what in you is writ,  
Not making worse what nature made so clear, 10

And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,  
Making his style admired every where.

You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,

Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

## LXXXV

My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still,

While comments of your praise, richly compil'd,

Reserve their character with golden quill,  
And precious phrase by all the Muses fil'd.  
I think good thoughts, whilst other write good words,

And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry 'Amen'  
To every hymn that able spirit affords  
In polish'd form of well-refined pen.

Hearing you prais'd, I say 'T is so, 't is true,'

And to the most of praise add something more; 10

But that is in my thought, whose love to you,  
Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before.

Then others for the breath of words respect,

Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

## LXXXVI

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,  
Bound for the prize of all too precious you,  
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,

Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?

Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write  
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?  
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night  
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.

He, nor that affable familiar ghost

Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,  
As victors of my silence cannot boast;

I was not sick of any fear from thence:  
But when your countenance fill'd up his line,  
Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebld mine.

## LXXXVII

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,

And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:  
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;

My bonds in thee are all determinate.

For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?

And for that riches where is my deserving?

The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,

And so my patent back again is swerving.

Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,

Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking; 10

So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,  
Comes home again, on better judgment making.

Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,

In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

## LXXXVIII

When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,

And place my merit in the eye of scorn,

Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,

And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.

With mine own weakness being best acquainted,

Upon thy part I can set down a story

Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted;

That thou in losing me shalt win much glory:

And I by this will be a gainer too; 9

For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,

The injuries that to myself I do,

Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.

Such is my love, to thee I so belong,

That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

## LXXXIX

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,

And I will comment upon that offence:

Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,

Against thy reasons making no defence.

Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,

To set a form upon desired change,

As I'll myself disgrace; knowing thy will,

I will acquaintance strangle and look strange;

Be absent from thy walks; and in my tongue 9

Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell,

Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong,

And haply of our old acquaintance tell.

For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,

For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

## XC

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;  
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to  
cross,

Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,  
And do not drop in for an after-loss:

Ah! do not, when my heart hath 'scap'd this  
sorrow,

Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;  
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,  
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.

If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,  
When other petty griefs have done their  
spite,

But in the onset come: so shall I taste  
At first the very worst of fortune's might;

And other strains of woe, which now seem  
woe,

Compar'd with loss of thee will not seem  
so.

## XCI

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,  
Some in their wealth, some in their body's  
force;

Some in their garments, though new-fangled  
ill;

Some in their hawks and hounds, some in  
their horse;

And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,  
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest:

But these particulars are not my measure;  
All these I better in one general best.

Thy love is better than high birth to me,  
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments'  
cost,

Of more delight than hawks or horses be;  
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast:

Wretched in this alone, that thou may'st  
take

All this away and me most wretched make.

## XCII

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,  
For term of life thou art assured mine;  
And life no longer than thy love will stay,  
For it depends upon that love of thine.

Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,  
When in the least of them my life hath end.  
I see a better state to me belongs

Than that which on thy humour doth de-  
pend:

Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,  
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.

O! what a happy title do I find,  
Happy to have thy love, happy to die:

But what 's so blessed-fair that fears no  
blot?

Thou may'st be false, and yet I know it  
not.

## XCIII

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,  
Like a deceived husband; so love's face  
May still seem love to me, though alter'd  
new;

Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:  
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,  
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.

In many's looks the false heart's history  
Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles  
strange.

But heaven in thy creation did decree  
That in thy face sweet love should ever  
dwell;

Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's work-  
ings be,

Thy looks should nothing thence but sweet-  
ness tell.

How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty  
grow,

If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

## XCIV

They that have power to hurt and will do  
none,

That do not do the thing they most do show,  
Who, moving others, are themselves as  
stone,

Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow;  
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces

And husband nature's riches from expense;  
They are the lords and owners of their faces,

Others but stewards of their excellence.  
The summer's flower is to the summer  
sweet,

Though to itself it only live and die,

But if that flower with base infection meet,  
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:

For sweetest things turn sourest by their  
deeds;

Lilies that fester smell far worse than  
weeds.

## XCV

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the  
shame

Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,  
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!

O! in what sweets dost thou thy sins en-  
close;

That tongue that tells the story of thy days,  
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,

Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;  
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.

O! what a mansion have those vices got

Which for their habitation chose out thee,  
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,

And all things turn to fair that eyes can see.  
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privi-  
lege;

The hardest knife ill-us'd doth lose his  
edge.

## XCVI

Some say, thy fault is youth, some wanton-  
ness;

Some say, thy grace is youth and gentle  
sport;

Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and  
less:

Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee re-  
sort.

As on the finger of a throned queen  
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd,

So are those errors that in thee are seen  
To truths translated and for true things  
deem'd.

How many lambs might the stern wolf be-  
tray,  
If like a lamb he could his looks translate ! 10  
How many gazers might'st thou lead away,  
If thou would'st use the strength of all thy  
state !  
But do not so : I love thee in such sort,  
As thou being mine, mine is thy good  
report.

## XCVII

How like a winter hath my absence been  
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year !  
What freezings have I felt, what dark days  
seen !  
What old December's bareness every where !  
And yet this time remov'd was summer's  
time ;  
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,  
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,  
Like widow'd wombs after their lord's de-  
cease :  
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me  
But hope of orphans and unfather'd fruit ; 10  
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,  
And, thou away, the very birds are mute :  
Or, if they sing, 't is with so dull a cheer  
That leaves look pale, dreading the win-  
ter's near.

## XCVIII

From you have I been absent in the spring,  
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his  
trim,  
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,  
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with  
him.  
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell  
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,  
Could make me any summer's story tell,  
Or from their proud lap pluck them where  
they grew :  
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,  
Nor praise the deep vermillion in the rose ; 10  
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,  
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.  
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,  
As with your shadow I with these did play.

## XCIX

The forward violet thus did I chide :  
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy  
sweet that smells,  
If not from my love's breath ? The purple  
pride  
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion  
dwells  
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dy'd.  
The lily I condemn'd for thy hand,  
And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair ;  
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,  
One blushing shame, another white despair ;  
A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both,  
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath ;  
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth  
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.  
More flowers I noted, yet I none could  
see  
But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee.

## C

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so  
long  
To speak of that which gives thee all thy  
might ?  
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless  
song,  
Dark'ning thy power to lend base subjects  
light ?  
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight re-  
deem  
In gentle numbers time so idly spent ;  
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem  
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.  
Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face sur-  
vey,  
If Time have any wrinkle graven there ; 10  
If any, be a satire to decay,  
And make Time's spoils despised every  
where.  
Give my love fame faster than Time  
wastes life ;  
So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked  
knife.

## CI

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends  
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd ?  
Both truth and beauty on my love depends ;  
So dost thou too, and therein dignified.  
Make answer, Muse : wilt thou not haply  
say,  
'Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd ;  
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay ;  
But best is best, if never intermix'd ?'  
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be  
dumb ?  
Excuse not silence so ; for 't lies in thee 10  
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb  
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.  
Then do thy office, Muse ; I teach thee  
how  
To make him seem long hence as he  
shows now.

## CII

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak  
in seeming ;  
I love not less, though less the show appear :  
That love is merchandis'd whose rich es-  
teeming  
The owner's tongue doth publish every  
where.  
Our love was new, and then but in the  
spring,  
When I was wont to greet it with my lays ;  
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,  
And stops her pipe in growth of ripper days :  
Not that the summer is less pleasant now  
Than when her mournful hymns did hush  
the night, 10  
But that that wild music burthens every bough,  
And sweets grown common lose their dear  
delight.  
Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my  
tongue,  
Because I would not dull you with my  
song.

## CIII

Alack! what poverty my Muse brings forth,  
 That having such a scope to show her pride,  
 The argument, all bare, is of more worth  
 Than when it hath my added praise beside.  
 O! blame me not, if I no more can write;  
 Look in your glass, and there appears a face  
 That over-goes my blunt invention quite,  
 Dulling my lines and doing me disgrace.  
 Were it not sinful then striving to mend,  
 To mar the subject that before was well? 10  
 For to no other pass my verses tend  
 Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;  
 And more, much more, than in my verse  
 can sit  
 Your own glass shows you when you look  
 in it.

## CIV

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,  
 For as you were when first your eye I eyed,  
 Such seems your beauty still. Three win-  
 ters cold  
 Have from the forests shook three sum-  
 mers' pride,  
 Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn  
 turn'd  
 In process of the seasons have I seen,  
 Three April perfumes in three hot Junes  
 burn'd,  
 Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are  
 green.  
 Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand, 9  
 Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd;  
 So your sweet hue, which methinks still  
 doth stand,  
 Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd:  
 For fear of which, hear this, thou age un-  
 bred:  
 Ere you were born was beauty's summer  
 dead.

## CV

Let not my love be call'd idolatry.  
 Nor my beloved as an idol show,  
 Since all alike my songs and praises be  
 To one, of one, still such, and ever so.  
 Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,  
 Still constant in a wondrous excellence;  
 Therefore my verse to constancy confin'd,  
 One thing expressing, leaves out difference.  
 'Fair, kind, and true,' is all my argument,  
 'Fair, kind, and true,' varying to other  
 words; 10  
 And in this change is my invention spent,  
 Three themes in one, which wondrous  
 scope affords.  
 'Fair, kind, and true,' have often liv'd  
 alone.  
 Which three till now never kept seat in  
 one.

## CVI

When in the chronicle of wasted time  
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,  
 And beauty making beautiful old rime  
 In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,  
 Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,

Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,  
 I see their antique pen would have express'd  
 Even such a beauty as you master now.  
 So all their praises are but prophecies  
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring;  
 And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,  
 They had not skill enough your worth to sing:  
 For we, which now behold these present  
 days,  
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to  
 praise.

## CVII

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul  
 Of the wide world dreaming on things to  
 come,  
 Can yet the lease of my true love control,  
 Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.  
 The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,  
 And the sad augurs mock their own presage;  
 Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,  
 And peace proclaims olives of endless age.  
 Now with the drops of this most balmy time  
 My love looks fresh, and Death to me sub-  
 scribes, 10  
 Since, spite of him, I 'll live in this poor rime,  
 While he insults o'er dull and speechless  
 tribes:  
 And thou in this shalt find thy monument,  
 When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass  
 are spent.

## CVIII

What's in the brain that ink may character  
 Which hath not figur'd to thee my true  
 spirit?  
 What's new to speak, what new to register,  
 That may express my love, or thy dear  
 merit?  
 Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers  
 divine,  
 I must each day say o'er the very same;  
 Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I  
 thine,  
 Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.  
 So that eternal love in love's fresh case  
 Weighs not the dust and injury of age, 10  
 Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,  
 But makes antiquity for aye his page;  
 Finding the first conceit of love there bred  
 Where time and outward form would  
 show it dead.

## CIX

O! never say that I was false of heart,  
 Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.  
 As easy might I from myself depart  
 As from my soul, which in thy breast doth  
 lie:  
 That is my home of love: if I have rang'd,  
 Like him that travels, I return again,  
 Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd,  
 So that myself bring water for my stain.  
 Never believe, though in my nature reign'd  
 All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood, 10  
 That it could so preposterously be stain'd,  
 To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;  
 For nothing this wide universe I call,  
 Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

CX

Alas! 't is true I have gone here and there,  
And made myself a motley to the view,  
Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what  
is most dear,

Made old offences of affections new;  
Most true it is that I have look'd on truth  
Askance and strangely; but, by all above,  
These blenches gave my heart another  
youth,

And worse essays prov'd thee my best of  
love.

Now all is done, have what shall have no  
end:

Mine appetite I never more will grind 10  
On newer proof, to try an older friend,  
A god in love, to whom I am confin'd.

Then give me welcome, next my heaven  
the best,

Even to thy pure and most most loving  
breast.

CXI

O! for my sake do you with Fortune chide,  
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,  
That did not better for my life provide  
Than public means which public manners  
breeds.

Thence comes it that my name receives a  
brand,

And almost thence my nature is subdued  
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:

Pity me then and wish I were renew'd;  
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink 9

Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection;  
No bitterness that I will bitter think,

Nor double penance, to correct correction.  
Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye

Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXII

Your love and pity doth the impression fill  
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my  
brow;

For what care I who calls me well or ill,  
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?

You are my all the world, and I must strive  
To know my shames and praises from your  
tongue;

None else to me, nor I to none alive,  
That my steel'd sense or changes right or  
wrong.

In so profound abysm I throw all care  
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense 10

To critic and to flatterer stopped are.  
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:

You are so strongly in my purpose bred  
That all the world besides methinks

are dead.

CXIII

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind,  
And that which governs me to go about

Doth part his function and is partly blind,  
Seems seeing, but effectually is out;

For it no form delivers to the heart  
Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth  
latch:

Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,  
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;  
For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight, 9  
The most sweet favour or deformed'st crea-  
ture,

The mountain or the sea, the day or night,  
The crow or dove, it shapes them to your  
feature:

Incapable of more, replete with you,  
My most true mind thus maketh mine  
untrue.

CXIV

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd  
with you,

Drink up the monarch's plague, this flat-  
tery?

Or whether shall I say, mine eye saith true,  
And that your love taught it this alchemy,

To make of monsters and things indigest  
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,  
Creating every bad a perfect best,

As fast as objects to his beams assemble?  
O! 't is the first; 't is flattery in my seeing,

And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:  
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 11

'greeting,  
And to his palate doth prepare the cup:

If it be poison'd, 't is the lesser sin  
That mine eye loves it and doth first  
begin.

CXV

Those lines that I before have writ do lie,  
Even those that said I could not love you  
dearer:

Yet then my judgment knew no reason why  
My most full flame should afterwards burn  
clearer.

But reckoning Time, whose million'd acci-  
dents

Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of  
kings,

Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,  
Divert strong minds to the course of alter-  
ing things;

Alas! why, fearing of Time's tyranny, 9  
Might I not then say, 'Now I love you best,'

When I was certain o'er incertainty,  
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?

Love is a babe; then might I not say so,  
To give full growth to that which still doth  
grow?

CXVI

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments. Love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,

Or bends with the remover to remove:  
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,

That looks on tempests and is never shaken;  
It is the star to every wandering bark,

Whose worth's unknown, although his  
height be taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and  
cheeks 9

Within his bending sickle's compass come;

Love alters not with his brief hours and  
weeks,  
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.  
If this be error and upon me prov'd,  
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

## CXVII

Accuse me thus: that I have scanted all  
Wherein I should your great deserts repay,  
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,  
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;  
That I have frequent been with unknown  
minds,  
And giv'n to time your own dear-purchas'd  
right;  
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds  
Which should transport me farthest from  
your sight.  
Book both my wilfulness and errors down,  
And on just proof surmise accumulate; 10  
Bring me within the level of your frown,  
But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate;  
Since my appeal says I did strive to prove  
The constancy and virtue of your love.

## CXVIII

Like as, to make our appetites more  
keen,  
With eager compounds we our palate urge;  
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,  
We sicken to shun sickness when we purge;  
Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying  
sweetness,  
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding;  
And sick of welfare found a kind of meet-  
ness  
To be diseas'd ere that there was true need-  
ing.  
Thus policy in love, to anticipate 9  
The ills that were not, grew to faults assur'd,  
And brought to medicine a healthful state,  
Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be  
cur'd:  
But thence I learn, and find the lesson  
true,  
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

## CXIX

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,  
Distill'd from limbeckes foul as hell within,  
Applying fears to hopes and hopes to  
fears,  
Still losing when I saw myself to win!  
What wretched errors hath my heart com-  
mitted,  
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed  
never!  
How have mine eyes out of their spheres  
been fitted  
In the distraction of this madding fever!  
O benefit of ill! now I find true  
That better is by evil still made better; 10  
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,  
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far  
greater.  
So I return rebuked to my content,  
And gain by ills thrice more than I have  
euent.

## CXX

That you were once unkind befriends me  
now,  
And for that sorrow which I then did feel  
Needs must I under my transgression bow,  
Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd  
steel.  
For if you were by my unkindness shaken  
As I by yours, you've pass'd a hell of time;  
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken  
To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.  
O! that our night of woe might have remem-  
ber'd  
My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow  
hits, 10  
And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd  
The humble salve which wounded bosoms  
fits:  
But that your trespass now becomes a  
fee;  
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must  
ransom me.

## CXXI

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteem'd,  
When not to be receives reproach of being;  
And the just pleasure lost, which is so  
deem'd  
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing:  
For why should others' false adulterate eyes  
Give salutation to my sportive blood?  
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,  
Which in their wills count bad what I think  
good?  
No, I am that I am, and they that level  
At my abuses reckon up their own: 10  
I may be straight, though they themselves be  
bevel;  
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not  
be shown;  
Unless this general evil they maintain,  
All men are bad and in their badness  
reign.

## CXXII

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain  
Full character'd with lasting memory,  
Which shall above that idle rank remain,  
Beyond all date, even to eternity;  
Or, at the least, so long as brain and heart  
Have faculty by nature to subsist;  
Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part  
Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.  
That poor retention could not so much hold,  
Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score; 10  
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,  
To trust those tables that receive thee more:  
To keep an adjunct to remember thee  
Were to import forgetfulness in me.

## CXXIII

No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do  
change:  
Thy pyramids built up with newer might  
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;  
They are but dressings of a former sight.  
Our dates are brief, and therefore we ad-  
mire

# SONNETS

What thou dost foist upon us that is old;  
And rather make them born to our desire  
Than think that we before have heard them  
told.

Thy registers and thee I both defy, 9  
Not wondering at the present nor the past,  
For thy records and what we see doth lie,  
Made more or less by thy continual haste.  
This I do vow, and this shall ever be.  
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

## CXXIV

If my dear love were but the child of state,  
It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,  
As subject to Time's love or to Time's hate,  
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flow-  
ers gather'd.

No, it was builded far from accident;  
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls  
Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,  
Wnereto the inviting time our fashion calls:  
It fears not policy, that heretic, 9  
Which works on leases of short number'd  
hours,

But all alone stands hugely politic,  
That it nor grows with heat nor drowns with  
showers.

To this I witness call the fools of time,  
Which die for goodness, who have liv'd  
for crime.

## CXXV

Were 't aught to me I bore the canopy,  
With my extern the outward honouring,  
Or laid great bases for eternity,  
Which prove more short than waste or ruin-  
ing?

Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour  
Lose all, and more, by paying too much  
rent,

For compound sweet foregoing simple  
savour,

Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?  
No, let me be obsequious in thy heart,  
And take thou my oblation, poor but free, 10  
Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no  
art

But mutual render, only me for thee.  
Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true  
soul

When most impeach'd stands least in thy  
control.

## CXXVI

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power  
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle-  
hour;

Who hast by waning grown, and therein  
show'st

Thy lovers withering as thy sweet self  
grow'st;

If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,  
As thou go'st onwards, still will pluck thee  
back,

She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill  
May time disgrace and wretched minutes  
kill.

Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure!

She may detain, but not still keep, her treas-  
ure: 10

Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must  
be,

And her quietus is to render thee.

## CXXVII

In the old age black was not counted fair,  
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;  
But now is black beauty's successive heir,  
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame:  
For since each hand hath put on nature's  
power,

Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd  
face,

Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,  
But is profan'd, if not lives in disgrace.

Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,  
Her eyes so suited, and they mourners  
seem 10

At such who, not born fair, no beauty lack,  
Sland'ring creation with a false esteem:

Yet so they mourn, becoming of their  
woe,

That every tongue says beauty should  
look so.

## CXXVIII

How oft, when thou, my music, music  
play'st

Upon that blessed wood whose motion  
sounds

With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently  
sway'st

The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,  
Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap

To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,  
Whilst my poor lips, which should that har-  
vest reap,

At the wood's boldness by thee blushing  
stand!

To be so tickled, they would change their  
state

And situation with those dancing chips, 10  
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,  
Making dead wood more bless'd than living  
lips.

Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,  
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

## CXXIX

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame  
Is lust in action; and till action, lust

Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of  
blame,

Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;  
Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight;

Past reason hunted; and no sooner had,  
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait

On purpose laid to make the taker mad:  
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so; 9

Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;  
A bliss in proof, and prov'd, a very woe;

Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream.  
All this the world well knows; yet none  
knows well

To shun the heaven that leads men to this  
hell.

## CXXX

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;  
Coral is far more red than her lips' red:  
If snow be white, why then her breasts are  
dun;

If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her  
head.

I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,  
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;  
And in some perfumes is there more delight  
Than in the breath that from my mistress  
reeks.

I love to hear her speak, yet well I know  
That music hath a far more pleasing sound:  
I grant I never saw a goddess go,  
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the  
ground:

And yet, by heaven, I think my love as  
rare  
As any she belied with false compare.

## CXXXI

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,  
As those whose beauties proudly make them  
cruel;

For well thou know'st to my dear dotting  
heart

Thou art the fairest and most precious  
jewel.

Yet, in good faith, some say that thee be-  
hold,

Thy face hath not the power to make love  
groan:

To say they err I dare not be so bold,  
Although I swear it to myself alone.

And to be sure that is not false I swear, 9  
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,  
One on another's neck, do witness bear  
Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.

In nothing art thou black save in thy  
deeds,

And thence this slander, as I think, pro-  
ceeds.

## CXXXII

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,  
Knowing thy heart torments me with dis-  
dain,

Have put on black and loving mourners be,  
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.

And truly not the morning sun of heaven  
Better becomes the gray cheeks of the east,

Nor that full star that ushers in the even  
Doth half that glory to the sober west,

As those two mourning eyes become thy  
face:

O! let it then as well beseem thy heart 10  
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee  
grace,

And suit thy pity like in every part.  
Then will I swear beauty herself is black,

And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

## CXXXIII

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to  
groan

For that deep wound it gives my friend and  
me!

Is't not enough to torture me alone,

But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must  
be?

Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,  
And my next self thou harder hast en-  
gross'd;

Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;  
A torment thrice threefold thus to be cross'd.  
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,  
But then my friend's heart let my poor  
heart bail;

Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his  
guard;

Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol:  
And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in  
thee,

Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

## CXXXIV

So, now I have confess'd that he is thine,  
And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will,

Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine  
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still:

But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,  
For thou art covetous and he is kind;

He learn'd but surety-like to write for me,  
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.

The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take, 9  
Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use,

And sue a friend came debtor for my sake;  
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.

Him have I lost; thou hast both him and  
me:

He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

## CXXXV

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy *Will*,  
And *Will* to boot, and *Will* in overplus;

More than enough am I that vex thee still,  
To thy sweet will making addition thus.

Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,  
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?

Shall will in others seem right gracious,  
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?

The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,  
And in abundance addeth to his store;

So thou, being rich in *Will*, add to thy *Will*  
One will of mine, to make thy large *Will*  
more.

Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;  
Think all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

## CXXXVI

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,  
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy *Will*,

And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;  
Thus far for love my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.

*Will* will fulfil the treasure of thy love,  
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.

In things of great receipt with ease we prove  
Among a number one is reckon'd none:

Then in the number let me pass untold, 9  
Though in thy store's account I one must be;

For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold  
That nothing me, a something sweet to thee:

Make but my name thy love, and love  
that still,

And then thou lov'st me, for my name is  
*Will*.

## CXXXVII

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,  
 That they behold, and see not what they see?  
 That know what beauty is, see where it lies,  
 Yet what the best is take the worst to be.  
 If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,  
 Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,  
 Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,  
 Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied?  
 Why should my heart think that a several plot  
 Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?  
 Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not.  
 To put fair truth upon so foul a face?  
 In things right true my heart and eyes have err'd,  
 And to this false plague are they now transferr'd.

## CXXXVIII

When my love swears that she is made of truth,  
 I do believe her, though I know she lies,  
 That she might think me some untutor'd youth,  
 Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.  
 Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,  
 Although she knows my days are past the best,  
 Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue:  
 On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.  
 But wherefore says she not she is unjust?  
 And wherefore say not I that I am old? 10  
 O! love's best habit is in seeming trust,  
 And age in love loves not to have years told:  
 Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,  
 And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

## CXXXIX

O! lack not me to justify the wrong  
 That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;  
 Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue;  
 Use power with power, and slay me not by art.  
 Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere; but in my sight,  
 Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside;  
 What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy might  
 Is more than my o'er-press'd defence can bide?  
 Let me excuse thee: ah! my love well knows  
 Her pretty looks have been mine enemies; 10  
 And therefore from my face she turns my foes,  
 That they elsewhere might dart their injuries:  
 Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,  
 Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain.

## CXL

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press  
 My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain,  
 Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express  
 The manner of my pity-wanting pain.  
 If I might teach thee wit, better it were,  
 Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so;  
 As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,  
 No news but health from their physicians know;  
 For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,  
 And in my madness might speak ill of thee:  
 Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,  
 Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.  
 That I may not be so, nor thou belied,  
 Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide.

## CXLI

In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,  
 For they in thee a thousand errors note;  
 But 't is my heart that loves what they despise,  
 Who in despite of view is pleas'd to dote;  
 Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted,  
 Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,  
 Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited  
 To any sensual feast with thee alone:  
 But my five wits nor my five senses can  
 Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,  
 Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,  
 Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be:  
 Only my plague thus far I count my gain,  
 That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

## CXLII

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,  
 Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving:  
 O! but with mine compare thou thine own state,  
 And thou shalt find it merits not reproving;  
 Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,  
 That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments  
 And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine,  
 Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rents.  
 Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those  
 Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee: 10  
 Root pity in thy heart, that, when it grows,  
 Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.  
 If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,  
 By self-example may'st thou be denied!

## CXLIII

Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch  
 One of her feather'd creatures broke away,  
 Sets down her babe, and makes all swift dispatch  
 In pursuit of the thing she would have stay;

Whilst her neglected child holds her in  
chase,

Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent  
To follow that which flies before her face,  
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent:  
So runn'st thou after that which flies from  
thee,

Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind;  
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,  
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be  
kind:

So will I pray that thou may'st have thy  
Will,

If thou turn back and my loud crying still.

## CXLIV

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,  
Which like two spirits do suggest me still:  
The better angel is a man, right fair,  
The worse spirit a woman, colour'd ill.  
To win me soon to hell, my female evil  
Tempteth my better angel from my side,  
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,  
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.  
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend  
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;  
But being both from me, both to each  
friend,

I guess one angel in another's hell:  
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in  
doubt,

Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

## CXLV

Those lips that Love's own hand did make  
Breath'd forth the sound that said 'I hate,'  
To me that languish'd for her sake:  
But when she saw my woeful state,  
Straight in her heart did mercy come,  
Chiding that tongue that ever sweet  
Was us'd in giving gentle doom;  
And taught it thus anew to greet;  
'I hate' she alter'd with an end,  
That follow'd it as gentle day  
Doth follow night, who, like a fiend,  
From heaven to hell is flown away;  
'I hate' from hate away she threw,  
And sav'd my life, saying 'not you.'

## CXLVI

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,  
Press'd by these rebel powers that thee  
array,  
Why dost thou pine within and suffer  
dearth,

Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?  
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,  
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?  
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,  
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?  
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's  
loss,

And let that pine to aggravate thy store;  
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;  
Within be fed, without be rich no more:

So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on  
men,

And Death once dead, there 's no more  
dying then.

## CXLVII

My love is as a fever, longing still  
For that which longer nurseth the disease;  
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,  
The uncertain sickly appetite to please.

My reason, the physician to my love,  
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,  
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve  
Desire is death, which physic did except.  
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,  
And frantic-mad with evermore unrest;  
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's  
are,

At random from the truth, vainly express'd:  
For I have sworn thee fair and thought  
thee bright,

Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

## CXLVIII

O me! what eyes hath Love put in my head,  
Which have no correspondence with true  
sight;

Or, if they have, where is my judgment  
fled,

That censures falsely what they see aright?  
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,  
What means the world to say it is not so?  
If it be not, then love doth well denote  
Love's eye is not so true as all men's: No,  
How can it? O! how can Love's eye be  
true,

That is so vex'd with watching and with  
tears?

No marvel then, though I mistake my view;  
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.

O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st  
me blind,

Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults  
should find.

## CXLIX

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,  
When I against myself with thee partake?

Do I not think on thee, when I forget  
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?

Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?  
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?

Nay, if thou lour'st on me, do I not spend  
Revenge upon myself with present moan?

What merit do I in myself respect,  
That is so proud thy service to despise,

When all my best doth worship thy defect,  
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?

But, love, hate on, for now I know thy  
mind;

Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am  
blind.

## CL

O! from what power hast thou this powerful  
might

With insufficiency my heart to sway?  
To make me give the lie to my true sight,

And swear that brightness doth not grace  
the day?

Whence hast thou this becoming of things  
ill,

That in the very refuse of thy deeds

# SONNETS

There is such strength and warrantise of skill  
That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?  
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,  
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?  
O! though I love what others do abhor,  
With others thou should'st not abhor my state:

If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,  
More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

## CLI

Love is too young to know what conscience is;

Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?

Then gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,  
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove:  
For, thou betraying me, I do betray  
My nobler part to my gross body's treason;  
My soul doth tell my body that he may  
Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason,

But, rising at thy name, doth point out thee  
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this  
pride,

He is contented thy poor drudge to be,  
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.

No want of conscience hold it that I call  
Her 'love' for whose dear love I rise and fall.

## CLII

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,  
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing;

In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn

In vowing new hate after new love bearing.  
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,

When I break twenty? I am perjur'd most;  
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,

And all my honest faith in thee is lost:  
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,

Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;

And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,

Or made them swear against the thing they see;

For I have sworn thee fair; more perjur'd I,

To swear against the truth so foul a lie!

## CLIII

Cupid laid by his brand and fell asleep:  
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,  
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep  
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;  
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of Love  
A dateless lively heat, still to endure,  
And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove

Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.  
But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-fir'd,

The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;

I, sick withal, the help of bath desir'd,  
And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,

But found no cure: the bath for my help lies

Where Cupid got new fire, my mistress' eyes.

## CLIV

The little Love-god lying once asleep  
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,  
Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to keep

Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand  
The fairest votary took up that fire

Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;

And so the general of hot desire  
Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.

This brand she quenched in a cool well by,  
Which from Love's fire took heat perpetual,

Growing a bath and healthful remedy  
For men diseas'd; but I, my mistress' thrall,

Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,

Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

# A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

FROM off a hill whose concave womb re-  
worded  
A painful story from a sisting vane,  
My spirits to attend this double voice  
accorded,  
And down I laid to list the sad-tun'd tale;  
Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale,  
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,  
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and  
rain.

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,  
Which fortified her visage from the sun,  
Whereon the thought might think sometime  
it saw 10  
The carcass of a beauty spent and done:  
Time had not scythed all that youth begun,  
Nor youth all quit; but, spite of heaven's  
fell rage,  
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of  
sear'd age.

Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,  
Which on it had conceited characters,  
Laundering the silken figures in the brine  
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears,  
And often reading what contents it bears;  
As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe 20  
In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage  
ride,  
As they did battery to the spheres intend;  
Sometime, diverted, their poor balls are  
tied  
To the orb'd earth; sometimes they do  
extend  
Their view right on; anon their gazes  
lend  
To every place at once, and nowhere fix'd,  
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose nor tied in formal plat,  
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride; 30  
For some, untuck'd, descended her sheav'd  
hat,  
Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside:  
Some in her threaden fillet still did bide,  
And true to bondage would not break from  
thence  
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund she drew  
Of amber, crystal, and of beaded jet,  
Which one by one she in a river threw,  
Upon whose weeping margent she was set;  
Like usury, applying wet to wet, 40  
Or monarch's hands that let not bounty fall  
Where want cries some, but where excess  
begs all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,  
Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave  
the flood;  
Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,  
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud;  
Found yet moe letters sadly penn'd in  
blood,  
With sleided silk feat and affectedly  
Enswath'd, and seal'd to curious secrecy.

These often bath'd she in her fluxive eyes,  
And often kiss'd, and often 'gan to tear; 51  
Cried 'O false blood! thou register of lies,  
What unapproved witness dost thou bear;  
Ink would have seem'd more black and  
damned here.'  
This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,  
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that graz'd his cattle nigh,  
Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew  
Of court, of city, and had let go by 59  
The swiftest hours, observed as they flew,  
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew;  
And, privileged by age, desires to know  
In brief the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,  
And comely-distant sits he by her side;  
When he again desires her, being sat,  
Her grievance with his hearing to divide:  
If that from him there may be aught applied  
Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,  
'T is promis'd in the charity of age. 78

'Father,' she says, 'though in me you behold  
The injury of many a blasting hour,  
Let it not tell your judgment I am old;  
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power:  
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,  
Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied  
Love to myself and to no love beside.

'But woe is me! too early I attended  
A youthful suit, it was to gain my grace,  
Of one by nature's outwards so commended,  
That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face. 81  
Love lack'd a dwelling and made him her  
place;  
And when in his fair parts she did abide,  
She was new lodg'd and newly deified.

'His browny locks did hang in crooked curls,  
And every light occasion of the wind  
Upon his lips their silken parcels huris.  
What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find:  
Each eye that saw him did enchant the  
mind, 90  
For on his visage was in little drawn  
What largeness thinks in Paradise was sawn.

## A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

'Small show of man was yet upon his chin;  
His phoenix down began but to appear  
Like unshorn velvet on that termless skin  
Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd  
to wear;  
Yet show'd his visage by that cost more  
dear,  
And nice affections wavering stood in doubt  
If best were as it was, or best without.

'His qualities were beauteous as his form, 99  
For maiden-tongu'd he was, and thereof  
free;  
Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm  
As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,  
When winds breathe sweet, unruly though  
they be.  
His rudeness so with his authoriz'd youth  
Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

'Well could he ride, and often men would  
say  
"That horse his mettle from his rider takes:  
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,  
What rounds, what bounds, what course,  
what stop he makes!"

And controversy hence a question takes, 110  
Whether the horse by him became his deed,  
Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

'But quickly on this side the verdict went:  
His real habitude gave life and grace  
To appertainings and to ornament,  
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case:  
All aids, themselves made fairer by their  
place,  
Came for additions; yet their purpos'd trim  
Piec'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by  
him.

'So on the tip of his subduing tongue 120  
All kind of arguments and question deep,  
All replication prompt and reason strong,  
For his advantage still did wake and sleep:  
To make the weeper laugh, the laughter  
weep,  
He had the dialect and different skill,  
Catching all passions in his craft of will:

'That he did in the general bosom reign  
Of young, of old; and sexes both enchanted,  
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain  
In personal duty, following where he  
haunted: 130  
Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have  
granted;  
And dialogu'd for him what he would say,  
Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills  
obey.

'Many there were that did his picture get,  
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind;  
Like fools that in the imagination set  
The goodly objects which abroad they find  
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought  
assign'd;  
And labouring in moe pleasures to bestow  
them  
Than the true gouty landlord which doth  
owe them: 140

'So many have, that never touch'd his hand,  
Sweetly suppos'd them mistress of his heart.  
My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,  
And was my own fee-simple, not in part,  
What with his art in youth, and youth in art,  
Threw my affections in his charmed power,  
Reserv'd the stalk and gave him all my  
flower.

'Yet did I not, as some my equals did,  
Demand of him, nor being desired yielded;  
Finding myself in honour so forbid, 150  
With safest distance I mine honour shielded.  
Experience for me many bulwarks builded  
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the  
foil  
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

'But, ah! who ever shunn'd by precedent  
The destin'd ill she must herself assay?  
Or forc'd examples, 'gainst her own content,  
To put the by-pass'd perils in her way?  
Counsel may stop awhile what will not stay;  
For when we rage, advice is often seen 160  
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

'Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,  
That we must curb it upon others' proof;  
To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,  
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.  
O appetite! from judgment stand aloof;  
The one a palate hath that needs will taste,  
Though Reason weep, and cry "It is thy  
last."

'For further I could say "This man 's  
untrue,"  
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling;  
Heard where his plants in others' orchards  
grew, 171  
Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling;  
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling;  
Thought characters and words merely but  
art,  
And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

'And long upon these terms I held my city,  
Till thus he 'gan besiege me: "Gentle  
maid,  
Have of my suffering youth some feeling  
pity,  
And be not of my holy vows afraid; 179  
That 's to ye sworn to none was ever said;  
For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,  
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never woo.

' "All my offences that abroad you see  
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind;  
Love made them not: with acture they may  
be,

Where neither party is nor true nor kind:  
They sought their shame that so their shame  
did find,  
And so much less of shame in me remains,  
By how much of me their reproach contains.

' "Among the many that mine eyes have  
seen, 190  
Not one whose flame my heart so much as  
warm'd,

Or my affection put to the smallest teen,  
Or any of my leasures ever charm'd;  
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was  
harm'd;  
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was  
free,  
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

"Look here, what tributes wounded fancies  
sent me,  
Of paled pearls and rubies red as blood;  
Figuring that they their passions likewise  
lent me  
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood 200  
In bloodless white and the encrimson'd  
mood;  
Effects of terror and dear modesty,  
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

"And, lo! behold these talents of their  
hair,  
With twisted metal amorously impleach'd,  
I have receiv'd from many a several fair,  
Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,  
With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,  
And deep-brain'd sonnets, that did amplify  
Each stone's dear nature, worth, and  
quality. 210

"The diamond; why, 't was beautiful and  
hard.  
Whereto his invis'd properties did tend;  
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh  
regard  
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend;  
The heaven-hued sapphire and the opal  
blend  
With objects manifold: each several stone,  
With wit well blazon'd, smil'd or made  
some moan.

"Lo! all these trophies of affections hot,  
Of pensiv'd and subdued desires the tender,  
Nature hath charg'd me that I hoard them  
not, 220  
But yield them up where I myself must  
render,  
That is, to you, my origin and end;  
For these, of force, must your oblations be,  
Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

"O! then, advance of yours that phrase-  
less hand,  
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of  
praise;  
Take all these similes to your own com-  
mand,  
Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did  
raise;  
What me your minister, for you obeys, 229  
Works under you; and to your audit comes  
Their distract parcels in combined sums.

"Lo! this device was sent me from a nun,  
Or sister sanctified, of holiest note;  
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,  
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms  
dote;

For she was sought by spirits of richest  
coat,  
But kept cold distance, and did thence  
remove,  
To spend her living in eternal love.

"But, O my sweet! what labour is 't to  
leave  
The thing we have not, mastering what not  
strives, 240  
Paling the place which did no form receive,  
Playing patient sports in unconstrained  
gyves?  
She that her fame so to herself contrives,  
The scars of battle 'scapeth by the flight,  
And makes her absence valiant, not her  
might.

"O! pardon me, in that my boast is true;  
The accident which brought me to her eye  
Upon the moment did her force subdue,  
And now she would the caged cloister fly;  
Religious love put out Religion's eye: 250  
Not to be tempted, would she be immur'd,  
And now, to tempt, all liberty procur'd.

"How mighty then you are, O! hear me  
tell:  
The broken bosoms that to me belong  
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,  
And mine I pour your ocean all among:  
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being  
strong,  
Must for your victory us all congeat,  
As compound love to physic your cold  
breast.

"My parts had power to charm a sacred  
nun, 261  
Who, disciplin'd, ay, dieted in grace,  
Believ'd her eyes when they to assail begun,  
All vows and consecrations giving place.  
O most potential love! vow, bond, nor  
space,  
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,  
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

"When thou impresses, what are precepts  
worth  
Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame,  
How coldly those impediments stand forth  
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame!  
Love's arms are proof, 'gainst rule, 'gainst  
sense, 'gainst shame, 271  
And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it  
bears,  
The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

"Now all these hearts that do on mine  
depend,  
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they  
pine;  
And supplicant their sighs to you extend,  
To leave the battery that you made 'gainst  
mine,  
Lending soft audience to my sweet design,  
And credent soul to that strong-bonded  
oath 279  
That shall prefer and undertake my troth."

## A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

'This said, his watery eyes he did dis-  
mount,  
Whose sights till then were levell'd on my  
face;  
Each cheek a river running from a fount  
With brinish current downward flow'd  
apace.  
O! how the channel to the stream gave  
grace;  
Who glaz'd with crystal gate the glowing  
roses  
That flame through water which their hue  
encloses.

'O! father! what a hell of witchcraft lies  
In the small orb of one particular tear,  
But with the inundation of the eyes 290  
What rocky heart to water will not  
wear?  
What breast so cold that is not warmed  
here?  
O cleft effect! cold modesty, hot wrath,  
Both fire from hence and chill extincture  
hath.

'For, lo! his passion, but an art of craft,  
Even there resolv'd my reason into tears;  
There my white stole of chastity I daff'd,  
Shook off my sober guards and civil fears;  
Appear to him, as he to me appears,  
All melting; though our drops this difference  
bore, 300  
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

'In him a plenitude of subtle matter,  
Applied to cautels, all strange forms re-  
ceives,  
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,

Or swoounding paleness; and he takes and  
leaves,  
In either's aptness, as it best deceives,  
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,  
Or to turn white and swoon at tragic shows:

'That not a heart which in his level came  
Could 'scape the hail of his all-hurting aim,  
Showing fair nature is both kind and tame;  
And, veil'd in them, did win whom he would  
maim: 312  
Against the thing he sought he would  
exclaim;  
When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd  
luxury,  
He preach'd pure maid and prais'd cold  
chastity.

'Thus merely with the garment of a Grace  
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd;  
That the unexperient gave the tempter  
place,  
Which like a cherubin above them hover'd.  
Who, young and simple, would not be so  
lover'd? 320  
Ay me! I fell; and yet do question make  
What I should do again for such a sake.

'O! that infected moisture of his eye,  
O! that false fire which in his cheek so  
glow'd,  
O! that forc'd thunder from his heart did  
fly,  
O! that sad breath his spongy lungs be-  
stow'd,  
O! all that borrow'd motion seeming ow'd,  
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,  
And new pervert a reconciled maid.' 329

# THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM

## I

WHEN my love swears that she is made of truth,

I do believe her, though I know she lies,  
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,

Unskilful in the world's false forgeries.

Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,

Although I know my years be past the best,  
I smiling credit her false-speaking tongue,  
Outfacing faults in love with love's ill rest.  
But wherefore says my love that she is young?

And wherefore say not I that I am old? 10  
O! love's best habit is a soothing tongue,  
And age, in love, loves not to have years told.

Therefore I'll lie with love, and love with me,

Since that our faults in love thus smother'd be.

## II

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,  
Which like two spirits do suggest me still;

The better angel is a man, right fair,  
The worser spirit a woman, colour'd ill.

To win me soon to hell, my female evil

Tempteth my better angel from my side, 20

And would corrupt a saint to be a devil,

Wooing his purity with her fair pride:

And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend

Suspect I may, but not directly tell;

For being both to me, both to each friend,

I guess one angel in another's hell.

The truth I shall not know, but live in doubt,

Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

## III

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,

'Gainst whom the world could not hold argument, 30

Persuade my heart to this false perjury?

Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.

A woman I forswore; but I will prove, 3

Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:

My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;

Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.

My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;

Then thou, fair sun, that on this earth dost shine,

Exhale this vapour vow; in thee it is:

If broken, then it is no fault of mine. 40

If by me broke, what fool is not so wise

To break an oath, to win a paradise?

## IV

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook  
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and green,  
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,  
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.

She told him stories to delight his ear;  
She show'd him favours to allure his eye;  
To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there:

Touches so soft still conquer chastity. 50  
But whether unripe years did want conceit,  
Or he refus'd to take her figur'd proffer,  
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,  
But smile and jest at every gentle offer:

Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward:

He rose and ran away; ah! fool too forward.

## V

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?

O! never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd:

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant prove;

Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd. 60

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,

Where all those pleasures live that art can comprehend.

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;

Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend;

All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;

Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire:

Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his dreadful thunder.

Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.

Celestial as thou art, O! do not love that wrong,

To sing heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue. 70

## VI

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,  
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,

When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,  
A longing trariance for Adonis made

Under an osier growing by a brook,

A brook where Adon us'd to cool his spleen:

Hot was the day; she hotter that did look

For his approach, that often there had been.

## THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM

Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,  
And stood stark nak'd on the brook's green  
brim: 80  
The sun look'd on the world with glorious  
eye,  
Yet not so wistly as this queen on him:  
He, spying her, bounc'd in, whereas he  
stood:  
'O Jove,' quoth she, 'why was not I a  
flood!'

### VII

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle;  
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty;  
Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is,  
brittle:  
Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty:  
A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her,  
None fairer, nor none falsier to deface  
her. 90

Her lips to mine how often hath she join'd,  
Between each kiss her oaths of true love  
swearing!  
How many tales to please me hath she  
coin'd,  
Dreading my love, the loss thereof still  
fearing!  
Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,  
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all  
were jestings.

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire  
flameth;  
She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out-  
burneth;  
She fram'd the love, and yet she foil'd the  
framing;  
She bade love last, and yet she fell a-turning.  
Was this a lover, or a lecher whether? 101  
Bad in the best, though excellent in  
neither.

### VIII

If music and sweet poetry agree,  
As they must needs, the sister and the  
brother,  
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and  
me,  
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the  
other.  
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly  
touch  
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;  
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such  
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence. 110  
Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious  
sound  
That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music,  
makes;  
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd  
Whenas himself to singing he betakes.  
One god is god of both, as poets feign;  
One knight loves both, and both in thee  
remain.

### IX

Fair was the morn when the fair queen of  
love,  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,

For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and  
wild; 120  
Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill:  
Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;  
She, silly queen, with more than love's good  
will,  
Forbade the boy he should not pass those  
grounds:  
'Once,' quoth she, 'did I see a fair sweet  
youth  
Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a  
boar,  
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!  
See, in my thigh,' quoth she, 'here was the  
sore.'  
She showed hers; he saw more wounds  
than one, 129  
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

### X

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd,  
soon vaded,  
Pluck'd in the bud, and vaded in the spring!  
Bright orient pearl, alack! too timely shaded;  
Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's  
sharp sting!  
Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,  
And falls, through wind, before the fall  
should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have;  
For why, thou left'st me nothing in thy will:  
And yet thou left'st me more than I did  
crave;  
For why, I craved nothing of thee still: 140  
O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee,  
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

### XI

Venus, with young Adonis sitting by her  
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him;  
She told the youngling how god Mars did  
try her,  
And as he fell to her, so fell she to him,  
'Even thus,' quoth she, 'the war-like god  
embrac'd me,'  
And then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms;  
'Even thus,' quoth she, 'the war-like god  
unlac'd me,' 149  
As if the boy should use like loving charms.  
'Even thus,' quoth she, 'he seized on my  
lips,'  
And with her lips on his did act the seizure;  
And as she fetched breath, away he skips,  
And would not take her meaning nor her  
pleasure.  
Ah! that I had my lady at this bay,  
To kiss and clip me till I ran away.

### XII

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together:  
Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care:  
Youth like summer morn, age like winter  
weather;  
Youth like summer brave, age like winter  
bare. 160  
Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short:  
Youth is nimble, age is lame;

Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold;  
 Youth is wild, and age is tame.  
 Age, I do abhor thee; youth, I do adore  
 thee;

O! my love, my love is young:  
 Age, I do defy thee: O! sweet shepherd,  
 hie thee,  
 For methinks thou stay'st too long.

XIII

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good;  
 A shining gloss that vadeth suddenly: 170  
 A flower that dies when first it 'gins to bud;  
 A brittle glass that 's broken presently:  
 A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,  
 Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are sold or never found,  
 As vaded gloss no rubbing will refresh,  
 As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,  
 As broken glass no cement can redress,  
 So beauty blemish'd once 's for ever lost,  
 In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

XIV

Good night, good rest. Ah! neither be my  
 share: 181  
 She bade good night that kept my rest away;  
 And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,  
 To descant on the doubts of my decay.  
 'Farewell,' quoth she, 'and come again to-  
 morrow.'  
 Fare well I could not, for I supp'd with  
 sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,  
 In scorn or friendship, nill I construe  
 whether:  
 'T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile, 189

'T may be, again to make me wander thither:  
 'Wander,' a word for shadows like myself,  
 As take the pain, but cannot pluck the  
 pelf.

Lord! how mine eyes throw gazes to the  
 east;  
 My heart doth charge the watch; the morn-  
 ing rise  
 Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.  
 Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,  
 While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and  
 mark,  
 And wish her lays were tuned like the  
 lark;

For she doth welcome daylight with her  
 ditty,  
 And drives away dark dismal-dreaming  
 night: 200  
 The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty;  
 Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished  
 sight;  
 Sorrow chang'd to solace, solace mix'd with  
 sorrow;  
 For why, she sigh'd and bade me come to-  
 morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too  
 soon;  
 But now are minutes added to the hours;  
 To spite me now, each minute seems a  
 moon;  
 Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers!  
 Pack night, peep day; good day, of night  
 now borrow:  
 Short, night, to-night, and length thyself  
 to-morrow. 210

# SONNETS TO SUNDRY NOTES OF MUSIC

## I

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one  
of three,  
That liked of her master as well as well  
might be,  
Till looking on an Englishman, the fair'st  
that eye could see,  
Her fancy fell a-turning.

Long was the combat doubtful that love with  
love did fight,  
To leave the master loveless, or kill the  
gallant knight:  
To put in practice either, alas! it was a spite  
Unto the silly damsel.

But one must be refused; more mickle was  
the pain  
That nothing could be used to turn them  
both to gain,  
For of the two the trusty knight was wounded  
with disdain:  
Alas! she could not help it.

Thus art with arms contending was victor  
of the day,  
Which by a gift of learning did bear the  
maid away;  
Then lullaby, the learned man hath got the  
lady gay;  
For now my song is ended.

## II

On a day, alack the day!  
Love, whose month was ever May,  
Spied a blossom passing fair,  
Playing in the wanton air:  
Through the velvet leaves the wind,  
All unseen, 'gan passage find;  
That the lover, sick to death,  
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.  
'Air,' quoth he, 'thy cheeks may blow;  
Air, would I might triumph so!  
But, alas! my hand hath sworn  
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:  
Vow, alack! for youth unmeet:  
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.  
Thou for whom Jove would swear  
Juno but an Ethiop were;  
And deny himself for Jove,  
Turning mortal for thy love.'

## III

My flocks feed not,  
My ewes breed not,  
My rams speed not,  
All is amiss:  
Love's denying,

Faith's defying,  
Heart's renying,  
Causer of this.

All my merry jigs are quite forgot,  
All my lady's love is lost, God wot:  
Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,  
There a nay is plac'd without remove.  
One silly cross  
Wrought all my loss;  
O! frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle dame;  
For now I see  
Inconstancy  
More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,  
All fears scorn I,  
Love hath forlorn me,  
Living in thrall;  
Heart is bleeding,  
All help needing,  
O! cruel speeding,  
Fraughted with gall.  
My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal,  
My wether's bell rings doleful knell;  
My curtal dog, that wont to have play'd,  
Plays not at all, but seems afraid;  
My sighs so deep  
Procure to weep.  
In howling wise, to see my doleful plight.  
How sighs resound  
Through heartless ground,  
Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody  
fight!

Clear wells spring not,  
Sweet birds sing not,  
Green plants bring not  
Forth their dye;  
Herds stand weeping,  
Flocks all sleeping,  
Nymphs back peeping  
Fearfully:  
All our pleasure known to us poor swains,  
All our merry meetings on the plains,  
All our evening sport from us is fled,  
All our love is lost, for Love is dead.  
Farewell, sweet lass,  
Thy like ne'er was  
For a sweet content, the cause of all my  
moan:  
Poor Corydon  
Must live alone;  
Other help for him I see that there is  
none.

## IV

Whenas thine eye hath chose the dame,  
And stall'd the deer that thou should'st  
strike,

Let reason rule things worthy blame,  
As well as fancy, partial wight:  
Take counsel of some wiser head,  
Neither too young nor yet unwed.

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,  
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,  
Lest she some subtle practice smell;  
A cripple soon can find a halt:  
But plainly say thou lov'st her well,  
And set thy person forth to sell.

100

What though her frowning brows be bent,  
Her cloudy looks will clear ere night;  
And then too late she will repent  
That thus dissembled her delight;  
And twice desire, ere it be day,  
That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,  
And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,  
Her feeble force will yield at length,  
When craft hath taught her thus to say,  
'Had women been so strong as men,  
In faith, you had not had it then.'

110

And to her will frame all thy ways;  
Spare not to spend, and chiefly there  
Where thy desert may merit praise,  
By ringing in thy lady's ear:  
The strongest castle, tower, and town,  
The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,  
And in thy suit be humble true;  
Unless thy lady prove unjust,  
Seek never thou to choose anew.  
When time shall serve, be thou not slack  
To proffer, though she put thee back.

120

The wiles and guiles that women work,  
Dissembled with an outward show,  
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,  
The cock that treads them shall not know.  
Have you not heard it said full oft,  
A woman's nay doth stand for nought?

129

Think, women love to match with men  
And not to live so like a saint:  
Here is no heaven; they holy then  
Begin when age doth them attain.  
Were kisses all the joys in bed,  
One woman would another wed.

But, soft! enough! too much, I fear:  
For if my mistress hear my song,  
She will not stick to ring my ear,  
To teach my tongue to be so long:  
Yet will she blush, here be it said,  
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

140

## V

Live with me, and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,  
And all the craggy mountains yields.

There will we sit upon the rocks,  
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,  
By shallow rivers, by whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

150

There will I make thee a bed of roses,  
With a thousand fragrant posies,  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,  
With coral clasps and amber studs;  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Then live with me and be my love.

## LOVE'S ANSWER

If that the world and love were young,  
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,  
These pretty pleasures might me move  
To live with thee and be thy love.

160

## VI

As it fell upon a day  
In the merry month of May,  
Sitting in a pleasant shade  
Which a grove of myrtles made,  
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,  
Trees did grow, and plants did spring;  
Every thing did banish moan,  
Save the nightingale alone:  
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,  
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,  
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,  
That to hear it was great pity:  
'Fie, fie, fie!' now would she cry;  
'Tereu, Tereu!' by and by;  
That to hear her so complain,  
Scarce I could from tears refrain;  
For her griefs, so lively shown,  
Made me think upon mine own.  
Ah! thought I, thou mourn'st in vain,  
None takes pity on thy pain:  
Senseless trees they cannot hear thee,  
Ruthless beasts they will not cheer thee:  
King Pandion he is dead,  
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead,  
All thy fellow birds do sing  
Careless of thy sorrowing.  
Even so, poor bird, like thee,  
None alive will pity me.

170

180

190

Whilst as fickle Fortune smil'd,  
Thou and I were both beguil'd.  
Every one that flatters thee  
Is no friend in misery.  
Words are easy, like the wind;  
Faithful friends are hard to find:  
Every man will be thy friend  
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;  
But if store of crowns be scant,  
No man will supply thy want.  
If that one be prodigal,  
Bountiful they will him call,  
And with such-like flattering,  
'Pity but he were a king.'  
If he be addict to vice,  
Quickly him they will entice;

200

## SONNETS TO SUNDRY NOTES OF MUSIC

---

If to women he be bent,  
They have him at commandement;  
But if Fortune once do frown,  
Then farewell his great renown;  
They that fawn'd on him before  
Use his company no more.  
He that is thy friend indeed,

210

He will help thee in thy need:  
If thou sorrow, he will weep;  
If thou wake, he cannot sleep:  
Thus of every grief in heart  
He with thee does bear a part.  
These are certain signs to know  
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

220

# THE PHŒNIX AND THE TURTLE

LET the bird of loudest lay  
On the sole Arabian tree,  
Herald sad and trumpet be,  
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,  
Foul precurrer of the fiend,  
Augur of the fever's end,  
To this troop come thou not near.

From this session interdict  
Every fowl of tyrant wing,  
Save the eagle, feather'd king:  
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white  
That defunctive music can,  
Be the death-divining swan,  
Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou treble-dated crow,  
That thy sable gender mak'st  
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,  
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence:  
Love and constancy is dead;  
Phoenix and the turtle fled  
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they lov'd, as love in twain  
Had the essence but in one;  
Two distincts, division none;  
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;  
Distance, and no space was seen  
'Twixt the turtle and his queen:  
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,  
That the turtle saw his right  
Flaming in the phoenix' sight;  
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appall'd,  
That the self was not the same;  
Single nature's double name  
Neither two nor one was call'd.

Reason, in itself confounded,  
Saw division grow together;  
To themselves yet either neither,  
Simple were so well compounded,

That it cried, 'How true a twain  
Seemeth this concordant one!  
Love hath reason, reason none,  
If what parts can so remain.'

Whereupon it made this threne  
To the phoenix and the dove,  
Co-supremes and stars of love,  
As chorus to their tragic scene.

## THRENOS

Beauty, truth, and rarity,  
Grace in all simplicity,  
Here enclos'd in cinders lie.

Death is now the phoenix' nest;  
And the turtle's loyal breast  
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity:  
'T was not their infirmity,  
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be;  
Beauty brag, but 't is not she;  
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair  
That are either true or fair;  
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

## KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

ā as in ate	ē as in writer	ōō as in moon
ā as in senate	ē as in novel	ōō as in foot
â as in rare	ī as in mine	û as in unit
â as in cat	ī as in begin	û as in circulate
â as in ask	ô as in cold	û as in burn
â as in comma	ô as in obey	û as in cut
ä as in far	ô as in cord	û as in focus
â as in affect	ô as in dog	û as in Ger. für
ē as in scene	ö as in stop	ñ as in Fr. enfant
ê as in event	ö as in Ger. schön	th as in then
ê as in edge	ô as in compare	zh as in azure

## LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS

<i>A. and C.</i>	Antony and Cleopatra	<i>M. N. D.</i>	Midsummer Night's Dream
<i>A. W.</i>	All 's Well That Ends Well	<i>M. of V.</i>	Merchant of Venice
<i>A. Y. L.</i>	As You Like It	<i>M. W.</i>	Merry Wives of Windsor
<i>C. of E.</i>	Comedy of Errors	<i>Macb.</i>	Macbeth
<i>Cor.</i>	Coriolanus	<i>Much Ado</i>	Much Ado About Nothing
<i>Cymb.</i>	Cymbeline	<i>Oth.</i>	Othello
<i>Ham.</i>	Hamlet	<i>Per.</i>	Pericles
<i>1 Hen. IV</i>	First Part of Henry IV	<i>R. and J.</i>	Romeo and Juliet
<i>2 Hen. IV</i>	Second Part of Henry IV	<i>Rich. II</i>	Richard II
<i>Hen. V</i>	Henry the Fifth	<i>Rich. III</i>	Richard III
<i>1 Hen. VI</i>	First Part of Henry VI	<i>T. A.</i>	Titus Andronicus
<i>2 Hen. VI</i>	Second Part of Henry VI	<i>T. and C.</i>	Troilus and Cressida
<i>3 Hen. VI</i>	Third Part of Henry VI	<i>T. G. of V.</i>	Two Gentlemen of Verona
<i>Hen. VIII</i>	Henry the Eighth	<i>T. N.</i>	Twelfth Night
<i>J. C.</i>	Julius Cæsar	<i>T. of A.</i>	Timon of Athens
<i>K. John</i>	King John	<i>T. of S.</i>	Taming of the Shrew
<i>L. L. L.</i>	Love's Labour 's Lost	<i>Temp.</i>	Tempest
<i>Lear</i>	King Lear	<i>W. T.</i>	Winter's Tale
<i>M. for M.</i>	Measure for Measure		

# INDEX OF CHARACTERS

- AARON (är'ün). *T. A.* A Moor beloved by Tamora, Queen of the Goths.
- ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER (äb'üt wëst'mîn-stër). *Rich. II.*
- ABERGAVENNY (äb'ër-gä-vën'y), LORD. *Hen. VIII.*
- ABHORSON (äb-hôr'sün). *M. for M.* An executioner.
- ABRAHAM (ä'brä-häm). *R. and J.* Servant to Montague.
- ACHILLES (ä-kî'ëz). *T. and C.* A Grecian commander.
- ADAM (äd'am). *A. Y. L.* A servant to Oliver.
- ADRIAN (ä'drî-än). *Temp.* A lord.
- ADRIANA (ä-drë-ä'nd). *C. of E.* Wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.
- ADRIANO DE ARMADO, DON (dön ä-drë-ä'nö dä är-mä'dö). *L. L. L.*
- ÆGEON (ë-jë'on). *C. of E.* A merchant of Syracuse.
- ÆMILIA (ë-mî'lî-ä). *C. of E.* Wife to Ægeon; an abbess at Ephesus.
- ÆMILIUS (ë-mî'lî-üs). *T. A.* A noble Roman.
- ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS (lëp'y-düs). *J. C.* A Roman Triumvir.
- ÆNEAS (ë-në'äs). *T. and C.* A Trojan commander.
- AGAMEMNON (äg'ä-mëm'nön). *T. and C.* The Grecian general.
- AGRIPPA (ä-grîp'ä). *A. and C.* A friend of Cæsar.
- AGRIPPA, MENENIUS (më-në'nî-üs). *Cor.*
- AGUECHECK (ä'gü-chëk), SIR ANDREW. *T. N.*
- AJAX (ä'jäks). *T. and C.* A Grecian commander.
- ALARBUS (ä-lär'büs). *T. A.* A son to Tamora, Queen of the Goths.
- ALBANY (öl'bä-nî), DUKE OF. *K. L.*
- ALCIBIADES (äl'sî-bî'ä-dëz). *T. of A.* An Athenian captain.
- ALENÇON (ä-lën'sün), DUKE OF. *1 Hen. VI.*
- ALEXANDER (äl'ëg-zän'dër). *T. and C.* Servant to Cressida.
- ALEXANDER IDEN (î'dën). *2 Hen. VI.* A gentleman of Kent.
- ALEXAS (ä-lëk'säs). *A. and C.* An attendant on Cleopatra.
- ALICE (ä'lîs). *Hen. V.* A lady attending on Princess Katharine of France.
- ALONSO (ä-lön'zö). *Temp.* King of Naples.
- AMIENS (ä'mî-ënz; Fr. ä'myän'). *A. Y. L.* A lord attending the banished duke.
- ANDROMACHE (än-dröm'ä-kë). *T. and C.* Wife to Hector.
- ANDRONICUS, MARCUS (mär'küs än-drön'y-küs). *T. A.* A tribune of the Roman people; brother to Titus Andronicus.
- ANDRONICUS, TITUS (tî'tüs). *T. A.* A noble Roman general against the Goths.
- ANGELO (än'jë-lö). *C. of E.* A goldsmith.
- ANGELO. *M. for M.* The deputy.
- ANGUS (äng'güs). *Macb.* A Scotch nobleman.
- ANJOU (än'jö; Fr. än'zhö'), DUKE OF. *1 Hen. VI.* Duke of Anjou and titular King of Naples.
- ANNE BULLEN (än bööl'ën). *Hen. VIII.* Maid of honor to Queen Katharine; afterward queen to Henry VIII.
- ANNE, LADY. *Rich. III.* Widow of Edward, Prince of Wales.
- ANNE PAGE (päj). *M. W.* Daughter to Page and Mistress Page. In love with Fenton.
- ANTENOR (än-të'nër). *T. and C.* A Trojan commander.
- ANTHONY, MARK (märk än'tö-nî). *J. C. and A. and C.* A triumvir after the death of Cæsar.
- ANTIGONUS (än-tîg'ö-nüs). *W. T.* A lord of Sicilia.
- ANTIOCH (än'tî-ök), KING OF. *Per.* King of Antioch.
- ANTIOCHUS (än-tî'ö-küs). *Per.* King of Antioch.
- ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS (än-tîf'ö-lüs ëf'ë-süs). *C. of E.* A twin son to Ægeon and Emilia.
- ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE (sîr'ä-küs). *C. of E.* A twin son to Ægeon and Emilia.
- ANTONIO (än-tö'nî-ö). *M. of V.* A merchant of Venice.
- ANTONIO. *Much Ado.* Brother to Leonato.
- ANTONIO. *Temp.* Brother to Prospero; usurping Duke of Milan.
- ANTONIO. *T. G. of V.* Father to Proteus.
- ANTONIO. *T. N.* A sea captain; friend of Sebastian.
- ANTONIUS, MARCUS (mär'küs än'tö'nî-üs). *J. C. and A. and C.* A triumvir after the death of Cæsar.
- ANTONY, MARK (märk än'tö-nî). *J. C. and A. and C.* A triumvir after the death of Cæsar.
- APEMANTUS (äp'ë-män'tüs). *T. of A.* A churlish philosopher.
- ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY (ärch'bîsh'üp kän'tër-bër-î). *Hen. V.*
- ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY (Bourchier). *Rich. III.*
- ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY (Cranmer). *Hen. VIII.*
- ARCHBISHOP OF YORK (yörk) (Richard Scroop). *1 and 2 Hen. IV.*
- ARCHBISHOP OF YORK (Thomas Rotherham). *Rich. III.*
- ARCHBALD (är'chî-böld). *1 Hen. IV.* Earl of Douglas.
- ARCHIDAMUS (är'kî-dä'müs). *W. T.* A lord of Bohemia.
- ARIEL (ä'rî-ël). *Temp.* An airy spirit.
- ARMADO, DON ADRIANO DE (dön ä-drë-ä'nö dä är-mä'dö). *L. L. L.*
- ARRAGON (är'ä-gön), PRINCE OF. *M. of V.* A suitor to Portia.
- ARTEMIDORUS (är'të-mî-dö'rüs). *J. C.* A sophist of Cnidos.
- ARTHUR (är'thür). *K. John.* Nephew to the king. Duke of Bretagne.
- ARVIRAGUS (är'vî-rä'güs). Also called CADWAL. *Cymb.* Son to Cymbeline, disguised under the name of Cadwal, a supposed son to Belarius.
- AUDREY (ö'drî). *A. Y. L.* A country girl.

# INDEX OF CHARACTERS

- AUFIDIUS, TULLUS** (tūl'ūs ō-fīd'ī-ūs). *Cor.* General of the Volscians.
- AUMERLE** (ō-mūr'l), **DUKE OF**. *Rich. II.* Son to the Duke of York.
- AUSTRIA, DUKE OF (LYMOGES)** (ōs'trī-ā). *K. John.*
- AUTOLYCUS** (ō-tōl'ī-kūs). *W. T.* A rogue.
- AUVERGNE** (Fr. ō'vārny'), **COUNTESS OF**. *1 Hen. VI.*
- BAGOT** (bāg'ūt). *Rich. II.* A servant to the king.
- BALTHAZAR** (bāl-tā'zār). *R. and J.* Servant to Romeo.
- BALTHAZAR**. *C. of E.* A merchant.
- BALTHAZAR**. *M. of V.* Servant to Portia.
- BALTHAZAR**. *Much Ado.* Servant to Don Pedro.
- BANQUO** (bān'kwō). *Macb.* A general in the army of the Scotch king, Duncan.
- BAPTISTA** (bāp-tis'tā). *T. of S.* A rich gentleman of Padua.
- BARDOLPH** (bār'dōlf). *1 and 2 Hen. IV, Hen. V, and M. W.* A follower of Falstaff.
- BARDOLPH, LORD**. *2 Hen. IV.* Opposite to the king.
- BARNARDINE** (bār'nār-dēn). *M. for M.* A dissolute prisoner.
- BASSANIO** (bā'sā'nī-ō). *M. of V.* A friend of Antonio.
- BASSET** (bās'ēt). *1 Hen. VI.* Of the Lancaster, or Red Rose, faction.
- BASSIANUS** (bās'ī-ā'nūs). *T. A.* Brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia.
- BASTARD OF ORLEANS** (bās'tārd ōr'lē-ānz; Fr. ōr'lā'sā'd'). *1 Hen. VI.*
- BASTARD, PHILIP** (mī'p) **THE**. *K. John.* Half-brother to Robert Faulconbridge.
- BATES** (bāts). *Hen. V.* A soldier in the army of Henry V.
- BEATRICE** (bē'ā-trīs). *Much Ado.* Niece to Leonato.
- BEAUFORT** (bē'fōrt), **CARDINAL HENRY**. *1 Hen. IV.* Bishop of Winchester; great-uncle to Henry VI.
- BEAUFORT, JOHN**. *1 Hen. VI.* Earl (afterward Duke) of Somerset.
- BEAUFORT, THOMAS**. *1 Hen. VI.* Duke of Exeter; great-uncle to Henry VI.
- BEDFORD** (bēd'fērd), **DUKE OF**. *Hen. V and 1 Hen. VI.* Brother to Henry V.
- BELARIUS** (bē-lā'rī-ūs) (also called **MORGAN**). *Cymb.* A banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.
- BELCH, SIR TOBY** (tō'bī bēlsh). *T. N.* Uncle to Olivia.
- BENEDICK** (bēn'ē-dīk). *Much Ado.* A young lord of Padua.
- BENVOLIO** (bēn-vō'lī-ō). *R. and J.* Nephew to Montague; a friend to Romeo.
- BERKELEY** (bār'kēlī). *Rich. III.* A gentleman waiting on Lady Anne.
- BERKELEY, LORD**. *Rich. II.*
- BERNARDO** (bēr-nār'dō). *Ham.* An officer.
- BEROWNE** (bē-rōon'). *L. L. L.* A lord attending the king.
- BERTRAM** (būr'trām). *A. W.* Count of Rousillon.
- BEVIS** (bēv'is), **GEORGE**. *2 Hen. VI.* A follower of Cade.
- BIANCA** (bē-ān'kā). *Oth.* Mistress to Cassio.
- BIANCA**. *T. of S.* Daughter to Baptista.
- BIGOT** (big'ūt), **LORD**. *K. John.*
- BIONDELLO** (bē-ōn-dēl'ō). *T. of S.* A servant to Lucentio.
- BISHOP OF CARLISLE** (kār-līl'). *Rich. II.*
- BISHOP OF ELY** (ē'lī). *Hen. V.*
- BISHOP OF ELY** (John Morton). *Rich. II.*
- BISHOP OF LINCOLN** (līng'kūn). *Hen. VIII.*
- BISHOP OF WINCHESTER** (wīn'chēs-tēr) (Cardinal Beaufort). *2 Hen. VI.* Great-uncle to Henry VI.
- BISHOP OF WINCHESTER** (Gardiner). *Hen. VIII.*
- BLANCH** (blānsh) **OF SPAIN**, *K. John.* Niece to King John.
- BLOUNT** (blūnt), **SIR JAMES**. *Rich. III.*
- BLUNT** (blūnt). *2 Hen. IV.* Of the king's party.
- BLUNT, SIR WALTER**. *1 Hen. IV.*
- BOHEMIA** (bō-hē'mī-ā), **KING OF**. *W. T.*
- BOLINGBROKE** (bō'līng-brōōk). *2 Hen. VI.* A conjuror.
- BOLINGBROKE, HENRY**. *Rich. II.* Duke of Hereford; son to John of Gaunt.
- BONA** (bō'nā). *3 Hen. VI.* Sister to the French queen.
- BORACHIO** (bō-rā'kē-ō). *Much Ado.* A follower of Don John.
- BOTTOM** (bōt'ūm). *M. N. D.* A weaver.
- BOULT** (bōlt). *Per.* A servant.
- BOURBON** (bōōr'būn; Fr. bōōr'bōā'), **DUKE OF**. *Hen. V.*
- BOURCHIER** (bou'chēr), **CARDINAL**. *Rich. III.* Archbishop of Canterbury.
- BOYET** (boi-ēt'; Fr. bwā'yā'). *L. L. L.* A lord attending the Princess of France.
- BRABANTIO** (brā-bān'shī-ō). *Oth.* A senator.
- BRAKENBURY** (brāk'ēn-bēr-ī), **SIR ROBERT**. *Rich. III.* Lieutenant of the Tower.
- BRANDON** (brān'dūn). *Hen. VIII.*
- BRETAGNE** (Fr. brē-tāny'), **DUKE OF**. *K. John.* Nephew to the king.
- BRITAIN** (brīt'ūn), **KING OF**. *Cymb., also Lear.*
- BRUTUS, DECIOUS** (dē'shī-ūs brōō'tūs). *J. C.* A conspirator.
- BRUTUS, JUNIUS** (jōōn'yūs). *Cor.* A Roman tribune.
- BRUTUS, MARCUS** (mār'kūs). *J. C.* A conspirator.
- BUCKINGHAM** (būk'īng-ām), **DUKE OF**. *2 Hen. VI, Rich. III, and Hen. VIII.* Of the king's party.
- BULLCALT** (bōōl'káf). *2 Hen. IV.* A recruit.
- BULLEN, ANNE** (bōōl'ēn). *Hen. VIII.* Maid of honor to Queen Katharine; afterward queen to Henry VIII.
- BURGUNDY** (būr'gūn-dī), **DUKE OF**. *Hen. V, 2 Hen. VI, and Lear.*
- BUSHY** (bōōsh'ī). *Rich. II.* A servant to Rich. II.
- BUTTS** (būts), **DOCTOR**. *Hen. VIII.* Physician to the king.
- CADE** (kād), **JACK**. *2 Hen. VI.* A rebel.
- CADWAL** (kād'wōl), (also called **Arviragus**). *Cymb.* Son to Cymbeline; supposed son to Belarius.
- CÆSAR, JULIUS** (jōōl'yūs sē'zār). *J. C.*

# INDEX OF CHARACTERS

- CÆSAR, OCTAVIUS** (øk-tě'vī-ūs). *J. C. and A. and C. A triumvir after the death of Julius Cæsar.*
- CAITHNESS** (kăth'něs). *Macb. A Scotch nobleman.*
- CAIUS** (kă'yūs). *T. A. A kinsman to Titus.*
- CAIUS, DOCTOR.** *M. W. A French physician.*
- CAIUS (EARL OF KENT).** *Lear.*
- CAIUS LUCIUS** (lū'shī-ūs). *Cymb. General of the Roman forces.*
- CAIUS MARCIUS** (mă'r'shī-ūs) (**CORIOLANUS**). *Cor. A noble Roman.*
- CALCHAS** (kăl'kăs). *T. and C. A Trojan priest, taking part with the Greeks.*
- CALIBAN** (kăl'y-băn). *Temp. A savage and deformed slave.*
- CALPURNIA** (kăl-pŭr'nī-d). *J. C. Wife to Julius Cæsar.*
- CAMBRIDGE** (kăm'brīj), **EARL OF.** *Hen. V.*
- CAMILLO** (kă-mī'lō). *W. T. A lord of Sicilia.*
- CAMPEIUS** (kăm-pě'yūs), **CARDINAL.** *Hen. VIII.*
- CANIDIUS** (kă-nīd'y-ūs). *A. and C. Lieutenant-general to Mark Antony.*
- CANTERBURY** (kăn'těr-bēr-y), **ARCHBISHOP OF.** *Rich. III and Hen. VIII.*
- CAPHIS** (kă'fis). *T. of A. A servant to Timon's creditors.*
- CAPUCIUS** (kă-pŭ'shūs). *Hen. VIII. Ambassador from the emperor, Charles V.*
- CAPULET** (kăp'ŭ-lět). *R. and J. Head of the House of Capulet; at strife with the Montagues.*
- CAPULET, LADY.** *R. and J. Wife to Capulet.*
- CARDINAL BEAUFORT** (kăr'dī-năl bō'fört). *1 and 2 Hen. VI. Bishop of Winchester; great-uncle to Henry VI.*
- CARDINAL BOURCHIER** (bōr'chēr). *Rich. III. Archbishop of Canterbury.*
- CARDINAL CAMPEIUS** (kăm-pě'yūs). *Hen. VIII.*
- CARDINAL PANDULPH** (păn'dŭlf). *K. John. The pope's legate.*
- CARDINAL WOLSEY** (wōl'y'zī). *Hen. VIII.*
- CARLISLE** (kăr-llī'), **BISHOP OF.** *Rich. II.*
- CASCA** (kăs'kă). *J. C. A conspirator against Julius Cæsar.*
- CASSANDRA** (kă-săn'dră). *T. and C. Daughter to Priam, King of Troy; a prophetess.*
- CASSIO** (kăsh'y-ō). *Oth. Lieutenant to Othello.*
- CASSIUS** (kăsh'yūs). *J. C. A conspirator against Julius Cæsar.*
- CATESBY** (kăs'tēbī), **SIR WILLIAM.** *Rich. III.*
- CATO** (kă'tō), **(THE YOUNGER).** *J. C. A friend to Brutus and Cassius.*
- CELIA** (sē'lī-d). *A. Y. L. Daughter to Frederick.*
- CERES** (sē'rěz). *Temp. Presented by a spirit.*
- CERIMON** (sēr'y-mōn). *Per. A lord of Ephesus.*
- CHAMBERLAIN** (chăm'bēr-līn), **The Lord.** *Hen. VIII.*
- CHANCELLOR** (chăn'sěl-ēr), **The Lord.** *Hen. VIII.*
- CHARLES** (chărlz). *A. Y. L. A wrestler.*
- CHARLES VI.** *Hen. V. King of France.*
- CHARLES (THE DAUPHIN).** *1 Hen. VI. Afterward King of France.*
- CHARMIAN** (chăr'mī-ăn). *A. and C. An attendant on Cleopatra.*
- CHATHAM, CLERK OF** (klŭrk chăt'ăm). *2 Hen. VI.*
- CHATILLON** (shăt'y-lōn; Fr. shăt'yōn'). *K. John, Ambassador from France.*
- CHIRON** (kī'rōn). *T. A. A son to Tamora.*
- CHRISTOPHER SLY** (krīs'tō-fēr slī). *T. of S. A person in the induction.*
- CHRISTOPHER URSWICK** (ŭrs'ŭk). *Rich. III. A priest.*
- CICERO** (sīs'ē-rō). *J. C. A Roman senator.*
- CIMBER, METELLUS** (mă-těl'ūs sīm'bēr). *J. C. A conspirator.*
- CINNA** (sīn'd). *J. C. A conspirator against Julius Cæsar.*
- CINNA.** *J. C. A poet.*
- CLARENCE** (klăr'ěns), **DUKE OF.** *Rich. III. Brother to Edward IV.*
- CLARENCE, DUKE OF.** *2 Hen. IV. Son to Henry IV.*
- CLAUDIO** (klō'dī-ō). *M. for M. A young gentleman.*
- CLAUDIO.** *Much Ado. A young lord of Florence.*
- CLAUDIUS** (klō'dī-ūs). *J. C. A servant to Brutus.*
- CLAUDIUS.** *Ham. King of Denmark.*
- CLEOMENES** (klē-ōm'ē-něz). *W. T. A lord of Sicilia.*
- CLEON** (klē'ōn). *Per. Governor of Tarsus.*
- CLEOPATRA** (klē-ō-pă'tră; klē-ō-păt'ră). *A. and C. Queen of Egypt.*
- CLERK OF CHATHAM** (klŭrk chăt'ăm). *2 Hen. VI.*
- CLIFFORD** (klīf'örd), **LORD.** *2 and 3 Hen. VI. Of the party of Henry VI.*
- CLIFFORD, YOUNG.** *2 Hen. VI. Son to Lord Clifford.*
- CLITUS** (klī'tūs). *J. C. A servant to Brutus.*
- CLOTEN** (klō'tēn). *Cymb. Son to the queen by a former husband.*
- COBWEB** (kōb'wēb). *M. N. D. A fairy.*
- COLEVILE** (kōl'vīl), **SIR JOHN.** *2 Hen. IV.*
- COMINIUS** (kō-mīn'y-ūs). *Cor. A Roman general against the Volscians.*
- CONRADE** (kōn'răd). *Much Ado. A follower of John.*
- CONSTABLE** (kŭn'stă-bl) **OF FRANCE.** *Hen. V.*
- CONSTANCE** (kōn'stăns). *K. John. Mother to Arthur.*
- CORDELIA** (kōr-dē'lī-d). *Lear. Daughter to King Lear.*
- CORIN** (kōr'īn). *A. Y. L. A shepherd.*
- CORIOLANUS** (kō'rī-ō-lă'nūs). *Cor. A noble Roman.*
- CORNELIUS** (kōr-nē'lī-ūs). *Cymb. A physician.*
- CORNELIUS.** *Ham. A courtier.*
- CORNWALL** (kōrn'wōl), **DUKE OF.** *Lear.*
- COSTARD** (kōs'tărd). *L. L. L. A clown.*
- COUNT OF ROUSSILLON** (kount rōō-sīl'yŭn; Fr. rōō'sē'yōn'), **(BERTRAM).** *A. W.*
- COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE** (kount'ēs ō'vărny'). *1 Hen. VI.*
- COUNTESS OF ROUSSILLON** (rōō-sīl'yŭn; Fr. rōō'sē'yōn'). *A. W. Mother to Bertram.*
- COURT** (kōrt). *Hen. V. A soldier in the army of Henry V.*
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- CRESSIDA** (krēs'y-dă). *T. and C. Daughter to Calchas.*
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**DEIPHOBUS** (dē-īf'ō-būs). *T. and C.* Son to Priam, King of Troy.

**DEMETRIUS** (dē-mē'trī-ūs). *T. A.* A son to Tamora.

**DEMETRIUS**. *A. and C.* A friend of Mark Antony.

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**DIANA** (dī-ān'ā). *A. W.* Daughter to the widow.

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**DICK** (dīk) **THE BUTCHER**. *2 Hen. VI.* A follower of Jack Cade.

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**DIONYZA** (dī-ō-nī'zā). *Per.* Wife to Cleon.

**DOCTOR BUTTS** (būts). *Hen. VIII.* Physician to Henry VIII.

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**DOLABELLA** (dōl'ā-bēl'ā). *A. and C.* A friend of Cæsar.

**DOLL TEARSHEET** (dōl tār'shēt'). *2 Hen. IV.*

**DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS** (dō-mīsh'yūs ē-nō-bār'būs). *A. and C.* A friend of Mark Antony.

**DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO** (dōn ā-drē-ā'nō dē ār-mā'dō). *L. L. L.* A fantastical Spaniard.

**DON JOHN** (jōn). *Much Ado.* Bastard brother to Don Pedro.

**DON PEDRO** (pē'drō). *Much Ado.* Prince of Arragon.

**DONALBAIN** (dōn'āl-bān). *Macb.* Son to Duncan, King of Scotland.

**DORCAS** (dōr'kās). *W. T.* A shepherdess.

**DORSET** (dōr'sēt), **MARQUESS OF**. *Rich. III.* Son to Elizabeth, Queen to Edward IV.

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**DROMIO OF EPHEBUS** (drō'mī-ō ēf'ē-sūs). *C. of E.* Twin brother to Dromio of Syracuse; attendant on Antipholus of Ephesus.

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE** (sir'ā-kūs). *C. of E.* Twin brother to Dromio of Ephesus; attendant on Antipholus of Syracuse.

**DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER** (dūch'ēs glōs'tēr). *Rich. III.*

**DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER (ELEANOR)**. *2 Hen. VI.*

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**DUCHESS OF YORK**. *Rich. III.* Mother to Edward IV, the Duke of Clarence, and the Duke of Gloucester.

**DUKE OF ALBANY** (dūk ōl'bā-nī). *Lear.*

**DUKE OF ALENÇON** (ā-lēn'sūn; *Fr.* ā'lān'sōn'). *1 Hen. VI.*

**DUKE OF ANJOU** (ān'jōō; *Fr.* ān'zhōō'). *1 Hen. VI.*

**DUKE OF AUMERLE** (ō-mūr'l'). *Rich. II.* Son to the Duke of York.

**DUKE OF BEDFORD** (bēd'fērd). *Hen. V.* Brother to Henry V. In *Hen. VI*, Part I, Uncle to Henry VI; Regent of France.

**DUKE OF BOURBON** (bōōr'būn; *Fr.* bōōr'bōn'). *Hen. V.*

**DUKE OF BRETAGNE** (brē-tāny'). *K. John.*

**DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM**. (būck'īng-ām). *2 Hen. VI. Rich. III. and Hen. VIII.*

**DUKE OF BURGUNDY** (būr'gūn-dī). *Hen. V. and 1 Hen. VI;* also *Lear.*

**DUKE OF CLARENCE** (klār'ēns) (**GEORGE**). *3 Hen. VI.*

**DUKE OF CLARENCE (THOMAS)**. *2 Hen. IV.*

**DUKE OF CORNWALL** (kōrn'wōl). *Lear.*

**DUKE OF EXETER** (ēk'sē-tēr). *Hen. V.* Uncle to Henry V. In *Hen. VI*, Part II, on the king's side.

**DUKE OF FLORENCE** (flōr'ēns). *A. W.*

**DUKE OF GLOUCESTER** (glōs'tēr). *Hen. V.* brother to Henry V; *1* and *2 Hen. VI*, uncle to the king, and Protector.

**DUKE OF GLOUCESTER (HUMPHREY)**. *2 Hen. IV. and 1 and 2 Hen. VI.*

**DUKE OF GLOUCESTER (RICHARD)**. *Rich. III.* Brother to Edward IV.

**DUKE OF HEREFORD** (hēr'ē-fērd). *Rich. II.*

**DUKE OF ILLYRIA** (ī-līr'ī-ā). *T. N.*

**DUKE OF MILAN** (mī-lān'). *T. G. of V.* Father to Silvia.

**DUKE OF NORFOLK** (nōr'fōk). *3 Hen. VI, Rich. III, and Hen. VIII.*

**DUKE OF ORLEANS** (ōr'lē-ānz; *Fr.* ōr'lē'ān'). *Hen. V.*

**DUKE OF SOMERSET** (sūm'ēr-sēt). *2 and 3 Hen. VI.* Of the party of Henry VI.

**DUKE OF SOMERSET (JOHN BEAUFORT)**. *1 Hen. VI.*

**DUKE OF SUFFOLK** (sūf'ōk). *2 Hen. VI and Hen. VIII.*

**DUKE OF SURREY** (sūr'y). *Rich. II.*

**DUKE OF VENICE** (vēn'is). *M. of V. and Oth.*

**DUKE** (dūk), **THE**. *A. Y. L.* Living in banishment.

**DUKE OF YORK** (yōrk). *Hen. V, 2 Hen. VI and Rich. III.*

**DUKE OF YORK (EDMUND)**. *Rich. II.* Uncle to the king.

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EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES. *Rich. III.* Son to Edward IV; afterward Edward V.  
EGEUS (ê-jê'ûs). *M. N. D.* Father to Hermia.  
EGLAMOUR (êg'lâ-môôr). *T. G. of V.* Agent for Silvia in her escape.  
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ESCALUS (ês'kâ-lûs). *R. and J.* Prince of Verona.  
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FEEBLE (fê'bl). *2 Hen. IV.* A recruit.  
FENTON (fên'tûn). *M. W.* A young gentleman.  
FERDINAND (fûr'dî-nând). *L. L. L.* King of Navarre.  
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FITZWATER (fîts'wô-têr), LORD. *Rich. II.*  
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FLAVIUS (flâ'vî-ûs). *T. A.* Steward to Timon.  
FLAVIUS (flâ'vî-ûs). *J. C.* A Roman tribune.  
FLEANCE (flê'âns). *Macb.* Son to Banquo.  
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FLUELLEN (flû-êl'ên). *Hen. V.* An officer in the army of Henry V.  
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FRANCISCO (frân-sîs'kô). In *Ham.*, a soldier; in *Temp.*, a lord.  
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FRIAR JOHN (jôn). *R. and J.* A Franciscan.  
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 GREY, SIR THOMAS. *Hen. V.*  
 GRIFFITH (grîf'îth). *Hen. VIII.* Gentleman usher to Queen Katharine.  
 GRUMIO (gröö'mî-ō). *T. of S.* A servant to Petruccio.  
 GUIDERIUS (gwî-dê'rî-ūs) (also called POLYDORE). *Cymb.* Son to Cymbeline, disguised under the name of Polydore, a supposed son to Belarius.  
 GULDENSTERN (gîl'dên-stûrn). *Ham.* A courtier.  
 GUILDFORD (gil'têrd), SIR HENRY. *Hen. VIII.*  
 GURNEY, JAMES (jămz gûr'nî). *K. John.*  
 HAL (hăl), PRINCE. 1 and 2 *Hen. IV.* Son to the king.  
 HAMLET (hăm'lêt). *Ham.* Son to the late king of Denmark; nephew to the present king.  
 HARCOURT (hărkört). 2 *Hen. IV.* Of the king's party.  
 HARFLEUR (hărf'lūr; Fr. âr'flūr), Governor of. *Hen. V.*  
 HASTINGS (hăs'tîngz), LORD. 2 *Hen. IV.* 3 *Hen. VI.* and *Rich. III.*  
 HECAETE (hêk'ăt). *Macb.*  
 HECTOR (hêk'târ). *T. and C.* A son to Priam, King of Troy.  
 HELEN (hêl'ën). *T. and C.* Wife to Menelaus.  
 HELEN. *Cymb.* Woman to Imogen.  
 HELENA (hêl'ē-nă). *A. W.* A gentlewoman protected by the countess.  
 HELENA. *M. N. D.* In love with Demetrius.  
 HELENUS (hêl'ē-nūs). *T. and C.* A son to Priam, King of Troy.  
 HELICANUS (hêl'î-kă'nūs). *Per.* A lord of Tyre.  
 HENRY IV (hên'rî). 1 and 2 *Hen. IV.*  
 HENRY V. *Hen. V.*  
 HENRY VI. 1, 2, and 3 *Hen. VI.*  
 HENRY VIII. *Hen. VIII.*  
 HENRY BEAUFORT (bô'fêrt), CARDINAL. 1 *Hen. VI.* Great-uncle to Henry VI; Bishop of Winchester; afterward Cardinal.  
 HENRY BOLINGBROKE (bô'ling-bröök). *Rich. II.* Duke of Hereford. Son to John of Gaunt.  
 HENRY, EARL OF RICHMOND (rich'münd). 3 *Hen. VI* and *Rich. III.*  
 HENRY PERCY, EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND (pûr'st, êrl nôr-thûm'bêr-lând). 1 *Hen. IV.*  
 HENRY PERCY (HOTSPUR). *Rich. II* and 1 *Hen. IV.*  
 HENRY, PRINCE. *K. John.* Son to the king.  
 HENRY (PRINCE OF WALES). 1 and 2 *Hen. IV.* Son to Henry IV; afterward Henry V.  
 HERBERT, SIR WALTER (wôl'têr hûr'bêrt). *Rich. III.*  
 HEREFORD (hêr'ê-fêrd), DUKE OF. *Rich. II.* Son to John of Gaunt.  
 HERMIA (hûr'mî-ă). *M. N. D.* Daughter to Egeus; in love with Lysander.  
 HERMIONE (hûr-mî-ō-nê). *W. T.* Queen to Leontes.  
 HERO (hê'rō). *Much Ado.* Daughter to Leonato.  
 HIPPOLYTA (hî-pôl'î-tă). *M. N. D.* Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.  
 HOLLAND (hól'ând), JOHN. 2 *Hen. VI.* A follower of Jack Cade.  
 HOLOFERNES (hól'ô-fûr'nêz). *L. L. L.* A schoolmaster.  
 HORATIO (hô-ră'shî-ō). *Ham.* A friend to Hamlet.  
 HORNER (hôr'nêr), THOMAS. 2 *Hen. VI.* An armourer.  
 HORTENSIO (hôr-tên'shî-ō). *T. of S.* A suitor of Bianca.  
 HORTENSIUS (hôr-tên'shî-ūs). *T. of A.* A servant to Timon's creditors.  
 HOTSPUR (hôt'spûr'). *Rich. II* and 1 *Hen. IV.*  
 HUBERT DE BURGH (hû'bêrt dê bûrg'). *K. John.*  
 HUME (hûm), JOHN. 2 *Hen. VI.* A priest.

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**HYMEN** (hī'mēn) (person representing). *A. Y. L.*

**IACHIMO** (ē-ä'kē-mō). *Cymb.* A Roman; a friend of Philario.

**IAGO** (ē-ä'-gō). *Oth.* Ancient to Othello.

**IDEN, ALEXANDER** (äl'ēg-zän'dēr 'yden). 2 *Hen. VI.* A gentleman of Kent.

**ILLYRIA** (i-lī'rī-ä). **DUKE OF. T. N.**

**IMOGEN** (im'ō-jēn). *Cymb.* Daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.

**IRAS** (ī'rās). *A. and C.*

**IRIS** (ī'ris). *Temp.* Presented by a spirit.

**ISABEL** (iz'd-bēl). *Hen. V.* Queen of France.

**ISABELLA** (iz'ä-bēl'ä). *M. for M.* Sister to Claudio.

**ISIDORE** (iz'ī-dōr). *T. of A.* A creditor to Timon.

**JACK CADE** (jāk käd). 2 *Hen. VI.* A rebel.

**JAMES GURNEY** (jāmz gūr'nī). *K. John.* Servant to Lady Faulconbridge.

**JAMY** (jā'mī). *Hen. V.* An officer in the army of Henry V.

**JAQUENETTA** (jāk'ē-nēt'ä). *L. L. L.* A country girl.

**JAQUES** (jāk; jā'kwēz; Fr. zhāk). *A. Y. L.* A son to Sir Rowland de Boys.

**JAQUES** (jā'kwēz). *A. Y. L.* A lord attending the banished duke.

**JESSICA** (jēs'ī-kä). *M. of V.* Daughter to Shylock.

**JOAN LA PUCELLE** (jō'an lä pū-sēl'). 1 *Hen. VI.*

**JOAN OF ARC** (jō'an ärk). 1 *Hen. VI.*

**JOHN BEAUFORT** (jōn bö'fērt). 1 *Hen. VI.* Earl of Somerset; afterward Duke of Somerset.

**JOHN, DON** (dōn jōn). *Much Ado.*

**JOHN, FRIAR** (frī'ēr jōn). *R. and J.*

**JOHN HOLLAND** (hōl'änd). 2 *Hen. VI.* A follower of Jack Cade.

**JOHN HUME** (hūm). 2 *Hen. VI.* A priest.

**JOHN, KING.** *K. John.*

**JOHN MORTON** (mōr'tūn). *Rich. III.* Bishop of Ely.

**JOHN OF GAUNT** (gänt). *Rich. II.* Duke of Lancaster; uncle to the king.

**JOHN OF LANCASTER** (läng'käs-tēr). 1 and 2 *Hen. IV.* Son to Henry IV.

**JOHN SOUTHWELL** (south'wēl). 2 *Hen. VI.* A priest.

**JOHN TALBOT** (täl'būt). 1 *Hen. VI.* Son to Lord Talbot.

**JOURDAIN, MARGERY** (mār'jēr-ī jūr-dän'). 2 *Hen. VI.* A witch.

**JULIA** (jōl'yä). *T. G. of V.* Beloved of Proteus.

**JULIET** (jōl'ī-ēt). *R. and J.* Daughter to Capulet.

**JULIET. M. for M.** Beloved of Claudio.

**JULIUS CÆSAR** (jōl'yūs sē'zär). *J. C.*

**JUNIUS BRUTUS** (jōon'yūs brō'tūs). *Cor. A* Roman tribune.

**JUNO** (jōō'nō). *Temp.* Presented by a spirit.

**KATHARINA** (kät-ä-rē'nä). *T. of S.* The shrew; daughter to Baptista.

**KATHARINE** (kät'h-ä-rīn). *Hen. V.* Daughter to Charles and Isabel.

**KATHARINE. L. L. L.** A lady attending the Princess of France.

**KATHARINE, QUEEN. Hen. VIII.**

**KENT** (kēnt), **EARL OF. Lear.**

**KING EDWARD III.** (king ēd'wērd). *Rich. III.*

**KING HENRY IV** (hēn'rī). 1 and 2 *Hen. IV.*

**KING HENRY V. Hen. V.**

**KING HENRY VI.** 1, 2, and 3 *Hen. VI.*

**KING HENRY VII.** 3 *Hen. VI* and *Rich. III.*

**KING HENRY VIII. Hen. VIII.**

**KING JOHN** (jōn). *K. John.*

**KING OF ANTIOCH** (än'tī-ōk). *Per.*

**KING OF BOHEMIA** (bō-hē'mī-ä). *W. T.*

**KING OF BRITAIN** (brīt'nī). *Cymb.*; also *Lear.*

**KING OF DENMARK** (dēn'märk). *Ham.*

**KING OF FRANCE** (frāns). *Lear.*

**KING OF FRANCE. A. W.**

**KING OF FRANCE (CHARLES). Hen. V.**

**KING OF FRANCE (LEWIS). 3 Hen. VI.**

**KING OF NAPLES** (nä'plz). *Temp.*; also 1 *Hen. VI.*

**KING OF NAVARRE** (nä-vär'). *L. L. L.*

**KING OF PENTAPOLIS** (pēn-täp'ō-līs). *Per.*

**KING OF SCOTLAND** (skōt'länd). *Macb.*

**KING OF SICILIA** (si-sil'ī-ä). *W. T.*

**KING OF TROY** (troi). *T. and C.*

**KING RICHARD II** (rīch'ärd). *Rich. II.*

**KING RICHARD III. Rich. III.**

**LADY ANNE** (lā'dī än). *Rich. III.* Widow of Edward, Prince of Wales, son to Henry VI; afterward married to Richard, Duke of Gloucester.

**LADY CAPULET** (käp'ū-lēt). *R. and J.* Wife to Capulet.

**LADY FAULCONBRIDGE** (fō'kn-brīj). *K. John.*

**LADY GREY** (grā). 2 *Hen. VI.* A widow, afterward queen to Edward IV.

**LADY MACBETH** (mäk-bēth'). *Macb.*

**LADY MACDUFF** (mäk-dūf'). *Macb.*

**LADY MONTAGUE** (mōn'tä-gū). *R. and J.* Wife to Montague.

**LADY MORTIMER** (mōr'tī-mēr). 1 *Hen. IV.* Daughter to Glendower and wife to Mortimer.

**LADY NORTHUMBERLAND** (nōr-thūm'bēr-länd). 2 *Hen. IV.*

**LADY PERCY** (pūr'sī). 1 and 2 *Hen. IV.*

**LAERTES** (lä-ēr'tēz). *Ham.* Son to Polonius.

**LAFEU** (lä-fū; Fr. lä'fō'). *A. W.* An old lord.

**LANCASTER** (läng'käs-tēr), **JOHN OF. 1 and 2 Hen. IV.**

**LANGLEY** (läng'li), **EDMUND OF. Rich. II.**

**LARTIUS, TITUS** (tī'tūs lār'shī-ūs). *Cor. A* Roman general.

**LAUNCE** (läns). *T. G. of V.* A clownish servant to Proteus.

**LAUNCELOT GOBBO** (län'sē-lōt göbb'ō). *M. of V.* A clown. Servant to Shylock.

**LAURENCE** (lō'rēns), **FRIAR. R. and J.**

**LAVINIA** (lä-vīn'ä). *T. A.* Daughter to Titus Andronicus.

**LE BEAU** (lē bö'). *A. Y. L.* A courtier.

**LEAR** (lēr). *Lear.* King of Britain.

**LENA, POPILIUS** (pō-pil'ī-ūs lē'nä). *J. C.* A Roman senator.

**LENNOX** (lēn'ōks). *Macb.* A Scotch nobleman.

**LEONARDO** (lē-ō-när'dō). *M. of V.* Servant to Bassanio.

**LEONATO** (lē-ō-nä'tō). *Much Ado.* Governor of Messina.

**LEONATUS POSTHUMUS** (lē-ō-nä'tūs pōs'tū-mūs). *Cymb.* Husband to Imogen.

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 LEPIDUS, MARCUS EMILIUS (mār'kūs ē-mīl'ŭs  
 lēp'ŭ-dūs). *A. and C. and J. C.* A triumvir.  
 LEWIS (lū'ŭs) (THE DAUPHIN). *K. John.*  
 LEWIS (THE DAUPHIN). *Hen. V.*  
 LEWIS XI. 3 *Hen. VI.* King of France.  
 LIGARIUS (lī-gā'rī-ŭs). *J. C.* A conspirator  
 against Julius Cæsar.  
 LINCOLN (līng'kn), BISHOP OF. *Hen. VIII.*  
 LODOVICO (lō-dō-vē'kō). *Oth.* Kinsman to  
 Brabantio.  
 LONDON (lūn'dn), LORD MAYOR OF. *Rich.*  
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 LONGAVILLE (lōng'gā-vīl; Fr. lōn'gā'vāl').  
*L. L. L.* A lord attending the king.  
 LORD ABERGAVENNY (lōrd āb'ēr-gā-vēn'ŭ).  
*Hen. VIII.*  
 LORD BARDOLPH (bār'dōlf). 2 *Hen. IV.*  
 Opposite to the king.  
 LORD BERKELEY (bārk'ŭl). *Rich. II.*  
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*VIII.*  
 LORD CLIFFORD (klīf'ērd). 2 and 3 *Hen. VI.*  
 LORD FITZWATER (fīts'wō-tēr). *Rich. II.*  
 LORD GREY (grā). *Rich. III.* Son to Elizabeth,  
 queen to Edward IV.  
 LORD HASTINGS (hās'tīngz). 2 *Hen. IV.*  
 Opposite to the king.  
 LORD HASTINGS. 3 *Hen. VI.* Of the Duke of  
 York's party.  
 LORD HASTINGS. *Rich. III.*  
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 LORD MAYOR (mā'ēr) OF LONDON. *Rich. III.*  
 LORD MOWBRAY (mō'brā). 2 *Hen. IV.* Opposite  
 to the king.  
 LORD RIVERS (rīv'ērz). 3 *Hen. VI.* Brother to  
 Lady Grey.  
 LORD ROSS (rōs). *Rich. II.*  
 LORD SANDS (sāndz). *Hen. VIII.*  
 LORD SAY (sā). 2 *Hen. VI.*  
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 the Tower.  
 LORD SCROOP (skrōōp). *Hen. V.*  
 LORD STAFFORD (stāf'ērd). 3 *Hen. VI.* Of  
 the Duke of York's party.  
 LORD STANLEY (stān'lī) (EARL OF DERBY).  
*Rich. III.*  
 LORD TALBOT (tāl'bōt). 1 *Hen. VI.* Afterward  
 Earl of Shrewsbury.  
 LORD WILLOUGHBY (wīl'ō-bī). *Rich. II.*  
 LORENZO (lō-rēn'zō). *M. of V.* In love with  
 Jessica.  
 LOVE (lūv'ēl), LORD. *Rich. III.*  
 LOVELL (lūv'ēl), SIR THOMAS. *Hen. VIII.*  
 LUCE (lūs). *C. of E.* Servant to Adriana.  
 LUCENTIO (lūt-sēn'shī-ō). *T. of S.* Son to Vin-  
 centio. In love with Bianca.  
 LUCETTA (lū-sēt'ā). *T. G. of V.* Waiting woman  
 to Julia.  
 LUCIANA (lū-shī-ā'nā). *C. of E.* Sister to  
 Adriana.  
 LUCILIUS (lū-sīl'ŭs). *J. C.* A friend to Brutus  
 and Cassius.

LUCILIUS. *T. of A.* A servant to Timon.  
 LUCIO (lū'shī-ō). *M. for M.* A fantastic.  
 LUCIUS (lū'shī-ŭs). *J. C.* A servant to Brutus.  
 LUCIUS. *T. of A.* A flattering lord.  
 LUCIUS. *T. of A.* A servant to Timon's creditors.  
 LUCIUS. *T. A.* Son to Titus Andronicus.  
 LUCIUS, CAIUS (kā'yūs). *Cymb.* General of the  
 Roman forces.  
 LUCIUS (THE YOUNGER). *T. A.* Son to  
 Lucius; grandson to Titus Andronicus.  
 LUCULLUS (lū-kūl'ŭs). *T. of A.* A flattering lord.  
 LUCY (lū'sī), SIR WILLIAM. 1 *Hen. VI.*  
 LYCHORIDA (lī-kōr'ŭ-dā). *Per.* Nurse to  
 Marina.  
 LYMOGES (lī-mōzh'). *K. John.* Duke of  
 Austria.  
 LYSANDER (lī-sān'dēr). *M. N. D.* In love with  
 Hermia.  
 LYSIMACHUS (lī-sīm'ŭ-kūs). *Per.* Governor of  
 Mitylene.  
 M. EMILIUS LEPIDUS. *J. C.* A triumvir after  
 the death of Julius Cæsar. (Same as Marcus  
 Emilius Lepidus in *A. and C.*)  
 MACBETH (māk-bēth'). *Macb.* A general in  
 the army of Duncan, King of Scotland.  
 MACBETH, LADY. *Macb.*  
 MACDUFF (māk-dūf'). *Macb.* A Scotch noble-  
 man.  
 MACDUFF, LADY. *Macb.*  
 MACMORRIS (māk-mōr'is). *Hen. V.* An  
 officer in the army of Henry V.  
 MALCOLM (māl'kūm). *Macb.* Son to Duncan,  
 King of Scotland.  
 MALVOLIO (māl-vō'lī-ō). *T. N.* Steward to  
 Olivia.  
 MAMILIUS (mā-mīl'ŭs). *W. T.* The young  
 Prince of Sicilia.  
 MARCADE (mār-kād'). *L. L. L.* A lord attending  
 the Princess of France.  
 MARCELLUS (mār-sēl'ŭs). *Ham.* An officer.  
 MARCH (mārch), EARL OF (EDMUND). 1  
*Hen. VI.*  
 MARCH, EARL OF (EDWARD). 3 *Hen. VI.*  
 MARCIUS (mār'shī-ŭs) (THE YOUNGER). *Cor.*  
 Son to Coriolanus.  
 MARCUS EMILIUS LEPIDUS (mār'kūs ē-mīl'ŭs  
 lēp'ŭ-dūs). *A. and C.* A triumvir. (Same as  
 M. Emilius Lepidus in *J. C.*)  
 MARCUS ANDRONICUS (mār-drōn'ŭ-kūs). *T. A.*  
 A tribune of the Roman people; brother to Titus  
 Andronicus.  
 MARCUS ANTONIUS (mār-tō'nī-ŭs) (MARK  
 ANTONY). *J. C.* A triumvir after the death  
 of Julius Cæsar.  
 MARCUS BRUTUS (brōō'tūs). *J. C. and A. and C.*  
 A conspirator against Julius Cæsar.  
 MARDIAN (mār'dī-ān). *A. and C.* An attendant  
 on Cleopatra.  
 MARGARELON (mār-gār'ē-lōn). *T. and C.*  
 A bastard son to Priam, King of Troy.  
 MARGARET (mār-gār-rēt). 1, 2, and 3 *Hen. VI.*  
 also *Rich. III.* Daughter to Reynier, afterward  
 widow of Henry VI.  
 MARGARET. *Much Ado.* A gentlewoman attend-  
 ing on Hero.  
 MARGARET PLANTAGENET (plān-tāj'ē-nēt).  
*Rich. III.* A young daughter to the Duke of  
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- MARIA (mā-rē'ā). *L. L. L.* A lady attending the Princess of France.
- MARIA. *T. N.* Woman attending on Olivia.
- MARIANA (mār'rē-ā'nā). *A. W.* Neighbour and friend to the widow.
- MARIANA. *M. for M.* Betrothed to Angelo.
- MARINA (mā-rē'nā). *Per.* Daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.
- MARK ANTONY (or ANTHONY) (mārk ān'tō-nī). *J. C.* and *A. and C.*
- MARQUESS OF DORSET (mār'kwēs dōr'sēt).  
*Rich. III.* Son to Elizabeth, queen to Edward IV.
- MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE (mōn'tā-gū). 1  
*Hen. VI.* Of the Duke of York's party.
- MARSHALL, THE LORD (lōrd mār'shāl). *Rich. II.*
- MARTEXT, SIR OLIVER (ōl'ī-vēr mār'tēkst).  
*A. Y. L.*
- MARTIUS (mār'shī-ūs). *T. A.* Son to Titus Andronicus.
- MARULLUS (mā-rūl'ūs). *J. C.* A Roman tribune.
- MATTHEW GOFFE (māth'ū gōf). 2 *Hen. VI.*
- MAYOR (mā'ēr) OF LONDON. 1 *Hen. VI.*
- MAYOR OF ST. ALBANS. 2 *Hen. VI.*
- MAYOR OF YORK. 3 *Hen. VI.*
- MECÆNAS (mē-sē'nās). *A. and C.* A friend of Cæsar.
- MELUN (mē-lōōn'; Fr. mē-lūū'). *K. John.* A French lord.
- MENAS (mē'nās). *A. and C.* A friend of Pompey.
- MENECESTRAS (mē-nēk'rā-tēz). *A. and C.* A friend of Pompey.
- MENELAUS (mēn'ē-lē'ūs). *T. and C.* Brother to Agamemnon.
- MENENIUS AGRIPPA (mē-nē'nī-ūs ā-grīp'ā).  
*Cor.* A friend of Coriolanus.
- MENTEITH (mēn-tēth'). *Macb.* A Scotch nobleman.
- MERCUTIO (mēr-kū'shī-ō). *R. and J.* A kinsman to the prince and a friend to Romeo.
- MESSALA (mē-sā'lā). *J. C.* A friend of Brutus and Cassius.
- METELLUS CIMBER (mē-tēl'ūs sīm'bēr). *J. C.*  
A conspirator against Julius Cæsar.
- MICHAEL (mī'kēl). 2 *Hen. VI.* A follower of Jack Cade.
- MICHAEL CASSIO (kāsh-ī-ō). *Oth.* Lieutenant to Othello.
- MICHAEL, SIR. 1 *Hen. IV.*
- MILAN (mī-lān'). DUKE OF. *T. G. of V.*
- MIRANDA (mī-rān'dā). *Temp.* Daughter to Prospero.
- MISTRESS PAGE (pāj). *M. W.* Wife to Page.
- MISTRESS PISTOL (pīs'tūl). *Hen. V.* Formerly Mistress Quickly; hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.
- MISTRESS QUICKLY (kwīk'lī). 1 and 2 *Hen. IV.*  
Hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap. Later married to Pistol; *Hen. V.* Mistress Pistol.
- MISTRESS QUICKLY. *M. W.* Servant to Doctor Caius.
- MONTAGUE (mōn'tā-gū). *R. and J.* Head of the House of Montague; at strife with the Capulets.
- MONTAGUE, LADY. *R. and J.*
- MONTAGUE, MARQUESS OF. 1 *Hen. VI.*
- MONTANO (mōn-tā'nō). *Oth.* Governor of Cyprus.
- MONTGOMERY (mōnt-gūm'ēr-ī), SIR JOHN. 3 *Hen. VI.*
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- MOPSA (mōp'sā). *W. T.* A shepherdess.
- MORGAN (mōr'gān). *Cymb.* Name used by Belarius for disguise; in *All's Well*, Parolles' supposed confessor.
- MOROCCO (mō-rōk'ō), PRINCE OF. *M. of V.*  
A suitor to Portia.
- MORTIMER (mōr'tī-mēr), EDMUND. 1 *Hen. VI.* Earl of March.
- MORTIMER, LADY. 1 *Hen. VI.*
- MORTIMER, SIR HUGH. 3 *Hen. VI.*
- MORTIMER, SIR JOHN. 3 *Hen. VI.*
- MORTON (mōr'tūn). 2 *Hen. IV.* A retainer of Northumberland.
- MORTON, JOHN. *Rich. III.* Bishop of Ely.
- MOTH (mōth). *L. L. L.* Page to Armado.
- MOTH. *M. N. D.* A fairy.
- MOULDY (mōl'dī). 2 *Hen. IV.* A recruit.
- MOWBRAY (mō'brā), LORD. 2 *Hen. IV.*
- MOWBRAY, THOMAS. *Rich. II.* Duke of Norfolk.
- MUSTARD-SEED (mūs'tārd-sēd'). *M. N. D.*  
A fairy.
- MUTIUS (mū'shī-ūs). *T. A.* Son to Titus Andronicus.
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- NATHANIEL (nā-thān'ī-ēl), SIR. *L. L. L.* A curate.
- NAVARRÉ (nā-vār'), KING OF. *L. L. L.*
- NERISSA (nē-rīs'ā). *M. of V.* Waiting-maid to Portia.
- NESTOR (nēs'tēr). *T. and C.* A Grecian commander.
- NORFOLK (nōr'fōlk), DUKE OF. 3 *Hen. VI.*,  
*Rich. III.* and *Hen. VIII.*
- NORTHUMBERLAND (nōr-thūm'bēr-lānd), EARL OF (PERCY). *Rich. II.*, 2 *Hen. IV.*, and 3  
*Hen. VI.*
- NORTHUMBERLAND, EARL OF (SIWARD).  
*Macb.*
- NORTHUMBERLAND, LADY. 2 *Hen. IV.*
- NURSE (nūrs) (TO JULIET). *R. and J.*
- NYM (nīm). *Hen. V.*
- NYM. *M. W.* A follower of Falstaff.
- OBERON (ō'bēr-ōn). *M. N. D.* King of the fairies.
- OCTAVIA (ōk-tā'vī-ā). *A. and C.* Sister to Cæsar and wife to Mark Antony.
- OCTAVIUS CÆSAR (ōk-tā'vī-ūs sē'zār). *J. C.* and *A. and C.* A triumvir after the death of Julius Cæsar.
- OLD GOBBO (gōb'ō). *M. of V.* Father to Launcelot Gobbo.
- OLIVER (ōl'ī-vēr). *A. Y. L.* A son to Sir Rowland de Boys.
- OLIVIA (ō-līv'ī-ā). *T. N.* A rich countess.
- OPHELIA (ō-fē'lī-ā). *Ham.* Daughter to Polonius.
- ORLANDO (ōr-lān'dō). *A. Y. L.* A son to Sir Rowland de Boys.
- ORLEANS, BASTARD OF (bās'tārd ōr'lē-ānz;  
Fr. ōr'lē'āh'). 1 *Hen. VI.*
- ORLEANS, DUKE OF. *Hen. V.*
- ORSINO (ōr-sē'nō). *T. N.* Duke of Illyria.
- OSRIC (ōz'rīk). *Ham.* A courtier.
- OSWALD (ōz'wāld). *Lear.* Steward to Goneril.

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OTHELLO (ô-thêl'ô). *Oth.* A noble Moor in the service of the Venetian state.

OVERDONE (ô'vêr-dûn), MISTRESS. *M. for M.* A bawd.

OWEN GLENDOWER (ô'ên glên'dou-êr). *1 Hen. IV.*

OXFORD (ôks'fêrd), EARL OF. *3 Hen. VI and Rich. III.*

PAGE (pāj). *M. W.* A gentleman dwelling at Windsor.

PAGE, ANNE. *M. W.*

PAGE, MISTRESS. *M. W.*

PAGE, WILLIAM. *M. W.*

PANDARUS (pân'dá-rûs). *T. and C.* Uncle to Cressida.

PANDULPH (pân'dûlf), CARDINAL. *K. John.*

PANTHINO (pân-thô'nô). *T. G. of V.* Servant to Antonio.

PARIS (pâr'is). *R. and J.* A young nobleman, kinsman to the prince.

PARIS. *T. and C.* Son to Priam, King of Troy.

PARIS, GOVERNOR OF. *1 Hen. VI.*

PAROLLES (pâ-rôl'ês). *A. W.* A follower of Bertram.

PATIENCE (pâ'shêns). *Hen. VIII.* Woman attending Queen Katharine.

PATROCLUS (pâ-trô'klûs). *T. and C.* A Grecian commander.

PAULINA (pô-lê'nâ). *W. T.* Wife to Antigonus.

PEASE-BLOSSOM (pêz'blôs'âm). *M. N. D.* A fairy.

PEDRO (pê'drô), DON. *Much Ado.* Prince of Arragon.

PEMBROKE (pêm'brôök), EARL OF. *K. John and 3 Hen. VI.*

PENTAPOLIS (pên-tâp'ô-lis), KING OF. *Per.*

PERCY (pêr'si), HENRY (HOTSPUR). *Rich. II and 1 Hen. IV.*

PERCY, LADY. *1 and 2 Hen. IV.*

PERCY, THOMAS. *1 Hen. IV.*

PERDITA (pêr'dî-tâ). *W. T.* Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.

PERICLES (pêr'î-klêz). *Per.* Prince of Tyre.

PETER (pê'têr). *M. for M.* A friar.

PETER. *R. and J.* Servant to Juliet's nurse.

PETER. *2 Hen. VI.* Thomas Horner's man.

PETER (OF POMFRET). *K. John.* A prophet.

PETO (pê'tô). *1 and 2 Hen. IV.*

PETRUCHIO (pê-trôô'ki-ô). *T. of S.* A gentleman of Verona, suitor to Katharine.

PHEBE (fê'bê). *A. Y. L.* A shepherdess.

PHILARIO (fi-lâ'ri-ô). *Cymb.* A Roman; friend to Posthumus.

PHILIP (fi'ip), KING OF FRANCE. *K. John.*

PHILIP THE BASTARD. *K. John.* Half-brother to Robert Faulconbridge.

PHILO (fi'lô). *A. and C.* A friend of Mark Antony.

PHILOSTRATE (fi'ôs-trât). *M. N. D.* Master of the revels to Theseus.

PHILOTUS (fi-lô'tûs). *T. of A.* A servant to Timon's creditors.

PHYRNIA (fi'ni-d). *T. of A.* A mistress to Alcibiades.

PINCH (pînsh). *C. of E.* A schoolmaster.

PINDARUS (pîn'dá-rûs). *J. C.* A servant to Cassius.

PISANIO (pi-sä'nî-ô). *Cymb.* Gentleman to Posthumus.

PISTOL (pis'tûl). *M. W., 2 Hen. IV, and Hen. V.* A follower of Falstaff.

PISTOL, MISTRESS. *Hen. V.*

PLANTAGENET (plân-täj'ê-nêt), MARGARET. *Rich. III.*

PLANTAGENET, RICHARD. *1, 2, and 3 Hen. VI.*

POINS (poinz). *1 and 2 Hen. IV.*

POLIXENES (pô-lîks'ê-nêz). *W. T.* King of Bohemia.

POLONIUS (pô-lô'nî-ûs). *Ham.* Lord Chamberlain.

POLYDORE (pôl'î-dôr), (called also GUIDERIUS). *Cymb.*

POMPEIUS, SEXTUS (sêks'tûs pôm-pê'yûs). *A. and C.*

POMPEY (pôm'pi). *M. for M.* Servant to Mistress Overdone.

POPILIUS LENA (pô-pîl'î-ûs lê'nâ). *J. C. A Roman senator.*

PORTIA (pôr'shâ). *M. of V.* A rich heiress.

PORTIA. *J. C.* Wife to Brutus.

POSTHUMUS, LEONATUS (lê-ô-nâ'tûs pôs'tû-mûs). *Cymb.*

PRIAM (pri'âm). *T. and C.* King of Troy.

PRINCE HAL (prîns hâl). *1 and 2 Hen. IV.*

PRINCE HENRY (hên'ri). *K. John.* Son to the king.

PRINCE OF ARRAGON (âr'â-gôn). *M. of V.* A suitor to Portia.

PRINCE OF DENMARK (dên'mârk). *Ham.*

PRINCE OF MOROCCO (mô-rôk'ô). *M. of V.* A suitor to Portia.

PRINCE OF TYRE (tîr). *Per.*

PRINCESS (prîn'sês) OF FRANCE. *L. L. L.*

PROCULEIUS (prô-kû-lê'yûs). *A. and C.* A friend of Cæsar.

PROSPERO (prôs'pê-rô). *Temp.* The right Duke of Milan.

PROTEUS (prô'tûs). *T. G. of V.* A gentleman.

PUBLIUS (pûb'lî-ûs). *J. C.* A Roman senator.

PUBLIUS. *T. A.* Son to Marcus Andronicus.

PUCK (pûk) (or ROBIN GOODFELLOW). *M. N. D.*

QUEEN ELINOR (kwân êl'î-nêr). *K. John.* Mother to King John.

QUEEN ELIZABETH (ê-lîz'â-bêth). *Rich. III.*

QUEEN KATHARINE (kâth'â-rîn). *Hen. VIII.* Wife to Henry VIII; afterward divorced.

QUEEN MARGARET (mâr'gâ-rêt). *1, 2, and 3 Hen. VI and Rich. III.*

QUEEN OF EGYPT (ê'jîpt). *A. and C.*

QUICKLY (kwîk'lî), MISTRESS. *1 and 2 Hen. IV.*

QUINCE (kwîns). *M. N. D.* A carpenter.

QUINTUS (kwîn'tûs). *T. A.* Son to Titus Andronicus.

RAMBURES (râm-bôô'rêz; Fr. rââ'bûr'). *Hen. V.* A French lord.

RATCLIFF (rât'klîf), SIR RICHARD. *Rich. II.*

REGAN (rê'gân). *Lear.* Daughter to King Lear.

REIGNIER (râ'nyâ). *1 Hen. VI.* Duke of Anjou and titular King of Naples.

REYNALDO (râ-nâl'dô). *Ham.* Servant to Polonius.

RICHARD II (rîch'ârd), *Rich. II.*

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**RICHARD III.** *Rich. III.*  
**RICHARD.** 2 *Hen. VI.* Son to Richard, Duke of York.  
**RICHARD.** 3 *Hen. VI.* Son to Richard Plantagenet; afterward Duke of Gloucester.  
**RICHARD, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER** (glôs'tēr). *Rich. III.* Brother to Edward IV; afterward Richard III.  
**RICHARD, DUKE OF YORK.** *Rich. III.* Son to Edward IV.  
**RICHARD PLANTAGENET** (plăn-tăj'ô-nēt). 1, 2, and 3 *Hen. VI.* Son to Richard, late Earl of Cambridge; afterward Duke of York.  
**RICHARD SCROOP** (skrôöp). 1 and 2 *Hen. IV.* Archbishop of York.  
**RICHMOND** (rich'münd), **EARL OF (HENRY).** 3 *Hen. VI* and *Rich. III.*  
**RIVERS** (riv'ēr), **EARL.** *Rich. III.*  
**RIVERS, LORD.** 3 *Hen. VI.*  
**ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE.** *K. John.* Son to Sir Robert Faulconbridge.  
**ROBIN** (rôb'in). *M. W.* Page to Falstaff.  
**ROBIN GOODFELLOW.** *M. N. D.*  
**RODERIGO** (rôd-ê-rê'gô). *Oth.* A Venetian gentleman.  
**ROMEO** (rô'mê-ô). *R. and J.* Son to Montague.  
**ROSALIND** (rôz'â-lînd). *A. Y. L.* Daughter to the banished duke.  
**ROSALINE** (rôz'â-lîn). *L. L. L.* A lady attending the Princess of France.  
**ROSENCRANTZ** (rô'zên-krânz). *Ham.* A courtier.  
**ROSS** (rôs). *Macb.* A Scotch nobleman.  
**ROSS, LORD.** *Rich. II.*  
**ROTHERHAM** (rôth'êr-âm), **THOMAS.** *Rich. III.* Archbishop of York.  
**ROUSILLON** (rôo-sîl'yûn; *Fr.* rôo'sê'yôh'), **COUNT OF.** *A. W.*  
**ROUSILLON, COUNTESS OF.** *A. W.*  
**RUGBY** (rüg'bî). *M. W.* Servant to Doctor Caius.  
**RUMOUR** (rôo'mêr). 2 *Hen. IV.* The presenter of the Induction.  
**RUTLAND** (rût'lând), **EARL OF (EDMUND).** 3 *Hen. VI.*  
**SALANIO** (sâ-lâ'nî-ô). *M. of V.* A friend of Antonio and Bassanio.  
**SALARINO** (sâ-lâ-rê'nô). *M. of V.* A friend of Antonio and Bassanio.  
**SALISBURY** (sôlz bër-î), **EARL OF.** *K. John, Rich. II,* and 1 and 2 *Hen. VI.*  
**SAMPSON** (sâmp'sûn). *R. and J.* A servant to Capulet.  
**SANDS** (sândz), **LORD.** *Hen. VIII.*  
**SATURNINUS** (sât'êr-nî'nûs). *T. A.* Son of the late Emperor of Rome; afterward declared emperor.  
**SAY** (sâ), **LORD.** 2 *Hen. VI.*  
**SCALES** (skälz), **LORD.** 2 *Hen. VI.*  
**SCARUS** (skä'rûs). *A. and C.* A friend of Mark Antony.  
**SCOTLAND** (skôt'lând), **KING OF.** *Macb.*  
**SCROOP** (skrôöp), **LORD.** *Hen. V.*  
**SCROOP, RICHARD.** 1 and 2 *Hen. IV.* Archbishop of York.  
**SCROOP, SIR STEPHEN.** *Rich. II.*  
**SEBASTIAN** (sê-bäs'chân). *Temp.* Brother to the King of Naples.  
**SEBASTIAN.** *T. N.* Brother to Viola.

**SELEUCUS** (sê-lû'kûs). *A. and C.* An attendant on Cleopatra.  
**SEMPRONIUS** (sêm-prô'nî-ûs). *T. A.* A kinsman to Titus Andronicus.  
**SEMPRONIUS.** *T. of A.* A flattering lord.  
**SERVILIUS** (sêr-vî'lî-ûs). *T. of A.* A servant to Timon.  
**SEXTUS POMPEIUS** (sêks'tûs pô'm-pê'yûs). *A. and C.*  
**SEYTON** (sê'tûn). *Macb.* An officer attending on Macbeth.  
**SHADOW** (shăd'ô). 2 *Hen. IV.* A recruit.  
**SHALLOW** (shăl'ô). *M. W.* and 2 *Hen. IV.* A country justice.  
**SHERIFF OF WILTSHIRE** (shêr'îf wîlt'shîr). *Rich. III.*  
**SHREWSBURY** (shrôöz'bêr-î), **EARL OF.** 1 *Hen. VI.*  
**SHYLOCK** (shî'lôk). *M. of V.* A rich Jew.  
**SICILIA** (sî-sî'lî-â), **KING OF.** *W. T.*  
**SICINIUS VELUTUS** (sî-sîn'î-ûs vê-lû'tûs). *Cor.* A Roman tribune.  
**SILENCE** (sî'lêns). 2 *Hen. IV.* A country justice.  
**SILIUS** (sîl'yûs). *A. and C.* An officer in Ventidius' army.  
**SILVIA** (sîl'vî-â). *T. G. of V.* Beloved of Valentine.  
**SILVIUS** (sîl'vî-ûs). *A. Y. L.* A shepherd.  
**SIMONIDES** (sî-môn'î-dêz). *Per.* King of Pentapolis.  
**SIMPCOX** (sîm'kôks). 2 *Hen. VI.* An impostor.  
**SIMPCOX'S WIFE.** 2 *Hen. VI.*  
**SIMPLE** (sîm'pl). *M. W.* Servant to Slender.  
**SIWARD** (sê'wêrd). *Macb.* Earl of Northumberland. General of the English forces.  
**SIWARD (THE YOUNGER).** *Macb.*  
**SLENDER** (slên'dêr). *M. W.* Cousin to Shallow.  
**SLY, CHRISTOPHER** (kris'tô-fêr sli). *T. of S.*  
**SMITH** (smîth), **THE WEAVER.** 2 *Hen. IV.*  
**SNARE** (snâr). 2 *Hen. IV.* A sheriff's officer.  
**SNOUT** (snout). *M. N. D.* A tinker.  
**SNUG** (snûg). *M. N. D.* A joiner.  
**SOLINUS** (sô-lî'nûs). *C. of E.* Duke of Ephesus.  
**SOMERSET** (sûm'êr-sêt), **DUKE OF,** 2 and 3 *Hen. VI.*  
**SOMERSET, DUKE OF (JOHN BEAUFORT).** 1 *Hen. VI.*  
**SOMERSET, EARL OF.** 1 *Hen. VI.*  
**SOMERVILLE** (sûm'êr-vîl), **SIR JOHN.** 3 *Hen. VI.*  
**SOUTHWELL** (south'wêl), **JOHN.** 2 *Hen. VI.*  
**SPEED** (spêd). *T. G. of V.* A clownish servant.  
**ST. ALBAN'S** (sânt ôl'bânz), **MAYOR OF.** 2 *Hen. VI.*  
**STAFFORD** (stăf'êrd), **LORD.** 3 *Hen. VI.*  
**STAFFORD, SIR HUMPHREY** (hûm'fri stăf'êrd). 2 *Hen. VI.*  
**STAFFORD, WILLIAM** (wîl'yûm stăf'êrd). 2 *Hen. IV.*  
**STANLEY** (stăn'li), **LORD.** *Rich. III.*  
**STANLEY, SIR JOHN.** 2 *Hen. IV.*  
**STANLEY, SIR WILLIAM.** 3 *Hen. VI.*  
**STARVELING** (stărv'îng). *M. N. D.* A tailor.  
**STEPHANO** (stê-fâ'nô). *M. of V.* Servant to Portia.  
**STEPHANO.** *Temp.* A drunken butler.  
**STRATO** (stră'tô). *J. C.* A servant to Brutus.  
**SUFFOLK** (sûf'ôk), **DUKE OF.** 2 *Hen. VI* and *Hen. VIII.*

SUFFOLK, EARL OF. *1 Hen. VI.*  
 SURREY (sŭr'ŷ), DUKE OF. *Rich. II.*  
 SURREY, EARL OF. *2 Hen. IV.*

TALBOT (tăl'bŏt), JOHN. *1 Hen. VI.*  
 TALBOT, LORD. *1 Hen. VI.*  
 TAMORA (tăm'ŏ-ră). *T. A.* Defeated Queen of the Goths; afterward wife to Saturninus.  
 TAURUS (tă'rŭs). *A. and C.*  
 TEARSHEET, DOLL (dŏl tăr'shēt'). *2 Hen. IV.*  
 THAISA (thă-'is'ă). *Per.* Daughter to Simonides.  
 THALIARD (thăl'yărd). *Per.*  
 THERSITES (thēr-sŷ'tēz). *T. and C.*  
 THESEUS (thē'sē-ŭs). *M. N. D.* Duke of Athens.  
 THOMAS (tŏm'ăs). *M. for M.* A friar.  
 THOMAS BEAUFORT. *1 Hen. VI.* Duke of Exeter; great-uncle to Henry VI.  
 THOMAS (DUKE OF CLARENCE). *2 Hen. IV.* Son to Henry IV.  
 THOMAS HORNER. *2 Hen. VI.* An armourer.  
 THOMAS MOWBRAY. *Rich. II.* Duke of Norfolk.  
 THOMAS PERCY. *1 Hen. IV.* Earl of Worcester.  
 THOMAS ROTHERHAM. *Rich. III.* Archbishop of York.  
 THURIO (thŭŏ'rĭ-ŏ). *T. G. of V.* A foolish rival to Valentine.  
 THYREUS (thī'rē-ŭs). *A. and C.*  
 TIMANDRA (tĭ-măn'dră). *T. of A.* A mistress to Alcibiades.  
 TIMON (tĭ'mŏn). *T. of A.* A noble Athenian.  
 TITANIA (tĭ-tă'nĭ-ă). *M. N. D.* Queen of the fairies.  
 TITINIUS (tĭ-tĭn'ĭ-ŭs). *J. C.* A friend to Brutus and Cassius.  
 TITUS (tĭ'tŭs). *T. of A.* A servant to Timon's creditors.  
 TITUS ANDRONICUS. *T. A.* A noble Roman; general against the Goths.  
 TITUS LARTIUS. *Cor.* A Roman general.  
 TOUCHSTONE (tŭch'stŏn'). *A. Y. L.* A clown.  
 TRANIO (tră'nē-ŏ). *T. of S.*  
 TRAVERS (trăv'ērz). *2 Hen. IV.*  
 TREBONIUS (trē-bŏ'nĭ-ŭs). *J. C.* A conspirator.  
 TRESSSEL (trēs'l). *Rich. III.* A gentleman attending on Lady Anne.  
 TRINCULO (trĭng'kŭ-lŏ). *Temp.* A jester.  
 TROILUS (troi'lŭs). *T. and C.* Son to Priam.  
 TROY (troi), KING OF. *T. and C.*  
 TUBAL (tŭ'băl). *M. of V.* A Jew.  
 TULLUS AUFIDIUS (tŭl'ŭs ō-fĭd'ĭ-ŭs). *Cor.* General of the Volscians.  
 TYBALT (tĭb'ălt). *R. and J.* Nephew to Lady Capulet.  
 TYRE (tĭr), PRINCE OF. *Per.*  
 FYRREL (tŭr'ăl), SIR JAMES. *Rich. III.*

ULYSSES (ŭ-'lĭs'ēz). *T. and C.* A Grecian commander.  
 URSULA (ŭr'sŭ-lă). *Much Ado.*  
 URSWICK, CHRISTOPHER (krĭs'tŏ-fēr ŭr'sĭk). *Rich. III.* A priest.

VALENTINE. (văl'ēn-tĭn). *T. G. of V.* A gentleman.  
 VALENTINE. *T. N.* A gentleman to the duke.  
 VALENTINE. *T. A.* Kinsman to Titus Andronicus.  
 VALERIA (văl-jĕ'rĭ-ă). *Cor.* A friend of Virgilia.  
 VARRIUS (văr'ĭ-ŭs). *M. for M.*  
 VARRIUS. *A. and C.* A friend of Pompey.  
 VARRO (văr'ŏ). *J. C.* A servant to Brutus.  
 VARRO. *T. of A.* A creditor to Timon.  
 VAUGHAN (vŏn), SIR THOMAS. *Rich. III.*  
 VAUX (vŏks). *2 Hen. VI.*  
 VAUX, SIR NICHOLAS. *Hen. VIII.*  
 VELUTUS, SICINIUS (sĭ-sĭn'ĭ-ŭs vĕ-lŭ'tŭs). *Cor.*  
 VENICE, DUKE OF (vĕn'ĭs). *M. of V. and Oth.*  
 VENTIDIUS (vĕn-tĭd'ĭ-ŭs). *A. and C.*; also *T. of A.*  
 VERGES (vŭr'jēz). *Much Ado.* A headborough.  
 VERNON (vŭr'nŭn). *1 Hen. VI.*  
 VERNON, SIR RICHARD. *2 Hen. VI.*  
 VINCENTIO (vĭn-sĕn'shĭ-ŏ). *M. for M.* The duke.  
 VINCENTIO. *T. of S.* An old gentleman of Pisa.  
 VIOLA (vĕŏ-lă). *T. N.* In love with the duke.  
 VIOLENTA (vĕŏ-lĕn'tă). *A. W.* Neighbour and friend to the widow.  
 VIRGILIA (vĕr-jĭl'ĭ-ă). *Cor.* Wife to Coriolanus.  
 VOLTIMAND (vŏl'tĭ-mănd). *Ham.* A courtier.  
 VOLUMNIA (vŏ-lŭm'nĭ-ă). *Cor.* Mother to Coriolanus.  
 VOLUMNIUS (vŏ-lŭm'nĭ-ŭs). *J. C.*

WALTER WHITMORE. *2 Hen. VI.*  
 WART (wŏrt). *2 Hen. IV.* A recruit.  
 WARWICK (wŏr'ŭk), EARL OF. *1 Hen. IV, I, 2, and 3 Hen. VI.*  
 WESTMINSTER (wĕst'mĭn-stēr), ABBOT OF. *Rich. II.*  
 WESTMORELAND (wĕst'mŏr-lănd), EARL OF. *1 and 2 Hen. IV, Hen. V, and 3 Hen. VI.*  
 WHITMORE, WALTER (wŏl'tēr hwĭt'mŏr). *2 Hen. VI.*  
 WILLIAM (wĭl'yŭm). *A. Y. L.* A country fellow.  
 WILLIAMS (wĭl'yŭmz). *Hen. V.* A soldier.  
 WILLOUGHBY (wĭl'ŏ-bĭ), LORD. *Rich. II.*  
 WILTSHIRE (wĭlt'shĭr), SHERIFF OF. *Rich. III.*  
 WINCHESTER (wĭn'chĕs-tēr). BISHOP OF (BEAUFORT). *1 and 2 Hen. VI.*  
 WINCHESTER, BISHOP OF (GARDINER). *Hen. VIII.*  
 WOLSEY (wŏl'zĭ), CARDINAL. *Hen. VIII.*  
 WOODVILLE (wŏŏd'vĭl). *1 Hen. VI.* Lieutenant of the Tower.  
 WORCESTER (wŏŏs'tēr), EARL OF. *1 Hen. IV.*

YORK (yŏrk), ARCHBISHOP OF (ROTHERHAM). *Rich. III.*  
 YORK, ARCHBISHOP OF (SCROOP). *1 and 2 Hen. IV.*  
 YORK, DUCHESS OF. *Rich. II.*  
 YORK, DUKE OF. *Hen. V and 2 Hen. VI.*  
 YORK, DUKE OF (RICHARD). *Rich. III.*  
 YORK, DUKE OF (RICHARD PLANTAGENET). *1, 2, and 3 Hen. VI.*  
 YORK, MAYOR OF. *3 Hen. VI.*  
 YOUNG CLIFFORD. *2 Hen. VI.* Of the party of Henry VI; son to Lord Clifford.

# GLOSSARY

A, of; in; on; he; have.  
 ABATE, diminish; blunt; curtail.  
 ABATEMENT, diminution.  
 ABET, assist; investigate.  
 ABHOR, to protest against.  
 ABIDE, remain for a time; answer for.  
 ABJECTS, outcasts.  
 ABLE, answer for.  
 ABODE, to forebode.  
 ABODEMENTS, bad omens.  
 ABRIDGEMENT, that which shortens or cuts off.  
 ABROOK, endure.  
 ABSEY-BOOK, a primer.  
 ABSOLUTE, complete, positive, faultless.  
 ABUSE, deceive; deception.  
 ABY, answer for.  
 ACCITE, summon.  
 ACKNOWLEDGE, cognizant of.  
 ACTION-TAKING, going to law instead of fighting.  
 ACTURE, performance.  
 ADDITION, title.  
 ADDRESS, prepare.  
 ADDRESSED, prepared.  
 ADMIRATION, wonder; pretended wonder.  
 ADMIRE, to wonder.  
 ADVANCE, raise, lift up.  
 AFFECT, inclination; to be fond of; to imitate with a purpose.  
 AFFEERED, confirmed.  
 AFFINED, bound by any ties.  
 AFFY, to betroth.  
 AGLET, metal tip of a lace.  
 AGLET-BABY, an aglet resembling a human figure.  
 AGNIZE, to recognize, acknowledge.  
 AGOOD, a-plenty.  
 A-HOLD, close to the wind.  
 AIM, a guess; to guess; CRY AIM, to encourage.  
 ALDERLIEFEST, best loved of all.  
 ALL-HALLOWN SUMMER, Indian summer.  
 ALLOW, approve.  
 ALLOWANCE, approval.  
 ALL-THING, in every way.  
 ALMS-DRINK, liquor drunk to help out another.  
 AMAZE, confound.  
 AMES-ACE, lowest throw at dice.  
 AMORT, dejected.  
 AN, if.  
 ANATOMIZE, dissect.

ANCHOR, hermit.  
 ANCIENT, a standard; a standard bearer, an ensign.  
 ANGEL, gold coin worth ten shillings.  
 ANTIC, fantastic; a buffoon.  
 ANTRE, a cave.  
 APPEACH, impeach.  
 APPEAL, impeach; an impeachment.  
 APPLE-JOHN, a withered apple.  
 APPOINTMENT, equipment.  
 APPREHENSIVE, open to impressions (of all kinds).  
 APPROVE, to prove true.  
 APRON-MAN, a mechanic.  
 ARABIAN-BIRD, the phoenix.  
 ARCH, chief.  
 ARGAL, corruption of ERGO, therefore.  
 ARGOSY, a ship of burden.  
 APPOINTMENT, begone.  
 ARTHUR'S BOSOM, Hostess' mistake for Abraham's bosom.  
 ARTICULATE, to draw up in articles, to specify.  
 ASPECT, malevolent or benevolent way in which a planet looks at one.  
 ASSINEGO, an ass.  
 ASTONISH, to stun, as with thunder.  
 ATONE, to reconcile.  
 ATTACH, to arrest, to seize.  
 AUGUR, augury.  
 AWKWARD, perverse.  
 BABY OF A GIRL, puny infant of immature mother.  
 BACCARE, go back!  
 BACKSWORD-MAN, a single-stick fencer.  
 BAFFLE, to inflict infamous punishment.  
 BALE, evil, mischief.  
 BALKED, heaped in ridges.  
 BALLOW, a cudgel.  
 BANDY, to exchange (as tennis balls over a net).  
 BANK, to land on the bank.  
 BARBASON, name of a fiend.  
 BARM, yeast.  
 BARN, a little child.  
 BASE, game (won by running).  
 BASILISK, a fabulous serpent that kills by ejecting venom from its eyes; a large cannon.  
 BASTA, enough.  
 BASTARD, a kind of wine.

BATE, to diminish; to flap the wings.  
 BAT-FOWLING, catching birds at night by means of torches, poles and sometimes nets.  
 BATLET, kind of paddle used in washing clothes.  
 BATTEN, to feed grossly.  
 BATTLE, an army.  
 BAVIN, brushwood; inflammable.  
 BAWCOCK, fine fellow!  
 BAY, space between roof timbers.  
 BEADSMAN, one paid to say prayers for another.  
 BEAR IN HAND, to keep up with false hopes.  
 BEARING-CLOTH, cloth in which children were borne to christening.  
 BEAVER, the movable part of the helmet; the helmet itself.  
 BEDLAM, a lunatic; Bethlehem hospital.  
 BE-LEED, placed in a position unfavorable to the wind.  
 BEMOILED, bedraggled.  
 BERGOMASK, a rustic dance.  
 BERMOUTHES, Bermudas.  
 BESHREW, a mild imprecation.  
 BESTRAUGHT, distracted.  
 BESTRIDE, stand over to defend.  
 BETEEM, to allow; to pour out.  
 BEWRAY, to disclose.  
 BEZONIAN, base fellow.  
 BIGGEN, nightcap.  
 BILBO, a Spanish blade.  
 BILBOES, fetters used for mutinous sailors.  
 BILL, a pike or halbert.  
 BIRD-BOLT, a short, blunt arrow, used for killing birds.  
 BIRTHDOM, birthright.  
 BISSON, purblind; blinding.  
 BLACKS, black stuffs; O'ER-DYED BLACKS, black clothes dyed over with another color.  
 BLADED CORN, corn in the blade (ruined when lodged).  
 BLANK, white spot in the centre of the target.  
 BLENCH, to start aside, to flinch.  
 BLOOD, a young man.  
 BLOOD-BOLTERED, having the hair clotted with blood.  
 BLOWSE, a coarse-faced wench.  
 BOB, to beat; to cheat.  
 BODKIN, a hair-pin, a small dagger.  
 BOGGLE, to swerve,

# GLOSSARY

**BOGGLER**, a swerver.  
**BOILED BRAINS**, young fellows incapable of an idea.  
**BOLT**, arrow with a blunt head.  
**BOLTED**, sifted.  
**BOLTING-HUTCH**, receptacle into which meal is sifted.  
**BOMBARD**, large leathern drinking vessel.  
**BOMBAST**, cotton batting; insubstantial.  
**BONNET**, a hat; to take off the hat in deference.  
**BOOT**, booty, advantage, amendment; to put on boots; to avail; to amend.  
**BOOTLESS**, useless.  
**BOSKY**, covered with low trees.  
**BOSS**, to emboss.  
**BOTS**, worms which infest horses.  
**BOUND**, prepared, ready to start.  
**BOURN**, limit, boundary; a brook.  
**BRACE**, a couple; armor; state of defence.  
**BRACH**, a female hound.  
**BRAID**, to plait (hair) deftly; deceitful.  
**BRAVE**, fine, handsomely attired.  
**BRAWN**, a fleshy mass.  
**BREAST**, voice.  
**BREECH**, to cover, as with breeches; to whip.  
**BREED-BATE**, one who foments quarrels.  
**BREESE**, the gadfly.  
**BRIEF**, a letter; any short writing.  
**BRING**, to fetch; to lead on a journey.  
**BRISE**, see BREESE.  
**BROAD-FRONTED**, with a large forehead.  
**BROCK**, a badger; a term of reproach.  
**BROKER**, a go-between, a pander.  
**BROOCH**, to adorn; an ornament.  
**BROW**, forehead; the whole countenance.  
**BROWNIST**, member of the sect founded by Robert Brown.  
**BRUIT**, to report; to proclaim noisily; a rumor.  
**BUBUKLES**, red pimples.  
**BUCK**, linen for washing.  
**BUCK-BASKET**, container for dirty linen.  
**BUCKRAM**, coarse, stiff linen (suitable for light armor).  
**BUFF**, a heavy leather.  
**BUG**, a bugbear.  
**BULK**, jutting part of a building.  
**BULLY**, term of endearment.  
**BUNTING**, a songless bird resembling the lark.  
**BURGONET**, close fitting helmet.

**BUSKY**, see BOSKY.  
**BUSS**, to kiss.  
**BUTT**, a large cask; a mark; a goal.  
**BUTTONS**, buds.  
**BY-DRINKINGS**, drinks between meals.  
**BY THE BOOK**, formally.  
**CADDIS**, worsted (sometimes used for garters).  
**CADE**, a cask.  
**CAGE**, a prison.  
**CAIN-COLORED**, reddish (like Cain's beard).  
**CAITIFF**, wretch.  
**CALCULATE**, to prophesy.  
**CALIVER**, a kind of musket.  
**CALLAT**, CALLET, or CALLOT, a trull, a beggar's mistress.  
**CALM**, misused for QUALM by Mistress Quickly.  
**CANAKIN**, a small can for drinking.  
**CANARY**, a sweet wine; a lively dance.  
**CANDLE-WASTER**, one who sits up late; a night student.  
**CANKER**, a worm that eats the buds; the dog rose; to corrode.  
**CANSTICK**, candlestick.  
**CANTLE**, a slice.  
**CANTON**, a song.  
**CANZONET**, a little song.  
**CAPABLE**, receptive; qualified to possess.  
**CAPITULATE**, to draw up articles of agreement.  
**CAPPOCCHIA**, a fool.  
**CAPRICIOUS**, humorous, fantastic.  
**CAPTIOUS**, capacious.  
**CAPTIVATE**, to make captive; to charm.  
**CARACK**, a ship.  
**CARBONADO**, to slash; meat slashed for broiling.  
**CARD**, a sea-compass; to mix;  
**COOLING CARD**, that which dashes hopes.  
**CARDECUS**, quarter of a French crown.  
**CARELESS**, free from care; uncared for, unprized.  
**CARL**, churl, peasant.  
**CARLOT**, peasant.  
**CARPET**, covering for floors or tables.  
**CARRY**, to bear; manage;  
**CARRY COALS**, endure affronts.  
**CASE**, to encase, to cover; to flay.  
**CASHIER**, dismiss from service.  
**CASQUE**, helmet.  
**CASSOCK**, military cloak.  
**CAST**, dismiss; to inspect (as urine in diagnosis).  
**CATAIAN**, a cant term—a native of Cathay.

**CATting**, catgut.  
**CAUDLE**, a refreshing drink; to refresh.  
**CAUTEL**, deceit.  
**CAUVELOUS**, deceitful.  
**CEASE**, extinction; made to cease.  
**CENSURE**, judgment; to judge.  
**CENTRE**, the middle point; the earth; the earth's centre.  
**CENTURY**, a hundred.  
**CERTES**, certainly.  
**CESS**, reckoning.  
**CESSE**, to cease.  
**CHALLENGE**, a claim; to claim as due; to urge as a right; to accuse.  
**CHAMBERS**, small cannon.  
**CHAMBERER**, a fop, a lady's man.  
**CHANSON**, a song.  
**CHAPMAN**, buyer; seller.  
**CHARACTER**, handwriting; to engrave.  
**CHARE**, menial task, drudgery.  
**CHARGE-HOUSE**, school-house.  
**CHARLES' WAIN**, constellation known as the Great Bear.  
**CHARNECO**, a sweet wine.  
**CHARNEL-HOUSE**, repository for exhumed bones.  
**CHASES**, tennis term.  
**CHAUDRON**, entrails.  
**CHEAT**, deceit.  
**CHEATER**, swindler; collector of fines (officer of the exchequer).  
**CHECK**, hindrance; rebuke; technical term in falconry.  
**CHERRY-PIT**, game played with cherry-pits.  
**CHEVERIL**, kid leather used for gloves.  
**CHEWET**, a mince pie.  
**CHILD-CHANGED**, changed to a child; or, changed by his children.  
**CHILDING**, fruitful.  
**CHILDNESS**, childish ways.  
**CHINE**, the spine.  
**CHOLER**, anger; bile.  
**CHOPINE**, high-soled shoe.  
**CHRISTOM-CHILD**, one that died within the month of birth.  
**CHUCK**, term of endearment.  
**CHUFF**, a clodhopper.  
**CINQUE-PACE**, a kind of dance.  
**CIRCUMSTANCE**, circumlocution;  
**CIRCUMSTANCED**, ruled by circumstances.  
**CITAL**, recital, mention.  
**CITE**, to incite; to summon; to quote.  
**CITTERN**, guitar.  
**CLACK-DISH**, dish with loose cover used by beggars.  
**CLAPPER-CLAW**, to thrash.  
**CLAW**, to scratch pleasantly; to flatter.

# GLOSSARY

CLEPE, to call.  
 CLIMATE, climate, region.  
 CLIME, climate.  
 CLING, to wither, shrivel.  
 CLIP, to embrace.  
 CLIPPER, one who cuts from the edges of coins.  
 CLOUD, a dark spot between the eyes of a horse.  
 CLOUT, the peg in the centre of the target.  
 CLOWN, a country fellow.  
 CLOY, to satiate; to stroke with the claw.  
 COBBLER, a botcher; a mender of old shoes.  
 COBLOAF, an uneven loaf of bread.  
 COCK, a cockboat.  
 COCK-AND-PIE, an oath.  
 COCKSHUT TIME, roosting time.  
 CODLING, an unripe apple.  
 CODPIECE, an indelicate part of male attire.  
 COFFIN, crust of a pie.  
 COG, to cheat.  
 COIGN OF VANTAGE, convenient corner.  
 COIL, tumult, turmoil.  
 COLLECTION, inference.  
 COLLIED, blackened, made sooty.  
 COLOUR, pretext; ensign, standard.  
 COLT, to fool.  
 COMBinate, betrothed.  
 COMMA, name of a pause which connects as well as separates: STAND A COMMA 'TWEEN THEIR AMITIES, i. e., unite them.  
 COMMODITY, profit, advantage.  
 COMPACT, composed; in league with; solid; to confirm.  
 COMPARATIVE, one who makes comparisons; quick at comparisons.  
 COMPETITOR, partner.  
 COMPOSE, agree; adjust differences.  
 COMPTIBLE, sensitive to.  
 CON, to learn by heart; CON THANKS, be thankful.  
 CONCEIT, idea, conception; to judge.  
 CONCLUSIONS, experiments.  
 CONCUPLY, lust.  
 CONDITION, character, rank, situation.  
 CONDOLEMENT, sorrow.  
 CONFOUND, destroy.  
 CONGREE, to agree.  
 CONSCIENCE, consciousness.  
 CONSORT, company, gang; to accompany, associate with.  
 CONSTANCY, consistency.  
 CONSTER, construe.  
 CONTENT, joy, happiness.

CONTINENT, container.  
 CONTRACTION, the marriage contract.  
 CONVEY, to indulge secretly; to steal.  
 CONVINCe, to overcome, to subdue.  
 CONVIVE, to feast.  
 CONY-CATCH, to cheat.  
 COPATAIN HAT, high-crowned hat.  
 COPE, to meet in any way.  
 COPPED, rising to a top.  
 COPY, copyhold tenure.  
 CORANTO, a lively dance.  
 CORINTHIAN, a mettlesome fellow.  
 COROLLARY, a surplus.  
 CORRIVAL, a rival.  
 CORPORAL, bodily.  
 COSTARD, head.  
 COTE, cottage; to overtake and pass.  
 COTQUEAN, man who plays the housewife.  
 COUCH, to lie concealed.  
 COUCHINGS, bowings.  
 COUNTEANCE, to be in keeping with.  
 COUNTER, small metal disc used in casting up accounts; TO HUNT COUNTER, to follow the scent away from the game.  
 COUNTER-CASTER, contemptuous term for accountant.  
 COUNTERFEIT, a portrait; portrayed.  
 COUNTERVAIL, to balance, to equal.  
 COURSE, a bout of the dogs in bear-baiting.  
 COURT HOLY-WATER, flat-tery.  
 COUSIN, any kinsman.  
 COWISH, cowardly, womanish.  
 COWL-STAFF, a pole used to distribute a weight between two persons.  
 COYSTRIL, a low, mean fellow.  
 COZEN, to cheat.  
 COZENER, a cheater, a confidence man.  
 COZIER, a botcher.  
 CRAB, crabapple.  
 CRACK, a defect (in a moral sense); a pert boy.  
 CRACKER, a boaster.  
 CRACK-HEMP, a rogue fit for hanging.  
 CRANK, a winding passage; to wind; CRANKING, winding.  
 CRANTS, a garland.  
 CRARE, ship or skiff.  
 CREDENT, credible, credulous.  
 CRESCIVE, ever-increasing.  
 CRESSSET, open basket of fire.  
 CREWEL, worsted.  
 CRIB, manger; hovel.  
 CRISP, curled.

CROSS, money stamped with a cross; any money.  
 CROW-KEEPER, a scarecrow; one who scares crows.  
 CROWNER, coroner.  
 CROWNED, coronet.  
 CRY, a pack of hounds; a company.  
 CRY AIM, to encourage.  
 CRY YOU MERCY, I beg your pardon.  
 CUB-DRAWN, sucked dry by cubs.  
 CULLION, a low fellow.  
 CUNNING, skill; skilful.  
 CURB, to bow, bend.  
 CURIOSITY, close scrutiny; scrupulousness.  
 CURIOUS, elegant.  
 CURRENTS, occurrences.  
 CURST, shrewish.  
 CURTAL, with a docked tail.  
 CURTLE-AXE, a cutlass.  
 CUSTARD-COFFIN, crust of a custard pudding.  
 CUSTOMER, harlot.  
 CYPRESS, crape.  
 DAFF, to do off.  
 DALLIANCE, trifling; social pleasure; love making.  
 DAMASK, red and white mingled.  
 DANGER, power to injure; reach.  
 DARE, defy; to terrify.  
 DARKLING, in the dark.  
 DARKLY, secretly.  
 DARRAIGN, to set in battle array.  
 DAUB, to dissemble.  
 DAW, a foolish bird.  
 DAY-BED, a couch.  
 DAY-WOMAN, dairy maid.  
 DEAR, used of whatever touches one nearly.  
 DEATH-PRACTISED, death secretly plotted.  
 DEBOSHED, debauched, drunken.  
 DECK, pack of cards.  
 DECLINE, to run through from beginning to end.  
 DEEM, idea, surmise; to judge, to opine.  
 DEFEAT, disguise, disfigure.  
 DEFENCE, art of fencing.  
 DEFEND, forbid; protect from injury.  
 DEFENSIBLE, able to protect.  
 DEFY, renounce.  
 DEGREE, a stage, a step.  
 DELATIONS, accusations.  
 DELIGHTED, delightful; capable of feeling delights.  
 DEMERIT, merit, desert.  
 DEMURING, gazing demurely.  
 DEN, abbreviation for evening in GOOD-DEN.

DENAY, denial.  
 DENIER, smallest piece of money.  
 DEPEND, remain in service.  
 DEROGATE, depraved.  
 DESIGN, to point out.  
 DESIGNMENT, enterprise.  
 DESPISED, despicable, worthless.  
 DETECT, accuse; betray; reveal.  
 DETERMINATE, limited; decisive.  
 DIAPER, a towel.  
 DICH, corruption of DO IT.  
 DIET, prescribed food; to feed.  
 DIETED, limited.  
 DIFFUSE, defuse, disorder.  
 DIGEST, assimilate (without distress).  
 DIGRESS, deviate; transgress.  
 DIG-YOU-DEN, give you good evening.  
 DINT, stroke.  
 DISABLE, disparage.  
 DISAPPOINTED, unprepared.  
 DISASTERS, misfortunes.  
 DISCANDY, to thaw, melt.  
 DISCASE, undress; unmask.  
 DISCLOSED, hatched.  
 DISCOURSE OF REASON, the reasoning faculty; process of reasoning.  
 DISDAINED, disdainful.  
 DISEASES, hardships.  
 DISEDGE, to take the edge off.  
 DISHONEST, dishonorable.  
 DISLIMN, to blot out.  
 DISME, a tenth.  
 DISPARK, to divest (a park) of enclosures.  
 DISPONGE, let drip (as from a sponge).  
 DISPOSE, disposition.  
 DISPRIZED, valued at nothing.  
 DISTANCE, degree.  
 DISTEMPER, a bad mixture (of the four humors); ill-humor.  
 DISTILLED, disintegrated.  
 DISTRAUGHT, mad.  
 DITCH-DELIVERED, brought forth in a ditch.  
 DITCH-DOG, a dead dog.  
 DIVISION, modulation.  
 DOCUMENT, instruction.  
 DOFF, to do off.  
 DOIT, small Dutch coin; a trifle.  
 DOLE, one's lot or share; grief, lamentation.  
 DON, to do on.  
 DOOM, the last judgment; doomsday.  
 DOTANT, a dotard.  
 DOUT, to do out.  
 DOWLAS, coarse linen.  
 DOWN-GYVED, hanging down and loose like fetters.  
 DOXY, slang word for mistress, sweetheart.  
 DRAB, a low, wretched woman.

DRAUGHT, a privy.  
 DRAWER, a tapster.  
 DRAWN FOX, a fox drawn from its cover.  
 DRIBBLING, a weak, ineffective shot.  
 DROLLERY, a puppet-show; a humorous painting.  
 DRUMBLE, to move sluggishly.  
 DRY-BEAT, to thrash soundly.  
 DUDGEON, handle of a dagger.  
 DUN IN THE MIRE, rustic game played with a heavy log.  
 DUP, to do up.  
 DURANCE, a prison dress that lasts.  
 EAGER, sharp, biting, sour.  
 EANLING, a new-born lamb.  
 EAR, to plow, to till.  
 EAR KISSING, whispered in the ear.  
 EARNEST, money paid to bind a bargain.  
 ECHE, to eke out.  
 ECSTACY, a state of being beside oneself; near madness.  
 EGG, used of anything worthless.  
 EISEL, vinegar.  
 ELD, olden times; old age.  
 ELF, to tangle the hair.  
 EMBARQUEMENT, embargo, restraint.  
 EMBOSSSED, swollen; foaming at mouth.  
 EMBOWELLED, disembowelled.  
 EMPEY, dominion.  
 EMULATION, rivalry; envy.  
 ENCOMPASSMENT, circumvention.  
 ENDEARED, bound, obliged.  
 ENFEOFF, to place in full possession.  
 ENGINE, used for any contrivance.  
 ENGINEER, contriver.  
 ENGLUT, swallow up.  
 ENGROSS, to make gross; to amass; to copy.  
 ENGROSSMENT, accumulation.  
 ENLARGE, to set at liberty.  
 ENMEW, to shut up as in a coop.  
 ENSCONCE, to hide, to shelter.  
 ENSEAMED, defiled.  
 ENSTEPEPED, placed under the water.  
 ENTERTAIN, to take into, or retain in, service.  
 ENTREATMENTS, negotiations looking to surrender.  
 EPHESIAN, cant term for companion.  
 ERRING, wandering.  
 ERROR OF THE MOON, a wandering from the moon's true course.  
 ESCAPE, escapade.  
 ESCOTED, maintained.  
 ESPERANCE, hope,

ESPIAL, a spy.  
 ESTRIDGE, ostrich.  
 ETERNE, eternal.  
 EVEN, uniform; to equal.  
 EVEN-CHRISTIAN, fellow-Christian.  
 EVENT, issue, outcome.  
 EVITATE, to avoid.  
 EXCREMENT, hair, beard, nails.  
 EXHIBITION, allowance.  
 EXIGENT, emergency; end, death.  
 EXORCIST, one who can raise spirits.  
 EXPEDIENCE, expedition, enterprise.  
 EXSUFFICATE, spit out, ex-pectorated.  
 EXTEND, to seize upon.  
 EXTERN, external.  
 EXTRAVAGANT, wandering.  
 EYASES, young hawks.  
 EYAS-MUSKET, young sparrowhawk.  
 EYE, a shade of color.  
 EYNE, eyes.  
 FACE, to bully; to trim; to adorn.  
 FACE-ROYAL, coin worth ten shillings.  
 FACT, deed (usually in a bad sense).  
 FACTIOUS, given to taking sides.  
 FACTOR, agent, broker.  
 FADGE, to turn out well; to suit.  
 FADING, a word common in ballads.  
 FAIN, glad rather than do worse.  
 FAIR, a beauty; beautiful.  
 FAIRING, a gift.  
 FALL, a cadence; to drop; to fall upon.  
 FALLOW, arable land left untilled.  
 FAME, rumor, reputation.  
 FAMILIAR, an attendant spirit.  
 FANCIES, love-songs.  
 FANTASTICAL, imaginary; capricious.  
 FAP, drunk.  
 FAR; farther.  
 FARCED, stuffed.  
 FARDEL, a pack, a burden.  
 FAT, a vat; dull, stupid.  
 FATAL, foreboding; sent by the fates.  
 FATHOM, what the arms can encompass, capacity.  
 FAVOUR, face, countenance.  
 FAVOURS, tokens.  
 FEAR, object of fear; to frighten.  
 FEARFUL, timid.  
 FEAT, trim, dexterous.  
 FEATLY, adroitly.  
 FEATURE, one's appearance in general.  
 FEDERALY, confederate.

# GLOSSARY

**FEE-GRIEF**, grief belonging to one alone.  
**FEELINGLY**, in a heartfelt way.  
**FELL**, savage; savagely; skin covered with hair or wool.  
**FELLOW**, companion; **FELLOWLY**, companionable.  
**FENCE**, defence; skill in fencing; to protect.  
**FEODARY**, confederate.  
**FERE**, spouse.  
**FETCH**, a trick.  
**FETTL**, to prepare.  
**FEW**, FEWNESS, in few words.  
**FIG OF SPAIN**, an insulting gesture with thumb thrust between the first two fingers.  
**FIG**, to insult (by using the above gesture).  
**FIGHTS**, a canvas screen used on fighting vessels to conceal the men.  
**FIGO**, a fig (contemptuous).  
**FILE**, a list; to defile.  
**FILLS**, the thills.  
**FILTHS**, filthy persons.  
**FIND**, to detect.  
**FINE**, the end.  
**FINELESS**, endless, boundless.  
**FINICAL**, foppish.  
**FIRE-DRAKE**, a meteor (used of a red nose).  
**FIRE-NEW**, fresh from the mint; brand new.  
**FIRK**, to beat.  
**FIST**, to seize.  
**FITCHEW**, polecat.  
**FIVES**, a disease in horses.  
**FLAP-DRAGON**, a burning object floating in liquor to be swallowed while aflame; to gulp down.  
**FLAT**, a sand bank; absolute.  
**FLATNESS**, completeness.  
**FLAW**, a gust of wind; to crack.  
**FLECKED**, dappled.  
**FLEET**, to float; to pass the time.  
**FLEETING**, inconstant.  
**FLESH**, to satiate; to initiate; to make fierce.  
**FLESHMENT**, fierceness.  
**FLEWED**, having large, hanging chops.  
**FLIBBERTYGIBBET**, a fiend that flits about a gallows.  
**FLIGHT**, a light arrow.  
**FLIRT-GILL**, a flirt.  
**FLOCK**, a bit of wool.  
**FLOTE**, a wave.  
**FLOURISH**, gloss, embellishment.  
**FLUSHING**, causing redness.  
**FOB**, to cheat.  
**FOIL**, that which lends lustre to an object.  
**FOIN**, a thrust.  
**FOISON**, abundance.  
**FOND**, foolish, foolishly fond.

**FOOT-CLOTH**, saddle cloth.  
**FOOT-LAND-RAKER**, foot-pad.  
**FORBID**, under a curse.  
**FORCE**, to reinforce.  
**FOREDO**, destroy.  
**FOREHAND**, advantage.  
**FORFEND**, forbid.  
**FORGETIVE**, inventive.  
**FORK**, the barbed head of an arrow.  
**FORKED**, horned; **FORKED MAN**, a cuckold.  
**FORMAL**, regular.  
**FORSPENT**, exhausted.  
**FORTH-RIGHT**, a straight path.  
**FOSSET-SELLER**, a seller of faucets.  
**FOX**, a sword.  
**FRAMPOLD**, quarrelsome.  
**FRANK**, a pig-sty.  
**FRANKED UP**, shut in a pig-sty.  
**FRANKLIN**, a country squire.  
**FREE**, innocent; generous.  
**FRESHES**, springs of fresh water.  
**FRET**, to break up with fretwork; to eat away.  
**FRIPPERY**, an old clothes shop.  
**FRIZE**, coarse woolen stuff.  
**FRONT**, forehead.  
**FRONTLET**, band worn about the brow; a frown.  
**FRUSH**, to crush.  
**FUBBED OFF**, put off with excuses.  
**FULLAMS**, false dice.  
**FUNCTION**, all one's powers.  
**FUST**, to grow musty.  
**FUSTIAN**, a coarse cloth; rant, bombast.  
**GABERDINE**, long, loose outer garment.  
**GAD**, sharp pointed instrument, a goad; **UPON THE GAD**, on the spur of the moment.  
**GAGE**, a pledge; to pledge; to engage.  
**GAIN-GIVING**, misgiving.  
**GAIT**, proceeding.  
**GALL**, rub the skin off, fret.  
**GALLIARD**, lively dance.  
**GALLIASS**, a large galley.  
**GALLIMAUFRY**, a hodgepodge.  
**GALLOW**, frighten.  
**GALLOWAY NAGS**, common hackneys.  
**GALLOWGLASSES**, heavy-armed soldiers.  
**GALLOWWS**, one that ought to be hanged.  
**GAPE**, to yawn; to cry out with open mouth.  
**GARB**, way, fashion.  
**GARBOILS**, disturbances.  
**GARISH**, gaudy.  
**GASKINS**, loose breeches.  
**GASTED**, frightened.  
**GASTNESS**, fright, terror.  
**GAUDY**, festive.

**GAZE**, object of wonder.  
**GEAR**, stuff, business.  
**GECK**, a dupe.  
**GEMINY**, a couple, a pair.  
**GENERAL**, the people as a whole.  
**GENERATION**, offspring.  
**GENEROSITY**, nobility.  
**GENEROUS**, of noble birth; magnanimous.  
**GENIUS**, power within a man that governs his life.  
**GENTLE**, to ennoble; **GENTLES**, people of good birth.  
**GENTRY**, the gentle class; courtesy.  
**GERMAN**, akin.  
**GERMENS**, seeds.  
**GEST**, allotted time; **GESTS**, deeds.  
**GESTURE**, one's whole bearing (including apparel).  
**GHOST**, to haunt.  
**GIB**, a tom-cat.  
**GIBBER**, to speak inarticulately.  
**GIDDY**, fickle.  
**GIG**, a whipping top.  
**GIGLOT**, wanton; a wanton.  
**GILD**, to make red; to embellish.  
**GILLYVOR**, gillyflower.  
**GILT**, money.  
**GIMMAL**, jointed.  
**GING**, gang.  
**GIRD**, a sarcasm; to scoff at.  
**GLEEK**, a gibe; to scoff.  
**GLOZE**, pretence; to expound.  
**GNARL**, to snarl.  
**GOBBET**, a mouthful.  
**GOD'ILD YOU**, God reward you.  
**GOOD-DEED**, indeed.  
**GOOD-YEARS**, the pox.  
**GORBELLIED**, fat-paunched.  
**GORGET**, armor for the throat.  
**GOURD**, false dice.  
**GOUT**, a drop.  
**GOVERNMENT**, self-control.  
**GRACIOUS**, full of heavenly grace.  
**GRAFF**, a scion; to engraft.  
**GRAIN**, insect from which cochineal dye is made.  
**GRAINED**, dyed in grain.  
**GRAMERCY**, God have mercy; great thanks.  
**GRANGE**, a farm house.  
**GRATIFY**, requite.  
**GRATULATE**, gratifying; to express gratification.  
**GRAMALKIN**, a grey cat.  
**GREENLY**, like a greenhorn; pale (as a lover).  
**GREET**, to meet and greet.  
**GRIEF**, grievance.  
**GRIEF-SHOT**, sorrow-stricken.  
**GRIEVANCE**, grief.  
**GRIEVE**, to offend.  
**GRIBE**, a vulture.  
**GRISE**, GRIZE, a step.

# GLOSSARY

**GROSSLY**, palpably; in an unpurged condition.  
**GROUNDINGS**, occupants of the pit of a theatre.  
**GROW**, to become incorporate with.  
**GUARD**, trimming; to trim, ornament.  
**GUARDS**, two stars of Ursa Minor (known as the guards of the pole).  
**GUDGEON**, a small, sluggish fish; a dupe.  
**GUIDON**, a pennant; a standard-bearer.  
**GULF**, heraldic term for red.  
**GULL**, belly; a whirlpool.  
**GULL**, an unfledged bird; a dupe; to dupe.  
**GUNSTONE**, cannon-ball.  
**GUST**, to get the taste of.

**H**, an ache (letter and word formerly pronounced alike).  
**HABIT**, dress; outward appearance.  
**HAGGARD**, a trained hawk that tends to revert to wildness.  
**HAIR**, nature, texture; resilient (hair used to stuff tennis balls).  
**HALCYON**, the kingfisher (used as a weather cock); calm.  
**HALF-FACED**, thin-faced, wretched.  
**HALF-SWORD**, close quarters.  
**HALIDOM**, used as an oath.  
**HAND-FAST**, marriage engagement.  
**HANDY-DANDY**, game played with closed hands (which hand will you take?).  
**HAPPILY**, haply, perchance.  
**HAPPY**, fortunate.  
**HARBINGER**, one sent in advance to provide lodgings.  
**HARDINESS**, bold deed, exploit.  
**HARDLY**, with much effort; harshly.  
**HARLOTRY**, term of contempt; a harlot.  
**HARNESS**, armor.  
**HARPIER**, a fiend.  
**HARROW**, to tear to pieces.  
**HARRY**, to over-run with an army.  
**HATCH**, upper half of a divided door: **HATCHES**, deck of a ship.  
**HAUNT**, society, resort; to frequent.  
**HAVING**, possession, endowment.  
**HAVOC**, a cry of no quarter.  
**HAWKING**, keen, hawklike.  
**HAY**, a country dance.  
**HEAD**, an armed force.  
**HEAD-LUGGED**, dragged by the head, surly.

**HEADY**, headlong.  
**HEAP**, a crowd.  
**HEARTED**, deep-seated.  
**HEAT**, a course; to traverse.  
**HEAVES**, heavings, sighs.  
**HEAVY**, sad; drowsy.  
**HEBENON**, ebony (juice thought to be poisonous).  
**HECTIC**, fever.  
**HEDGE**, to skulk (creep by hedges).  
**HEDGE-PRIEST**, a poor type of priest.  
**HEFTS**, heavings, sighs.  
**HENCHMAN**, page, attendant.  
**HENT**, to clutch; to seize for the purpose of jumping over.  
**HERB OF GRACE**, rue.  
**HERMIT**, beadsman: **WE REST YOUR HERMITS**, we will ever pray for you.  
**HEST**, command, behest.  
**HIGHLY**, in high style; very much.  
**HIGHT**, called.  
**HILDING**, a good-for-nothing; worthless.  
**HINT**, opportunity (not purposely given).  
**HIPPED**, lamed in the hip.  
**HOAR**, whitish; to make white; to become mouldy.  
**HOB NOB**, have or have not.  
**HOBBY-HORSE**, imitation horse used in the morris dance; a loose woman.  
**HOIST**, hoisted.  
**HOLDING**, burden or undertone of a song.  
**HOME**, fully; to the vital spot.  
**HONEST**, honorable; chaste.  
**HONESTY**, chastity; honor.  
**HONEY-STALKS**, clover.  
**HOODED**, blinded by a hood (term in falconry).  
**HORN-MAD**, stark mad (applied usually to cuckoldom).  
**HOROLOGE**, the clock.  
**HOSE**, breeches; **FRENCH HOSE**, close-fitting breeches.  
**HOST**, to lodge.  
**HOT AT HAND**, chafing at the bit.  
**HOUSEWIFE**, huzzy.  
**HOWLET**, owl.  
**HOX**, to hamstring.  
**HOY**, small coasting vessel.  
**HUGGER-MUGGER**, secrecy and haste.  
**HULL**, float.  
**HUMANITY**, human nature.  
**HUMILITY**, humaneness.  
**HUMOUR**, caprice.  
**HUNT**, game killed in the chase.  
**HURLY**, tumult.  
**HURRICANE**, waterspout.  
**HURTILING**, noise (of conflict).  
**HUSBANDRY**, thrift.  
**HUSWIFE**, see **HOUSEWIFE**.

**IDLE**, useless, futile; silly, absurd.  
**I' FECKS**, in faith.  
**IGNOMY**, ignominy.  
**IGNORANT PRESENT**, present which holds us in ignorance;  
**IGNORANT SIN**, sin committed without knowing it.  
**'ILD**, yield, reward.  
**ILLUME**, illumine.  
**ILLUSTRATE**, illustrious.  
**IMAGINARY**, imaginative.  
**IMAGINED**, pertaining to the imagination; **IMAGINED WING**, the speed of imagination.  
**IMBAR**, to exclude.  
**IMMANITY**, ferocity.  
**IMMEDIACY**, close connection.  
**IMMOMENT**, of no account.  
**IMMURES**, walls.  
**IMP**, scion; a child; to graft feathers (in a hawk).  
**IMPAWN**, to pledge.  
**IMPEACH**, accusation; to accuse.  
**IMPEACHMENT**, hindrance.  
**IMPERTINENCY**, nonsense.  
**IMPEACHED**, woven together.  
**IMPONE**, to set up as a wager.  
**IMPORTANCE**, importunity.  
**IMPORTANT**, importunate.  
**IMPOSE**, to command; to enjoin.  
**IMPOSITION**, accusation; command; imposture.  
**IMPRESS**, enforced service; to compel to serve.  
**IMPUTATION**, reputation; censure.  
**INCAPABLE**, unable to realize.  
**INCH-MEAL**, inch by inch.  
**INCLINING**, inclination.  
**INCLIP**, to embrace.  
**INCLUDE**, to terminate in; to conclude.  
**INCONTINENT**, immediately.  
**INCONY**, delicate, pretty.  
**INCORPORAL**, insubstantial.  
**INCORPSED**, made one body with.  
**INCORRECT**, out of harmony with.  
**INCREDULOUS**, incredible.  
**IND**, India.  
**INDENT**, indentation; to draw up articles of agreement.  
**INDEX**, table of contents (formerly at the beginning of a book).  
**INDIFFERENTLY**, tolerably.  
**INDIGEST**, chaotic mass.  
**INDITE**, to write; used humorously for **INVITE**.  
**INDUCTION**, beginning.  
**INDUE**, endow.  
**INEXECRABLE**, used probably for **INEXORABLE**, relentless.  
**INFER**, argue.

# GLOSSARY

INFORMAL, irregular, ill-balanced (mentally).  
 INGENIOUS, or INGENUOUS, artful, inventive.  
 INGRAFT, engrafted.  
 INHABITABLE, uninhabitable.  
 INHERIT, to get possession of.  
 INHOOPED, enclosed within a hoop (as cocks when fighting).  
 INJURY, insult.  
 INK-HORN-MATE, a bookish fellow.  
 INKLE, linen tape.  
 INLAND, not provincial, refined.  
 INLY, heartfelt.  
 INSANE, causing insanity; INSANE ROOT, the mandrake.  
 INSCULPED, engraved.  
 INSTANCE, proof; motive; maxim.  
 INSTANT, instantly.  
 INTELLIGENCER, secret agent; mediator.  
 INTELLIGENT, bearing information.  
 INTEND, pretend.  
 INTENDMENT, intention; bent, aim.  
 INTENTIVELY, with continuous attention.  
 INTERMISSION, delay caused by interruption.  
 INTRINSE, intricate.  
 INTRINSICATE, intricate.  
 INVENTION, imagination.  
 INWARD, intimate, secret; one entrusted with secrets.  
 IRREGULOUS, lawless.  
 ITERANCE, repetition.  
 I WIS, I know, certainly.

JACK, the ball aimed at in bowling; figure in a clock that strikes the hours; a term of contempt.  
 JACK-A-LENT, puppet to be pelted during lent.  
 JACKS, keys of a virginal.  
 JACK-SAUCE, blunder for SAUCY JACK.  
 JADE, worthless or ill-treated horse; to treat like a jade.  
 JAKES, a privy.  
 JAR, a tick (of the clock); to cause to tick; discord, strife.  
 JAUNCE, to cause to prance.  
 JAY, a loose woman.  
 JEALOUS, suspicious.  
 JEALOUSY, suspicion.  
 JERKIN, a jacket.  
 JESSES, straps attached to the legs of a hawk.  
 JET, to strut.  
 JIG, a lively tune; a dance; to walk affectedly.  
 JOINT-STOOL, a folding chair.  
 JOINT-RING, two rings joined yet separable.  
 JOLTHEAD, blockhead.

JOWL, to thrust, to dash.  
 JOURNAL, daily.  
 JOURNEY-BATED, wearied from travel.  
 JUDICIOUS, indicating good judgment; judicial.  
 JUMP, to risk; exactly.  
 JUNKETS, sweetmeats.  
 JUST, a tournament; to tilt; exact; exactly.  
 JUTTY, a projection; to project.  
 JUVENAL, a young man.

KAM, off the point.  
 KECKSY, dry stems of hemlock.  
 KEECH, lump of tallow.  
 KEEL, to cool.  
 KEEP, to dwell.  
 KENNEL, a gutter; a pack of dogs.  
 KERNS, light-armed Irish foot soldiers.  
 KERSEY, coarse woolen cloth.  
 KEY, tone (of voice).  
 KEY-COLD, cold as a key.  
 KIBE, chillblain.  
 KICKSHAWS, nicknacks.  
 KILN-HOLE, fireplace used for making malt.  
 KINDLE, to bring forth; to excite.  
 KINDLESS, unnatural.  
 KINDLY, after one's kind or nature.  
 KIRTLE, woman's gown.  
 KISSING-COMFITS, perfumed sweets for the breath.  
 KNAP, to hit or rap.  
 KNAVE, boy.  
 KNOT, design worked out in a garden; folded arms; a company.

LABOURSOME, elaborate.  
 LABRAS, used blunderingly for lips.  
 LACE, adorn (as with lace).  
 LACED-MUTTON, a woman (possibly a light one).  
 LADE, to empty, ladle out.  
 LADY-SMOCK, cuckoo flower.  
 LAG OF, younger than.  
 LAMMAS-TIDE, first of August.  
 LAND DAMN, set breast deep in the earth (both word and meaning doubtful).  
 LAPPED IN PROOF, encased in armor.  
 LAPSED, slipped.  
 LARD, to fatten; to garnish.  
 LARGE, unrestrained.  
 LARGESS, gifts, presents.  
 LARUM, alarm.  
 LATCH, catch, lay hold of.  
 LATED, belated.  
 LATEN, a soft, mixed metal.  
 LAUND, open, untilled ground in a woody territory.  
 LAVISH, licentious.

LAVOLTA, a high dance.  
 LAY, a wager.  
 LAZAR, leper, beggar.  
 LEADING, generalship.  
 LEASING, lying.  
 LEATHER-COATS, russet apples.  
 LEER, complexion.  
 LEET, a manorial court; court day.  
 LEG, a bow, an obeisance.  
 LEGERITY, lightness, alacrity.  
 LEIGER, ambassador; messenger.  
 LENTEN, scanty, meager.  
 LET, hindrance; to hinder, obstruct.  
 LETHE, death.  
 LEVEL, to aim at.  
 LEWD, low, ignorant.  
 LIBERAL, licentious.  
 LIBERTY, licentiousness.  
 LICENSE, licentiousness; permission.  
 LIEFEST, dearest.  
 LIFTER, thief.  
 LIMBECK, cap of a still.  
 LIMBO, the outskirts of hell; hell itself.  
 LIME, sticky substance used for catching birds; to ensnare.  
 LIMIT, boundary; to appoint.  
 LIMN, to draw, to paint.  
 LINE, to strengthen, reinforce; to draw.  
 LINK, torch.  
 LINSEY-WOOLSEY, nonsense.  
 LINSTOCK, long stick with a match (for firing cannon).  
 LIPSBURY PINFOLD, meaning doubtful; possibly, between the teeth.  
 LIQUOR, to grease (as boots).  
 LISTS, enclosed ground for tournaments.  
 LITTLE, IN, in miniature.  
 LIVER, thought to be the seat of the passions.  
 LIVERY, delivery (of lands, etc.).  
 LIVING, vital.  
 LOB, a bumpkin; to droop.  
 LOCKRAM, coarse linen.  
 LOGGATS, game played with small logs of wood.  
 LONGLY, longingly.  
 LOOFED, brought close to the wind.  
 LOOP'D, full of holes.  
 LOOSE, to discharge (an arrow).  
 LOUR, to frown.  
 LOUSE, to have lice.  
 LOW, low conditioned people.  
 LOWN, rascal.  
 LOZEL, worthless fellow.  
 LUBBER, lout.  
 LUCE, a pike.  
 LUD'S TOWN, old name for London.

# GLOSSARY

LUNES, crazy fits.  
LURCH, to lurk; to rob.  
LUXURIOUS, lascivious.  
LUXURY, lust.  
LYM, bloodhound.

MACE, a sceptre; a metal club.  
MACHINE, the human body.  
MACULATE, impure, stained.  
MAD, crazy; to make mad.  
MAGGOT-PIE, magpie.  
MAGNIFICO, particular name given to the chief men of Venice.

MAHU, name of a fiend.  
MAIDENHEAD, maidenhood.  
MAIL'D UP, completely covered.  
MAIN, chief; mainland; a dicing term.  
MAIN-COURSE, main-sail.  
MAKE-UP, come to a decision.  
MAKELESS, without a mate, widowed.

MALKIN, a kitchen wench.  
MALLARD, a drake.  
MALLECHO, mischief.  
MALT-WORM, toper.  
MAMMERING, haggling.  
MAMMETS, puppets.  
MAMMOCK, tear in pieces.  
MAN, courage; to handle.  
MANAGE, management; to handle, to train.

MANDRAGORA, mandrake.  
MANKIND, masculine.  
MANNER, TAKEN WITH THE, caught with stolen goods in the hand.

MAN-QUELLER, man-killer.  
MARBLE, hard, clear.  
MARCHES, boundary territory.  
MARCPANE, biscuit made of sugar and almonds.  
MARE, the nightmare; RIDE THE WILD MARE, play at see-saw.

MARGENT, margin.  
MARK, distinguishing sign;  
GOD BLESS (OR SAVE) THE MARK!, a pardon-begging phrase for mentioning an unpleasant thing.

MARRY, by the Virgin Mary.  
MARTIAL, like Mars.  
MARTLEMAS, the barbecue feast of St. Martin (Nov. 11).  
MARY-BUDS, buds of the marigold.

MATCH, an appointment.  
MATED, paralyzed.  
MATTER, sense (as opposed to nonsense).  
MAUGRE, in spite of.  
MAUL, to hack.  
MAUND, a basket.  
MAZED, dazed.  
MAZZARD, head.  
MEACOCK, spiritless.  
MEALED, defiled.

MEANS, advantages; OUR MEANS SECURE US, our prosperity makes us careless.  
MEASLES, scurvy fellows.  
MEASURE, a portion of drink; a stately dance; to travel over.  
MECHANIC, MECHANICAL, rude, vulgar people.  
MEDICINE, physician.  
MEINY, household.  
MELL, to meddle.  
MEMORIZE, to make memorable.

MERED, sole, only.  
MERELY, absolutely.  
MERIT, desert (good or bad).  
MESS, company of four (at table) placed according to rank.  
METAL, mettle, stuff one is made of.  
METAPHYSICAL, supernatural.  
MEW, to coop up (while moulting).

MICHER, a truant.  
MICHING, sneaking.  
MIDDLE-EARTH, this world.  
MILCH, moist (with tears).  
MILL-SIXPENCE, sixpence with milled edge.

MINERAL, a mine; poisonous drug.  
MINGLE, union.

MINIKIN, small and pretty.  
MINION, darling.  
MINUTE-JACKS, time-servers.  
MISCARRY, die, perish.  
MISCREATE, illegitimate.  
MISDOUBT, suspicion; to suspect.

MISER, a wretch.  
MISPRISE, to mistake; to undervalue.  
MISPRISON, a mistake.  
MISSIVE, messenger.  
MISTRESS, the ball (the Jack) at which the players aim in bowling.

MO, MOE, more.  
MOBLED, muffled.  
MODEL, a mould.  
MODERN, commonplace.  
MODEST, moderate.  
MODESTY, moderation.  
MODULE, a counterfeit.  
MOIETY, a share (of any kind).  
MOLDWARP, a mole.

MOLE, defect.  
MOME, a blockhead.  
MOMENTANY, momentary.  
MONSTER, to make monstrous.  
MONSTROUS, huge.  
MONTANT, an upward thrust (in fencing).

MONUMENTAL, memorial.  
MOONISH, inconstant.  
MOP AND MOW, to make grimaces.  
MOPE, to go blunderingly.  
MORISCO, a morris dancer.

MORRIS, a morris-dance.  
MORRIS-PIKE, a Moorish pike.  
MORT, a set of notes sounded on the horn at the death of the deer in the chase.  
MORTAL, deadly; murderous.  
MORTIFIED, without sensibility; as good as dead.  
MORTIFYING, inflicting insensibility.  
MOTH OF PEACE, an unproductive consumer.  
MOTHER, the disease *hysterica passio*.  
MOTION, the perceptive faculties (of mind and heart): impulse to passion; a puppet show.

MOTIVE, cause, author.  
MOTLEY, a fool's parti-colored dress; a fool.

MOULD, earth; MEN OF MOULD, mortal men.

MOULTEN, in the state of moulting.  
MOUNTAIN, high.

MOUSING OWL, owl that habitually hunts mice (close to the earth).

MOY, measure of corn; Pistol's French for money.

MULL'D, insipid.  
MURE, a wall.

MURRION, infected with the murrain (a cattle disease).

MUSCADEL, a sweet wine.  
MUSE, wonder at.

MUSET, gap in a hedge.  
MUSS, a scramble (for small coin, etc.).

MUTINE, to mutiny.  
MYSTERY, profession, trade.

NAIL, measure of about two inches.

NAPKIN, handkerchief.  
NATURAL, idiot.

NAUGHT, NAUGHTY, wicked.  
NAYWARD, towards denial.

NAYWORD, password.  
NEAF, fist.

NEAR, nearer (comparative in high, near, next).

NEAR-LEGGED, knock-kneed.  
NEAT, horned cattle; dainty, foppish.

NEB, bill (of a bird).  
NEEDFUL, requiring.

NEEDLESS, having no need.  
NEEDLY, necessarily.

NEELD, needle.  
NEEZE, to sneeze.

NEIF, see NEAF.  
NEIGHBOURHOOD, neighborliness.

NEPHEW, used freely for cousin or grandchild.

NEREIDES, water-nymphs.  
NERVES, sinews.

# GLOSSARY

NETHER-STOCKS, stockings.  
 NEXT, nearest.  
 NICE, precise, scrupulous; squeamish; petty.  
 NICENESS, coyness.  
 NICHOLAS, ST., patron saint of thieves; ST. NICHOLAS' CLERKS, euphemistic term for thieves.  
 NICK, to cut in notches (like a fool's hair); to mark with folly.  
 NIECE, applied also to a granddaughter.  
 NIGHTED, black.  
 NIGHTGOWN, dressing-gown.  
 NIGHTMARE, incubus.  
 NIGHT-RULE, revelry.  
 NILL, will not.  
 NINE, a number having magic power.  
 NINE-FOLD, nine offspring or children.  
 NOBLE, gold coin worth six shillings eight pence.  
 NOD, GIVE YOU THE, term in the game of cards called Noddy.  
 NODDY, a simpleton.  
 NOISE, a band of music.  
 NOLE, head.  
 NONCE, for the once, for the particular occasion.  
 NOOK-SHOTTEN, full of nooks, or shot off into a corner.  
 NOTE, fame, distinction; knowledge; stigma; a list; to denote.  
 NOTED, familiar, well-known.  
 NOTION, mind.  
 NOT-PATED, with clipped pate.  
 NOURISH, a nurse.  
 NOUSLE, to nurse.  
 NOVUM, a game at dice.  
 NUT-HOOK, a sheriff's assistant.  
 O, used for various circular objects: the earth, the Globe theatre, etc.  
 O', of, on.  
 OB., abbreviation for OBOLUS, half-penny.  
 OBIDICUT, name of a fiend.  
 OBJECT, what can be seen at a glance.  
 OBLIVION, forgetfulness.  
 OBSEQUIOUS, devoted; funereal.  
 OBSERVANCE, observation.  
 OBSTRUCT, obstacle.  
 OCCULTED, hidden.  
 OCCUPATION, trade, handicraft; A MAN OF ANY OCCUPATION, a mechanic.  
 ODD-EVEN, time near midnight (shortly before or after).  
 ODDS, strife; AT ODDS WITH MORNING, hard to tell whether it is late night or early morning.

OEILLIADES, amorous glances.  
 O'ER-BLOW, to blow away.  
 O'ER-COUNT, outnumber.  
 O'ER-CROW, overcome.  
 O'ER-LEAPS ITSELF, leaps too far.  
 O'ER-LOOK, to read over, peruse; to inspect.  
 O'ER-PARTED, having too difficult a part assigned.  
 O'ER-RAUGHT, overtook.  
 O'ER-SIZED, smeared over (as with glue).  
 OF, on; by; from; during.  
 OFF, beside the mark.  
 OFF-CAPPED, took off caps.  
 OFFENCE, displeasure.  
 OFFEND, harm.  
 OFFICED, furnished with duties.  
 OFFICES, servants' quarters.  
 OLD, plenty; OLD TURNING THE KEY, lots of opening the door.  
 OMIT, neglect.  
 ON, of.  
 ONEYERS, probably ONE with YERS added for effect.  
 ONE-TRUNK-INHERITING, one whose possessions will all go in a single trunk.  
 OPEN, public; TO OPEN CRY, to bark at scent of the game.  
 OPERANT, active, operative.  
 OR, before, sooner than.  
 ORBS, fairy rings (on the green).  
 ORDINANCE, ordnance; order.  
 ORDINARY, a meal.  
 ORGULOUS, proud, haughty.  
 ORTS, bits, leavings.  
 OSTENT, outward show.  
 OSTENTATION, display; spectacle.  
 OUPHES, elves.  
 OUSEL, blackbird.  
 OUT, abroad; in the field; on the wrong scent; at odds; at a loss.  
 OUTLOOK, to face down.  
 OUTPEER, to surpass.  
 OUTWALL, exterior, clothes.  
 OVERSHOT, TO BE, mistaken, in error.  
 OWCHES, jewels, ornaments.  
 OWE, to own, possess.  
 OYES! hear yel (call of the public crier).  
 PACE, drive, manage (a horse): PACE EASY, drive at an easy pace.  
 PACK, to plot; to stack the cards; a group of conspirators, a faction.  
 PACKINGS, plottings.  
 PADDOCK, a toad.  
 PAIN, labor.  
 PAINTED, fictitious; PAINTED CLOTH, cheap substitute for tapestry; PAINTED UPON A

POLE, pictured upon cloth and hung from a pole as at a side-show.  
 PAINTING, beautifying; YOUR PAINTINGS, women's practice of painting the face.  
 PAJOCK, peacock.  
 PALABRAS, words; PAUCAS PALLABRIS, few words.  
 PALATE, to taste; to get the taste of.  
 PALE, enclosure; to enclose.  
 PALISADOES, stakes set in the ground (for defence).  
 PALL THEE, wrap thyself up in.  
 PALLIAMENT, a robe.  
 PARAGON, to surpass.  
 PARALLEL COURSE, a course running in the same direction with.  
 PARALLEL'D, brought into direct line with.  
 PARAQUITO, small parrot.  
 PARCEL, an item; to enumerate by items.  
 PARIS-GARDEN, name of a bear garden in Southwark.  
 PARISH-TOP, large top used in cold weather for exercising the peasants.  
 'PARITOR, officer of the Bishop's court.  
 PARLOUS, perilous; keen.  
 PARROT, SPEAK, talk nonsense.  
 PART, act; to depart, to die.  
 PARTED, endowed.  
 PARTIAL SLANDER, reproach of partiality.  
 PARTICULAR, individual, personal.  
 PARTISAN, a kind of pike.  
 PASH, head; to strike.  
 PASS, passage, thrust; to surpass; to pass away, to die.  
 PASSAGE, incident, event; THY PASSAGES OF LIFE, the deeds of thy life.  
 PASSING, surpassingly.  
 PASSY-MEASURE, a slow, stately dance.  
 PASTRY, room in which pastry was made.  
 PATCH, a fool; PATCHED, parti-colored; PATCHERY, roguery.  
 PATH, to walk.  
 PATINES, bright metal discs.  
 PAUL'S, St. Paul's church.  
 PAWN, to stake.  
 PAX, small sacred object passed around in the church to be kissed.  
 PEACH, to inform against.  
 PEAK, to fall away, grow thin; to go about tottering.  
 PEAT, a pet, a darling.  
 PEDASCULE, pedant, school-master.  
 PEEL'D, shaven.

# GLOSSARY

**PEER**, to appear; to bring into view.  
**PEEVISH**, perverse; silly.  
**PEG**, to wedge; the tuning pin of a stringed instrument.  
**PEG-A-RAMSEY**, name of an old song.  
**PEISE**, **PEIZE**, to weight; to retard.  
**PELTING**, paltry.  
**PENDULOUS**, hanging; **PENDULOUS AIR**, air in which hang (these plagues).  
**PENETRATIVE SHAME**, shame that penetrates to the deepest feelings.  
**PENSIONER**, an attendant; one of the sovereign's body-guard.  
**PENT-HOUSE**, a lean-to.  
**PERDU**, forlorn one.  
**PERFECT**, fully informed; **THE PERFECTEST REPORT**, experience.  
**PERIAPTS**, amulets.  
**PERJURE**, a perjurer; to corrupt.  
**PERPEND**, consider.  
**PERSPECTIVE**, an optical toy that distorted objects.  
**PETAR**, petard, a kind of bomb.  
**PEW-FELLOW**, companion.  
**PHOENIX**, see **ARABIAN BIRD**; a paragon.  
**PHYSIC**, medicine.  
**PHYSICAL**, good for the health.  
**PIA MATER**, the brain.  
**PICK**, throw; **PICKED**, refined.  
**PICKERS AND STEALERS**, the fingers.  
**PIECE**, masterpiece.  
**PIGHT**, pitched, resolved.  
**PILCHER**, scabbard.  
**PILL**, to pillage.  
**PIN**, the peg in the very center of the target, the clout.  
**PIN AND WEB**, any dimness of the eyes.  
**PINCHED**, tricked, cajoled.  
**PINFOLD**, pound (for stray cattle).  
**PINKED**, pierced in small holes (as eyelets).  
**PINK EYNE**, small, half-shut eyes.  
**PIONER**, a digger, a degraded common soldier.  
**PIP**, a spot on cards.  
**PIPE-WINE**, wine from the pipe or cask.  
**PITCH**, height (of a falcon's flight); **PITCH AND PAY**, plank down.  
**PLACE**, **PRIDE OF**, highest point of a falcon's flight.  
**PACKET**, some opening in a woman's dress.  
**PLAIN-SONG**, the melody without variations.  
**PLANCED**, made of boards.

**PLASH**, a pool.  
**PLATE**, a piece of money;  
**PLATED**, protected with armor.  
**PLATFORM**, plan, scheme; a paved terrace; any flat surface.  
**PLAUSIVE**, pleasing.  
**PLEACH**, to interweave;  
**PLEACHED ARMS**, folded, or possibly, fettered, arms.  
**PLIGHTED**, folded.  
**PLUME UP**, dress up in plumes.  
**PLURISY**, a too-muchness, an excess.  
**POINT**, a lace or cord tipped with a metal tag (an aglet) supporting the hose or breeches; point of a sword; pommel of a saddle; **POINT OF WAR**, a trumpet signal; **AT (A) POINT**, ready, equipped; **NO POINT**, not at all.  
**POINT-DEVICE**, correct to the last degree.  
**POISE**, weight; to weigh.  
**POKING-STICK**, heated rod for adjusting plaits.  
**POLE**, pole-star; **THE SOLDIER'S POLE**, pole hung with garlands of triumph.  
**POLLED**, stripped.  
**POMANDER**, ball of perfumes.  
**POMEWATER**, a species of apple.  
**POOP**, to strike and sink (as a ship).  
**POOR JOHN**, dried and salted hake.  
**POPERIN**, kind of pear.  
**POPULAR**, common, vulgar.  
**POPULARITY**, common society.  
**PORING-DARK**, darkness that makes one pore (as over a book).  
**PORPENTINE**, porcupine.  
**PORTABLE**, bearable.  
**PORTAGE**, port-holes (of the head), i. e., the eyes; arrival at life's port, i. e., birth.  
**PORTANCE**, the way one carries oneself, deportment.  
**PORTLY**, of dignified appearance.  
**POSSESS**, to inform.  
**POSSET**, a curd to be drunk (or eaten) just before going to bed; to curdle.  
**POSTURE**, attitude; way of dealing (blows).  
**POSY**, short motto (engraved in a ring).  
**POT, TO THE**, to destruction.  
**POTCH**, to thrust.  
**POTHER**, turmoil.  
**POTTLE**, small pot or big cup;  
**POTTLE-DEEP**, to the bottom of the cup.  
**POUNCET-BOX**, a perfume box.

**POWDERING-TUB**, treatment for syphilis.  
**PRACTICE**, a plot, treachery.  
**PRACTISE**, to plot.  
**PRECEDENT**, an example; a rough draft, original copy.  
**PREFER**, recommend; to promote, advance.  
**PREGNANCY**, quick-wittedness.  
**PREGNANT**, ready, apt.  
**PRENOMINATE**, forementioned.  
**PRE-ORDINANCE**, established rule.  
**PREROGATIVED**, having the right to exemption.  
**PRESCRIPTION**, prescribed right.  
**PRESENCE**, person or company of rank; presence chamber.  
**PRESENT**, instant; **PRESENTLY**, instantly.  
**PRESENTMENT**, representation.  
**PRESS**, commission to force men into military service; to force into service.  
**PRESSURE**, impression.  
**PREST**, ready.  
**PRETENCE**, design, intention.  
**PRETEND**, intend, design.  
**PREVENT**, anticipate.  
**PRICK**, mark (on the clock's dial); to incite; to check off (with the stylus).  
**PRICKET**, a buck in his second year.  
**PRICK-SONG**, written music.  
**PRIG**, a thief.  
**PRIMERO**, a card game.  
**PRINCOX**, impertinent fellow.  
**PRISER**, prize fighter.  
**PRIZE**, value, privilege; to estimate.  
**PROBAL**, probable; **PROBAL TO THINKING**, having a probable appearance when one thinks it over.  
**PROBATION**, proof, test.  
**PRODITOR**, traitor.  
**PROFACE**, to your health!  
**PROFIT**, lesson.  
**PROPER**, handsome, fine; one's own.  
**PROPERTY**, peculiar quality; to treat as (a stage) property;  
**PROPERTIED**, endowed with the quality of.  
**PROPOSE**, conversation; to talk.  
**PROPRIETY**, individuality; **FROM HER PROPRIETY**, out of herself.  
**PROPUGNATION**, defence.  
**PROTEST**, proclaim.  
**PROVINCIAL ROSES**, rosettes; (Provence, France, famous for its roses).  
**PROVOST**, keeper of a prison.

# GLOSSARY

**PUDENCY**, modesty.  
**PUGGING**, slang for thievish.  
**PUISNY**, unskillful.  
**PUKE-STOCKING**, dark colored (as opposed to light-colored stockings worn by gentlemen).  
**PUN**, to pound.  
**PUNTO**, a thrust or stroke (in fencing).  
**PUNTO REVERSO**, a back-handed thrust.  
**PURCHASE**, acquisition (whether by buying or stealing).  
**PURSY**, fat, corrupt.  
**PURVEYOR**, one who goes ahead to provide food.  
**PUSH**, onset; an expression of contempt; to attack, to thrust.  
**PUT ON**, to incite.  
**PUT OVER**, to refer.  
**PUTTER OUT**, a voyager who speculates.  
**PUTTOCK**, a kite.  
**PUZZEL**, a hussy.  
**PYRAMIDES**, pyramids.  
**PYRAMIS**, pyramid.

**QUAINT**, fine, curious, elaborate.  
**QUALIFY**, to temper, moderate; **CRAFTILY QUALIFIED**, diluted on the sly.  
**QUALITY**, profession (especially the actor's); essential nature.  
**QUANTITY**, proportion; a very small portion; anything diminutive.  
**QUARREL**, cause.  
**QUARRY**, heap of all the game killed in a hunt.  
**QUARTER**, a lodging for troops.  
**QUAT**, a pimple.  
**QUEAN**, hussy.  
**QUEASY**, ticklish.  
**QUELL**, slaughter; to kill.  
**QUERN**, a handmill.  
**QUESTANT**, aspirant.  
**QUESTION**, conversation; to address, to talk to.  
**QUESTIONABLE**, provoking question.  
**QUESTRISTS**, searchers.  
**QUICK**, alive.  
**QUIDDITY**, subtlety.  
**QUIETUS**, discharge, final settlement (of an account).  
**QUINTAIN**, a figure to be run at in tilting.  
**QUIT**, to free; to absolve; to remit; to repay.  
**QUIVER**, active.  
**QUOIF**, cap, hood.  
**QUOTIDIAN**, a fever recurring daily.

**RABATO**, a ruff.  
**RABBIT-SUCKER**, a sucking rabbit.

**RACE**, a root; breed, natural disposition.  
**RACK**, light fleecy cloud; device for torture; to torture; to drift (as clouds).  
**RAGED**, enraged.  
**RAKE UP**, cover (as embers) by raking.  
**RAMPALLIAN**, term of abuse.  
**RAMPING**, rampant.  
**RANGE**, rank; to set in ranks; to roam.  
**RAP**, to move to ecstasy.  
**RAPTURE**, delirium, fit.  
**RASCAL**, an ill-conditioned deer.  
**RASH**, sudden, violent.  
**RAVEL**, to entangle; **RAVELLED SLEAVE**, tangled skein.  
**RAVEL OUT**, to untangle.  
**RAVIN**, to devour ravenously; **RAVIN'D SALT-SEA SHARK**, shark characterized by ravenousness.  
**RAWLY**, unfitted, poor; **RAWLY LEFT**, left in poverty.  
**RAWNESS**, unprepared condition.  
**RAYED**, defiled.  
**RAZE**, a root.  
**RAZED**, slashed.  
**RAZURE**, erasure.  
**REBATE**, to blunt, take the edge off.  
**RECEIPT OF REASON**, seat of reason (top of the head).  
**RECHEAT**, set of notes on the hunting horn to call off the dogs.  
**RECK**, to heed.  
**RECKONING**, a bill; **PARCEL OF A RECKONING**, items of a bill.  
**RECOMMEND**, to suit, to commit with respects.  
**RECORDER**, kind of flute.  
**RECOURSE OF TEARS**, continual weeping.  
**RECOVER THE WIND**, get at a disadvantage.  
**REDE**, advice, counsel.  
**RED-LATTICE**, customary mark of an ale-house.  
**REDUCE**, to bring back.  
**REECHY**, dirty, filthy.  
**REEK**, to steam.  
**REFEL**, to refute.  
**REGIMENT**, government.  
**REGION**, the upper air.  
**REGREET**, a salutation; to greet.  
**REGUERDON**, reward.  
**RELAPSE**, rebound; **RELAPSE OF MORTALITY**, rebound of deadliness (by infecting the French with our corpses).  
**RELATION**, connection; **UNDERSTOOD RELATIONS**, understanding the connection between sign and fact.

**RELATIVE**, having reference to the fact.  
**RELISH**, flavor; to taste well; to get the taste of; to like.  
**REMEDiate**, remedial.  
**REMEMBER**, to remind.  
**REMORSE**, pity.  
**REMORSEFUL**, compassionate.  
**REMOTION**, holding aloof.  
**RENDER**, a statement, a surrender; to surrender, to report, to make.  
**RENEGE**, deny.  
**REPEAL**, to recall (from banishment).  
**REPRISAL**, prize.  
**REPROOF**, disproof.  
**REPUGN**, to oppose.  
**REQUIRE**, ask, request.  
**RERE-MICE**, bats.  
**RESOLVE**, to free from doubt; to dissolve.  
**RESPECT**, consideration; **IN RESPECT OF**, in comparison with, or in regard to being.  
**RESPECTIVE**, regardful.  
**REST**, repose; **TO SET MY REST**, figure from cards (primero).  
**RESTD**, unexercised, torpid.  
**REVERB**, reverberate.  
**RHEUM**, a cold in the head; tears.  
**RIB**, to enclose.  
**RIBAUDRED**, probably a misreading for ribald-rid.  
**RID**, to destroy.  
**RIGGISH**, wanton.  
**RIGOL**, circle.  
**RIM**, the diaphragm.  
**RIVAGE**, the shore.  
**RIVAL**, partner.  
**RIVELLED**, wrinkled.  
**ROBUSTIOUS**, noisy.  
**ROGUE**, vagabond.  
**ROISTING**, bullying.  
**ROMAGE**, bustle (such as is involved in clearing out a ship's cargo).  
**RONYON**, a mangy woman.  
**ROOK**, to squat.  
**ROOKY**, full of rooks or crows.  
**ROPERY**, roguery.  
**ROPE-TRICKS**, Grumio's term for "rhetoric."  
**ROPING**, hanging like strings or ropes.  
**ROUND**, blunt, plain; to whisper.  
**ROUSE**, a carouse; to sit alert.  
**ROYAL**, gold coin worth ten shillings.  
**ROYNISH**, mean, paltry.  
**RUB**, bowling term signifying a deflection of the ball; any hindrance or impediment; to hinder.  
**RUBIOUS**, ruby red.  
**RUDDOCK**, the redbreast.

# GLOSSARY

**RUDESBY**, a rude, brutal fellow.  
**RUFFLE**, treat in a ruffianly manner; to grow turbulent.  
**RUG-HEADED**, shag-haired.  
**RULE**, self-control.  
**RUMP-FED**, fat-rumped.  
**RUSH**, formerly rushes were used for floor-covering.  
**RUTH**, pity.

**SABLES**, a rich fur.  
**SACK**, a white Spanish wine.  
**SACKERSON**, name of a well-known bear kept at Paris Garden.  
**SACRING-BELL**, a little bell used at mass.  
**SAD**, heavy, grave.  
**SAFE**, sane, sound.  
**SAGITTARY**, probably some inn in Venice.  
**SALE-WORK**, goods made for general consumption, ordinary.  
**SALLET**, close-fitting headpiece.  
**SALLETS**, savory passages.  
**SALT**, tears; lecherous.  
**SAMINGO**, drunken utterance for San Domingo.  
**SAND-BLIND**, purblind.  
**SANDED**, of a sandy color.  
**SARCENET**, thin silk; **SARCENET SURETY**, insubstantial oaths.  
**SAY**, a kind of silk, also a delicate serge; to assay.  
**SCALD**, filthy, scurvy.  
**SCAMBLE**, to scramble.  
**SCANDAL**, to defame.  
**SCANT**, to limit; scanty.  
**SCAPE**, to escape; an escapade, an escape.  
**SCONCE**, head (contemptuous).  
**SCORE**, a notch cut as a tally; to cut, brand, settle (one's case).  
**SCOT AND LOT**, the complete reckoning.  
**SCOTCH**, to slash.  
**SCRIMERS**, fencers.  
**SCROYLES**, scurvy fellows.  
**SCRUBBED**, scrubby.  
**SCUT**, tail.  
**SEAM**, lard.  
**SEAR**, withered; to scorch, to brand.  
**SEASON**, preservative; to ripen.  
**SECURE**, to make careless.  
**SECURITY**, carelessness.  
**SEEL**, to close up, to blind (by drawing fine thread through the eyelids of the hawk).  
**SEEMING-SUBSTANCE**, having only the appearance of reality, a sham.  
**SEEN**, WELL, skilled.  
**SEGREGATION**, dispersal.  
**SELD**, seldom.  
**SELF**, self-same.  
**SELF-BOUNTY**, one's own goodness.

**SELF-COVERED THING**, thy (woman's) self is covered by (a fiend's shape).  
**SEMBLABLE**, like; **HIS SEMBLABLE IS HIS MIRROR**, nothing like him except his reflection in the glass.  
**SENSE**, feeling, perception; **SENSELESS**, insensible.  
**SENTENCE**, a sententious remark, a maxim.  
**SERE**, **TICKLE O' THE**, respond like a hair-trigger.  
**SERPIGO**, tetter, skin eruption.  
**SHALES**, shells.  
**SHARDS**, fragments of pottery; wing-cases of beetles; **SHARD-BORNE**, borne on shards.  
**SHARK'D UP**, gathered promiscuously.  
**SHEALED**, shelled.  
**SHEARMAN**, one who shears cloth.  
**SHEEP-BITER**, cant term for thief.  
**SHENT**, injured by reproof.  
**SHERIFF'S POST**, post set before the sheriff's door.  
**SHIPMAN'S CARD**, the compass. See **CARD**.  
**SHIP-TIRE**, fanciful head-dress possibly resembling a ship.  
**SHIVE**, a slice.  
**SHOAL**, a shallow; **BANK AND SHOAL OF TIME**, figure of time as a sand bank in the ocean of eternity.  
**SHOG OFF**, jog off, withdraw.  
**SHOT**, a tavern reckoning; **SHOT-FREE**, without paying the reckoning.  
**SHOTEN HERRING**, one that has shot its roe.  
**SHOUGHS**, shaggy dogs.  
**SHOVE-GROAT SHILLING**, shilling pitched or tossed in the game called shove-groat.  
**SHOVEL-BOARD**, shove-groat; the shilling used in that game.  
**SHREWD**, curst, wicked, mischievous; sly, cunning.  
**SIEGE**, seat; rank; excrement.  
**SIGHTLESS**, invisible; unsightly.  
**SIGN**, to stamp, to brand; **SIGNS WELL**, is a good omen.  
**SIMPLE**, medicinal herb; foolish.  
**SIMULAR**, simulator.  
**SINGLE**, weak; **MY SINGLE STATE OF MAN**, my weak human nature.  
**SIZES**, allowances.  
**SKILL**, ability to detect differences; **IT SKILLS NOT**, it makes no difference.  
**SKIMBLE-SCAMBLE**, loose-jointed, nonsensical.

**SKIPPER**, inexperienced youngster.  
**SKIPPING**, frivolous.  
**SKIRR**, scour, run swiftly over.  
**SLAB**, slimy.  
**SLACK**, remiss; to neglect.  
**SLAVE**, to make a slave of; **THAT SLAVES YOUR ORDINANCE**, that treats the good things vouchsafed him by heaven as if they were subject to his will alone.  
**SLEAVE**, skein (of floss silk).  
**SLEDDED POLACKS**, Poles went to ride on sledges.  
**SLEEVE-HAND**, the cuff.  
**SLEEVELESS**, useless.  
**SLEIDED**, untwisted (silk).  
**SLIGHT**, insignificant; to put off as worthless.  
**SLIP**, false coin; a leash; **LET SLIP**, to loose (the hounds).  
**SLIPPER**, slippery.  
**SLIVER**, a broken branch; to break off (as a branch).  
**SLOPS**, loose trousers.  
**SLUBBER**, to soil; to slight.  
**SMATTER**, to prattle.  
**SMILET**, a little smile.  
**SMOKE**, to smoke out, detect.  
**SMOOTH**, to flatter.  
**SNEAK-CUP**, one who shirks in drinking.  
**SNEAP**, reprimand; to nip, pinch, check.  
**SNECK UP! Go, hang!**  
**SNUFF**, smoking wick of a candle; ill-smelling, loathesome; **TOOK IT IN SNUFF**, grew angry.  
**SOILED**, filthy condition (from eating new grass).  
**SOLICIT**, to win through prayer.  
**SOLIDARE**, a small coin.  
**SOMETIME**, sometimes.  
**SOMETIMES**, formerly.  
**SOOTH**, truth.  
**SOOTHE**, to say **SOOTH**, i. e., to agree, to flatter.  
**SOP O' THE MOONSHINE**, Kent threatens to punch Oswald so full of holes that he will soak up the moonshine.  
**SORE**, a buck of the fourth year.  
**SOREL**, a buck of the third year.  
**SORT**, rank, company, gang; to class; to choose; to fit; to turn out.  
**SORTANCE**, agreement.  
**SOT**, blockhead.  
**SOUSE**, to swoop down on (as a bird of prey).  
**SOUSED**, pickled.  
**SOWL**, to seize (by the ears).  
**SPAN-COUNTER**, a boys' game.  
**SPANIEL**, to follow at heels.  
**SPED**, done for, undone.  
**SPEED**, success; to prosper, succeed.

SPERR, to shut.  
 SPHERY, star-like.  
 SPILL, destroy.  
 SPINNER, spider.  
 SPLAY, castrate.  
 SPLEEN, regarded as the seat of all sudden emotions.  
 SPLINTER, to mend (as with splints).  
 SPOT, a figure in needlework; to work figures with a needle.  
 SPRAG, quick, alert.  
 SPRINGE, a snare.  
 SPRITED, haunted.  
 SPURS, roots.  
 SQUANDERED, scattered.  
 SQUANDERING, random.  
 SQUARE, a rule; a squadron; bosom of a gown; true, just;  
 SQUARE OF SENSE, the "sensible soul" was regarded as "four square," the "vegetable soul" as "triangular." See article by Professor Dowden in *Atlantic Monthly*, September, 1907.  
 SQUAREER, quarreler.  
 SQUASH, an unripe peascod.  
 SQUINY, to squint.  
 SQUIRE, square, rule.  
 STALE, adecoy; adupe; common woman; urine; to make stale.  
 STAMP, to coin, make current.  
 STAND UPON, insist on, be concerned about.  
 STANDING-BED, high built bed.  
 STANDING-TUCK, rapier standing on its point.  
 STANIEL, a kind of falcon.  
 STAR-BLASTING, stars thought to have the power to strike.  
 STARE, stand on end (of the hair).  
 STARTING-HOLE, hole convenient to dart into quickly for hiding.  
 START-UP, upstart.  
 STATE, high rank; chair of state; bearing.  
 STATION, attitude.  
 STATIST, statesman.  
 STATUTE-CAPS, woolen caps worn on Sundays and holidays by Act of Parliament.  
 STELLED, starry.  
 STICKLER-LIKE, like the referee at a prize fight.  
 STIGMATIC, one deformed by nature.  
 STILL, ever, always.  
 STINT, to stop.  
 STITHY, a forge; to forge.  
 STOCCADO, a thrust in fencing.  
 STOCK-FISH, dried cod.  
 STOMACH, anger, pride, courage, appetite, disposition; to resent.  
 STONE-BOW, cross-bow for shooting stones or bullets.

STOOP, swoop down (as a hawk) on prey.  
 STOUP, a big cup.  
 STOUT, overbearing, proud.  
 STOVER, fodder.  
 STRAIGHT-PIGHT, erect.  
 STRAIN, family, race; disposition; to constrain.  
 STRAIT, strict.  
 STRAITED, put to it.  
 STRAPPADO, a form of torture.  
 STRIKERS, SIXPENNY, fellows who knock one on the head for sixpence.  
 STROSSERS, STRAIT, tight-fitting breeches.  
 STUCK, a stoccado, a thrust in fencing.  
 STUFFED, complete.  
 SUBSCRIBE, to yield, to give up; ALL CRUELS ELSE SUBSCRIBE, all other cruel creatures sometimes give up their cruelty.  
 SUBSCRIPTION, obedience.  
 SUCCESS, outcome (good or bad).  
 SUDDENLY, immediately.  
 SUFFERANCE, pain, distress; loss; allowance.  
 SUGGEST, tempt.  
 SUGGESTION, prompting (in a bad sense).  
 SUITED, BE BETTER, put on better garments.  
 SUMMER-SEEMING LUST, lust contrasted as a vice with avarice, which goes with age, the winter of life.  
 SUMMONER, an officer of the ecclesiastical court.  
 SUMPTER, a pack-horse.  
 SUPERFLUOUS (MAN), one who has more than enough.  
 SUPERVISE, inspection.  
 SUPPLIANCE, that which fills up a gap in time, momentary pastime.  
 SUR-ADDITION, surname.  
 SURCEASE, cessation.  
 SURPRISE, to seize.  
 SUR-REINED, over-ridden.  
 SURVEYING VANTAGE, perceiving opportunity.  
 SUSPECT, suspicion.  
 SUSPIRE, to breathe, to draw the first breath.  
 SWABBER, one who cleans the deck of a ship.  
 SWARTH, a swath, one clip of the scythe.  
 SWASHER, swaggerer.  
 SWATH, bandage for a new born child; one clip of the scythe.  
 SWEETING, kind of apple.  
 SWELLING, magnificent.  
 SWILLED WITH, washed by.  
 SWINGE, whip.  
 SWINGE-BUCKLER, a swash-buckler.

SWITZERS, a royal body-guard of Swiss.  
 SWOOPSTAKE, indiscriminately.  
 SWORDER, gladiator.  
 SWOUND, to swoon.  
 'SWOUNDS, God's wounds.  
 SYMPATHY, correspondence.  
 TABLE, tablet, notebook; the palm of the hand; to set down in writing.  
 TABLES, tablet; backgammon.  
 TABOURINES, drums.  
 TACKLED STAIR, rope-ladder.  
 TAFFETA, thin silk.  
 TAG, TAG-RAG, rabble.  
 TAINT, impairment of any kind; to discredit.  
 TAKE, to charm, captivate; bewitch, blast; to catch, find;  
 TAKE IN, conquer; TAKE UP, to settle (a quarrel);  
 TAKE ME WITH YOU, let me understand you; TAKE OUT, copy.  
 TAKING AIRS, infectious air.  
 TALENT, a locket.  
 TALL, brave.  
 TALLOW-KETCH, a vessel filled with tallow.  
 TAMED-PIECE, a vessel of wine that has gone stale.  
 TARDY, to delay; COME TARDY OFF, not done completely.  
 TARRE ON, set (dogs) on to fight.  
 TARTAR, Tartarus, hell.  
 TASK, tax; to challenge; AT TASK, censured.  
 TASSEL-GENTLE, tercel-gentle, male goshawk.  
 TASTE, test, a sample; to test.  
 TEEN, grief.  
 TEMPER, disposition, temperament; to mix, mould, soften by moistening, harden by cooling.  
 TEMPORARY, worldly, as opposed to spiritual.  
 TENABLE, requiring to be held.  
 TENDER, regard; something offered; to hold, regard.  
 TENDER-HEFTED, delicately framed.  
 TENT, a roll of lint used as a probe; to probe, cure.  
 TERCEL, the male goshawk.  
 TERMAGANT, ranting Saracen god in the miracle plays.  
 TERMINATIONS, words.  
 TERMLESS, beyond words.  
 TERRENE, terrestrial.  
 TERTIAN, fever returning every third day.  
 TESTER, sixpence.  
 TETCHY, touchy.  
 THAN, then.

# GLOSSARY

**THARBOROUGH**, thirdborough, constable.  
**THAT**, often used instead of repeating "if," "though," "when," etc.  
**THEORIC**, theory.  
**THEREAFTER**, according.  
**THICK**, fast, rapidly; **SPEAKING THICK**, with rapid utterance; **AS THICK AS TALE**, as fast as could be counted.  
**THICK-PLEACHED**, closely intertwined.  
**THIRDBOROUGH**, constable.  
**THOROUGH**, through.  
**THOUGHT-EXECUTING**, carrying thought into execution.  
**THRASONICAL**, boastful.  
**THREE-MAN BEETLE**, heavy rammer, requiring three men.  
**THREE-PILE**, richest kind of velvet; **THREE-PILED**, superfine.  
**THRENE**, a dirge.  
**THROUGH**, **THOROUGHLY**, thoroughly.  
**THRUM**, tufted end of the warp (in weaving).  
**THWART**, perverse; to cross, to hinder.  
**TICKLE**, ticklish, unsteady; see **SERE**.  
**TICKLE-BRAIN**, a strong liquor.  
**TIDE**, time; **TIDE OF TIMES**, time's onward course.  
**TIGHT**, fit, sound; adroit.  
**TIKE**, cur.  
**TILTH**, cultivated land, tillage.  
**TIME**, the times.  
**TIMELESS**, untimely.  
**TIMELY-PARTED GHOST**, corpse of one who died a natural death.  
**TINCT**, color; the elixir of the alchemists.  
**TIRE**, head-dress; to attire; to tear food (as a bird of prey).  
**TIRE-VALIANT**, a fanciful head-dress.  
**TIRING-HOUSE**, dressing-room of the theater.  
**TIRRITS**, Mrs. Quickly's word, probably for terrors.  
**TITHING**, district (of a county).  
**TOD**, twenty-eight pounds of wool; to yield a tod.  
**TOFORE**, before.  
**TOGE**, toga.  
**TOGED**, wearing a toga.  
**TOKENED**, marks of infection.  
**TOMBOY**, a wanton.  
**TONGUE**, a vote.  
**TOP**, to surpass; to lop off; the forelock, supreme point.  
**TOPLESS**, supreme.  
**TORCHER**, torch-bearer.  
**TORTIVE**, twisted.  
**TOUCH**, a test; a trait of; to test (as with the touchstone).

**TOUSE**, to tear, pull.  
**TOWARD**, apt, willing; at hand, in preparation.  
**TOWARDLY**, tractable.  
**TOWER**, to soar (as a hawk).  
**TOY**, trifle, fancy; to trifle.  
**TRACE**, to track, follow.  
**TRACT**, a trace, a track; course (of the sun).  
**TRADE**, profession; resort, beaten track; to traffic.  
**TRADED**, experienced, professional.  
**TRADE-FALLEN**, bankrupt.  
**TRAIN**, bait, enticement; to entice.  
**TRAMMEL UP**, to catch as in a net.  
**TRANSFIX**, to remove.  
**TRANSLATE**, transform.  
**TRANSPORTED**, passed to the next world.  
**TRASH**, to hang clogs on the collar of a dog, to restrain; cuttings from trees, worthless stuff; to lop off; **TRASH FOR HIS QUICK HUNTING**, restrain to prevent his hunting too fast.  
**TRAVERSE**, military command, march!  
**TRAY-TRIP**, a game at dice.  
**TREATISE**, discourse; **A DISMAL TREATISE**, a sad story.  
**TREBLE-DATED**, living through three generations of men.  
**TRENCHER-MAN**, a feeder.  
**TRICK**, a trait; knack; a trifle; to adorn; to blazon.  
**TRICKSY**, full of tricks, sportive.  
**TRIGON**, a triangle.  
**TRILL**, trickle.  
**TRIPLE**, third.  
**TRIPLEX**, triple time in music.  
**TRISTFUL**, sad.  
**TROLL**, to sing in rotation (as in a catch).  
**TROLL-MY-DAMES**, game resembling bagatelle.  
**TROPICALLY**, figuratively.  
**TROT**, an old woman.  
**TROTH**, truth.  
**TROW**, think, believe, know; **I TROW**, I wonder.  
**TRUCKLE-BED**, low bed on casters to slide under a standing-bed.  
**TRUE-PENNY**, honest fellow.  
**TRUMPET**, trumpeter.  
**TRUNDLE-TAIL**, dog with a long tail.  
**TRUNK-SLEEVE**, wide sleeve.  
**TRY**, to test; **BRING TO TRY**, bring (a ship) close to the wind.  
**TUCK**, a rapier.  
**TUCKET**, flourish, a set of notes on a trumpet.  
**TUN-DISH**, funnel.

**TURN TURK**, change for the worse, turn false.  
**TWIGGEN-BOTTLE**, demijohn.  
**TWIRE**, twinkle.  
**TYRANNICALLY**, boisterously.  
**UMBER**, brown pigment.  
**UMBER'D**, of the color of umber.  
**UMBRAGE**, shadow.  
**UNACCOMMODATED**, unclothed.  
**UNANELED**, without having received extreme unction.  
**UNATTAINED**, unprejudiced.  
**UNAVOIDED**, unavoidable.  
**UNBARBED SCONE**, unarmed (or possibly shorn) head.  
**UNBATED**, unblunted (by a button on the point).  
**UNBOLTED**, unsifted; out and out.  
**UNBONNETED**, bareheaded; with cap in hand, with deference; without uncovering, without deference.  
**UNBOOKISH**, not taught.  
**UNBRACED**, with doublet unlaced.  
**UNBRAIDED**, unadulterated.  
**UNBREATHED**, unexercised.  
**UNCASE**, undress.  
**UNCHARGE**, exculpate.  
**UNCHARGED**, unassailed.  
**UNCHARY**, heedlessly.  
**UNCHECKED**, without contradiction.  
**UNCLEW**, to strip (of fortune), to ruin.  
**UNCOINED**, uncounterfeited.  
**UNCOMPREHENSIVE**, incomprehensible.  
**UNCONFIRMED**, inexperienced.  
**UNCOUTH**, strange, inspiring apprehension.  
**UNCROSSED**, not crossed out or cancelled.  
**UNDEEDED**, not furnished with a deed; sword sheathed without a blow.  
**UNDERBEAR**, to face, to trim; to bear, endure.  
**UNDERCREST**, to wear as a crest.  
**UNDERGO**, to partake of; to endure; to undertake.  
**UNDERSKINKER**, subordinate drawer (of liquor).  
**UNDERTAKE**, to have to do with; to assume.  
**UNDERTAKER**, one who assumes another's business.  
**UNDISTINGUISHED**, indistinguishable, beyond survey, limitless.  
**UNEARED**, untitled.  
**UNEATH**, scarcely.  
**UNEXPRESSIVE**, inexpressible.  
**UNFAIR**, to render unbeautiful.

# GLOSSARY

**UNFOLDING STAR**, morning star (the shepherd's signal to unfold his flock).  
**UNHAIRD**, beardless.  
**UNHAPPILY**, mischievously.  
**UNHAPPY**, evil; unfortunate.  
**UNHATCHED**, unripe; unhatched.  
**UNHOUSELED**, not having received the sacrament.  
**UNIMPROVED METTLE**, unused spirit.  
**UNION**, a pearl.  
**UNKIND**, unnatural; childless.  
**UNMANNED**, not yet tamed (a term in falconry).  
**UNOWNED**, having no owner.  
**UNPAVED**, without testicles.  
**UNPITIED**, unmerciful.  
**UNPOLICIED**, stupid, lacking in policy.  
**UNPREGNANT**, unready.  
**UNPREVAILING**, unavailing.  
**UNPRIZABLE**, priceless; of no value.  
**UNPRIZED**, beyond price; not valued.  
**UNPROPER**, not one's own.  
**UNPROPORTIONED**  
**THOUGHT**, thought out of proportion with reasonable conduct.  
**UNQUESTIONABLE**, not abiding conversation.  
**UNRAKED**, not covered (of embers).  
**UNREADY**, not dressed.  
**UNRECLAIMED**, untamed.  
**UNRESPECTED**, unregarded.  
**UNROUGH**, beardless.  
**UNTENTED**, untentable, not to be probed.  
**UNTRUSSING**, unfastening the breeches from the doublet.  
**UNVALUED**, invaluable; not valued.  
**UNWEIGHED**, inconsiderate.  
**UP**, in arms; **UP AND DOWN**, in every detail.  
**UP-CAST**, the final throw (in a game at bowls).  
**UP-SHOT**, decisive shot (in archery).  
**UPSPRING**, a swaggering dance.  
**URCHIN**, goblin; hedge-hog.  
**URGE**, mention.  
**USANCE**, interest.  
**USE**, interest; profit; usage; to practise.  
**UTIS**, fun.  
**UTTERANCE**, uttermost.

**VADE**, to fade.  
**VAIL**, to lower, to bow.  
**VAILS**, gratuities.  
**VAIN**, false; **FOR VAIN**, in vain.  
**VALANCED**, fringed (with a beard).

**VALUED FILE**, the list furnished with a note of the value of each (dog).  
**VANTAGE**, opportunity; **OF VANTAGE**, from an advantageous position; **TO THE VANTAGE**, to boot.  
**VANTERACE**, armor for the fore-arm.  
**VAST**, a measureless and empty expanse.  
**VAULTAGES**, vaults.  
**VAUNT**, the beginning.  
**VAUNT-COURIERS**, heralds.  
**VAWARD**, vanguard.  
**VELURE**, velvet.  
**VELVET-GUARDS**, velvet trimmings of the citizen's dress, distinguishing the wives of Puritans.  
**VENEW**, **VENUE**, or **VENEY**, a turn or bout in fencing.  
**VENGEANCE**, harm, mischief; used as a curse; as an intensive.  
**VENT**, **FULL OF**, full of courage (probably).  
**VENTRICLE**, a division of the brain.  
**VIA**, away!  
**VICE**, buffoon of the old morality plays; to press (as by a vice).  
**VICIOUS**, wrong; blamable.  
**VIE**, to compete.  
**VIEWLESS**, invisible.  
**VILLAIN**, a farm servant; rogue; used affectionately.  
**VILLIAGO**, base coward.  
**VINDICATIVE**, vindictive.  
**VINEWEDST**, most mouldy.  
**VIOL-DE-GAMBOYS**, violin-cello.  
**VIOLENT**, to rage.  
**VIRGIN**, to play the virgin.  
**VIRGINALLING**, playing with the fingers (as upon the keyboard of the virginals).  
**VIRTUE**, valor; essence.  
**VISITATION**, visit.  
**VOICE**, vote.  
**VOIDING-LOBBY**, ante-room.

**WAG**, to go; to stir.  
**WAGE**, to wage; hazard; pay wages; to be equal to.  
**WAIST**, middle part of a ship.  
**WAKE**, a night-revel; to keep late revel.  
**WALL-EYED**, fierce-eyed.  
**WALL-NEWT**, a kind of lizard.  
**WANNION**, used in the phrase **WITH A WANNION**; both word and phrase unexplained.  
**WANTON**, playful, sportive; luxurious, rank, wild; perverse; lustful; to dally.  
**WANTONNESS**, lasciviousness; perversity; **MAKE YOUR WANTONNESS YOUR IG-**

**NORANCE**, explain your perverse course on the ground that you do not know.  
**WAPPENED**, meaning uncertain; possibly, stale, overworn.  
**WARD**, guard (in fencing); custody; a prison-cell; a bolt; **IN WARD**, under a guardian.  
**WARDEN**, a pear.  
**WARDER**, a truncheon.  
**WARN**, to challenge; to summon.  
**WARP**, to throw (out of line); distort, turn.  
**WARRENER**, gamekeeper.  
**WASSAIL**, carousing, drinking.  
**WAT**, name for a hare.  
**WATCH**, to remain awake; to prevent from sleeping; any means for measuring time, as a candle, the wolf's howl, the cock's crow, etc.  
**WATCH-CASE**, case of a watch that strikes the hours.  
**WATER-GALLS**, marks of weeping, likened to rainbows in appearance and augury.  
**WATER-RUG**, shaggy-coated water-dog, probably a water spaniel.  
**WATERS, FOR ALL**, fit for anything.  
**WATER-WORK**, a picture in water-colors.  
**WAX, A MAN OF**, a perfect man.  
**WAXEN**, to increase; made of wax; **A WAXEN EPITAPH**, one easily effaced.  
**WEALSMEN**, statesmen.  
**WEALTH**, welfare.  
**WEAR**, fashion.  
**WEB**, see **PIN AND WEB**.  
**WEEK, IN BY THE**, in love, i. e., subject to command, like a hired servant.  
**WEET**, to know.  
**WEIGH**, consider; estimate.  
**WEIRD SISTERS**, "the goddesses of destiny, or else—" The word **WEIRD** means fate, destiny. These sisters suggest, but clearly do not represent Fate.  
**WELKIN**, sky-blue.  
**WELL-BREATHED**, in good training.  
**WELL-DESIRED**, very welcome.  
**WELL-FOUND**, tried and approved.  
**WELL-GRACED**, favorite.  
**WELL-SEEN**, skilled.  
**WESTWARD-HO!**, cry of boatmen on the Thames.  
**WHEEL**, the spinning wheel; **HOW THE WHEEL BECOMES IT**, how the tune (of

# GLOSSARY

the song she wants sung) fits the motion of the spinning wheel; to roam.

**WHEESON**, Whitsun (Mrs. Quickly).

**WHELKS**, pimples.

**WHELKED**, covered with knobs.

**WHENAS**, when.

**WHERE**, whereas.

**WHEREAS**, where.

**WHEREIN**, how drest.

**WHIFFLER**, one who clears the way for an important person.

**WHILE**, WHILES, until.

**WHIPSTER**, stripling.

**WHITE**, the bull's eye.

**WHITING-TIME**, bleaching time.

**WHITSTER**, a bleacher.

**WIDE**, astray, mentally wandering.

**WIDOW**, to endow with a widow's right.

**WILDERNESS**, SLIP OF, a wild slip or scion.

**WILD-MARE**, see-saw.

**WILFUL-BLAME**, deliberately blameworthy.

**WILL**, sexual passion.

**WIMPLED**, blindfolded.

**WIND**, to insinuate; to advance by turnings and twistings.

**WINDLASSES**, round-about methods.

**WINDOW-BARS**, lattice-like covering worn over the bosom.

**WINK**, to shut the eyes; **WINK AT**, seem not to see.

**WINTER-GROUND**, to cover during winter.

**WIPE**, a brand of infamy.

**WISP OF STRAW**, badge of a scold.

**WITCH**, a sorcerer (male or female).

**WITH**, by.

**WITHAL**, with; with it; at the same time.

**WITHIN DOOR**, SPEAK, don't talk so loud.

**WITTOL**, a submissive cuckold.

**WITTY**, wise.

**WOE**, sorry.

**WOMAN**, a word suggestive of tears; **CAN WOMAN ME UNTO'T**, can make me weep.

**WOMAN-TIRED**, henpecked.

**WONDERED**, wonder-working.

**WOOD**, mad.

**WOOLWARD**, TO GO, wearing wool next the skin.

**WORD**, watchword.

**WORLD**, the microcosm of man; **A WOMAN OF THE WORLD**,

a married woman; **TO GO TO THE WORLD**, to marry.

**WORM**, serpent.

**WRANGLER**, adversary.

**WREAK**, vengeance; to revenge.

**WREAKFUL**, revengeful.

**WREST**, a tuning-key.

**WRETCH**, sometimes used endearingly.

**WRING**, to writhe.

**WRIT**, LAW OF, sticking to the text.

**WRITHLED**, wrinkled.

**WRY**, to swerve.

**YARE**, nimble.

**YARELY**, briskly.

**YAW**, to sail obliquely, with head not straight with the course.

**YEARN**, grieve.

**YELLOWNESS**, jealousy.

**YELLOWWS**, jaundice (in horses).

**YEOMAN**, farmer; applied to common soldiers.

**YERK**, jerk, strike, thrust.

**YESTY**, frothy.

**YIELD**, reward.

**YOUNKER**, stripling; novice.

**ZANY**, a buffoon, an awkward mimic of the professional fool.







